

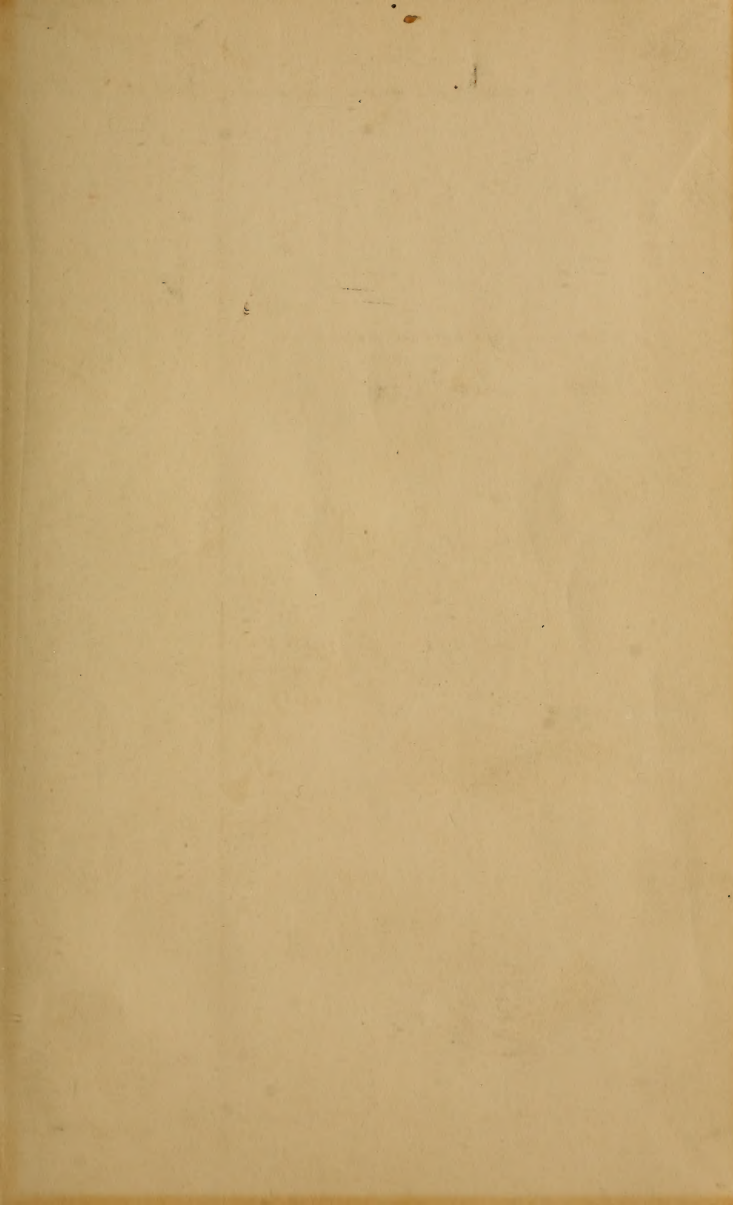
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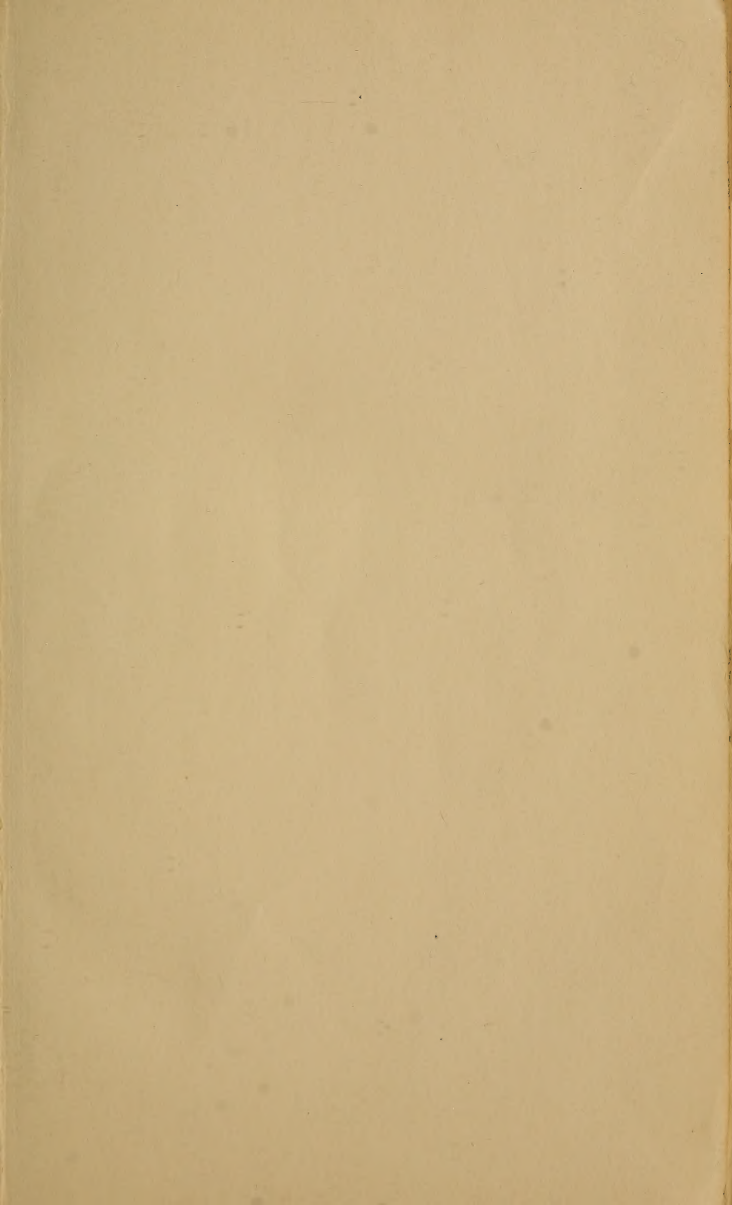








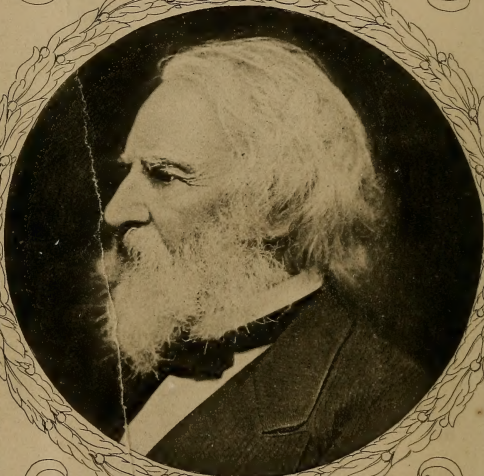












Henry W. Longfellow

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THE COMPLETE POETICAL  
WORKS OF  
HENRY WADSWORTH  
LONGFELLOW

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Cabinet Edition

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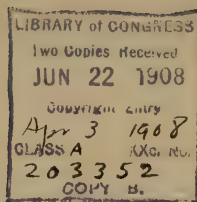


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## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THIS Cabinet edition of Longfellow's Complete Poetical Works includes the trilogy of *Christus* and all the translations, save Dante and those short translations not included by the poet in his latest collective edition. In the Cambridge edition, it was deemed best to bring together in an Appendix the discarded work of the poet, for the convenience of the student, but in this edition the poet's own course is followed, and the reader has before him the entire body of poetry authorized by the poet, together with the posthumous poems published by his representatives shortly after his death. The plates of this volume are new, and the opportunity has been taken to add line numbers in the case of the longer poems. Great care has been taken to present the complete poetical works in a compact yet readable form.

*Autumn, 1899.*





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## VOICES OF THE NIGHT

Πότνια, πότνια νύξ,  
 ὑπροδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,  
 Ἐρεβόθεν ἴθι· μόλε μόλε κατὰ πτερος  
 Ἀγαμεμόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον·  
 ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων, ὑπὸ τε συμφορᾶς  
 διοιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.

EURIPIDES

### PRELUDE

PLEASANT it was, when woods  
 were green

And winds were soft and low,  
 To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
 Where, the long drooping boughs  
 between,

Shadows dark and sunlight sheen  
 Alternate come and go ;

Or where the denser grove receives  
 No sunlight from above,  
 But the dark foliage interweaves  
 In one unbroken roof of leaves, 10  
 Underneath whose sloping eaves  
 The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree  
 I lay upon the ground ;  
 His hoary arms uplifted he,  
 And all the broad leaves over me  
 Clapped their little hands in glee,  
 With one continuous sound ; —

A slumberous sound, a sound that  
 brings

The feelings of a dream, 20  
 As of innumerable wings,  
 As, when a bell no longer swings,  
 Faint the hollow murmur rings  
 O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot  
 die,  
 Bright visions, came to me,

As lapped in thought I used to  
 lie,

And gaze into the summer sky,  
 Where the sailing clouds went by,  
 Like ships upon the sea ; 30

Dreams that the soul of youth en-  
 gage

Ere Fancy has been quelled ;  
 Old legends of the monkish page,  
 Traditions of the saint and sage,  
 Tales that have the rime of age,  
 And chronicles of eld.

And, loving still these quaint old  
 themes,

Even in the city's throng  
 I feel the freshness of the streams,  
 That, crossed by shades and sunny  
 gleams, 40

Water the green land of dreams,  
 The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which  
 brings

The Spring, clothed like a bride,  
 When nestling buds unfold their  
 wings,

And bishop's - caps have golden  
 rings,

Musing upon many things,  
 I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low  
 and mild ;

It was a sound of joy ! 50

They were my playmates when a  
child,  
And rocked me in their arms so  
wild !

Still they looked at me and smiled,  
As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered, mild and low,  
' Come, be a child once more ! '

And waved their long arms to and  
fro,

And beckoned solemnly and slow ;  
Oh, I could not choose but go

Into the woodlands hoar, — 60

Into the blithe and breathing air,  
Into the solemn wood,  
Solemn and silent everywhere !  
Nature with folded hands seemed  
there,

Kneeling at her evening prayer !  
Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue  
Of tall and sombrous pines ;  
Abroad their fan-like branches  
grew,

And, where the sunshine darted  
through, 70

Spread a vapor soft and blue,  
In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,  
Like a fast-falling shower,  
The dreams of youth came back  
again, —

Low lisplings of the summer rain,  
Dropping on the ripened grain,  
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood ! Stay, oh,  
stay !

Ye were so sweet and wild ! 80  
And distant voices seemed to say,  
' It cannot be ! They pass away !  
Other themes demand thy lay ;  
Thou art no more a child !

' The land of Song within thee lies,  
Watered by living springs ;  
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes

Are gates unto that Paradise ;  
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise ;  
Its clouds are angels' wings. 90

' Learn, that henceforth thy song  
shall be,

Not mountains capped with  
snow,

Nor forests sounding like the sea,  
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,  
Where the woodlands bend to see  
The bending heavens below.

' There is a forest where the din  
Of iron branches sounds !

A mighty river roars between,  
And whosoever looks therein 100  
Sees the heavens all black with  
sin,

Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

' Athwart the swinging branches  
cast,

Soft rays of sunshine pour ;  
Then comes the fearful wintry  
blast ;

Our hopes, like withered leaves,  
fall fast ;

Pallid lips say, ' It is past !  
We can return no more ! '

' Look, then, into thine heart, and  
write !

Yes, into Life's deep stream ! 110  
All forms of sorrow and delight,  
All solemn Voices of the Night,  
That can soothe thee, or affright, —  
Be these henceforth thy theme.'

## HYMN TO THE NIGHT

Ἀσπασίη, τρίλλιστος

I HEARD the trailing garments of  
the Night

Sweep through her marble halls !

I saw her sable skirts all fringed  
with light

From the celestial walls !



I felt her presence, by its spell of  
 might,  
 Stoop o'er me from above ;  
 The calm, majestic presence of the  
 Night,  
 As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and  
 delight,  
 The manifold, soft chimes,  
 That fill the haunted chambers of  
 the Night,  
 Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the mid-  
 night air  
 My spirit drank repose ;  
 The fountain of perpetual peace  
 flows there, —  
 From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to  
 bear  
 What man has borne before !  
 Thou layest thy finger on the lips  
 of Care,  
 And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I  
 breathe this prayer !  
 Descend with broad-winged  
 flight,  
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed  
 for, the most fair,  
 The best-beloved Night !

#### A PSALM OF LIFE

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG  
 MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST

TELL me not, in mournful num-  
 bers,  
 Life is but an empty dream ! —  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they  
 seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !  
 And the grave is not its goal ;

Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
 Is our destined end or way ;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and  
 brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums, are beat-  
 ing  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of Life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !  
 Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !  
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
 Act, — act in the living Present !  
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate ;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labor and to wait.

#### THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

THERE is a Reaper, whose name  
 is Death,  
 And, with his sickle keen,  
 He reaps the bearded grain at a  
 breath,  
 And the flowers that grow be-  
 tween.

'Shall I have naught that is fair?'  
saith he;

'Have naught but the bearded  
grain?

Though the breath of these flowers  
is sweet to me,

I will give them all back again.'

He gazed at the flowers with tear-  
ful eyes,

He kissed their drooping leaves;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

'My Lord has need of these flower-  
ets gay,'

The Reaper said, and smiled;  
Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where He was once a child.

'They shall all bloom in fields of  
light,

Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments  
white,  
These sacred blossoms wear.'

And the mother gave, in tears and  
pain,

The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all  
again

In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;

'T was an angel visited the green  
earth,  
And took the flowers away.

### THE LIGHT OF STARS

THE night is come, but not too  
soon;

And sinking silently,  
All silently, the little moon  
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven  
But the cold light of stars;

And the first watch of night is  
given  
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?  
The star of love and dreams?  
Oh no! from that blue tent above  
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me  
rise,  
When I behold afar,  
Suspended in the evening skies,  
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee  
stand  
And smile upon my pain;  
Thou beckonest with thy mailed  
hand,  
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light  
But the cold light of stars;  
I give the first watch of the night  
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,  
He rises in my breast,  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,  
That readest this brief psalm,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

### FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS

WHEN the hours of Day are num-  
bered,  
And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul, that slum-  
bered,  
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight  
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who  
cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beaute-  
ous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love  
me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-  
like,  
Looking downward from the  
skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and  
lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and  
died!

FLOWERS

SPAKE full well, in language quaint  
and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled  
Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue  
and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament  
do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read  
our history,  
As astrologers and seers of  
eld;  
Yet not wrapped about with awful  
mystery,  
Like the burning stars, which  
they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as  
wondrous,  
God hath written in those stars  
above;  
But not less in the bright flowerets  
under us  
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revela-  
tion,  
Written all over this great world  
of ours;  
Making evident our own creation,  
In these stars of earth, these  
golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-see-  
ing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers,  
a part  
Of the self-same, universal being,  
Which is throbbing in his brain  
and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight  
shining,  
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of  
day,  
Tremulous leaves, with soft and  
silver lining,  
Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,  
 Flaunting gayly in the golden light;  
 Large desires, with most uncertain issues,  
 Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming,  
 Workings are they of the self-same powers,  
 Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,  
 Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
 Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;  
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
 Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
 And in Summer's green-embazoned field,  
 But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,  
 In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,  
 On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
 Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,  
 Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
 Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
 But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
 On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
 In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,  
 Speaking of the Past unto the Present,  
 Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
 How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection,  
 We behold their tender buds expand;  
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

### THE BELEAGUERED CITY

I HAVE read, in some old, marvellous tale,  
 Some legend strange and vague,  
 That a midnight host of spectres pale  
 Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,  
 With the wan moon overhead,  
 There stood, as in an awful dream,  
 The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,  
 The spectral camp was seen,  
 And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
 The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,  
 No drum, nor sentry's pace;

The mist-like banners clasped the  
air  
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell  
Proclaimed the morning prayer,  
The white pavilions rose and fell  
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and  
far  
The troubled army fled;  
Up rose the glorious morning star,  
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous  
heart of man,  
That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms vast  
and wan  
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing  
stream,  
In Fancy's misty light,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows  
gleam  
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground  
The spectral camp is seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,  
In the army of the grave;  
No other challenge breaks the  
air,  
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep  
church-bell  
Entreats the soul to pray,  
The midnight phantoms feel the  
spell,  
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar  
The spectral camp is fled;  
Faith shineth as a morning star,  
Our ghastly fears are dead.

## MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR

YES, the Year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and bleared!  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the beard,  
Sorely, sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly and slow;  
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,  
It is a sound of woe,  
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain  
passes  
The winds, like anthems, roll;  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing, 'Pray for this poor soul,  
Pray, pray!'

And the hooded clouds, like fri-  
ars,  
Tell their beads in drops of  
rain,  
And patter their doleful prayers;  
But their prayers are all in vain,  
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul wea-  
ther,  
The foolish, fond Old Year,  
Crowned with wild flowers and  
with heather,  
Like weak, despised Lear,  
A king, a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,  
Bids the old man rejoice!  
His joy! his last! Oh, the old man  
gray  
Loveth that ever-soft voice,  
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,  
To the voice gentle and low  
Of the soft air, like a daughter's  
breath,  
'Pray do not mock me so!  
Do not laugh at me!'

And now the sweet day is dead;  
Cold in his arms it lies;  
No stain from its breath is spread  
Over the glassy skies,  
No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,  
And the forests utter a moan,  
Like the voice of one who crieth  
In the wilderness alone,  
'Vex not his ghost!'

Then comes, with an awful roar,  
Gathering and sounding on,  
The storm-wind from Labrador,  
The wind Euroclydon,  
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest

Sweep the red leaves away!  
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,

O soul! could thus decay,  
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,

There shall be a darker day;  
And the stars, from heaven down-cast

Like red leaves be swept away!  
Kyrie, eleyson!  
Christe, eleyson!

## EARLIER POEMS

### AN APRIL DAY

WHEN the warm sun, that brings  
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,  
'T is sweet to visit the still wood,  
where springs  
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,  
When forest glades are teeming  
with bright forms,  
Nor dark and many-folded clouds  
foretell  
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws its sustenance,  
and thrives;  
Though stricken to the heart with  
winter's cold,  
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song  
Comes from the pleasant woods,  
and colored wings

Glance quick in the bright sun,  
that moves along  
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills  
The silver woods with light, the  
green slope throws  
Its shadows in the hollows of the  
hills,  
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,  
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-  
reaching far,  
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips  
her horn,  
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide  
Stand the gray rocks, and trem-  
bling shadows throw,  
And the fair trees look over, side  
by side,  
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are  
wed:



Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed.

## AUTUMN

WITH what a glory comes and goes the year!  
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers  
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy  
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;  
And when the silver habit of the clouds  
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with  
A sober gladness the old year takes up  
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,  
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,  
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,  
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,  
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.  
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,  
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales  
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,  
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life  
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,  
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,  
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down  
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees

The golden robin moves. The purple finch,  
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,  
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,  
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud  
From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird sings,  
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,  
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed, and days well spent!  
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,  
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.  
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting-place without a tear.

## WOODS IN WINTER

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill,  
That overbrows the lonely vale.  
O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren  
oak,  
The summer vine in beauty  
clung,  
And summer winds the stillness  
broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns,  
mute springs  
Pour out the river's gradual  
tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
And voices fill the woodland  
side.

Alas! how changed from the fair  
scene,  
When birds sang out their mel-  
low lay,  
And winds were soft, and woods  
were green,  
And the song ceased not with  
the day!

But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods! within your  
crowd;  
And gathering winds, in hoarse  
accord,  
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my  
ear  
Has grown familiar with your  
song;  
I hear it in the opening year,  
I listen, and it cheers me long.

#### HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM

#### AT THE CONSECRATION OF PU- LASKI'S BANNER

WHEN the dying flame of day  
Through the chancel shot its ray,  
Far the glimmering tapers shed  
Faint light on the cowlèd head;

And the censer burning swung,  
Where, before the altar, hung  
The crimson banner, that with  
prayer  
Had been consecrated there.  
And the nuns' sweet hymn was  
heard the while,  
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious  
aisle.

'Take thy banner! May it wave  
Proudly o'er the good and brave;  
When the battle's distant wail  
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,  
When the clarion's music thrills  
To the hearts of these lone hills,  
When the spear in conflict shakes,  
And the strong lance shivering  
breaks.

'Take thy banner! and, beneath  
The battle - cloud's encircling  
wreath,  
Guard it, till our homes are free!  
Guard it! God will prosper thee!  
In the dark and trying hour,  
In the breaking forth of power,  
In the rush of steeds and men,  
His right hand will shield thee  
then.

'Take thy banner! But when  
night  
Closes round the ghastly fight,  
If the vanquished warrior bow,  
Spare him! By our holy vow,  
By our prayers and many tears,  
By the mercy that endears,  
Spare him! he our love hath  
shared!  
Spare him! as thou wouldst be  
spared!

'Take thy banner! and if e'er  
Thou shouldst press the soldier's  
bier,  
And the muffled drum should beat  
To the tread of mournful feet,  
Then this crimson flag shall be  
Martial cloak and shroud for  
thee.'

The warrior took that banner  
proud,  
And it was his martial cloak and  
shroud !

### SUNRISE ON THE HILLS

I STOOD upon the hills, when  
heaven's wide arch  
Was glorious with the sun's return-  
ing march,  
And woods were brightened, and  
soft gales  
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad  
vales.  
The clouds were far beneath me ;  
bathed in light,  
They gathered midway round the  
wooded height,  
And, in their fading glory, shone  
Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
As many a pinnacle, with shifting  
glance,  
Through the gray mist thrust up  
its shattered lance,  
And rocking on the cliff was left  
The dark pine blasted, bare, and  
cleft.  
The veil of cloud was lifted, and  
below  
Glowed the rich valley, and the  
river's flow  
Was darkened by the forest's  
shade,  
Or glistened in the white cascade ;  
Where upward, in the mellow  
blush of day,  
The noisy bittern wheeled his spi-  
ral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,  
I saw the current whirl and flash,  
And richly, by the blue lake's sil-  
ver beach,  
The woods were bending with a si-  
lent reach.  
Then o'er the vale, with gentle  
swell,  
The music of the village bell  
Came sweetly to the echo-giving  
hills ;

And the wild horn, whose voice  
the woodland fills,  
Was ringing to the merry shout  
That faint and far the glen sent  
out,  
Where, answering to the sudden  
shot, thin smoke,  
Through thick-leaved branches,  
from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows, that thou wouldst  
forget,  
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that  
will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy  
soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills ! No  
tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature  
wears.

### THE SPIRIT OF POETRY

THERE is a quiet spirit in these  
woods,  
That dwells where'er the gentle  
south-wind blows ;  
Where, underneath the white-  
thorn in the glade,  
The wild flowers bloom, or, kiss-  
ing the soft air,  
The leaves above their sunny  
palms outspread.  
With what a tender and impas-  
sioned voice  
It fills the nice and delicate ear of  
thought,  
When the fast ushering star of  
morning comes  
O'er-riding the gray hills with  
golden scarf ;  
Or when the cowed and dusky-  
sandalled Eve,  
In mourning weeds, from out the  
western gate,  
Departs with silent pace ! That  
spirit moves  
In the green valley, where the sil-  
ver brook,

From its full laver, pours the white  
 cascade;  
 And, babbling low amid the tan-  
 gled woods,  
 Slips down through moss-grown  
 stones with endless laughter.  
 And frequent, on the everlasting  
 hills,  
 Its feet go forth, when it doth  
 wrap itself  
 In all the dark embroidery of the  
 storm,  
 And shouts the stern, strong wind.  
 And here, amid  
 The silent majesty of these deep  
 woods,  
 Its presence shall uplift thy  
 thoughts from earth,  
 As to the sunshine and the pure,  
 bright air  
 Their tops the green trees lift.  
 Hence gifted bards  
 Have ever loved the calm and  
 quiet shades.  
 For them there was an eloquent  
 voice in all  
 The sylvan pomp of woods, the  
 golden sun,  
 The flowers, the leaves, the river  
 on its way,  
 Blue skies, and silver clouds, and  
 gentle winds,  
 The swelling upland, where the  
 sidelong sun  
 Aslant the wooded slope, at even-  
 ing, goes,  
 Groves, through whose broken  
 roof the sky looks in,  
 Mountain, and shattered cliff, and  
 sunny vale,  
 The distant lake, fountains, and  
 mighty trees,  
 In many a lazy syllable, repeat-  
 ing  
 Their old poetic legends to the  
 wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that  
 doth fill  
 The world; and, in these wayward  
 days of youth,

My busy fancy oft embodies it,  
 As a bright image of the light and  
 beauty  
 That dwell in nature; of the hea-  
 venly forms  
 We worship in our dreams, and  
 the soft hues  
 That stain the wild bird's wing,  
 and flush the clouds  
 When the sun sets. Within her  
 tender eye  
 The heaven of April, with its  
 changing light,  
 And when it wears the blue of  
 May, is hung,  
 And on her lip the rich, red rose.  
 Her hair  
 Is like the summer tresses of the  
 trees,  
 When twilight makes them brown,  
 and on her cheek  
 Blushes the richness of an autumn  
 sky,  
 With ever-shifting beauty. Then  
 her breath,  
 It is so like the gentle air of  
 Spring,  
 As, from the morning's dewy flow-  
 ers, it comes  
 Full of their fragrance, that it is a  
 joy  
 To have it round us, and her silver  
 voice  
 Is the rich music of a summer  
 bird,  
 Heard in the still night, with its  
 passionate cadence.

#### BURIAL OF THE MINNI- SINK

ON sunny slope and beechen  
 well,  
 The shadowed light of evening fell;  
 And, where the maple's leaf was  
 brown,  
 With soft and silent lapse came  
 down,  
 The glory, that the wood receives,  
 At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light  
 Rose the blue hills. One cloud of  
 white,  
 Around a far uplifted cone,  
 In the warm blush of evening  
 shone;  
 An image of the silver lakes,  
 By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was  
 heard  
 Where the soft breath of evening  
 stirred  
 The tall, gray forest; and a band  
 Of stern in heart, and strong in  
 hand,  
 Came winding down beside the  
 wave,  
 To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native  
 bowers  
 He stood, in the last moon of flow-  
 ers,  
 And thirty snows had not yet  
 shed  
 Their glory on the warrior's head;  
 But, as the summer fruit decays,  
 So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's  
 skin  
 Covered the warrior, and within  
 Its heavy folds the weapons,  
 made  
 For the hard toils of war, were  
 laid;  
 The cuirass, woven of plaited  
 reeds,  
 And the broad belt of shells and  
 beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train  
 Chanted the death dirge of the  
 slain;  
 Behind, the long procession came  
 Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,  
 With heavy hearts, and eyes of  
 grief,  
 Leading the war-horse of their  
 chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial  
 dress,  
 Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,  
 With darting eye, and nostril  
 spread,  
 And heavy and impatient tread,  
 He came; and oft that eye so  
 proud  
 Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they  
 freed  
 Beside the grave his battle steed;  
 And swift an arrow cleaved its  
 way  
 To his stern heart! One piercing  
 neigh  
 Arose, and, on the dead man's  
 plain,  
 The rider grasps his steed again.

## L'ENVOI

YE voices, that arose  
 After the Evening's close,  
 And whispered to my restless  
 heart repose!

Go, breathe it in the ear  
 Of all who doubt and fear,  
 And say to them, 'Be of good  
 cheer!'

Ye sounds, so low and calm,  
 That in the groves of balm  
 Seemed to me like an angel's  
 psalm!

Go, mingle yet once more  
 With the perpetual roar  
 Of the pine forest, dark and hoar!

Tongues of the dead, not lost,  
 But speaking from death's frost,  
 Like fiery tongues at Pentecost!

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,  
 Amid the chills and damps  
 Of the vast plain where Death en-  
 camps!

## BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

## THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

'SPEAK! speak! thou fearful  
guest!

Who, with thy hollow breast  
Still in rude armor drest,

Comest to daunt me!

Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched, as if asking alms,  
Why dost thou haunt me?

Then, from those cavernous eyes

Pale flashes seemed to rise, 10

As when the Northern skies

Gleam in December;

And, like the water's flow

Under December's snow,

Came a dull voice of woe

From the heart's chamber.

'I was a Viking old!

My deeds, though manifold,

No Skald in song has told,

No Saga taught thee! 20

Take heed, that in thy verse

Thou dost the tale rehearse,

Else dread a dead man's curse;

For this I sought thee.

'Far in the Northern Land,

By the wild Baltic's strand,

I, with my childish hand,

Tamed the gerfalcon;

And, with my skates fast-bound,

Skimmed the half-frozen Sound, 30

That the poor whimpering hound

Trembled to walk on.

'Oft to his frozen lair

Tracked I the grisly bear,

While from my path the hare

Fled like a shadow;

Oft through the forest dark

Followed the were-wolf's bark,

Until the soaring lark

Sang from the meadow. 40

'But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsair's crew,  
O'er the dark sea I flew  
With the marauders.  
Wild was the life we led;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bled,  
By our stern orders.

'Many a wassail-bout  
Wore the long Winter out; 50  
Often our midnight shout  
Set the cocks crowing,  
As we the Berserk's tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail,  
Filled to o'erflowing.

'Once as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,  
Soft eyes did gaze on me, 60  
Burning yet tender;  
And as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,  
On that dark heart of mine  
Fell their soft splendor.

'I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest's shade  
Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast, 70  
Like birds within their nest  
By the hawk frightened.

'Bright in her father's hall  
Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
Loud sang the minstrels all,  
Chanting his glory;  
When of old Hildebrand  
I asked his daughter's hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
To hear my story. 80

'While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed,



Maiden, that read'st this simple  
rhyme,

Enjoy thy youth, it will not  
stay;

Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For oh, it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and  
Youth,

To some good angel leave the  
rest;

For Time will teach thee soon the  
truth,

There are no birds in last year's  
nest!

### THE RAINY DAY

THE day is cold, and dark, and  
dreary;

It rains, and the wind is never  
weary;

The vine still clings to the moulder-  
ing wall,

But at every gust the dead leaves  
fall,

And the day is dark and  
dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and  
dreary;

It rains, and the wind is never  
weary;

My thoughts still cling to the  
mouldering Past,

But the hopes of youth fall thick  
in the blast,

And the days are dark and  
dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease re-  
pinning;

Behind the clouds is the sun still  
shining;

Thy fate is the common fate of  
all,

Into each life some rain must  
fall,

Some days must be dark and  
dreary.

### GOD'S-ACRE

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase,  
which calls

The burial-ground God's-Acre!  
It is just;

It consecrates each grave within  
its walls,

And breathes a benison o'er the  
sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed  
name imparts

Comfort to those who in the  
grave have sown

The seed that they had garnered  
in their hearts,

Their bread of life, alas! no more  
their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith, that we shall

rise again

At the great harvest, when the  
archangel's blast

Shall winnow, like a fan, the  
chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in im-  
mortal bloom,

In the fair gardens of that second  
birth;

And each bright blossom mingle  
its perfume

With that of flowers, which  
never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death,  
turn up the sod,

And spread the furrow for the  
seed we sow;

This is the field and Acre of our  
God,

This is the place where human  
harvests grow.

### TO THE RIVER CHARLES

RIVER! that in silence windest  
Through the meadows, bright  
and free.

Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,  
Half in rest, and half in strife,  
I have seen thy waters stealing  
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!  
Many a lesson, deep and long;  
Thou hast been a generous giver;  
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,  
I have watched thy current  
glide,  
Till the beauty of its stillness  
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,  
When I saw thy waters gleam,  
I have felt my heart beat lighter,  
And leap onward with thy  
stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,  
Nor because thy waves of blue  
From celestial seas above thee  
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands  
hide thee,  
And thy waters disappear,  
Friends I love have dwelt beside  
thee,  
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this;—thy name re-  
minds me  
Of three friends, all true and  
tried;  
And that name, like magic, binds  
me  
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remem-  
bers!  
How like quivering flames they  
start,  
When I fan the living embers  
On the hearth-stone of my heart!

'T is for this, thou Silent River!  
That my spirit leans to thee;  
Thou hast been a generous giver,  
Take this idle song from me.

### BLIND BARTIMEUS

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates  
Of Jericho in darkness waits;  
He hears the crowd;—he hears a  
breath  
Say, 'It is Christ of Nazareth!'  
And calls, in tones of agony,  
'*Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!*

The thronging multitudes in-  
crease;  
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!  
But still, above the noisy crowd,  
The beggar's cry is shrill and  
loud;  
Until they say, 'He calleth thee!'  
'*Θάρσει· ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε!*

Then saith the Christ, as silent  
stands  
The crowd, 'What wilt thou at my  
hands?'  
And he replies, 'Oh, give me light!  
Rabbi, restore the blind man's  
sight.'  
And Jesus answers, '*Ἰταγε·*  
'*Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!*

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot  
see,  
In darkness and in misery,  
Recall those mighty Voices Three,  
'*Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!*  
'*Θάρσει· ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε!*  
'*Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!*

### THE GOBLET OF LIFE

FILLED is Life's goblet to the  
brim;  
And though my eyes with tears  
are dim,

## MAIDENHOOD

I see its sparkling bubbles swim,  
And chant a melancholy hymn  
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers, — no garlands  
green,  
Conceal the goblet's shade or  
sheen,  
Nor maddening draughts of Hip-  
pocrene,  
Like gleams of sunshine, flash be-  
tween  
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious  
art,  
Is filled with waters, that upstart,  
When the deep fountains of the  
heart,  
By strong convulsions rent apart,  
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,  
With fennel is it wreathed and  
crowned,  
Whose seed and foliage sun-im-  
browned  
Are in its waters steeped and  
drowned,  
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,  
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,  
And in an earlier age than ours  
Was gifted with the wondrous  
powers,  
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless  
mood;  
And gladiators, fierce and rude,  
Mingled it in their daily food;  
And he who battled and subdued,  
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press  
The leaves that give it bitterness,  
Nor prize the colored waters less,  
For in thy darkness and distress  
New light and strength they  
give!

And he who has not learnt  
to know  
How false its sparkling bubbles  
show,  
How bitter are the drops of woe,  
With which its brim may overflow,  
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;  
Through all that dark and desper-  
ate fight,  
The blackness of that noonday  
night,  
He asked but the return of sight,  
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too, for light, — for strength to  
bear  
Our portion of the weight of care,  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!  
O ye afflicted ones, who lie  
Steeped to the lips in misery,  
Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,  
Where floats the fennel's bitter  
leaf!  
The Battle of our Life is brief,  
The alarm, — the struggle, — the  
relief,  
Then sleep we side by side.

## MAIDENHOOD

When writing to his father of the ap-  
pearance of his new volume of poems,  
Mr. Longfellow said: 'I think the last  
two pieces the best, — perhaps as good  
as anything I have written.' These  
pieces were the following and *Excel-  
sior*.

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown  
eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies!

## BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

Thou whose locks outshine the  
sun,  
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indeci-  
sion,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

Oh, thou child of many prayers!  
Life hath quicksands, — Life hath  
snares!  
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet  
tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where  
slumbered  
Birds and blossoms many-num-  
bered; —  
Age, that bough with snows en-  
cumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that  
grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and  
ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.

### EXCELSIOR

THE shades of night were falling  
fast,  
As through an Alpine village  
passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and  
ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye be-  
neath,  
Flashed like a falchion from its  
sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown  
tongue,  
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and  
bright;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior!

'Try not the Pass!' the old man  
said;  
'Dark lowers the tempest over-  
head,  
The roaring torrent is deep and  
wide!'

And loud that clarion voice re-  
plied,  
Excelsior!

'Oh stay,' the maiden said, 'and  
rest

Thy weary head upon this breast!'  
A tear stood in his bright blue  
eye,

But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior!

'Beware the pine-tree's withered  
branch!

Beware the awful avalanche!'  
This was the peasant's last Good-  
night,

A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled  
air,

Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange de-  
vice,

Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior!

## POEMS ON SLAVERY

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING

THE pages of thy book I read,  
And as I closed each one,  
My heart, responding, ever said,  
'Servant of God! well done!'

Well done! Thy words are great  
and bold;

At times they seem to me,  
Like Luther's, in the days of old,  
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes  
The old and chartered Lie,  
The feudal curse, whose whips  
and yokes  
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side  
Speaking in tones of might,  
Like the prophetic voice, that cried  
To John in Parnos, 'Write!'

Write! and tell of this bloody tale;  
Record this dire eclipse,

This Day of Wrath, this Endless  
Wail,  
This dread Apocalypse!

### THE SLAVE'S DREAM

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,  
His sickle in his hand;  
His breast was bare, his matted  
hair

Was buried in the sand.  
Again, in the mist and shadow of  
sleep,  
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his  
dreams

The lordly Niger flowed;  
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain  
Once more a king he strode;  
And heard the tinkling caravans  
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed  
queen  
Among her children stand;



They clasped his neck, they kissed  
his cheeks,  
They held him by the hand!—  
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids  
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode  
Along the Niger's bank;  
His bridle-reins were golden  
chains,

And, with a martial clank,  
At each leap he could feel his scab-  
bard of steel  
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,  
The bright flamingoes flew;  
From morn till night he followed  
their flight,  
O'er plains where the tamarind  
grew,  
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,  
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,  
And the hyena scream,  
And the river-horse, as he crushed  
the reeds

Beside some hidden stream;  
And it passed, like a glorious roll  
of drums,  
Through the triumph of his  
dream.

The forests, with their myriad  
tongues,  
Shouted of liberty;  
And the Blast of the Desert cried  
aloud,  
With a voice so wild and free,  
That he started in his sleep and  
smiled  
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,  
Nor the burning heat of day;  
For Death had illumined the Land  
of Sleep,  
And his lifeless body lay  
A worn-out fetter, that the soul  
Had broken and thrown away!

## THE GOOD PART

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN  
AWAY

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's  
side,  
In valleys green and cool;  
And all her hope and all her  
pride  
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air  
That robes the hills above,  
Though not of earth, encircles  
there  
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her  
girls  
With praise and mild rebukes;  
Subduing e'en rude village churls  
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide  
Of One who came to save;  
To cast the captive's chains aside  
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time fore-  
tells  
When all men shall be free;  
And musical, as silver bells,  
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,  
In decent poverty,  
She makes her life one sweet re-  
cord  
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all  
To break the iron bands  
Of those who waited in her hall,  
And labored in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern  
Sea  
Their outbound sails have sped,  
While she, in meek humility,  
Now earns her daily bread.



It is their prayers, which never  
cease,  
That clothe her with such grace;  
Their blessing is the light of peace  
That shines upon her face.

### THE SLAVE IN THE DIS- MAL SWAMP

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp  
The hunted Negro lay;  
He saw the fire of the midnight  
camp,  
And heard at times a horse's tramp  
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-  
worms shine,  
In bulrush and in brake;  
Where waving mosses shroud the  
pine,  
And the cedar grows, and the  
poisonous vine  
Is spotted like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could  
pass,  
Or a human heart would dare,  
On the quaking turf of the green  
morass  
He crouched in the rank and tan-  
gled grass,  
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;  
Great scars deformed his face;  
On his forehead he bore the brand  
of shame,  
And the rags, that hid his mangled  
frame,  
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and  
fair,  
All things were glad and free;  
Lithe squirrels darted here and  
there,  
And wild birds filled the echoing  
air  
With songs of Liberty!

On him alone was the doom of  
pain,  
From the morning of his birth;  
On him alone the curse of Cain  
Fell, like a flail on the garnered  
grain,  
And struck him to the earth!

### THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT

LOUD he sang the psalm of David!  
He, a Negro and enslaved,  
Sang of Israel's victory,  
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calm-  
est,  
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,  
In a voice so sweet and clear  
That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,  
Such as reached the swart Eryp-  
tians,  
When upon the Red Sea coast  
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion  
Filled my soul with strange emo-  
tion;  
For its tones by turns were glad,  
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,  
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen.  
And an earthquake's arm of might  
Broke their dungeon-gates at  
night.

But, alas! what holy angel  
Brings the Slave this glad evan-  
gel?  
And what earthquake's arm of  
might  
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

### THE WITNESSES

In Ocean's wide domains,  
Half buried in the sands,

Like skeletons in chains,  
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,  
Deeper than plummet lies,  
Float ships, with all their crews,  
No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,  
Freighted with human forms,  
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs  
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves;  
They gleam from the abyss;  
They cry, from yawning waves,  
'We are the Witnesses!'

Within Earth's wide domains  
Are markets for men's lives;  
Their necks are galled with chains,  
Their wrists are cramped with  
gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite  
In deserts makes its prey;  
Murders, that with affright  
Scare school-boys from their  
play!

All evil thoughts and deeds;  
Anger, and lust, and pride;  
The foulest, rankest weeds,  
That choke Life's groaning tide!

These are the woes of Slaves;  
They glare from the abyss;  
They cry, from unknown graves,  
'We are the Witnesses!'

#### THE QUADROON GIRL

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon  
Lay moored with idle sail;  
He waited for the rising moon,  
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,  
And all her listless crew  
Watched the gray alligator slide  
Into the still bayou.

Odors of orange-flowers, and spice,  
Reached them from time to  
time,  
Like airs that breathe from Para-  
dise  
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of  
thatch,  
Smoked thoughtfully and slow;  
The Slaver's thumb was on the  
latch,  
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, 'My ship at anchor rides  
In yonder broad lagoon;  
I only wait the evening tides,  
And the rising of the moon.'

Before them, with her face up-  
raised,  
In timid attitude,  
Like one half curious, half amazed,  
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of  
light,  
Her arms and neck were bare;  
No garment she wore save a kirtle  
bright,  
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a  
smile  
As holy, meek, and faint,  
As lights in some cathedral aisle  
The features of a saint.

'The soil is barren, — the farm is  
old,'  
The thoughtful planter said;  
Then looked upon the Slaver's  
gold,  
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at  
strife  
With such accursed gains:  
For he knew whose passions gave  
her life,  
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak;  
 He took the glittering gold!  
 Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,  
 Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,  
 He led her by the hand,  
 To be his slave and paramour  
 In a strange and distant land!

## THE WARNING

BEWARE! The Israelite of old,  
 who tore  
 The lion in his path,—when,  
 poor and blind,  
 He saw the blessed light of heaven  
 no more,  
 Shorn of his noble strength and  
 forced to grind  
 In prison, and at last led forth to  
 be  
 A pander to Philistine revelry,—

Upon the pillars of the temple  
 laid

His desperate hands, and in its  
 overthrow

Destroyed himself, and with him  
 those who made

A cruel mockery of his sightless  
 woe;

The poor, blind Slave, the scoff  
 and jest of all,

Expired, and thousands perished  
 in the fall!

There is a poor, blind Samson in  
 this land,

Shorn of his strength and bound  
 in bonds of steel,

Who may, in some grim revel,  
 raise his hand,

And shake the pillars of this  
 Commonweal,

Till the vast Temple of our liber-  
 ties

A shapeless mass of wreck and  
 rubbish lies.

## THE SPANISH STUDENT

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VICTORIAN } . . . Students of Alcalá.  
 HYPOLITO }  
 THE COUNT OF LARA } Gentlemen of  
 DON CARLOS } Madrid.  
 THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.  
 A CARDINAL.  
 BELTRAN CRUZADO . Count of the Gyp-  
 sies.  
 BARTOLOMÉ ROMÁN . A young Gypsy.  
 THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.  
 PEDRO CRESPO . . . . . Alcalde.  
 PANCHITO . . . . . Alguacil.  
 FRANCISCO . . . . . Lara's Servant.  
 CHISPA . . . . . Victorian's Servant.  
 BALTAZAR . . . . . Innkeeper.  
 PRECIOSA . . . . . A Gypsy Girl.  
 ANGELICA . . . . . A poor Girl.  
 MARTINA . The Padre Cura's Niece.  
 DOLORES . . . . . Preciosa's Maid.

*Gypsies, Musicians, etc.*

## ACT I

SCENE I. — *The COUNT OF LARA'S chambers. Night. The COUNT in his dressing-gown, smoking and conversing with DON CARLOS.*

*Lara.* You were not at the play  
 to-night, Don Carlos;

How happened it?

*Don C.* I had engagements else-  
 where.

Pray who was there?

*Lara.* Why, all the town and  
 court.

The house was crowded; and the  
 busy fans

Among the gayly dressed and per-  
 fumed ladies

Fluttered like butterflies among  
the flowers.

There was the Countess of Medina  
Celi;

The Goblin Lady with her Phan-  
tom Lover,

Her Lindo Don Diego; Doña Sol,  
And Doña Serafina, and her  
cousins.

*Don C.* What was the play?

*Lara.* It was a dull affair;  
One of those comedies in which  
you see,

As Lope says, the history of the  
world

Brought down from Genesis to the  
day of Judgment.

There were three duels fought in  
the first act,

Three gentlemen receiving deadly  
wounds,

Laying their hands upon their  
hearts, and saying,

'Oh, I am dead!' a lover in a  
closet,

An old hidalgo, and a gay Don  
Juan,

A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,  
Followed at twilight by an un-  
known lover,

Who looks intently where he  
knows she is not!

*Don C.* Of course, the Preciosa  
danced to-night?

*Lara.* And never better. Every  
footstep fell

As lightly as a sunbeam on the  
water.

I think the girl extremely beauti-  
ful.

*Don C.* Almost beyond the privi-  
lege of woman!

I saw her in the Prado yesterday.  
Her step was royal,—queen-like,

—and her face

As beautiful as a saint's in Para-  
dise.

*Lara.* May not a saint fall from  
her Paradise,

And be no more a saint?

*Don C.* Why do you ask?

*Lara.* Because I have heard it  
said this angel fell,

And though she is a virgin out-  
wardly,

Within she is a sinner; like those  
panels

Of doors and altar-pieces the old  
monks

Painted in convents, with the Vir-  
gin Mary

On the outside, and on the inside  
Venus!

*Don C.* You do her wrong; in-  
deed, you do her wrong!

She is as virtuous as she is  
fair.

*Lara.* How credulous you are!

Why, look you, friend,

There's not a virtuous woman in  
Madrid,

In this whole city! And would  
you persuade me

That a mere dancing-girl, who  
shows herself,

Nightly, half naked, on the stage,  
for money,

And with voluptuous motions fires  
the blood

Of inconsiderate youth, is to be  
held

A model for her virtue?

*Don C.* You forget

She is a Gypsy girl.

*Lara.* And therefore won

The easier.

*Don C.* Nay, not to be won at  
all!

The only virtue that a Gypsy  
prizes

Is chastity. That is her only vir-  
tue.

Dearer than life she holds it. I  
remember

A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless  
bawd,

Whose craft was to betray the  
young and fair;

And yet this woman was above all  
bribes.

And when a noble lord, touched  
by her beauty,

The wild and wizard beauty of her  
race,

Offered her gold to be what she  
made others,

She turned upon him, with a look  
of scorn,

And smote him in the face!

*Lara.* And does that prove  
That Preciosa is above suspi-  
cion?

*Don C.* It proves a nobleman  
may be repulsed

When he thinks conquest easy. I  
believe

That woman, in her deepest de-  
gradation,

Holds something sacred, some-  
thing undefiled,

Some pledge and keepsake of her  
higher nature,

And, like the diamond in the dark,  
retains

Some quenchless gleam of the  
celestial light!

*Lara.* Yet Preciosa would have  
taken the gold.

*Don C. (rising).* I do not think  
so.

*Lara.* I am sure of it.

But why this haste? Stay yet a  
little longer,

And fight the battles of your Dul-  
cinea.

*Don C.* 'T is late. I must be-  
gone, for if I stay

You will not be persuaded.

*Lara.* Yes; persuade me.

*Don C.* No one so deaf as he who  
will not hear!

*Lara.* No one so blind as he who  
will not see!

*Don C.* And so good night. I  
wish you pleasant dreams,

And greater faith in woman. [*Exit.*]

*Lara.* Greater faith!  
I have the greatest faith; for I  
believe

Victorian is her lover. I believe  
That I shall be to-morrow; and

thereafter

Another, and another. and another.

Chasing each other through her  
zodiac,

As Taurus chases Aries.

(*Enter FRANCISCO with a casket.*)

Well, Francisco,

What speed with Preciosa?

*Fran.* None, my lord.

She sends your jewels back, and  
bids me tell you

She is not to be purchased by your  
gold.

*Lara.* Then I will try some  
other way to win her.

Pray, dost thou know Victorian?

*Fran.* Yes, my lord;

I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

*Lara.* What was he doing there?

*Fran.* I saw him buy

A golden ring, that had a ruby in  
it.

*Lara.* Was there another like it?

*Fran.* One so like it

I could not choose between them.

*Lara.* It is well.

To-morrow morning bring that  
ring to me.

Do not forget. Now light me to  
my bed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A street in Madrid.*

*Enter CHISPA, followed by mu-  
sicians, with a bagpipe, guitars,  
and other instruments.*

*Chispa.* Abernuncio Satanas!  
and a plague on all lovers who  
ramble about at night drinking the  
elements, instead of sleeping quiet-  
ly in their beds. Every dead man  
to his cemetery, say I; and every  
friar to his monastery. Now,  
here's my master, Victorian, yes-  
terday a cow-keeper, and to-day a  
gentleman; yesterday a student,  
and to-day a lover; and I must  
be up later than the nightingale,  
for as the abbot sings so must the  
sacristan respond. God grant he  
may soon be married, for ther  
shall all this serenading cease  
Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mo



ther, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (*To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

*First Mus.* Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

*Chispa.* Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

*First Mus.* Why so?

*Chispa.* Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

*First Mus.* An Aragonese bagpipe.

*Chispa.* Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedi for playing, and ten for leaving off?

*First Mus.* No, your honor.

*Chispa.* I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

*Second and Third Musicians.* We play the bandurria.

*Chispa.* A pleasing instrument. And thou?

*Fourth Mus.* The fife.

*Chispa.* I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

*Other Mus.* We are the singers, please your honor.

*Chispa.* You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdoba? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — PRECIOSA'S chamber. *She stands at the open window.*

*Prec.* How slowly through the  
lilac-scented air  
Descends the tranquil moon!  
Like thistle-down  
The vapory clouds float in the  
peaceful sky;  
And sweetly from yon hollow  
vaults of shade  
The nightingales breathe out their  
souls in song.  
And hark! what songs of love  
what soul-like sounds,  
Answer them from below!

#### SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!  
Far down yon western steeps,



Sink, sink in silver light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!

Where yonder woodbine creeps,

Fold, fold thy pinions light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!

Tell her, her lover keeps

Watch! while in slumbers light

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

(Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.)

*Vict.* Poor little dove! Thou  
tremblest like a leaf!

*Prec.* I am so frightened! 'T is  
for thee I tremble!

I hate to have thee climb that wall  
by night!

Did no one see thee?

*Vict.* None, my love, but thou.

*Prec.* 'T is very dangerous; and  
when thou art gone

I chide myself for letting thee  
come here

Thus stealthily by night. Where  
hast thou been?

Since yesterday I have no news  
from thee.

*Vict.* Since yesterday I have  
been in Alcalá.

Erelong the time will come, sweet  
Preciosa,

When that dull distance shall no  
more divide us;

And I no more shall scale thy wall  
by night

To steal a kiss from thee, as I do  
now.

*Prec.* An honest thief, to steal  
but what thou givest.

*Vict.* And we shall sit together  
unmolested,

And words of true love pass from  
tongue to tongue,

As singing birds from one bough  
to another.

*Prec.* That were a life to make  
time envious!

I knew that thou wouldst come to  
me to-night.

I saw thee at the play.

*Vict.* Sweet child of air!

Never did I behold thee so at-  
tired

And garmented in beauty as to-  
night!

What hast thou done to make thee  
look so fair?

*Prec.* Am I not always fair?

*Vict.* Ay, and so fair

That I am jealous of all eyes that  
see thee,

And wish that they were blind.

*Prec.* I heed them not;

When thou art present, I see none  
but thee!

*Vict.* There's nothing fair nor  
beautiful, but takes

Something from thee, that makes  
it beautiful.

*Prec.* And yet thou leavest me  
for those dusty books.

*Vict.* Thou comest between me  
and those books too often!

I see thy face in everything I  
see!

The paintings in the chapel wear  
thy looks.

The canticles are changed to sara-  
bands,

And with the learned doctors of  
the schools

I see thee dance cachuchas.

*Prec.* In good sooth,

I dance with learned doctors of the  
schools

To-morrow morning.

*Vict.* And with whom, I pray?

*Prec.* A grave and reverend  
Cardinal, and his Grace

The Archbishop of Toledo.

*Vict.* What mad jest

Is this?

*Prec.* It is no jest; indeed it is  
not.

*Vict.* Prithee, explain thyself.

*Prec.* Why, simply thus.

Thou knowest the Pope has sent  
here into Spain  
To put a stop to dances on the  
stage.

*Vict.* I have heard it whispered.

*Prec.* Now the Cardinal,  
Who for this purpose comes, would  
fain behold

With his own eyes these dances;  
and the Archbishop

Has sent for me —

*Vict.* That thou mayest dance  
before them!

Now viva la cachucha! It will  
breathe

The fire of youth into these gray  
old men!

'T will be thy proudest conquest!

*Prec.* Saving one.  
And yet I fear these dances will  
be stopped,

And Preciosa be once more a beg-  
gar.

*Vict.* The sweetest beggar that  
e'er asked for alms;  
With such beseeching eyes, that  
when I saw thee

I gave my heart away!

*Prec.* Dost thou remember  
When first we met?

*Vict.* It was at Córdoba,  
In the cathedral garden. Thou  
wast sitting

Under the orange trees, beside a  
fountain.

*Prec.* 'T was Easter Sunday.  
The full-blossomed trees  
Filled all the air with fragrance  
and with joy.

The priests were singing, and the  
organ sounded,

And then anon the great cathedral  
bell.

It was the elevation of the Host.  
We both of us fell down upon our  
knees,

Under the orange boughs, and  
prayed together.

I never had been happy till that  
moment.

*Vict.* Thou blessed angel!

*Prec.* And when thou wast gone  
I felt an aching here. I did not  
speak

To any one that day. But from  
that day

Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

*Vict.* Remember him no more.

Let not his shadow

Come between thee and me. Sweet  
Preciosa!

I loved thee even then, though I  
was silent!

*Prec.* I thought I ne'er should  
see thy face again.

Thy farewell had a sound of sor-  
row in it.

*Vict.* That was the first sound  
in the song of love!

Scarce more than silence is, and  
yet a sound.

Hands of invisible spirits touch  
the strings

Of that mysterious instrument, the  
soul,

And play the prelude of our fate.  
We hear

The voice prophetic, and are not  
alone.

*Prec.* That is my faith. Dost  
thou believe these warnings?

*Vict.* So far as this. Our feel-  
ings and our thoughts

Tend ever on, and rest not in the  
Present.

As drops of rain fall into some  
dark well,

And from below comes a scarce  
audible sound,

So fall our thoughts into the dark  
Hereafter,

And their mysterious echo reaches  
us.

*Prec.* I have felt it so, but found  
no words to say it!

I cannot reason; I can only feel!  
But thou hast language for all

thoughts and feelings.

Thou art a scholar; and some-  
times I think

We cannot walk together in this  
world!

The distance that divides us is too great!

Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;

I must not hold thee back.

*Vict.* Thou little sceptic! Dost thou still doubt? What I most prize in woman

Is her affections, not her intellect! The intellect is finite; but the affections

Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.

Compare me with the great men of the earth;

What am I? Why, a pygmy among giants!

But if thou lovest,—mark me! I say lovest,—

The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!

The world of the affections is thy world,

Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness

Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,

Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,

Feeding its flame. The element of fire

Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,

But burns as brightly in a Gypsy camp

As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

*Prec.* Yes, that I love thee, as the good love heaven;

But not that I am worthy of that heaven.

How shall I more deserve it?

*Vict.* Loving more.

*Prec.* I cannot love thee more; my heart is full.

*Vict.* Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,

As in the summer-time the thirsty sands

Drink the swift waters of the Manzanares,

And still do thirst for more.

*A Watchman (in the street).*  
Ave Maria

Purissima! 'Tis midnight and serene!

*Vict.* Hear'st thou that cry?

*Prec.* It is a hateful sound, To scare thee from me!

*Vict.* As the hunter's horn Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds

The moor-fowl from his mate.

*Prec.* Pray, do not go!

*Vict.* I must away to Alcalá to-night.

Think of me when I am away.

*Prec.* Fear not!

I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

*Vict. (giving her a ring).* And to remind thee of my love, take this;

A serpent, emblem of Eternity;

A ruby,—say, a drop of my heart's blood.

*Prec.* It is an ancient saying, that the ruby

Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves

The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,

Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas!

It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

*Vict.* What convent of bare-footed Carmelites

Taught thee so much theology?

*Prec. (laying her hand upon his mouth).* Hush! hush!

Good night! and may all holy angels guard thee!

*Vict.* Good night! good night! Thou art my guardian angel!

I have no other saint than thou to pray to!

*(He descends by the balcony.)*

*Prec.* Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou safe?

*Vict. (from the garden).* Safe as my love for thee! But art thou safe?

Others can climb a balcony by  
moonlight

As well as I. Pray shut thy win-  
dow close;

I am jealous of the perfumed air  
of night

That from this garden climbs to  
kiss thy lips.

*Prec. (throwing down her hand-  
kerchief).* Thou silly child!

Take this to blind thine eyes.

It is my benison!

*Vict.* And brings to me  
Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as  
the soft wind

Wafts to the out-bound mariner  
the breath

Of the beloved land he leaves be-  
hind.

*Prec.* Make not thy voyage  
long.

*Vict.* To-morrow night  
Shall see me safe returned. Thou  
art the star

To guide me to an anchorage.  
Good night!

My beauteous star! My star of  
love, good night!

*Prec.* Good night!

*Watchman (at a distance).* Ave  
Maria Purissima!

SCENE IV.—*An inn on the road  
to Alcalá.* BALTASAR asleep on  
a bench. *Enter* CHISPA.

*Chispa.* And here we are, half-  
way to Alcalá, between cocks and  
midnight. Body o' me! what an  
inn this is! The lights out, and  
the landlord asleep. Holá! ancient  
Baltasar!

*Bal. (waking).* Here I am.

*Chispa.* Yes, there you are, like  
a one-eyed Alcalde in a town with-  
out inhabitants. Bring a light, and  
let me have supper.

*Bal.* Where is your master?

*Chispa.* Do not trouble yourself  
about him. We have stopped a  
moment to breathe our horses;  
and if he chooses to walk up and

down in the open air, looking into  
the sky as one who hears it rain,  
that does not satisfy my hunger,  
you know. But be quick, for I am  
in a hurry, and every man stretches  
his legs according to the length  
of his coverlet. What have we  
here?

*Bal. (setting a light on the table).*

Stewed rabbit.

*Chispa (eating).* Conscience of  
Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you  
mean!

*Bal.* And a pitcher of Pedro  
Ximenes, with a roasted pear in  
it.

*Chispa (drinking).* Ancient Bal-  
tasar, amigo! You know how to  
cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell  
you this is nothing but Vinto Tinto  
of La Mancha, with a tang of the  
swine-skin.

*Bal.* I swear to you by Saint  
Simon and Judas, it is all as I  
say.

*Chispa.* And I swear to you by  
Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that  
it is no such thing. Moreover,  
your supper is like the hidalgo's  
dinner, very little meat and a great  
deal of tablecloth.

*Bal.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Chispa.* And more noise than  
nuts.

*Bal.* Ha! ha! ha! You must  
have your joke, Master Chispa.  
But shall I not ask Don Victorian  
in, to take a draught of the Pedro  
Ximenes?

*Chispa.* No; you might as well  
say, 'Don't-you-want-some?' to a  
dead man.

*Bal.* Why does he go so often to  
Madrid?

*Chispa.* For the same reason  
that he eats no supper. He is in  
love. Were you ever in love, Bal-  
tasar?

*Bal.* I was never out of it, good  
Chispa. It has been the torment  
of my life.

*Chispa.* What! are you on fire, too, old haystack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

*Vict. (without).* Chispa!

*Chispa.* Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

*Vict.* Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

*Chispa.* Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—VICTORIAN'S *chambers at Alcalá.* HYPOLITO asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.

*Hyp.* I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep! And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep!

Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,

Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled

Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!

The candles have burned low; it must be late.

Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carrillo,

The only place in which one cannot find him

Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom

Feels the caresses of its master's hand.

Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument!

And make dull midnight merry with a song.

(*He plays and sings.*)

Padre Francisco!

Padre Francisco!

What do you want of Padre Francisco?

Here is a pretty young maiden

Who wants to confess her sins!

Open the door and let her come in, I will shrive her of every sin.

(*Enter VICTORIAN.*)

*Vict.* Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

*Hyp.* What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

*Vict.* Come, shrive me straight; for, if love be a sin,

I am the greatest sinner that doth live.

I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,

A maiden wooed and won.

*Hyp.* The same old tale Of the old woman in the chimney-corner,

Who, while the pot boils, says, 'Come here, my child;

I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day.'

*Vict.* Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full

That I must speak.

*Hyp.* Alas! that heart of thine Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain

Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter

The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!

*Vict.* Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;

Those that remained, after the six were burned,

Being held more precious than the nine together.

But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember

The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdoba Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

*Hyp.* Thou meanest Preciosa.

*Vict.* Ay, the same. Thou knowest how her image haunted me

Long after we returned to Alcalá. She's in Madrid.

*Hyp.* I know it.

*Vict.* And I'm in love.

*Hyp.* And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be In Alcalá.

*Vict.* Oh pardon me, my friend, If I so long have kept this secret from thee;



But silence is the charm that  
guards such treasures,  
And, if a word be spoken ere the  
time,

They sink again, they were not  
meant for us.

*Hyp.* Alas! alas! I see thou art  
in love.

Love keeps the cold out better than  
a cloak.

It serves for food and raiment.  
Give a Spaniard

His mass, his olla, and his Doña  
Luisa —

Thou knowest the proverb. But  
pray tell me, lover,

How speeds thy wooing? Is the  
maiden coy?

Write her a song, beginning with  
an *Ave*;

Sing as the monk sang to the  
Virgin Mary,

*Ave! cujus calcem clare  
Nec centenni commendare  
Sciret Seraph studio!*

*Vict.* Pray, do not jest! This is  
no time for it!

I am in earnest!

*Hyp.* Seriously enamored?  
What, ho! The Primus of great  
Alcalá

Enamored of a Gypsy? Tell me  
frankly,

How meanest thou?

*Vict.* I mean it honestly.

*Hyp.* Surely thou wilt not marry  
her!

*Vict.* Why not?

*Hyp.* She was betrothed to one  
Bartolomé,

If I remember rightly, a young  
Gypsy

Who danced with her at Córdoba.

*Vict.* They quarrelled,  
And so the matter ended.

*Hyp.* But in truth  
Thou wilt not marry her.

*Vict.* In truth I will.  
The angels sang in heaven when  
she was born!

She is a precious jewel I have  
found

Among the filth and rubbish of  
the world.

I'll stoop for it; but when I wear  
it here,

Set on my forehead like the morn-  
ing star,

The world may wonder, but it will  
not laugh.

*Hyp.* If thou wear'st nothing  
else upon thy forehead,  
'T will be indeed a wonder.

*Vict.* Out upon thee  
With thy unseasonable jests! Pray  
tell me,

Is there no virtue in the world?

*Hyp.* Not much.  
What, think'st thou, is she doing  
at this moment;

Now, while we speak of her?

*Vict.* She lies asleep,  
And from her parted lips her gentle  
breath

Comes like the fragrance from the  
lips of flowers.

Her tender limbs are still, and on  
her breast

The cross she prayed to, ere she  
fell asleep,

Rises and falls with the soft tide  
of dreams,

Like a light barge safe moored.

*Hyp.* Which means, in prose,  
She's sleeping with her mouth a  
little open!

*Vict.* Oh, would I had the old  
magician's glass

To see her as she lies in child-like  
sleep!

*Hyp.* And wouldst thou ven-  
ture?

*Vict.* Ay, indeed I would!

*Hyp.* Thou art courageous.  
Hast thou e'er reflected  
How much lies hidden in that one  
word, now?

*Vict.* Yes; all the awful mys-  
tery of Life!

I oft have thought, my dear Hypo-  
lito,



That could we, by some spell of  
magic, change  
The world and its inhabitants to  
stone,

In the same attitudes they now are  
in,

What fearful glances downward  
might we cast

Into the hollow chasms of human  
life!

What groups should we behold  
about the death-bed,

Putting to shame the group of  
Niobe!

What joyful welcomes, and what  
sad farewells!

What stony tears in those con-  
gealèd eyes!

What visible joy or anguish in  
those cheeks!

What bridal pomps, and what fu-  
nereal shows!

What foes, like gladiators, fierce  
and struggling!

What lovers with their marble lips  
together!

*Hyp.* Ay, there it is! and, if I  
were in love,

That is the very point I most  
should dread.

This magic glass, these magic  
spells of thine,

Might tell a tale were better left  
untold.

For instance, they might show us  
thy fair cousin,

The Lady Violante, bathed in tears  
Of love and anger, like the maid of  
Colchis,

Whom thou, another faithless Ar-  
gonaut,

Having won that golden fleece, a  
woman's love,

Desertest for this Glauçè.

*Vict.* Hold thy peace!

She cares not for me. She may  
wed another,

Or go into a convent, and, thus  
dying,

Marry Achilles in the Elysian  
Fields.

*Hyp. (rising).* And so, good  
night! Good morning, I  
should say.

*(Clock strikes three.)*

Hark! how the loud and ponder-  
ous mace of Time

Knocks at the golden portals of  
the day!

And so, once more, good night!  
We'll speak more largely

Of Preciosa when we meet again.  
Get thee to bed, and the magician,

Sleep,  
Shall show her to thee, in his magic  
glass,

In all her loveliness. Good night!

*[Exit.*

*Vict.* Good night!

But not to bed; for I must read  
awhile.

*(Throws himself into the arm-  
chair which HYPOLITO has left,  
and lays a large book open upon  
his knees.)*

Must read, or sit in revery and  
watch

The changing color of the waves  
that break

Upon the idle sea-shore of the  
mind!

Visions of Fame! that once did  
visit me,

Making night glorious with your  
smile, where are ye?

Oh, who shall give me, now that ye  
are gone,

Juices of those immortal plants  
that bloom

Upon Olympus, making us immor-  
tal?

Or teach me where that wondrous  
mandrake grows

Whose magic root, torn from the  
earth with groans,

At midnight hour, can scare the  
fiends away,

And make the mind prolific in its  
fancies?

I have the wish, but want the will.  
to act!

Souls of great men departed! Ye  
 whose words  
 Have come to light from the swift  
 river of Time,  
 Like Roman swords found in the  
 Tagus' bed,  
 Where is the strength to wield the  
 arms ye bore?  
 From the barred visor of Antiquity  
 Reflected shines the eternal light  
 of Truth,  
 As from a mirror! All the means  
 of action —  
 The shapeless masses, the mate-  
 rials —  
 Lie everywhere about us. What  
 we need  
 Is the celestial fire to change the  
 flint  
 Into transparent crystal, bright  
 and clear.  
 That fire is genius! The rude  
 peasant sits  
 At evening in his smoky cot, and  
 draws  
 With charcoal uncouth figures on  
 the wall.  
 The son of genius comes, foot-sore  
 with travel,  
 And begs a shelter from the incle-  
 ment night.  
 He takes the charcoal from the  
 peasant's hand,  
 And, by the magic of his touch at  
 once  
 Transfigured, all its hidden vir-  
 tues shine,  
 And, in the eyes of the astonished  
 clown,  
 It gleams a diamond! Even thus  
 transformed,  
 Rude popular traditions and old  
 tales  
 Shine as immortal poems, at the  
 touch  
 Of some poor, houseless, homeless,  
 wandering bard,  
 Who had but a night's lodging for  
 his pains.  
 But there are brighter dreams  
 than those of Fame,

Which are the dreams of Love!  
 Out of the heart  
 Rises the bright ideal of these  
 dreams,  
 As from some woodland fount a  
 spirit rises  
 And sinks again into its silent  
 deeps,  
 Ere the enamored knight can  
 touch her robe!  
 'T is this ideal that the soul of man,  
 Like the enamored knight beside  
 the fountain,  
 Waits for upon the margin of  
 Life's stream;  
 Waits to behold her rise from the  
 dark waters,  
 Clad in a mortal shape! Alas!  
 how many  
 Must wait in vain! The stream  
 flows evermore,  
 But from its silent deeps no spirit  
 rises!  
 Yet I, born under a propitious  
 star,  
 Have found the bright ideal of my  
 dreams.  
 Yes! she is ever with me. I can  
 feel,  
 Here, as I sit at midnight and  
 alone,  
 Her gentle breathing! on my  
 breast can feel  
 The pressure of her head! God's  
 benison  
 Rest ever on it! Close those  
 beauteous eyes,  
 Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers  
 that bloom at night  
 With balmy lips breathe in her  
 ears my name!  
 (*Gradually sinks asleep.*)

## ACT II

SCENE I. — PRECIOSA'S chamber.  
*Morning. PRECIOSA and AN-  
 GELICA.*

*Prec.* Why will you go so soon!  
 Stay yet awhile.

The poor too often turn away un-  
heard

From hearts that shut against  
them with a sound

That will be heard in heaven.

Pray, tell me more

Of your adversities. Keep nothing  
from me.

What is your landlord's name?

*Ang.* The Count of Lara.

*Prec.* The Count of Lara? Oh,  
beware that man!

Mistrust his pity, — hold no parley  
with him!

And rather die an outcast in the  
streets

Than touch his gold.

*Ang.* You know him, then!

*Prec.* As much

As any woman may, and yet be  
pure.

As you would keep your name  
without a blemish,

Beware of him!

*Ang.* Alas! what can I do?

I cannot choose my friends. Each  
word of kindness,

Come whence it may, is welcome  
to the poor.

*Prec.* Make me your friend. A

girl so young and fair

Should have no friends but those  
of her own sex.

What is your name?

*Ang.* Angelica.

*Prec.* That name

Was given you, that you might be  
an angel

To her who bore you! When your  
infant smile

Made her home Paradise, you were  
her angel.

Oh, be an angel still! She needs  
that smile.

So long as you are innocent, fear  
nothing.

No one can harm you! I am a poor  
girl,

Whom chance has taken from the  
public streets.

I have no other shield than mine  
own virtue.

That is the charm which has pro-  
tected me!

Amid a thousand perils, I have  
worn it

Here on my heart! It is my guar-  
dian angel.

*Ang. (rising).* I thank you for  
this counsel, dearest lady.

*Prec.* Thank me by following it.

*Ang.* Indeed I will.

*Prec.* Pray, do not go. I have  
much more to say.

*Ang.* My mother is alone. I  
dare not leave her.

*Prec.* Some other time, then,  
when we meet again.

You must not go away with words  
alone.

*(Gives her a purse.)*

Take this. Would it were more.

*Ang.* I thank you, lady.

*Prec.* No thanks. To-morrow  
come to me again.

I dance to-night, — perhaps for the  
last time.

But what I gain, I promise shall  
be yours,

If that can save you from the  
Count of Lara.

*Ang.* Oh, my dear lady! how  
shall I be grateful

For so much kindness?

*Prec.* I deserve no thanks.

Thank Heaven, not me.

*Ang.* Both Heaven and you.

*Prec.* Farewell.

Remember that you come again  
to-morrow.

*Ang.* I will. And may the  
Blessed Virgin guard you,

And all good angels. *[Exit.]*

*Prec.* May they guard thee too,  
And all the poor; for they have  
need of angels.

Now bring me, dear Dolores, my  
basquina,

My richest maja dress, — my dan-  
cing dress,

And my most precious jewels!

Make me look

Fairer than night e'er saw me!

I've a prize.

To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

(Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

*Cruz.* Ave Maria!

*Prec.* O God! my evil genius!  
What seekest thou here to-day?

*Cruz.* Thyself, — my child.

*Prec.* What is thy will with me?

*Cruz.* Gold! gold!

*Prec.* I gave thee yesterday; I have no more.

*Cruz.* The gold of the Busné, — give me his gold!

*Prec.* I gave the last in charity to-day.

*Cruz.* That is a foolish lie.

*Prec.* It is the truth.

*Cruz.* Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!

Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?

Not to thy father? To whom, then?

*Prec.* To one

Who needs it more.

*Cruz.* No one can need it more.

*Prec.* Thou art not poor.

*Cruz.* What, I, who lurk about  
In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes;

I, who am housed worse than the galley slave;

I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound;

I, who am clothed in rags, — Beltran Cruzado, —

Not poor!

*Prec.* Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.

Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?

*Cruz.* The gold of the Busné! give me his gold!

*Prec.* Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all.

I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,

I gave it to thee freely, at all times,

Never denied thee; never had a wish

But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace!

Be merciful, be patient, and ere-long

Thou shalt have more.

*Cruz.* And if I have it not, Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,

Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,

And live in idleness; but go with me,

Dance the Romalis in the public streets,

And wander wild again o'er field and fell;

For here we stay not long.

*Prec.* What! march again?

*Cruz.* Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!

I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!

Air, — I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,

The feeling of the breeze upon my face,

The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,

And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops.

Then I am free and strong, — once more myself,

Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés!

*Prec.* God speed thee on thy march! — I cannot go.

*Cruz.* Remember who I am, and who thou art!

Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more.

Bartolomé Román —

*Prec.* (with emotion). Oh, I beseech thee!

If my obedience and blameless life,

If my humility and meek submission

In all things hitherto, can move in thee  
 One feeling of compassion; if thou art  
 Indeed my father, and canst trace in me  
 One look of her who bore me, or one tone  
 That doth remind thee of her, let it plead  
 In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,  
 Too feeble to resist, and do not force me  
 To wed that man! I am afraid of him!  
 I do not love him! On my knees I beg thee  
 To use no violence, nor do in haste  
 What cannot be undone!  
*Cruz.* O child, child, child!  
 Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird  
 Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.  
 I will not leave thee here in the great city  
 To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready  
 To go with us; and until then remember  
 A watchful eye is on thee. [*Exit. Prec.* Woe is me!  
 I have a strange misgiving in my heart!  
 But that one deed of charity I'll do,  
 Befall what may; they cannot take that from me.

SCENE II. — *A room in the ARCH-BISHOP'S Palace. The ARCH-BISHOP and a CARDINAL seated.*

*Arch.* Knowing how near it touched the public morals,  
 And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten  
 By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,  
 Beseeching that his Holiness would aid

In curing the gross surfeit of the time,  
 By seasonable stop put here in Spain  
 To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.

All this you know.

*Card.* Know and approve.

*Arch.* And further,

That, by a mandate from his Holiness,

The first have been suppressed.

*Card.* I trust forever.

It was a cruel sport.

*Arch.* A barbarous pastime,  
 Disgraceful to the land that calls itself

Most Catholic and Christian.

*Card.* Yet the people

Murmur at this; and, if the public dances

Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,

Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.

As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry  
 Among the Roman populace of old,  
 So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.

Hence I would act advisedly herein;

And therefore have induced your Grace to see

These national dances, ere we interdict them.

(*Enter a Servant.*)

*Serv.* The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians

Your Grace was pleased to order, wait without.

*Arch.* Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold

In what angelic, yet voluptuous shape

The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

(*Enter PRECIOSA, with a mantle thrown over her head. She advances slowly, in modest, half-timid attitude.*)



*Card. (aside).* Oh, what a fair  
and ministering angel  
Was lost to heaven when this  
sweet woman fell!

*Prec. (kneeling before the ARCH-  
BISHOP).* I have obeyed the  
order of your Grace.  
If I intrude upon your better  
hours,  
I proffer this excuse, and here be-  
seech  
Your holy benediction.

*Arch.* May God bless thee,  
And lead thee to a better life.  
Arise.

*Card. (aside).* Her acts are  
modest, and her words dis-  
creet!

I did not look for this! Come  
hither, child.

Is thy name Preciosa?

*Prec.* Thus I am called.

*Card.* That is a Gypsy name.  
Who is thy father?

*Prec.* Beltran Cruzado, Count of  
the Calès.

*Arch.* I have a dim remembrance  
of that man;

He was a bold and reckless char-  
acter,

A sun-burnt Ishmael!

*Card.* Dost thou remember  
Thy earlier days?

*Prec.* Yes; by the Darro's side  
My childhood passed. I can re-  
member still

The river, and the mountains  
capped with snow;

The villages, where, yet a little  
child,

I told the traveller's fortune in the  
street;

The smuggler's horse, the brigand  
and the shepherd;

The march across the moor; the  
halt at noon;

The red fire of the evening camp,  
that lighted

The forest where we slept; and,  
further back.

As in a dream or in some former  
life,

Gardens and palace walls.

*Arch.* 'Tis the Alhambra,  
Under whose towers the Gypsy  
camp was pitched.

But the time wears; and we would  
see thee dance.

*Prec.* Your Grace shall be  
obeyed.

*(She lays aside her mantilla. The  
music of the cachucha is played,  
and the dance begins. The  
ARCHBISHOP and the CARDI-  
NAL look on with gravity and  
an occasional frown; then make  
signs to each other; and, as the  
dance continues, become more  
and more pleased and excited;  
and at length rise from their  
seats, throw their caps in the  
air, and applaud vehemently as  
the scene closes.)*

SCENE III.— *The Prado. A long  
avenue of trees leading to the  
gate of Atocha. On the right the  
dome and spires of a convent.  
A fountain. Evening. DON  
CARLOS and HYPOLITO meet-  
ing.*

*Don C.* Holá! good evening,  
Don Hypolito.

*Hyp.* And a good evening to my  
friend, Don Carlos.

Some lucky star has led my steps  
this way.

I was in search of you.

*Don C.* Command me always.

*Hyp.* Do you remember, in Que-  
vedo's Dreams,

The miser, who, upon the Day of  
Judgment,

Asks if his money-bags would rise?

*Don C.* I do;

But what of that?

*Hyp.* I am that wretched man.

*Don C.* You mean to tell me  
yours have risen empty?



*Hyp.* And amen! said my Cid Campeador.

*Don C.* Pray, how much need you?

*Hyp.* Some half-dozen ounces, Which, with due interest —

*Don C.* (*giving his purse*).

What, am I a Jew

To put my moneys out at usury?

Here is my purse.

*Hyp.* Thank you. A pretty purse.

Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;

Perhaps a keepsake.

*Don C.* No, 't is at your service.

*Hyp.* Thank you again. Lie there, good Chrysostom, And with thy golden mouth remind me often,

I am the debtor of my friend.

*Don C.* But tell me,

Come you to-day from Alcalá?

*Hyp.* This moment.

*Don C.* And pray, how fares the brave Victorian?

*Hyp.* Indifferent well; that is to say, not well.

A damsel has ensnared him with the glances

Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen catch

A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.

He is in love.

*Don C.* And is it faring ill

To be in love?

*Hyp.* In his case very ill.

*Don C.* Why so?

*Hyp.* For many reasons. First and foremost,

Because he is in love with an ideal;

A creature of his own imagination;

A child of air; an echo of his heart;

And, like a lily on a river floating,

She floats upon the river of his thoughts!

*Don C.* A common thing with poets. But who is

This floating lily? For, in fine, some woman,

Some living woman, — not a mere ideal, —

Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.

Who is it? Tell me.

*Hyp.* Well, it is a woman! But, look you, from the coffer of his heart

He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her,

As pious priests adorn some favorite saint

With gems and gold, until at length she gleams

One blaze of glory. Without these, you know,

And the priest's benediction, 't is a doll.

*Don C.* Well, well! who is this doll?

*Hyp.* Why, who do you think?

*Don C.* His cousin Violante.

*Hyp.* Guess again.

To ease his laboring heart, in the last storm

He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.

*Don C.* I cannot guess; so tell me who it is.

*Hyp.* Not I.

*Don C.* Why not?

*Hyp.* (*mysteriously*). Why? Because Mari Franca

Was married four leagues out of Salamanca!

*Don C.* Jestng aside, who is it?

*Hyp.* Preciosa.

*Don C.* Impossible! The Count of Lara tells me

She is not virtuous.

*Hyp.* Did I say she was? The Roman Emperor Claudius

had a wife

Whose name was Messalina, as I think;

Valeria Messalina was her name.

But hist! I see him yonder  
through the trees,  
Walking as in a dream.

*Don C.* He comes this way.

*Hyp.* It has been truly said by  
some wise man,  
That money, grief, and love can-  
not be hidden.

(*Enter VICTORIAN in front.*)

*Vict.* Where'er thy step has  
passed is holy ground!  
These groves are sacred! I be-  
hold thee walking  
Under these shadowy trees, where  
we have walked  
At evening, and I feel thy presence  
now;  
Feel that the place has taken a  
charm from thee,  
And is forever hallowed.

*Hyp.* Mark him well!  
See how he strides away with  
lordly air,

Like that odd guest of stone, that  
grim Commander.

Who comes to sup with Juan in  
the play.

*Don C.* What ho! Victorian!

*Hyp.* Wilt thou sup with us?

*Vict.* *Holá! amigos!* Faith, I  
did not see you.

How fares Don Carlos?

*Don C.* At your service ever.

*Vict.* How is that young and  
green-eyed Gaditana

That you both wot of?

*Don C.* Ay, soft, emerald eyes!  
She has gone back to Cadiz.

*Hyp.* Ay de mí!

*Vict.* You are much to blame  
for letting her go back.

A pretty girl; and in her tender  
eyes

Just that soft shade of green we  
sometimes see

In evening skies.

*Hyp.* But, speaking of green  
eyes,

Are thine green?

*Vict.* Not a whit. Why so?

*Hyp.* I think  
The slightest shade of green would  
be becoming,  
For thou art jealous.

*Vict.* No, I am not jealous.

*Hyp.* Thou shouldst be.

*Vict.* Why?

*Hyp.* Because thou art in love.  
And they who are in love are al-  
ways jealous.

Therefore thou shouldst be.

*Vict.* Marry, is that all?  
Farewell; I am in haste. Fare-  
well, Don Carlos.

Thou sayest I should be jealous?

*Hyp.* Ay, in truth  
I fear there is reason. Be upon thy  
guard.

I hear it whispered that the Count  
of Lara

Lays siege to the same citadel.

*Vict.* Indeed!  
Then he will have his labor for his  
pains.

*Hyp.* He does not think so, and  
Don Carlos tells me  
He boasts of his success.

*Vict.* How 's this, Don Carlos?

*Don C.* Some hints of it I heard  
from his own lips.

He spoke but lightly of the lady's  
virtue,

As a gay man might speak.

*Vict.* Death and damnation!  
I'll cut his lying tongue out of his  
mouth,

And throw it to my dog! But, no,  
no, no!

This cannot be. You jest, indeed  
you jest.

Trifle with me no more. For oth-  
erwise

We are no longer friends. And so,  
farewell! [*Exit.*]

*Hyp.* Now what a coil is here!  
The Avenging Child  
Hunting the traitor Quadros to his  
death,

And the great Moor Calaynos,  
when he rode

To Paris for the ears of Oliver,

Were nothing to him! O hot-headed youth!  
 But come; we will not follow. Let us join  
 The crowd that pours into the Prado. There  
 We shall find merrier company; I see  
 The Marialonzos and the Almavivas,  
 And fifty fans, that beckon me already. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—PRECIOSA'S chamber. *She is sitting, with a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The COUNT OF LARA enters behind unperceived.*  
*Prec. (reads).*

All are sleeping, weary heart!  
 Thou, thou only sleepless art!

Heigho! I wish Victorian were here.  
 I know not what it is makes me so restless!

*(The bird sings.)*

Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,  
 That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest,  
 Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,  
 I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day!

All are sleeping, weary heart!  
 Thou, thou only sleepless art!  
 All this throbbing, all this aching.  
 Evermore shall keep thee waking,  
 For a heart in sorrow breaking  
 Thinketh ever of its smart!

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks  
 More hearts are breaking in this world of ours  
 Than one would say. In distant villages  
 And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted  
 The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage

Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,  
 And grow in silence, and in silence perish.  
 Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?  
 Or who takes note of every flower that dies?  
 Heigho! I wish Victorian would come.  
 Dolores!

*(Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the COUNT.)*

Ha!

Lara. Señora, pardon me!

Prec. How 's this? Dolores!

Lara. Pardon me—

Prec. Dolores!

Lara. Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting.

If I have been too bold—

Prec. *(turning her back upon him)*. You are too bold!

Retire! retire, and leave me!

Lara. My dear lady,  
 First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!

'T is for your good I come.

Prec. *(turning toward him with indignation)*. Begone! begone!

You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds

Would make the statues of your ancestors

Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honor,

Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here

Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?

Oh shame! shame! shame! that you, a nobleman,

Should be so little noble in your thoughts

As to send jewels here to win my love,

And think to buy my honor with your gold!

I have no words to tell you how I scorn you!

Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!

Begone, I say!

*Lara.* Be calm; I will not harm you.

*Prec.* Because you dare not.

*Lara.* I dare anything!

Therefore beware! You are deceived in me.

In this false world, we do not always know

Who are our friends and who our enemies.

We all have enemies, and all need friends.

Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court

Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

*Prec.* If to this

I owe the honor of the present visit,

You might have spared the coming. Having spoken,

Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

*Lara.* I thought it but a friendly part to tell you

What strange reports are current here in town.

For my own self, I do not credit them;

But there are many who, not knowing you,

Will lend a readier ear.

*Prec.* There was no need

That you should take upon yourself the duty

Of telling me these tales.

*Lara.* Malicious tongues

Are ever busy with your name.

*Prec.* Alas!

I've no protectors. I am a poor girl.

Exposed to insults and unfeeling jest.

They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.

I give no cause for these reports.

I live

Retired; am visited by none.

*Lara.* By none?

Oh, then, indeed, you are much wronged!

*Prec.* How mean you?

*Lara.* Nay, nay; I will not wound your gentle soul

By the report of idle tales.

*Prec.* Speak out!

What are these idle tales? You need not spare me.

*Lara.* I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me:

This window, as I think, looks towards the street,

And this into the Prado, does it not?

In yon high house, beyond the garden wall,—

You see the roof there just above the trees,—

There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,

That on a certain night,—be not offended

If I too plainly speak,—he saw a man

Climb to your chamber window.

You are silent!

I would not blame you, being young and fair—

*(He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and draws a dagger from her bosom.)*

*Prec.* Beware! beware! I am a Gypsy girl!

Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer

And I will strike!

*Lara.* Pray you, put up that dagger.

Fear not.

*Prec.* I do not fear. I have a heart

In whose strength I can trust.

*Lara.* Listen to me.

I come here as your friend,—I am your friend,—

And by a single word can put a stop

To all those idle tales, and make  
your name  
Spotless as lilies are. Here on my  
knees,  
Fair Preciosa! on my knees I  
swear,  
I love you even to madness, and  
that love  
Has driven me to break the rules  
of custom,  
And force myself unasked into  
your presence.

(VICTORIAN enters behind.)

*Prec.* Rise, Count of Lara! That  
is not the place  
For such as you are. It becomes  
you not  
To kneel before me. I am  
strangely moved  
To see one of your rank thus low  
and humbled;  
For your sake I will put aside all  
anger,  
All unkind feeling, all dislike, and  
speak  
In gentleness, as most becomes a  
woman,  
And as my heart now prompts me.  
I no more  
Will hate you, for all hate is pain-  
ful to me.  
But if, without offending mod-  
esty  
And that reserve which is a wo-  
man's glory,  
I may speak freely, I will teach  
my heart  
To love you.

*Lara.* O sweet angel!

*Prec.* Ay, in truth,  
Far better than you love yourself  
or me.

*Lara.* Give me some sign of  
this, — the slightest token.  
Let me but kiss your hand!

*Prec.* Nay, come no nearer.  
The words I utter are its sign and  
token.

Misunderstand me not! Be not  
deceived!

The love wherewith I love you is  
not such

As you would offer me. For you  
come here

To take from me the only thing I  
have,

My honor. You are wealthy, you  
have friends

And kindred, and a thousand plea-  
sant hopes

That fill your heart with happi-  
ness; but I

Am poor, and friendless, having  
but one treasure,

And you would take that from me,  
and for what?

To flatter your own vanity, and  
make me

What you would most despise.  
Oh, sir, such love,

That seeks to harm me, cannot be  
true love.

Indeed it cannot. But my love for  
you

Is of a different kind. It seeks  
your good.

It is a holier feeling. It rebukes  
Your earthly passion, your un-  
chaste desires,

And bids you look into your heart,  
and see

How you do wrong that better  
nature in you,

And grieve your soul with sin.

*Lara.* I swear to you,

I would not harm you; I would  
only love you.

I would not take your honor, but  
restore it,

And in return I ask but some  
slight mark

Of your affection. If indeed you  
love me,

As you confess you do, oh, let me  
thus

With this embrace —

*Vict. (rushing forward).* Hold!  
hold! This is too much.

What means this outrage?

*Lara.* First, what right have  
you



To question thus a nobleman of Spain?

*Vict.* I too am noble, and you are no more!

Out of my sight!

*Lara.* Are you the master here?

*Vict.* Ay, here and elsewhere, when the wrong of others

Gives me the right!

*Prec. (to LARA).* Go! I beseech you, go!

*Vict.* I shall have business with you, Count, anon!

*Lara.* You cannot come too soon! *[Exit.]*

*Prec.* Victorian!

Oh, we have been betrayed!

*Vict.* Ha! ha! betrayed!

'T is I have been betrayed, not we! — not we!

*Prec.* Dost thou imagine —

*Vict.* I imagine nothing; I see how 't is thou whilst the time away

When I am gone!

*Prec.* Oh, speak not in that tone! It wounds me deeply.

*Vict.* 'T was not meant to flatter.

*Prec.* Too well thou knowest the presence of that man Is hateful to me!

*Vict.* Yet I saw thee stand And listen to him, when he told his love.

*Prec.* I did not heed his words.

*Vict.* Indeed thou didst, And answeredst them with love.

*Prec.* Hadst thou heard all —

*Vict.* I heard enough.

*Prec.* Be not so angry with me.

*Vict.* I am not angry; I am very calm.

*Prec.* If thou wilt let me speak —

*Vict.* Nay, say no more. I know too much already. Thou art false!

I do not like these Gypsy marriages!

Where is the ring I gave thee?

*Prec.* In my casket.

*Vict.* There let it rest! I would not have thee wear it: I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted!

*Prec.* I call the Heavens to witness —

*Vict.* Nay, nay, nay! Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips!

They are forsworn!

*Prec.* Victorian! dear Victorian!

*Vict.* I gave up all for thee; myself, my fame, My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul!

And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on!

Laugh at my folly with thy paramour

And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,

Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was!

*(He casts her from him and rushes out.)*

*Prec.* And this from thee!

*(Scene closes.)*

SCENE V. — *The COUNT OF LARA'S rooms. Enter the COUNT.*

*Lara.* There 's nothing in this world so sweet as love, And next to love the sweetest thing is hate!

I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged.

A silly girl to play the prude with me!

The fire that I have kindled —

*(Enter FRANCISCO.)*

Well, Francisco, What tidings from Don Juan?

*Fran.* Good, my lord; He will be present.

*Lara.* And the Duke of Lemos?

*Fran.* Was not at home.

*Lara.* How with the rest?

*Fran.* I've found. The men you wanted. They will all be there,



And at the given signal raise a  
whirlwind  
Of such discordant noises, that the  
dance

Must cease for lack of music.

*Lara.* Bravely done.

Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet  
Preciosa,

What lies in wait for thee. Sleep  
shall not close

Thine eyes this night! Give me my  
cloak and sword. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.*

*Vict.* Oh shame! Oh shame!  
Why do I walk abroad

By daylight, when the very sun-  
shine mocks me,

And voices, and familiar sights  
and sounds

Cry, 'Hide thyself!' Oh, what a  
thin partition

Doth shut out from the curious  
world the knowledge

Of evil deeds that have been done  
in darkness!

Disgrace has many tongues. My  
fears are windows,

Through which all eyes seem gaz-  
ing. Every face

Expresses some suspicion of my  
shame.

And in derision seems to smile at  
me!

*Hyp.* Did I not caution thee?  
Did I not tell thee

I was but half persuaded of her  
virtue?

*Vict.* And yet, Hypolito, we may  
be wrong,

We may be over-hasty in condemn-  
ing!

The Count of Lara is a cursed  
villain.

*Hyp.* And therefore is she  
cursed, loving him.

*Vict.* She does not love him!  
'T is for gold! for gold!

*Hyp.* Ay, but remember, in the  
public streets

He shows a golden ring the Gypsy  
gave him,

A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

*Vict.* She had that ring from  
me! God! she is false;

But I will be revenged! The hour  
is passed.

Where stays the coward?

*Hyp.* Nay, he is no coward;  
A villain, if thou wilt, but not a  
coward.

I've seen him play with swords;  
it is his pastime.

And therefore be not over-confi-  
dent,

He'll task thy skill anon. Look,  
here he comes.

(*Enter LARA followed by FRAN-  
CISCO.*)

*Lara.* Good evening, gentlemen.

*Hyp.* Good evening, Count.

*Lara.* I trust I have not kept  
you long in waiting.

*Vict.* Not long, and yet too long.  
Are you prepared?

*Lara.* I am.

*Hyp.* It grieves me much to see  
this quarrel

Between you, gentlemen. Is there  
no way

Left open to accord this difference,  
But you must make one with your  
swords?

*Vict.* No! none!

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,  
Stand not between me and my foe.

Too long

Our tongues have spoken. Let  
these tongues of steel

End our debate. Upon your guard,  
Sir Count.

(*They fight. VICTORIAN disarms  
the COUNT.*)

Your life is mine; and what shall  
now withhold me

From sending your vile soul to its  
account?

*Lara.* Strike! strike!

*Vict.* You are disarmed. I will not kill you.

I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

(*FRANCISCO hands the COUNT his sword, and HYPOLITO interposes.*)

*Hyp.* Enough! Let it end here! The Count of Lara

Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian

A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.

Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to you,

Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing

To move you to extremes.

*Lara.* I am content. I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words,

Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

*Vict.* Nay, something more than that.

*Lara.* I understand you. Therein I did not mean to cross your path.

To me the door stood open, as to others.

But, had I known the girl belonged to you,

Never would I have sought to win her from you.

The truth stands now revealed; she has been false

To both of us.

*Vict.* Ay, false as hell itself!

*Lara.* In truth, I did not seek her; she sought me; And told me how to win her, telling me

The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

*Vict.* Say, can you prove this to me? Oh, pluck out

These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!

Let me know all! all! all!

*Lara.* You shall know all. Here is my page, who was the messenger

Between us. Question him. Was it not so,

Francisco?

*Fran.* Ay, my lord.

*Lara.* If further proof Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

*Vict.* Pray let me see that ring! It is the same!

(*Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.*)

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!

Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample

Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,

We both have been abused, been much abused!

I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.

Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,

Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.

I now can see the folly I have done,

Though 't is, alas! too late. So fare you well!

To-night I leave this hateful town forever.

Regard me as your friend. Once more farewell!

*Hyp.* Farewell, Sir Count.

[*Exeunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.*]

*Lara.* Farewell! farewell! farewell!

Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!

I have none else to fear; the fight is done,

The citadel is stormed, the victory won!

[*Exit with FRANCISCO*]

SCENE VII. — *A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*

*Cruz.* And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

*Bart.* In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

*Cruz.* And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

*Bart.* There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

*Cruz.* Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

*Bart.* First tell me what keeps thee here?

*Cruz.* Preciosa.

*Bart.* And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

*Cruz.* The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

*Bart.* I hear she has a Busné lover.

*Cruz.* That is nothing.

*Bart.* I do not like it. I hate him,—the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

*Cruz.* Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

*Bart.* Meanwhile, show me her house.

*Cruz.* Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

*Bart.* No matter. Show me the house. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. — *The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and*

*discovers PRECIOSA in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of 'Brava!' and 'Afuera!' She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. PRECIOSA faints.*

SCENE IX. — *The COUNT OF LARA'S chambers. LARA and his friends at supper.*

*Lara.* So, Caballeros, once more many thanks!

You have stood by me bravely in this matter.

Pray fill your glasses.

*Don J.* Did you mark, Don Luis, How pale she looked, when first the noise began, And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!

Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom

Tumultuous as the sea!

*Don L.* I pitied her.

*Lara.* Her pride is humbled; and this very night

I mean to visit her.

*Don J.* Will you serenade her?

*Lara.* No music! no more music!

*Don L.* Why not music?

It softens many hearts.

*Lara.* Not in the humor She now is in. Music would madden her.

*Don J.* Try golden cymbals.

*Don L.* Yes, try Don Dinero; A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

*Lara.* To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.

But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.

A bumper and away; for the night wears.

A health to Preciosa.

(They rise and drink.)

*All.* Preciosa.

*Lara* (holding up his glass).

Thou bright and flaming  
minister of Love!  
Thou wonderful magician! who  
hast stolen  
My secret from me, and 'mid sighs  
of passion  
Caught from my lips, with red and  
fiery tongue,  
Her precious name! Oh never-  
more henceforth  
Shall mortal lips press thine; and  
nevermore  
A mortal name be whispered in  
thine ear.  
Go! keep my secret!  
(*Drinks and dashes the goblet  
down.*)

Don J.                   Ite! missa est!  
(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE X. — *Street and garden  
wall. Night. Enter CRUZADO  
and BARTOLOMÉ.*

Cruz. This is the garden wall,  
and above it, yonder, is her house.  
The window in which thou seest  
the light is her window. But we  
will not go in now.

Bart. Why not?

Cruz. Because she is not at  
home.

Bart. No matter; we can wait.  
But how is this? The gate is  
bolted. (*Sound of guitars and  
voices in a neighboring street.*)  
Hark! There comes her lover  
with his infernal serenade! Hark!

SONG.

Good night! Good night, beloved!  
I come to watch o'er thee!  
To be near thee, — to be near thee,  
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,  
Thy lips are crimson flowers!  
Good night! Good night, beloved,  
While I count the weary hours.

Cruz. They are not coming this  
way.

Bart. Wait, they begin again.

SONG (*coming nearer*).

Ah! thou moon that shinest  
Argent-clear above!  
All night long enlighten  
My sweet lady-love;  
Moon that shinest,  
All night long enlighten!

Bart. Woe be to him, if he comes  
this way!

Cruz. Be quiet, they are passing  
down the street.

SONG (*dying away*).

The nuns in the cloister  
Sang to each other;  
For so many sisters  
Is there not one brother!  
Ay, for the partridge, mother!  
The cat has run away with the par-  
tridge!  
Puss! puss! puss!

Bart. Follow that! follow that!  
Come with me. Puss! puss!

(*Exeunt. On the opposite side  
enter the COUNT OF LARA and  
gentlemen with FRANCISCO.*)

Lara. The gate is fast. Over  
the wall, Francisco,  
And draw the bolt. There, so, and  
so, and over.

Now, gentlemen, come in, and help  
me scale

Yon balcony. How now? Her  
light still burns.

Move warily. Make fast the gate,  
Francisco.

(*Exeunt. Reënter CRUZADO and  
BARTOLOMÉ.*)

Bart. They went in at the gate.  
Hark! I hear them in the garden.  
(*Tries the gate.*) Bolted again!  
Vive Cristo! Follow me over the  
wall.

(*They climb the wall.*)

SCENE XI. — *PRECIOSA'S bed-  
chamber. Midnight. She is  
sleeping in an arm-chair, in an  
undress. DOLORES watching  
her.*

*Dol.* She sleeps at last!

(*Opens the window, and listens.*)

All silent in the street,  
And in the garden. Hark!

*Prec.* (*in her sleep*). I must go hence!

Give me my cloak!

*Dol.* He comes! I hear his footsteps.

*Prec.* Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night;

I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever

That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence.

I am too weak to dance.

(*Signal from the garden.*)

*Dol.* (*from the window*). Who's there?

*Voice* (*from below*). A friend.

*Dol.* I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

*Prec.* I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!

Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!

Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.

I'm ready now, — give me my castanets.

Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!

They glare upon me like an evil eye.

I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!

They hiss at me like serpents! Save me! save me!

(*She wakes.*)

How late is it, Dolores?

*Dol.* It is midnight.

*Prec.* We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

(*She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.*)

*Voice.* Muera!

*Another voice.* O villains! villains!

*Lara.* So! have at you!

*Voice.* Take that!

*Lara.* Oh, I am wounded;

*Dol.* (*shutting the window*).  
Jesu Maria!

### ACT III

SCENE I. — *A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. HYPOLITO plays and sings.*

#### SONG.

Ah, Love!

Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Enemy

Of all that mankind may not rue!

Most untrue

To him who keeps most faith with thee.

Woe is me!

The falcon has the eyes of the dove.

Ah, Love!

Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

*Vict.* Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,

Is ever weaving into life's dull warp

Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian;

Hanging our gloomy prison-house about

With tapestries, that make its walls dilate

In never-ending vistas of delight.

*Hyp.* Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,

Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

#### SONG (*continued*).

Thy deceits

Give us clearly to comprehend,

Whither tend

All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!

They are cheats,

Thorns below and flowers above.

Ah, Love!

Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

*Vict.* A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.



*Hyp.* It suits thy case.

*Vict.* Indeed, I think it does.  
What wise man wrote it?

*Hyp.* Lopez Maldonado.

*Vict.* In truth, a pretty song,

*Hyp.* With much truth in it.  
I hope thou wilt profit by it; and  
in earnest

Try to forget this lady of thy  
love.

*Vict.* I will forget her! All  
dear recollections

Pressed in my heart, like flowers  
within a book,

Shall be torn out, and scattered to  
the winds!

I will forget her! But perhaps  
hereafter,

When she shall learn how heartless  
is the world,

A voice within her will repeat my  
name,

And she will say, 'He was indeed  
my friend!'

Oh, would I were a soldier, not a  
scholar,

That the loud march, the deafen-  
ing beat of drums,

The shattering blast of the brass-  
throated trumpet,

The din of arms, the onslaught and  
the storm,

And a swift death, might make me  
deaf forever

To the upbraidings of this foolish  
heart!

*Hyp.* Then let that foolish heart  
upbraid no more!

To conquer love, one need but will  
to conquer.

*Vict.* Yet, good Hypolito, it is in  
vain

I throw into Oblivion's sea the  
sword

That pierces me; for, like Excali-  
bar,

With gemmed and flashing hilt, it  
will not sink.

There rises from below a hand that  
grasps it,

And waves it in the air; and wail-  
ing voices

Are heard along the shore.

*Hyp.* And yet at last  
Down sank Excalibar to rise no  
more.

This is not well. In truth, it vexes  
me.

Instead of whistling to the steeds  
of Time,

To make them jog on merrily with  
life's burden,

Like a dead weight thou hangest  
on the wheels.

Thou art too young, too full of  
lusty health

To talk of dying.

*Vict.* Yet I fain would die!  
To go through life, unloving and  
unloved

To feel that thirst and hunger of  
the soul

We cannot still; that longing, that  
wild impulse,

And struggle after something we  
have not

And cannot have; the effort to be  
strong;

And, like the Spartan boy, to smile,  
and smile,

While secret wounds do bleed be-  
neath our cloaks;

All this the dead feel not, — the  
dead alone!

Would I were with them!

*Hyp.* We shall all be soon.

*Vict.* It cannot be too soon; for  
I am weary

Of the bewildering masquerade of  
Life,

Where strangers walk as friends,  
and friends as strangers;

Where whispers overheard betray  
false hearts;

And through the mazes of the  
crowd we chase

Some form of loveliness, that  
smiles, and beckons,

And cheats us with fair words,  
only to leave us



A mockery and a jest; maddened,  
— confused, —  
Not knowing friend from foe.

*Hyp.* Why seek to know?  
Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy  
youth!

Take each fair mask for what it  
gives itself,  
Nor strive to look beneath it.

*Vict.* I confess,  
That were the wiser part. But  
Hope no longer

Comforts my soul. I am a  
wretched man,  
Much like a poor and shipwrecked  
mariner,

Who, struggling to climb up into  
the boat,

Has both his bruised and bleeding  
hands cut off,

And sinks again into the weltering  
sea,

Helpless and hopeless!

*Hyp.* Yet thou shalt not per-  
ish.

The strength of thine own arm is  
thy salvation.

Above thy head, through rifted  
clouds, there shines

A glorious star. Be patient. Trust  
thy star!

(*Sound of a village bell in the dis-  
tance.*)

*Vict.* Ave Maria! I hear the  
sacristan  
Ringing the chimes from yonder  
village belfry!

A solemn sound, that echoes far  
and wide

Over the red roofs of the cottages,  
And bids the laboring hind afield,  
the shepherd,

Guarding his flock, the lonely  
muleteer,

And all the crowd in village  
streets, stand still,

And breathe a prayer unto the  
blessed Virgin!

*Hyp.* Amen! amen! Not half a  
league from hence  
The village lies.

*Vict.* This path will lead us to it,  
Over the wheat-fields, where the  
shadows sail

Across the running sea, now green,  
now blue,

And, like an idle mariner on the  
main,

Whistles the quail. Come, let us  
hasten on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Public square in the  
village of Guadarrama. The  
Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd  
of villagers, with their hats in  
their hands, as if in prayer. In  
front, a group of Gypsies. The  
bell rings a merrier peal. A  
Gypsy dance. Enter PANCHO,  
followed by PEDRO CRESPO.*

*Pancho.* Make room, ye vaga-  
bonds and Gypsy thieves!  
Make room for the Alcalde and  
for me!

*Pedro C.* Keep silence all! I  
have an edict here  
From our most gracious lord, the  
King of Spain,  
Jerusalem, and the Canary Is-  
lands,

Which I shall publish in the mar-  
ket-place.

Open your ears and listen!

(*Enter the PADRE CURA at the  
door of his cottage.*)

*Padre Cura,*  
Good day! and, pray you, hear this  
edict read.

*Padre C.* Good day, and God be  
with you!

Pray, what is it?

*Pedro C.* An act of banishment  
against the Gypsies!

(*Agitation and murmurs in the  
crowd.*)

*Pancho.* Silence!

*Pedro C. (reads).* 'I hereby  
order and command,  
That the Egyptian and Chaldean  
strangers,

Known by the name of Gypsies,  
 shall henceforth  
 Be banished from the realm, as  
 vagabonds  
 And beggars; and if, after seventy  
 days,  
 Any be found within our kingdom's  
 bounds,  
 They shall receive a hundred  
 lashes each;  
 The second time, shall have their  
 ears cut off;  
 The third, be slaves for life to him  
 who takes them,  
 Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I,  
 the King.'  
 Vile miscreants and creatures un-  
 baptized!  
 You hear the law! Obey and dis-  
 appear!

*Pancho.* And if in seventy days  
 you are not gone,  
 Dead or alive I make you all my  
 slaves.

*(The Gypsies go out in confusion,  
 showing signs of fear and dis-  
 content. PANCHO follows.)*

*Padre C.* A righteous law! A  
 very righteous law!

Pray you, sit down.

*Pedro C.* I thank you heartily.  
*(They seat themselves on a bench  
 at the PADRE CURA'S door.  
 Sound of guitars heard at a  
 distance, approaching during  
 the dialogue which follows.)*

A very righteous judgment, as you  
 say.

Now tell me, Padre Cura, — you  
 know all things, —  
 How came these Gypsies into  
 Spain?

*Padre C.* Why, look you;  
 They came with Hercules from  
 Palestine,  
 And hence are thieves and va-  
 grants, Sir Alcalde,  
 As the Simoniacs from Simon  
 Magus.

And, look you, as Fray Jayme  
 Bleda says,

There are a hundred marks to  
 prove a Moor  
 Is not a Christian, so 't is with the  
 Gypsies.

They never marry, never go to  
 mass,

Never baptize their children, nor  
 keep Lent,

Nor see the inside of a church, —  
 nor — nor —

*Pedro C.* Good reasons, good,  
 substantial reasons all!

No matter for the other ninety-  
 five.

They should be burnt, I see it plain  
 enough,

They should be burnt.

*(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPO-  
 LITO playing.)*

*Padre C.* And pray, whom have  
 we here?

*Pedro C.* More vagrants! By  
 Saint Lazarus, more va-  
 grants!

*Hyp.* Good evening, gentlemen!  
 Is this Guadarrama?

*Padre C.* Yes, Guadarrama, and  
 good evening to you.

*Hyp.* We seek the Padre Cura  
 of the village;  
 And, judging from your dress and  
 reverend mien,

You must be he.

*Padre C.* I am. Pray, what's  
 your pleasure?

*Hyp.* We are poor students  
 travelling in vacation.

You know this mark?  
*(Touching the wooden spoon in his  
 hat-band.)*

*Padre C. (joyfully).* Ay, know  
 it, and have worn it.

*Pedro C. (aside).* Soup-eaters!  
 by the mass! The worst of  
 vagrants!

And there's no law against them.  
 Sir, your servant. *[Exit.*

*Padre C.* Your servant, Padre  
 Crespo.

*Hyp.* Padre Cura,

From the first moment I beheld  
your face,  
I said within myself, 'This is the  
man!'

There is a certain something in  
your looks,

A certain scholar-like and studi-  
ous something, —

You understand, — which cannot  
be mistaken;

Which marks you as a very learned  
man,

In fine, as one of us.

*Vict. (aside).* What impudence!

*Hyp.* As we approached, I said  
to my companion,

'That is the Padre Cura; mark my  
words!'

Meaning your Grace. 'The other  
man,' said I,

'Who sits so awkwardly upon the  
bench,

Must be the sacristan.'

*Padre C.* Ah! said you so?

Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the  
Alcalde!

*Hyp.* Indeed! you much aston-  
ish me! His air

Was not so full of dignity and  
grace

As an Alcalde's should be

*Padre C.* That is true,

He's out of humor with some va-  
grant Gypsies,

Who have their camp here in the  
neighborhood.

There's nothing so undignified as  
anger.

*Hyp.* The Padre Cura will ex-  
cuse our boldness,

If, from his well-known hospitality,  
We crave a lodging for the night.

*Padre C.* I pray you!

You do me honor! I am but too  
happy

To have such guests beneath my  
humble roof.

It is not often that I have occasion  
To speak with scholars; and *Emol-*

*lit mores,*

*Nec sinit esse ferros,* Cicero says.

*Hyp.* 'Tis Ovid, is it not?

*Padre C.* No, Cicero.

*Hyp.* Your Grace is right. You  
are the better scholar.

Now what a dunce was I to think  
it Ovid!

But hang me if it is not! (*Aside.*)

*Padre C.* Pass this way.

He was a very great man, was  
Cicero!

Pray you, go in, go in! no cere-  
mony. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *A room in the* PADRE  
CURA'S house. *Enter the* PADRE  
and HYPOLITO.

*Padre C.* So then, Señor, you  
come from Alcalá.

I am glad to hear it. It was there  
I studied.

*Hyp.* And left behind an hon-  
ored name, no doubt.

How may I call your Grace?

*Padre C.* Gerónimo

De Santillana, at your Honor's ser-  
vice.

*Hyp.* Descended from the Mar-  
quis Santillana?

From the distinguished poet?

*Padre C.* From the Marquis,  
Not from the poet.

*Hyp.* Why, they were the same.

Let me embrace you! Oh, some  
lucky star

Has brought me hither! Yet once  
more! — once more!

Your name is ever green in Al-  
calá,

And our professor, when we are  
unruly,

Will shake his hoary head, and  
say, 'Alas!

It was not so in Santillana's time!'

*Padre C.* I did not think my  
name remembered there.

*Hyp.* More than remembered; it  
is idolized.

*Padre C.* Of what professor  
speak you?

*Hyp.* Timoneda.

*Padre C.* I don't remember any Timoneda.

*Hyp.* A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech

As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?

*Padre C.* Indeed, I have. Oh, those were pleasant days, Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!

I had not buried then so many hopes!

I had not buried then so many friends!

I've turned my back on what was then before me;

And the bright faces of my young companions

Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.

Do you remember Cueva?

*Hyp.* Cueva? Cueva?

*Padre C.* Fool that I am! He was before your time.

You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

*Hyp.* I should not like to try my strength with you.

*Padre C.* Well, well. But I forget; you must be hungry.

Martina! ho! Martina! 'T is my niece.

(Enter MARTINA.)

*Hyp.* You may be proud of such a niece as that.

I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores. (Aside.)*

He was a very great man, was Ciceró!

Your servant, fair Martina.

*Mart.* Servant, sir.

*Padre C.* This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.

Let us have supper.

*Mart.* 'T will be ready soon.

*Padre C.* And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas

Out of the cellar. Stay; I'll go myself.

Pray you, Señor, excuse me. [*Exit.*

*Hyp.* Hist! Martina! One word with you. Bless me! what handsome eyes!

To-day there have been Gypsies in the village.

Is it not so?

*Mart.* There have been Gypsies here.

*Hyp.* Yes, and have told your fortune.

*Mart. (embarrassed).* Told my fortune?

*Hyp.* Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand.

I'll tell you what they said. They said,—they said,

The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,

And him you should not marry. Was it not?

*Mart. (surprised).* How know you that?

*Hyp.* Oh, I know more than that. What a soft, little hand! And then they said,

A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall

And rich, should come one day to marry you,

And you should be a lady. Was it not?

He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

(*Tries to kiss her. She runs off.*

*Enter VICTORIAN, with a letter.)*

*Vict.* The muleteer has come.

*Hyp.* So soon?

*Vict.* I found him Sitting at supper by the tavern door,

And, from a pitcher that he held aloft

His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine.

*Hyp.* What news from Court?

*Vict.* He brought this letter only (*Reads.*)

Oh, cursed perfidy! Why did I let  
That lying tongue deceive me!

Preciosa,  
Sweet Preciosa! how art thou  
avenged!

*Hyp.* What news is this, that  
makes thy cheek turn pale,  
And thy hand tremble?

*Vict.* Oh, most infamous!  
The Count of Lara is a worthless  
villain!

*Hyp.* That is no news, forsooth.  
*Vict.* He strove in vain

To steal from me the jewel of my  
soul,

The love of Preciosa. Not suc-  
ceeding,

He swore to be revenged; and set  
on foot

A plot to ruin her, which has suc-  
ceeded.

She has been hissed and hooted  
from the stage,

Her reputation stained by slander-  
ous lies

Too foul to speak of; and, once  
more a beggar,

She roams a wanderer over God's  
green earth,

Housing with Gypsies!

*Hyp.* To renew again  
The Age of Gold, and make the  
shepherd swains

Desperate with love, like Gasper  
Gil's Diana.

*Redit et Virgo!*

*Vict.* Dear Hypolito,  
How have I wronged that meek,  
confiding heart!

I will go seek for her; and with  
my tears

Wash out the wrong I've done  
her!

*Hyp.* Oh, beware!  
Act not that folly o'er again.

*Vict.* Ay, folly,  
Delusion, madness, call it what  
thou wilt,

I will confess my weakness, — I  
still love her!

Still fondly love her!

(*Enter the PADRE CURA.*)

*Hyp.* Tell us, Padre Cura,  
Who are these Gypsies in the  
neighborhood?

*Padre C.* Beltran Cruzado and  
his crew.

*Vict.* Kind Heaven,  
I thank thee! She is found! is  
found again!

*Hyp.* And have they with them  
a pale, beautiful girl,  
Called Preciosa?

*Padre C.* Ay, a pretty girl.  
The gentleman seems moved.

*Hyp.* Yes, moved with hunger,  
He is half famished with this long  
day's journey.

*Padre C.* Then, pray you, come  
this way. The supper waits.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *A post-house on the  
road to Segovia, not far from the  
village of Guadarrama. Enter*  
*CHISPA, cracking a whip, and*  
*singing the cachucha.*

*Chispa.* Halloo! Don Fulano!  
Let us have horses, and quickly.  
Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's  
life dost thou lead! I thought,  
when I left my old master Victo-  
rian, the student, to serve my new  
master Don Carlos, the gentleman,  
that I, too, should lead the life of a  
gentleman; should go to bed early,  
and get up late. For when the  
abbot plays cards, what can you  
expect of the friars? But, in run-  
ning away from the thunder, I  
have run into the lightning. Here  
I am in hot chase after my master  
and his Gypsy girl. And a good  
beginning of the week it is, as he  
said who was hanged on Monday  
morning.

(*Enter DON CARLOS.*)

*Don C.* Are not the horses ready  
yet?

*Chispa.* I should think not, for  
the hostler seems to be asleep.



Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses! (*He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his jacket.*)

*Mosq.* Pray, have a little patience. I'm not a musket.

*Chispa.* Health and pistareens! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's the news?

*Mosq.* You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

*Chispa.* Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

*Mosq.* No; she has a beard.

*Chispa.* Go to! go to!

*Mosq.* Are you from Madrid?

*Chispa.* Yes; and going to Estremadura. Get us horses.

*Mosq.* What's the news at Court?

*Chispa.* Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(*Strikes him round the legs.*)

*Mosq.* Oh! oh! you hurt me!

*Don C.* Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (*Gives money to MOSQUITO.*) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late?

*Mosq.* Yes; and they are still in the neighborhood.

*Don C.* And where?

*Mosq.* Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama.

[*Exit.*]

*Don C.* Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gypsy camp.

*Chispa.* Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

*Don C.* Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

*Chispa.* And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

*Don C.* I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

*Chispa.* Among the Squires?

*Don C.* No; among the Gypsies, blockhead!

*Chispa.* I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Gypsy camp in the forest. Night. Gypsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the firelight.*

*Gypsies (at the forge sing).*

On the top of a mountain I stand,  
With a crown of red gold in my hand,  
Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,  
Oh how from their fury shall I flee, flee,  
flee?

Oh how from their fury shall I flee?

*First Gypsy (playing).* Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

*Gypsies (at the forge sing).*

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier  
And thus his ditty ran;  
God send the Gypsy lassie here  
And not the Gypsy man.

*First Gypsy (playing).* There you are in your morocco!

*Second Gypsy.* One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

*First Gypsy.* Have at you, Chirelin.

*Gypsies (at the forge sing).*

At midnight, when the moon began  
To show her silver flame,  
There came to him no Gypsy man,  
The Gypsy lassie came.

(*Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.*)

*Cruz.* Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work,



leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (*Speaking to the right.*) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

*Gypsies.* Ay!

*Cruz.* (*to the left.*) And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

*Gypsies.* Ay!

*Cruz.* As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear?

*Gypsies.* Ay!

*Cruz.* Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended?

*Gypsies.* Ay! ay!

*Cruz.* Away, then!

(*Exeunt severally.* CRUZADO walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter PRECIOSA.)

*Prec.* How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees, The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning shadows Stalk through the forest, ever and anon

Rising and bending with the flickering flame,

Then flitting into darkness! So within me

Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,

My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being

As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!

How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(BARTOLOMÉ rushes in.)

*Bart.* Ho! Preciosa!

*Prec.* O Bartolomé!

Thou here?

*Bart.* Lo! I am here.

*Prec.* Whence comest thou?

*Bart.* From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,  
From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,  
And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold

Come I for thee, my lamb.

*Prec.* Oh, touch me not!  
The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!

The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul!

Do not come near me! Pray, be-gone from here!

Thou art in danger! They have set a price

Upon thy head!

*Bart.* Ay, and I've wandered long

Among the mountains; and for many days

Have seen no human face, save the rough swineherd's.

The wind and rain have been my sole companions.

I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,

And the loud echo sent it back to me,

Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,

And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

*Prec.* Betray thee? I betray thee?

*Bart.* Preciosa!

I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death!

Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm!

Fly with me!

*Prec.* Speak of that no more. I cannot.

I'm thine no longer.

*Bart.* Oh, recall the time When we were children! how we played together,

How we grew up together; how we plighted

Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood!

Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.

I'm hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf!

Fulfil thy promise.

*Prec.* 'T was my father's promise, Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,

Nor promised thee my hand!

*Bart.* False tongue of woman! And heart more false!

*Prec.* Nay, listen unto me. I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;

I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,

It is my destiny. Thou art a man

Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with me,

A feeble girl, who have not long to live,

Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife,

Better than I, and fairer; and let not

Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from thee.

Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.

I never sought thy love; never did aught

To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,

And most of all I pity thy wild heart,

That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.

Beware, beware of that.

*Bart.* For thy dear sake I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.

*Prec.* Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.

Thou must not linger here.

*Bart.* Come, come with me.

*Prec.* Hark! I hear footsteps.

*Bart.* I entreat thee, come!

*Prec.* Away! It is in vain.

*Bart.* Wilt thou not come?

*Prec.* Never!

*Bart.* Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee!

Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die. [*Exit.*]

*Prec.* All holy angels keep me in this hour!

Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!

Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!

Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!

Yet why should I fear death? What is it to die?

To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,

To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,

All ignominy, suffering, and despair,

And be at rest forever! O dull heart,

Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,

Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(*Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.*)

*Vict.* 'T is she! Behold, how beautiful she stands

Under the tent-like trees!

*Hyp.* A woodland nymph!

*Vict.* I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

*Hyp.* Be wary, Do not betray thyself too soon.

*Vict.* (*disguising his voice*). Hist! Gypsy!

*Prec.* (*aside, with emotion*). That voice! that voice from heaven! Oh, speak again! Who is it calls?

*Vict.* A friend.

*Prec.* (*aside*). 'T is he! 'T is he! I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,

And sent me this protector! Now be strong,

Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.

False friend or true?

*Vict.* A true friend to the true;  
Fear not; come hither. So; can  
you tell fortunes?

*Prec.* Not in the dark. Come  
nearer to the fire.  
Give me your hand. It is not  
crossed, I see.

*Vict.* (*putting a piece of gold  
into her hand*). There is the  
cross.

*Prec.* Is 't silver?

*Vict.* No, 't is gold.

*Prec.* There's a fair lady at the  
Court, who loves you,  
And for yourself alone.

*Vict.* Fie! the old story!  
Tell me a better fortune for my  
money;

Not this old woman's tale!

*Prec.* You are passionate;  
And this same passionate humor  
in your blood

Has marred your fortune. Yes; I  
see it now;

The line of life is crossed by many  
marks.

Shame! shame! Oh, you have  
wronged the maid who loved  
you!

How could you do it?

*Vict.* I never loved a maid;  
For she I loved was then a maid  
no more.

*Prec.* How know you that?

*Vict.* A little bird in the air  
Whispered the secret.

*Prec.* There, take back your  
gold!

Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's  
hand!

There is no blessing in its char-  
ity!

Make her your wife, for you have  
been abused;

And you shall mend your fortunes,  
mending hers.

*Vict.* (*aside*). How like an angel's  
speaks the tongue of wo-  
man,

When pleading in another's cause  
her own!

That is a pretty ring upon your  
finger.

Pray give it me. (*Tries to take the  
ring.*)

*Prec.* No; never from my hand  
Shall that be taken!

*Vict.* Why, 't is but a ring.  
I'll give it back to you; or, if I  
keep it,

Will give you gold to buy you  
twenty such.

*Prec.* Why would you have this  
ring?

*Vict.* A traveller's fancy,  
A whim, and nothing more. I  
would fain keep it

As a memento of the Gypsy camp  
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-  
teller

Who sent me back to wed a wid-  
owed maid.

Pray, let me have the ring.

*Prec.* No, never! never!  
I will not part with it, even when  
I die;

But bid my nurse fold my pale  
fingers thus,

That it may not fall from them.  
'T is a token

Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

*Vict.* How? dead?

*Prec.* Yes; dead to me; and  
worse than dead.

He is estranged! And yet I keep  
this ring.

I will rise with it from my grave  
hereafter,

To prove to him that I was never  
false.

*Vict.* (*aside*). Be still, my swell-  
ing heart! one moment, still!

Why, 't is the folly of a love-sick  
girl.

Come, give it me, or I will say 't is  
mine,

And that you stole it.

*Prec.* Oh, you will not dare  
To utter such a falsehood!

*Vict.* I not dare?  
Look in my face, and say if there  
is aught

I have not dared, I would not dare  
for thee!

(*She rushes into his arms.*)

*Prec.* 'Tis thou! 'tis thou! Yes;  
yes; my heart's elected!  
My dearest-dear Victorian! my  
soul's heaven!

Where hast thou been so long?  
Why didst thou leave me?

*Vict.* Ask me not now, my dear-  
est Preciosa.

Let me forget we ever have been  
parted!

*Prec.* Hadst thou not come —

*Vict.* I pray thee, do not chide  
me!

*Prec.* I should have perished  
here among these Gypsies.

*Vict.* Forgive me, sweet! for  
what I made thee suffer.

Think'st thou this heart could feel  
a moment's joy,

Thou being absent? Oh, believe  
it not!

Indeed, since that sad hour I have  
not slept,

For thinking of the wrong I did  
to thee!

Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt  
thou forgive me?

*Prec.* I have forgiven thee. Ere  
those words of anger

Were in the book of Heaven writ  
down against thee,

I had forgiven thee.

*Vict.* I'm the veriest fool  
That walks the earth, to have be-  
lieved thee false.

It was the Count of Lara —

*Prec.* That bad man  
Has worked me harm enough.

Hast thou not heard —

*Vict.* I have heard all. And yet  
speak on, speak on!

Let me but hear thy voice, and I  
am happy;

For every tone, like some sweet  
incantation,

Calls up the buried past to plead  
for me.

Speak, my beloved, speak into my  
heart,

Whatever fills and agitates thine  
own.

(*They walk aside.*)

*Hyp.* All gentle quarrels in the  
pastoral poets,

All passionate love-scenes in the  
best romances,

All chaste embraces on the public  
stage,

All soft adventures, which the  
liberal stars

Have winked at, as the natural  
course of things,

Have been surpassed here by my  
friend, the student,

And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair  
Preciosa!

*Prec.* Señor Hypolito! I kiss  
your hand.

Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

*Hyp.* Not to-night;  
For, should you treat me as you  
did Victorian,

And send me back to marry maids  
forlorn,

My wedding day would last from  
now till Christmas.

*Chispa (within).* What ho! the  
Gypsies, ho! Beltran Cru-  
zado!

Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(*Enters booted, with a whip and  
lantern.*)

*Vict.* What now?  
Why such a fearful din? Hast  
thou been robbed?

*Chispa.* Ay, robbed and mur-  
dered; and good evening to  
you,

My worthy masters.

*Vict.* Speak; what brings thee  
here?

*Chispa (to PRECIOSA).* Good  
news from Court; good news!  
Beltran Cruzado,

The Count of the Calés, is not your  
father,

But your true father has returned  
to Spain

Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gypsy.

*Vict.* Strange as a Moorish tale!

*Chispa.* And we have all been drinking at the tavern to your health,  
As wells drink in November, when it rains.

*Vict.* Where is the gentleman?

*Chispa.* As the old song says,

His body is in Segovia,  
His soul is in Madrid.

*Prec.* Is this a dream? Oh, if it be a dream,  
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!

Repeat thy story! Say I'm not deceived!

Say that I do not dream! I am awake;

This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victorian,

And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak! speak!

Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

*Vict.* It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream,  
A blissful certainty, a vision bright  
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth

Heaven gives to those it loves.

Now art thou rich,  
As thou wast ever beautiful and good;

And I am now the beggar.

*Prec.* (*giving him her hand*). I have still

A hand to give.

*Chispa* (*aside*). And I have two to take.

I've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven gives almonds

To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to crack.

I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds?

*Vict.* What more of this strange story?

*Chispa.* Nothing more.

Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village

Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,

The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,

Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed;

And probably they'll hang her for the crime,

To make the celebration more complete.

*Vict.* No; let it be a day of general joy;

Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.

Now let us join Don Carlos.

*Hyp.* So farewell, The student's wandering life!

Sweet serenades,  
Sung under ladies' windows in the night,

And all that makes vacation beautiful!

To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,

To you, ye radiant visions of romance,

Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,

The Bachelor Hypolito returns,  
And leaves the Gypsy with the

Spanish Student.

SCENE VI. — *A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.*

#### SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,

Awake and open thy door,

'T is the break of day, and we must away

O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,

But come with thy naked feet;

We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,

And waters wide and fleet.



(*Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A Shepherd appears on the rocks above.*)

Monk. Ave Maria, gratia plena.

Olá! good man!

Shep. Olá!

Monk. Is this the road to Segovia?

Shep. It is, your reverence.

Monk. How far is it?

Shep. I do not know.

Monk. What is that yonder in the valley?

Shep. San Ildefonso.

Monk. A long way to breakfast.

Shep. Ay, marry.

Monk. Are there robbers in these mountains?

Shep. Yes, and worse than that.

Monk. What?

Shep. Wolves.

Monk. Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

Shep. What wilt thou give me?

Monk. An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(*They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.*)

#### SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed,  
And I march me hurried, worried;  
Onward, caballito mio,  
With the white star in thy forehead!  
Onward, for here comes the Ronda,  
And I hear their rifles crack!  
Ay, jaléo! Ay, ay, jaléo!  
Ay, jaléo! They cross our track.

(*Song dies away. Enter PRECIOSA, on horseback, attended by VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and CHISPA, on foot and armed.*)

Vict. This is the highest point.  
Here let us rest.

See, Preciosa, see how all about us

Kneeling, like hooded friars, the  
misty mountains  
Receive the benediction of the  
sun!

O glorious sight!

Prec. Most beautiful indeed!

Hyp. Most wonderful!

Vict. And in the vale below,  
Where yonder steeples flash like  
lifted halberds,  
San Ildefonso, from its noisy bel-  
fries,

Sends up a salutation to the morn,  
As if an army smote their brazen  
shields,

And shouted victory!

Prec. And which way lies  
Segovia?

Vict. At a great distance yonder.  
Dost thou not see it?

Prec. No. I do not see it.

Vict. The merest flaw that dents  
the horizon's edge,

There, yonder!

Hyp. 'T is a notable old town,  
Boasting an ancient Roman aque-  
duct,

And an Alcázar, builded by the  
Moors,

Wherein, you may remember, poor  
Gil Blas

Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. Oh,  
many a time

Out of its grated windows have I  
looked

Hundreds of feet plumb down to  
the Eresma,

That, like a serpent through the  
valley creeping,

Glides at its foot.

Prec. Oh yes! I see it now,  
Yet rather with my heart than  
with mine eyes,

So faint it is. And all my thoughts  
sail thither,

Freighted with prayers and hopes,  
and forward urged

Against all stress of accident, as  
in

The Eastern Tale, against the  
wind and tide



Great ships were drawn to the  
Magnetic Mountains,  
And there were wrecked, and per-  
ished in the sea! (*She weeps.*)

*Vict.* O gentle spirit! Thou  
didst bear unmoved

Blasts of adversity and frosts of  
fate!

But the first ray of sunshine that  
falls on thee

Melts thee to tears! Oh, let thy  
weary heart

Lean upon mine! and it shall faint  
no more,

Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be  
comforted

And filled with my affection.

*Prec.* Stay no longer!

My father waits. Methinks I see  
him there,

Now looking from the window,  
and now watching

Each sound of wheels or footfall in  
the street,

And saying, 'Hark! she comes!'  
O father! father!

(*They descend the pass. CHISPA  
remains behind.*)

*Chispa.* I have a father, too,  
but he is a dead one. Alas and  
alack-a-day! Poor was I born,

and poor do I remain. I neither  
win nor lose. Thus I wag through  
the world, half the time on foot,  
and the other half walking; and  
always as merry as a thunder-  
storm in the night. And so we  
plough along, as the fly said to the  
ox. Who knows what may hap-  
pen? Patience, and shuffle the  
cards! I am not yet so bald that  
you can see my brains; and per-  
haps, after all, I shall some day go  
to Rome, and come back Saint  
Peter. Benedicite! [*Exit.*]

(*A pause. Then enter BARTOLOMÉ  
wildly, as if in pursuit, with a  
carbine in his hand.*)

*Bart.* They passed this way. I  
hear their horses' hoofs!

Yonder I see them! Come, sweet  
caramillo,

This serenade shall be the Gypsy's  
last!

(*Fires down the pass.*)

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet  
caramillo!

Well whistled! — I have missed  
her! — O my God!

(*The shot is returned. BARTO-  
LOMÉ falls.*)

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS

### CARILLON

In the ancient town of Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city,  
As the evening shades descend-  
ed,

Low and loud and sweetly blended,  
Low at times and loud at times,  
And changing like a poet's rhymes,  
Rang the beautiful wild chimes  
From the Belfry in the market  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous  
clangor

Calmly answering their sweet  
anger,

When the wrangling bells had  
ended,

Slowly struck the clock eleven,  
And, from out the silent heaven,  
Silence on the town descended.

Silence, silence everywhere,  
On the earth and in the air,  
Save that footsteps here and there

Of some burgher home returning,  
By the street lamps faintly burn-  
ing, 20  
For a moment woke the echoes  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers  
Still I heard those magic numbers,  
As they loud proclaimed the flight  
And stolen marches of the night;  
Till their chimes in sweet collision  
Mingled with each wandering  
vision,  
Mingled with the fortune-telling  
Gypsy-bands of dreams and  
fancies, 30  
Which amid the waste expanses  
Of the silent land of trances  
Have their solitary dwelling;  
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these  
chimes  
Are the poet's airy rhymes,  
All his rhymes and roundelays,  
His conceits, and songs, and dit-  
ties,  
From the belfry of his brain, 40  
Scattered downward, though in  
vain,  
On the roofs and stones of cities!  
For by night the drowsy ear

Under its curtains cannot hear,  
And by day men go their ways,  
Hearing the music as they pass,  
But deeming it no more, alas!  
Than the hollow sound of brass.  
Yet perchance a sleepless wight,  
Lodging at some humble inn 50  
In the narrow lanes of life,  
When the dusk and hush of night  
Shut out the incessant din  
Of daylight and its toil and strife,  
May listen with a calm delight  
To the poet's melodies,  
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,  
Intermingled with the song,  
Thoughts that he has cherished  
long;  
Hears amid the chime and sing-  
ing 60  
The bells of his own village ring-  
ing,  
And wakes, and finds his slumber-  
ous eyes  
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay  
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,  
Listening with a wild delight  
To the chimes that, through the  
night,  
Rang their changes from the  
Belfry  
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

### THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;  
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,  
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors  
gray,  
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,  
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,  
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high;  
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,  
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the  
choir;  
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;  
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again;

All the Foresters of Flanders, — mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,  
Lyderick du Bueq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old;  
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of  
Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;  
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;  
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,  
And the armèd guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,  
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,  
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And 'again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote;  
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,  
'I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!'

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar  
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once  
more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I was aware,  
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined square.

## A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE

THIS is the place. Stand still, my  
steed,

Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy  
Past

The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide,  
Like footprints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the  
town;

There the green lane descends,  
Through which I walked to church  
with thee,

O gentlest of my friends !

The shadow of the linden-trees  
Lay moving on the grass ;  
Between them and the moving  
boughs,  
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,  
And thy heart as pure as they :  
One of God's holy messengers  
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees  
Bend down thy touch to meet,  
The clover-blossoms in the grass  
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

'Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting  
cares,

Of earth and folly born !'

Solemnly sang the village choir  
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the  
golden sun

Poured in a dusty beam,  
Like the celestial ladder seen  
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind  
Sweet-scented with the hay,

Turned o'er the hymn-book's flut-  
tering leaves

That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,  
Yet it seemed not so to me ;  
For he spake of Ruth the beauti-  
ful,

And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,  
Yet it seemed not so to me ;  
For in my heart I prayed with  
him,

And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas ! the place seems  
changed ;

Thou art no longer here :  
Part of the sunshine of the scene  
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in  
my heart,

Like pine-trees dark and high,  
Subdue the light of noon, and  
breathe

A low and ceaseless sigh ;

This memory brightens o'er the  
past,

As when the sun, concealed  
Behind some cloud that near us  
hangs,  
Shines on a distant field.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRING-  
FIELD

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor  
to ceiling,

Like a huge organ, rise the bur-  
nished arms ;

But from their silent pipes no an-  
them pealing

Startles the villages with strange  
alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how  
wild and dreary,

When the death-angel touches those swift keys!	And ever and anon, in tones of thunder
What loud lament and dismal Miserere	The diapason of the cannonade.
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!	Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,	With such accursed instruments as these,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,	Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,	And jarrest the celestial harmo- nies?
In long reverberations reach our own.	Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,	Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,	Given to redeem the human mind from error,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,	There were no need of arsenals or forts:
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.	The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
I hear the Florentine, who from his palace	And every nation, that should lift again
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,	Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
And Aztec priests upon their teo- callis	Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;	Down the dark future, through long generations,
The tumult of each sacked and burning village;	The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;	And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;	I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'
The wail of famine in belea- guered towns;	Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,	The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
The rattling musketry, the clash- ing blade;	But beautiful as songs of the im- mortals,
	The holy melodies of love arise.

## NUREMBERG

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands  
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,  
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them  
throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,  
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,  
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,  
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand; 10

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days  
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:  
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common  
mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,  
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,  
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,  
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air. 20

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,  
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,  
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;  
Dead he is not, but departed, — for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,  
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal  
lanes,  
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains. 30

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,  
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.



As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,  
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime ;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy  
bloom  
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,  
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,  
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door ; 40

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,  
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,  
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye  
Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard ;  
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,  
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless  
lay : 50

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,  
The nobility of labor, — the long pedigree of toil.

### THE NORMAN BARON

In his chamber, weak and dying,  
Was the Norman baron lying ;  
Loud, without, the tempest thun-  
dered,  
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,  
Spite of vassal and retainer,  
And the lands his sires had plun-  
dered,  
Written in the Doomsday  
Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,  
Who in humble voice repeated  
Many a prayer and pater-noster,  
From the missal on his knee ;

And, amid the tempest pealing,  
Sounds of bells came faintly steal-  
ing,  
Bells, that from the neighboring  
kloster  
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal  
Held, that night, their Christmas  
wassail ;  
Many a carol, old and saintly,  
Sang the minstrels and the  
waits ;

And so loud these Saxon gleemen  
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,  
That the storm was heard but  
faintly,  
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted  
 Reached the chamber terror-  
   haunted,  
 Where the monk, with accents holy,  
   Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,  
 As he paused awhile and listened,  
 And the dying baron slowly  
   Turned his weary head to hear.

'Wassail for the kingly stranger  
 Born and cradled in a manger!  
 King, like David, priest, like Aaron,  
   Christ is born to set us free!'

And the lightning showed the  
   sainted  
 Figures on the casement painted,  
 And exclaimed the shuddering  
   baron,  
   'Miserere, Domine!'

In that hour of deep contrition  
 He beheld, with clearer vision,  
 Through all outward show and  
   fashion,  
   Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had van-  
   ished,  
 Falsehood and deceit were ban-  
   ished,  
 Reason spake more loud than pas-  
   sion,  
   And the truth wore no dis-  
   guise.

Every vassal of his banner,  
 Every serf born to his manor,  
 All those wronged and wretched  
   creatures,  
   By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal  
 He recorded their dismissal,  
 Death relaxed his iron features,  
   And the monk replied, 'Amen!'

Many centuries have been num-  
   bered

Since in death the baron slum-  
   bered  
 By the convent's sculptured por-  
   tal,  
   Mingling with the common  
   dust:

But the good deed, through the  
   ages  
 Living in historic pages,  
 Brighter grows and gleams im-  
   mortal,  
   Unconsumed by moth or rust.

### RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain!  
 After the dust and heat,  
 In the broad and fiery street,  
 In the narrow lane,  
 How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,  
 Like the tramp of hoofs!  
 How it gushes and struggles out  
 From the throat of the overflowing  
   spout!

Across the window-pane           10  
 It pours and pours;  
 And swift and wide,  
 With a muddy tide,  
 Like a river down the gutter  
   roars  
 The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber  
   looks  
 At the twisted brooks;  
 He can feel the cool  
 Breath of each little pool;  
 His fevered brain                   20  
 Grows calm again,  
 And he breathes a blessing on the  
   rain.

From the neighboring school  
 Come the boys,  
 With more than their wonted noise  
 And commotion;

And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Ingulfs them in its whirling 30  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted  
hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier  
grain  
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen  
stand ;  
Lifting the yoke - encumbered  
head, 40  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapors that arise  
From the well-watered and smok-  
ing soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after  
toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand, 50  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of  
grain,  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these, 60  
The Poet sees !  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air :  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled

Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold 70  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly  
told ; —  
Have not been wholly sung nor  
said.

For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs  
profound,

To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;  
And sees them, when the rain is  
done, 80

On the bridge of colors seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange,  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to  
birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven  
to earth ; 90

Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable  
wheel  
Turning forevermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of  
Time.

### TO A CHILD

DEAR child ! how radiant on thy  
mother's knee,  
With merry-making eyes and joc-  
und smiles,  
Thou gazest at the painted tiles,  
Whose figures grace,  
With many a grotesque form and  
face,

The ancient chimney of thy nursery !

The lady with the gay macaw,  
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw  
With bearded lip and chin ;  
And, leaning idly o'er his gate, 10  
Beneath the imperial fan of state,  
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command

Thou shakest in thy little hand  
The coral rattle with its silver bells,

Making a merry tune !

Thousands of years in Indian seas  
That coral grew, by slow degrees,  
Until some deadly and wild monsoon

Dashed it on Coromandel's sand !

Those silver bells 21

Reposed of yore,

As shapeless ore,

Far down in the deep - sunken wells

Of darksome mines,

In some obscure and sunless place,

Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,

Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines !

And thus for thee, O little child,  
Through many a danger and escape, 30

The tall ships passed the stormy cape ;

For thee in foreign lands remote,

Beneath a burning, tropic clime,

The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,

Himself as swift and wild,

In falling, clutched the frail arbute,

The fibres of whose shallow root,

Uplifted from the soil, betrayed

The silver veins beneath it laid,

The buried treasures of the miser,  
Time. 40

But, lo ! thy door is left ajar !

Thou hearest footsteps from afar !

And, at the sound,

Thou turnest round

With quick and questioning eyes,  
Like one, who, in a foreign land,  
Beholds on every hand  
Some source of wonder and surprise !

And, restlessly, impatiently,  
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free. 50

The four walls of thy nursery  
Are now like prison walls to thee.

No more thy mother's smiles,  
No more the painted tiles,  
Delight thee, nor the playthings  
on the floor,

That won thy little, beating heart  
before ;

Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls  
Thy pattering footstep falls,

The sound of thy merry voice 60

Makes the old walls

Jubilant, and they rejoice

With the joy of thy young heart,

O'er the light of whose gladness

No shadows of sadness

From the sombre background of  
memory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls,

One whom memory oft recalls,

The Father of his Country, dwelt.

And yonder meadows broad and damp 70

The fires of the besieging camp  
Encircled with a burning belt.

Up and down these echoing stairs,

Heavy with the weight of cares,

Sounded his majestic tread ;

Yes, within this very room

Sat he in those hours of gloom,

Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts  
to thee ?

Out, out ! into the open air ! 80

Thy only dream is liberty,

Thou carest little how or where.

I see thee eager at thy play,

Now shouting to the apples on the  
tree,  
With cheeks as round and red as  
they;  
And now among the yellow stalks,  
Among the flowering shrubs and  
plants,  
As restless as the bee.  
Along the garden walks,  
The tracks of thy small carriage-  
wheels I trace; 90  
And see at every turn how they  
efface  
Whole villages of sand-roofed  
tents,  
That rise like golden domes  
Above the cavernous and secret  
homes  
Of wandering and nomadic tribes  
of ants.  
Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,  
Who, with thy dreadful reign,  
Dost persecute and overwhelm  
These hapless Troglodytes of thy  
realm!

What! tired already! with those  
suppliant looks, 100  
And voice more beautiful than a  
poet's books  
Or murmuring sound of water as it  
flows,  
Thou comest back to parley with  
repose!  
This rustic seat in the old apple-  
tree,  
With its o'erhanging golden can-  
opy  
Of leaves illuminate with autumnal  
hues,  
And shining with the argent light  
of dews,  
Shall for a season be our place of  
rest.  
Beneath us, like an oriole's pend-  
ent nest,  
From which the laughing birds  
have taken wing, 110  
By thee abandoned, hangs thy  
vacant swing.

Dream-like the waters of the river  
gleam;  
A sailless vessel drops adown the  
stream,  
And like it, to a sea as wide and  
deep,  
Thou driftest gently down the  
tides of sleep.

O child! O new-born denizen  
Of life's great city! on thy head  
The glory of the morn is shed,  
Like a celestial benison!  
Here at the portal thou dost  
stand, 120

And with thy little hand  
Thou openest the mysterious gate  
Into the future's undiscovered  
land.

I see its valves expand,  
As at the touch of Fate!  
Into those realms of love and hate,  
Into that darkness blank and  
drear,

By some prophetic feeling taught,  
I launch the bold, adventurous  
thought,

Freighted with hope and fear; 130  
As upon subterranean streams,  
In caverns unexplored and dark,  
Men sometimes launch a fragile  
bark,

Laden with flickering fire,  
And watch its swift-receding  
beams,

Until at length they disappear,  
And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope  
Dare I to cast thy horoscope!  
Like the new moon thy life ap-  
pears; 140

A little strip of silver light,  
And widening outward into night  
The shadowy disk of future years;  
And yet upon its outer rim,  
A luminous circle, faint and dim,  
And scarcely visible to us here,  
Rounds and completes the perfect  
sphere;



A prophecy and intimation,  
 A pale and feeble adumbration,  
 Of the great world of light, that  
     lies 150  
 Behind all human destinies.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish  
     fraught,  
 Should be to wet the dusty soil  
 With the hot tears and sweat of  
     toil,—  
 To struggle with imperious  
     thought,  
 Until the overburdened brain,  
 Weary with labor, faint with  
     pain,  
 Like a jarred pendulum, retain  
 Only its motion, not its power,—  
 Remember, in that perilous hour,  
 When most afflicted and op-  
     pressed, 161  
 From labor there shall come forth  
     rest.

And if a more auspicious fate  
 On thy advancing steps await,  
 Still let it ever be thy pride  
 To linger by the laborer's side;  
 With words of sympathy or  
     song  
 To cheer the dreary march along  
 Of the great army of the poor,  
 O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous  
     moor. 170  
 Nor to thyself the task shall be  
 Without reward; for thou shalt  
     learn  
 The wisdom early to discern  
 True beauty in utility;  
 As great Pythagoras of yore,  
 Standing beside the blacksmith's  
     door,  
 And hearing the hammers, as they  
     smote  
 The anvils with a different note,  
 Stole from the varying tones, that  
     hung  
 Vibrant on every iron tongue, 180  
 The secret of the sounding wire,  
 And formed the seven-chorded  
     lyre.

Enough! I will not play the Seer;  
 I will no longer strive to ope  
 The mystic volume, where appear  
 The herald Hope, forerunning  
     Fear.

And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.  
 Thy destiny remains untold;  
 For, like Acestes' shaft of old,  
 The swift thought kindles as it  
     flies, 190  
 And burns to ashes in the skies.

### THE OCCULTATION OF ORION

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,  
 The balance in the hand of Time.  
 O'er East and West its beam im-  
     pende;  
 And Day, with all its hours of  
     light  
 Was slowly sinking out of sight,  
 While, opposite, the scale of Night  
 Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld,  
 In that bright vision I beheld  
 Greater and deeper mysteries. 10  
 I saw, with its celestial keys,  
 Its chords of air, its frets of fire,  
 The Samian's great Æolian lyre,  
 Rising through all its sevenfold  
     bars,  
 From earth unto the fixed stars.  
 And through the dewy atmosphere,  
 Not only could I see, but hear,  
 Its wondrous and harmonious  
     strings,  
 In sweet vibration, sphere by  
     sphere,  
 From Dian's circle light and  
     near, 20  
 Onward to vaster and wider rings,  
 Where, chanting through his beard  
     of snows,  
 Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,  
 And down the sunless realms of  
     space  
 Reverberates the thunder of his  
     bass.



Beneath the sky's triumphal arch  
 This music sounded like a march,  
 And with its chorus seemed to be  
 Preluding some great tragedy.  
 Sirius was rising in the east; 30  
 And, slow ascending one by one,  
 The kindling constellations shone.  
 Begirt with many a blazing star,  
 Stood the great giant Algebar,  
 Orion, hunter of the beast!  
 His sword hung gleaming by his  
 side,  
 And, on his arm, the lion's hide  
 Scattered across the midnight air  
 The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not  
 faint; 40  
 And beautiful as some fair saint,  
 Serenely moving on her way  
 In hours of trial and dismay.  
 As if she heard the voice of God,  
 Unharm'd with naked feet she trod  
 Upon the hot and burning stars,  
 As on the glowing coals and bars,  
 That were to prove her strength  
 and try  
 Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,  
 And triumph in her sweet, pale  
 face, 51  
 She reached the station of Orion.  
 Aghast he stood in strange alarm!  
 And suddenly by his out-  
 stretched arm  
 Down fell the red skin of the lion  
 Into the river at his feet.  
 His mighty club no longer beat  
 The forehead of the bull; but he  
 Reeled as of yore beside the sea,  
 When, blinded by Cænopion, 60  
 He sought the blacksmith at his  
 forge,  
 And, climbing up the mountain  
 gorge,  
 Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence over-  
 head,  
 An angel with a trumpet said,

'Forevermore, forevermore,  
 The reign of violence is o'er!'  
 And, like an instrument that  
 flings  
 Its music on another's strings,  
 The trumpet of the angel cast 70  
 Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,  
 And on from sphere to sphere the  
 words  
 Reëchoed down the burning  
 chords,—  
 'Forevermore, forevermore,  
 The reign of violence is o'er!'

## THE BRIDGE

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,  
 As the clocks were striking the  
 hour,  
 And the moon rose o'er the city,  
 Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection  
 In the waters under me,  
 Like a golden goblet falling  
 And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance  
 Of that lovely night in June,  
 The blaze of the flaming furnace  
 Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters  
 The wavering shadows lay,  
 And the current that came from  
 the ocean  
 Seemed to lift and bear them  
 away;

As, sweeping and eddying through  
 them,  
 Rose the belated tide,  
 And, streaming into the moon-  
 light,  
 The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing  
 Among the wooden piers,  
 A flood of thoughts came o'er me  
 That filled my eyes with tears

How often, oh how often,  
 In the days that had gone by,  
 I had stood on that bridge at mid-  
 night  
 And gazed on that wave and  
 sky!

How often, oh how often,  
 I had wished that the ebbing  
 tide  
 Would bear me away on its bosom  
 O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and rest-  
 less,  
 And my life was full of care,  
 And the burden laid upon me  
 Seemed greater than I could  
 bear.

But now it has fallen from me,  
 It is buried in the sea;  
 And only the sorrow of others  
 Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river  
 On its bridge with wooden piers,

Like the odor of brine from the  
 ocean  
 Comes the thought of other  
 years.

And I think how many thousands  
 Of care-encumbered men,  
 Each bearing his burden of sor-  
 row,  
 Have crossed the bridge since  
 then.

I see the long procession  
 Still passing to and fro,  
 The young heart hot and restless,  
 And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,  
 As long as the river flows,  
 As long as the heart has passions,  
 As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflec-  
 tion  
 And its shadows shall appear,  
 As the symbol of love in heaven,  
 And its wavering image here.

### TO THE DRIVING CLOUD

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omahas;  
 Gloomy and dark as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken!  
 Wrapped in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's  
 Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers  
 Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only their footprints.  
 What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the footprints?

How canst thou walk these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the  
 prairies?

How canst thou breathe this air, who hast breathed the sweet air of  
 the mountains?

Ah! 't is in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge  
 Looks of disdain in return, and question these walls and these pave-  
 ments,

Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions  
 Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they,  
 too,

Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division!

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash!  
 There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple

Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer  
Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their  
branches.

There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses!  
There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elkhorn,  
Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omaha 20  
Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the Black-  
feet!

Hark! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous  
deserts?

Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,  
Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder,  
And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man?  
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the Foxes,  
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,  
Lo! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's  
Merciless current! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-fires  
Gleam through the night; and the cloud of dust in the gray of the day-  
break 30

Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous horse-race;  
It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Camanches!  
Ha! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast of the  
east-wind,

Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams!

## SONGS

### THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the dark-  
ness

Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the  
mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er  
me

That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,

That shall soothe this restless feel-  
ing,  
And banish the thoughts of  
day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his  
heart,  
As showers from the clouds of  
summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,

Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

#### AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY

THE day is ending,  
The night is descending;  
The marsh is frozen,  
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes  
The red sun flashes  
On village windows  
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences;  
The buried fences  
Mark no longer  
The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows,  
Like fearful shadows,  
Slowly passes  
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,  
And every feeling  
Within me responds  
To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing,  
My heart is bewailing  
And tolling within  
Like a funeral bell.

#### TO AN OLD DANISH SONG BOOK

WELCOME, my old friend,  
Welcome to a foreign fireside,  
While the sullen gales of autumn  
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world  
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,  
Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,  
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,  
There are thumb-marks on thy margin,<sup>10</sup>  
Made by hands that clasped thee rudely,  
At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art;  
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,  
As the russet, rain-molested  
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine  
Scattered from hilarious goblets,  
As the leaves with the libations  
Of Olympus. <sup>20</sup>

Yet dost thou recall  
Days departed, half-forgotten,  
When in dreamy youth I wandered  
By the Baltic, —

When I paused to hear  
The old ballad of King Christian  
Shouted from suburban taverns  
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,  
Who, in solitary chambers, <sup>30</sup>

And with hearts by passion wasted,  
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes  
Where thy songs of love and friend-  
ship  
Made the gloomy Northern win-  
ter  
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,  
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,  
Chanted staves of these old bal-  
lads  
To the Vikings. 40

Once in Elsinore,  
At the court of old King Ham-  
let,  
Yorick and his boon companions  
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard  
Sang them in their smoky bar-  
racks;—  
Suddenly the English cannon  
Joined the chorus!

Peasants in the field,  
Sailors on the roaring ocean, 50  
Students, tradesmen, pale mechan-  
ics,  
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend;  
They, alas! have left thee friend-  
less!  
Yet at least by one warm fireside  
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build  
In these wide, old-fashioned chim-  
neys,  
So thy twittering song shall nestle  
In my bosom,— 60

Quiet, close, and warm,  
Sheltered from all molestation,  
And recalling by their voices  
Youth and travel.

# WALTER VON DER VOGEL- WEID

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,  
When he left this world of ours,  
Laid his body in the cloister,  
Under Würtzburg's minster tow-  
ers.

And he gave the monks his trea-  
sures,  
Gave them all with this behest:  
They should feed the birds at noon-  
tide  
Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, 'From these wandering  
minstrels  
I have learned the art of song;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and  
long.'

Thus the bard of love departed;  
And, fulfilling his desire,  
On his tomb the birds were feasted  
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
In foul weather and in fair,  
Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches  
Overshadowed all the place,  
On the pavement, on the tomb-  
stone,  
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,  
On the lintel of each door,  
They renewed the War of Wart-  
burg,  
Which the bard had fought be-  
fore.

There they sang their merry carols,  
Sang their lauds on every side;  
And the name their voices uttered  
Was the name of Vogelweid.



Till at length the portly abbot  
Murmured, 'Why this waste of  
food?

Be it changed to loaves hencefor-  
ward

For our fasting brotherhood.'

Then in vain o'er tower and tur-  
ret,

From the walls and woodland  
nests,

When the minster bells rang noon-  
tide,

Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discord-  
ant,

Clamorous round the Gothic  
spire,

Screamed the feathered Minne-  
singers

For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscrip-  
tions

On the cloister's funeral stones,  
And tradition only tells us

Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,

By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,

And the name of Vogelweid.

### DRINKING SONG

#### INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER

COME, old friend! sit down and  
listen!

From the pitcher, placed be-  
tween us,

How the waters laugh and glisten  
In the head of old Silenus!

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,

Led by his inebriate Satyrs;

On his breast his head is sunken,  
Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus fol-  
low;

Ivy crowns that brow supernal  
As the forehead of Apollo,  
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,  
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and  
thyrses,

Wild from Naxian groves, or  
Zante's

Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the na-  
tions,

Bloodless victories, and the  
farmer

Bore, as trophies and oblations,  
Vines for banners, ploughs for  
armor.

Judged by no o'erzealous rigor,  
Much this mystic throng ex-  
presses:

Bacchus was the type of vigor,  
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,  
Of a faith long since forsaken;  
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,  
Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the moun-  
tains

Point the rods of fortune-tellers;  
Youth perpetual dwells in foun-  
tains,—

Not in flasks, and casks, and  
cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons  
And huge tankards filled with  
Rhenish,

From that fiery blood of dragons  
Never would his own replen-  
ish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted  
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,  
Never drank the wine he vaunted  
In his dithyrambic sallies.



Then with water fill the pitcher  
 Wreathed about with classic  
 fables;  
 Ne'er Falernian threw a richer  
 Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and  
 listen!  
 As it passes thus between us,  
 How its wavelets laugh and glis-  
 ten  
 In the head of old Silenus!

### THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

SOMEWHAT back from the village  
 street  
 Stands the old-fashioned country-  
 seat.  
 Across its antique portico  
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows  
 throw;  
 And from its station in the hall  
 An ancient timepiece says to all,—  
 'Forever—never!  
 Never—forever!'

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
 And points and beckons with its  
 hands 10  
 From its case of massive oak,  
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
 Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!  
 With sorrowful voice to all who  
 pass,—  
 'Forever—never!  
 Never—forever!'

By day its voice is low and light;  
 But in the silent dead of night,  
 Distinct as a passing footstep's  
 fall,  
 It echoes along the vacant hall, 20  
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
 And seems to say, at each chamber-  
 door,—  
 'Forever—never!  
 Never—forever!'

Through days of sorrow and of  
 mirth,  
 Through days of death and days of  
 birth,  
 Through every swift vicissitude  
 Of changeful time, unchanged it  
 has stood,  
 And as if, like God, it all things  
 saw, 30  
 It calmly repeats those words of  
 awe,—  
 'Forever—never!  
 Never—forever!'

In that mansion used to be  
 Free-hearted Hospitality;  
 His great fires up the chimney  
 roared;  
 The stranger feasted at his board;  
 But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
 That warning timepiece never  
 ceased,—  
 'Forever—never! 40  
 Never—forever!'

There groups of merry children  
 played,  
 There youths and maidens dream-  
 ing strayed;  
 O precious hours! O golden prime,  
 And affluence of love and time!  
 Even as a miser counts his gold,  
 Those hours the ancient timepiece  
 told,—  
 'Forever—never!  
 Never—forever!'

From that chamber, clothed in  
 white, 50  
 The bride came forth on her wed-  
 ding night;  
 There, in that silent room below,  
 The dead lay in his shroud of  
 snow;  
 And in the hush that followed the  
 prayer,  
 Was heard the old clock on the  
 stair,—  
 'Forever—never!  
 Never—forever!'

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead;  
And when I ask, with throbs of  
pain, 60

'Ah! when shall they all meet  
again?'

As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes re-  
ply, —

'Forever — never!  
Never — forever!'

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death, and time shall disap-  
pear, —

Forever there, but never here!  
The horologe of Eternity 70  
Sayeth this incessantly, —

'Forever — never!  
Never — forever!'

### THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and  
strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to  
end,

I found again in the heart of a  
friend.

### SONNETS

#### MEZZO CAMMIN

HALF of my life is gone, and I  
have let

The years slip from me and have  
not fulfilled

The aspiration of my youth, to  
build

Some tower of song with lofty  
parapet.

Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor  
the fret

Of restless passions that would  
not be stilled,

But sorrow, and a care that  
almost killed,

Kept me from what I may ac-  
complish yet;

Though, half-way up the hill, I see  
the Past

Lying beneath me with its  
sounds and sights, —

A city in the twilight dim and  
vast,

With smoking roofs, soft bells,  
and gleaming lights, —

And hear above me on the au-  
tumnal blast

The cataract of Death far thun-  
dering from the heights.

### THE EVENING STAR

Lo! in the painted oriel of the  
West,

Whose panes the sunken sun  
incarnadines,

Like a fair lady at her casement,  
shines

The evening star, the star of love  
and rest!

And then anon she doth herself  
divest

Of all her radiant garments, and  
reclines

Behind the sombre screen of  
yonder pines,

With slumber and soft dreams  
of love oppressed.

O my beloved, my sweet Hes-  
perus!

My morning and my evening star  
of love!

My best and gentlest lady! even  
thus,

As that fair planet in the sky  
above,  
Dost thou retire unto thy rest at  
night,  
And from thy darkened window  
fades the light.

## AUTUMN

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded  
by the rain,  
With banners, by great gales in-  
cessant fanned,  
Brighter than brightest silks of  
Samarcand,  
And stately oxen harnessed to  
thy wain!  
Thou standest, like imperial Charle-  
magne,  
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy  
royal hand  
Outstretched with benedictions  
o'er the land,  
Blessing the farms through all  
thy vast domain!  
Thy shield is the red harvest moon,  
suspended  
So long beneath the heaven's  
o'erhanging eaves;  
Thy steps are by the farmer's  
prayers attended;  
Like flames upon an altar shine  
the sheaves;  
And, following thee, in thy ova-  
tion splendid,  
Thine almoner, the wind, scat-  
ters the golden leaves!

## DANTE

TUSCAN, that wanderest through  
the realms of gloom,  
With thoughtful pace, and sad,  
majestic eyes,  
Stern thoughts and awful from  
thy soul arise,  
Like Farinata from his fiery  
tomb.  
Thy sacred song is like the trump  
of doom;

Yet in thy heart what human  
sympathies,  
What soft compassion glows, as  
in the skies  
The tender stars their clouded  
lamps relume!  
Methinks I see thee stand with  
pallid cheeks  
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,  
As up the convent-walls, in  
golden streaks,  
The ascending sunbeams mark the  
day's decrease;  
And, as he asks what there the  
stranger seeks,  
Thy voice along the cloister  
whispers 'Peace!'

## CURFEW

## I

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,  
Dealing its dole,  
The Curfew Bell  
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,  
And put out the light;  
Toil comes with the morning,  
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,  
And quenched is the fire;  
Sound fades into silence,—  
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,  
No sound in the hall!  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all!

## II

The book is completed,  
And closed, like the day;  
And the hand that has written it  
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies;  
Forgotten they lie;  
Like coals in the ashes,  
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,  
The story is told,  
The windows are darkened,  
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker  
The black shadows fall;  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all.

## EVANGELINE

### A TALE OF ACADIE

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the  
hunter?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers, —  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands, 10  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?  
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.  
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,  
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,  
List to the mournful tradition, still sung by the pines of the forest;  
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

### PART THE FIRST

#### I

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, 20  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.  
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant  
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates  
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.  
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the north  
ward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic 30

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.  
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.  
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.  
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting  
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.  
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset  
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles  
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden 40  
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors  
Mingled their sounds with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of the  
maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.  
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,  
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.  
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun  
sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry  
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending, 50  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—  
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from  
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.  
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;  
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,  
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,  
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household, 60  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.  
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;  
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;  
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-  
leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-  
side,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her  
tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.  
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden. 70  
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret  
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,  
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her  
missal,



Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,  
 Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,  
 Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.  
 But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —  
 Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,  
 Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her. 80  
 When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly built with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer  
 Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady  
 Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.  
 Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath  
 Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.  
 Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,  
 Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,  
 Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.  
 Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-  
 grown 90  
 Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.  
 Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the  
 farm-yard.  
 There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the  
 harrows;  
 There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,  
 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame  
 Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.  
 Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one  
 Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,  
 Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.  
 There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates 100  
 Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes  
 Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré  
 Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.  
 Many a youth, as he knelt in church and opened his missal,  
 Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;  
 Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!  
 Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,  
 And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,  
 Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron; 110  
 Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,  
 Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered  
 Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.  
 But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;  
 Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,  
 Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;  
 For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,  
 Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.  
 Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood  
 Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician, 120



Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed, Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith. There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything, Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders. Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,

130

Warm by the forge, within they watched the laboring bellows, And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes, Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel. Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle, Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow. Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters, Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings: Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow! Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children. 140 He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning, Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action. She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman. 'Sunshine of Saint Eulalie' was she called; for that was the sunshine Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples; She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance, Filling it with love and the ruddy faces of children.

## II

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer, And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters. Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound, 150 Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands. Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel. All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement. Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes. Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season, Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints! Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape

160

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood. Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended. Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards, Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun  
 Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;  
 While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,  
 Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest  
 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and  
 jewels.

170

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.  
 Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending  
 Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the home-  
 stead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,  
 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.  
 Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,  
 Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her  
 collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.  
 Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the sea-  
 side,

Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-  
 dog,

180

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,  
 Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly  
 Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;  
 Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,  
 When from the forest at night, through the starry silence the wolves  
 howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,  
 Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fet-  
 locks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,  
 Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson, 190  
 Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.  
 Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders  
 Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence  
 Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.  
 Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,  
 Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;  
 Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,  
 Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer  
 Sat in his elbow-chair and watched how the flames and the smoke-  
 wreaths

200

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,  
 Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,  
 Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.  
 Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair  
 Laughed in the flickering light; and the pewter plates on the dresser  
 Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,  
 Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him  
 Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.  
 Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated, 210  
 Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.  
 Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,  
 While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,  
 Followed the old man's song and united the fragments together.  
 As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,  
 Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,  
 So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,  
 Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.  
 Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,  
 And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him. 221  
 'Welcome!' the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the  
 threshold,

'Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle  
 Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;  
 Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;  
 Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling  
 Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams  
 Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes.'  
 Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,  
 Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside: — 230

'Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!  
 Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are filled with  
 Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.  
 Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe.'  
 Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,  
 And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued: —  
 'Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors  
 Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.  
 What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded  
 On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate  
 Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean time 241  
 Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people.'

Then made answer the farmer: 'Perhaps some friendlier purpose  
 Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England  
 By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,  
 And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and chil-  
 dren.'

'Not so thinketh the folk in the village,' said, warmly, the blacksmith  
 Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued: —  
 'Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.  
 Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts, 250  
 Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.  
 Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;  
 Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the  
 mower.'

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer : —  
 'Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,  
 Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,  
 Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.  
 Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow  
 Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.  
 Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village 260  
 Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round  
 about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.  
 René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.  
 Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?'  
 As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,  
 Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,  
 And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

## III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,  
 Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;  
 Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung 270  
 Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn  
 bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.  
 Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred  
 Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.  
 Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,  
 Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.  
 Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,  
 Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.  
 He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;  
 For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest, 280  
 And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,  
 And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened  
 Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;  
 And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,  
 And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,  
 And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,  
 With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.  
 Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,  
 Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,  
 'Father Leblanc,' he exclaimed, 'thou hast heard the talk in the vil-  
 lage, 290

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their  
 errand.'

Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public, —  
 'Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;  
 And what their errand may be I know not better than others.  
 Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention  
 Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?'  
 'God's name!' shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;  
 'Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the where  
 fore?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest !'  
 But without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,— 300  
 'Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice  
 Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,  
 When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal.'  
 This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it  
 When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.  
 'Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,  
 Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice  
 Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,  
 And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided  
 Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people. 310  
 Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,  
 Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.  
 But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;  
 Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the  
 mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace  
 That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion  
 Fell on an orphan girl who lived as a maid in the household.  
 She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,  
 Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.  
 As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended, 320  
 Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder  
 Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand  
 Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,  
 And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,  
 Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven.'  
 Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith  
 Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;  
 All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors  
 Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table, 330  
 Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed  
 Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-  
 Pré;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,  
 Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,  
 Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.  
 Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,  
 And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.  
 Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table  
 Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;  
 And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom, 340  
 Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.  
 Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,  
 While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,  
 Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.  
 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men  
 Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,



Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,  
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise  
Over the pallid sea, and the silvery mists of the meadows. 350  
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry  
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway  
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.  
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step  
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.  
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-  
stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.  
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed. 360  
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,  
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.  
Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.  
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-  
press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded  
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.  
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in mar-  
riage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.  
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight  
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of  
the maiden 370

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.  
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with  
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!  
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,  
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her  
shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness  
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight  
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.  
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass  
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps, 380  
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

#### IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.  
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,  
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.  
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor  
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.  
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,  
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.



Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk  
 Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows, 390  
 Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,  
 Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.  
 Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.  
 Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-  
 doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.  
 Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;  
 For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,  
 All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.  
 Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:  
 For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father; 400  
 Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness  
 Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,  
 Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.  
 There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;  
 There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.  
 Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,  
 Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waist-  
 coats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white  
 Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler 410  
 Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.  
 Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,  
*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de Dunquerque*,  
 And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.  
 Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances  
 Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;  
 Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.  
 Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!  
 Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous 420  
 Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.  
 Thronged erelong was the church with men. Without, in the church-  
 yard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the head-  
 stones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.  
 Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them  
 Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor  
 Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement, —  
 Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal  
 Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.  
 Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,  
 Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission. 431  
 'You are convened this day,' he said, 'by his Majesty's orders.  
 Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper  
 Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.  
 Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;  
 Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds  
 Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province  
 Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there  
 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people! 440  
 Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!  
 As, when the air is serene in sultry solstice of summer,  
 Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones  
 Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,  
 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-  
 roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;  
 So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.  
 Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose  
 Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,  
 And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way. 450  
 Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations  
 Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others  
 Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,  
 As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.  
 Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he  
 shouted,—

'Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them  
 allegiance!  
 Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our har-  
 vests!'

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier  
 Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention, 460  
 Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician  
 Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.  
 Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence  
 All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;  
 Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful  
 Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.  
 'What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?  
 Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,  
 Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!  
 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations? 470  
 Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?  
 This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it  
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?  
 Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!  
 See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!  
 Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, "O Father, forgive them!"  
 Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,  
 Let us repeat it now, and say, "O Father, forgive them!"  
 Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people 479

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,  
While they repeated his prayer, and said, 'O Father, forgive them!'

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.  
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria  
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides  
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.  
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand  
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending, 490  
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each  
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.  
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;  
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild-  
flowers;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the  
dairy,

And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,

And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended, — 500  
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!

Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,

Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,

Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows 510

Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion,

'Gabriel!' cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper un-  
tasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of  
terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder 520

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;  
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till  
morning.

## V

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day  
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.  
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,  
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,  
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,  
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,  
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the wood-  
land.

530

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,  
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-  
beach

Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.  
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;  
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.  
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,  
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.  
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-  
doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession  
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers. 541  
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,  
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,  
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended  
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daugh-  
ters.

Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,  
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—  
'Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!  
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!'  
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the  
wayside

550

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them  
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,  
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—  
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,  
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.  
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,  
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whis-  
pered,—

'Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another  
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!' 560  
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas ! how changed was his aspect !  
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his  
footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.  
But with a smile and a sigh she clasped his neck and embraced him,  
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.  
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.  
Busily plied the freighted boats ; and in the confusion  
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their  
children

570

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.  
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,  
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.  
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight  
Deepened and darkened around ; and in haste the refluent ocean  
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach  
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.  
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,  
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,

All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them, 580  
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,  
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving  
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.  
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures ;  
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders ;  
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-  
yard, —

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milk-maid.  
Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church no Angelus sounded,  
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the win-  
dows.

590

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,  
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.  
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,  
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.  
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,  
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,  
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,  
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man.

599

Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,  
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.  
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,  
Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake  
not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.

'*Benedicite !*' murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.



More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents  
 Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,  
 Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.  
 Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,  
 Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them 610  
 Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.  
 Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red  
 Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon  
 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon the mountain and meadow,  
 Seizing the rocks and the rivers and piling huge shadows together.  
 Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,  
 Gleamed on the sky and sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.  
 Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were  
 Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of  
 a martyr. 620  
 Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, up-  
 lifting,  
 Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops  
 Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on ship-  
 board.  
 Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,  
 'We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!'  
 Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,  
 Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle  
 Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.  
 Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments  
 Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska, 631  
 When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirl-  
 wind,  
 Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.  
 Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses  
 Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the  
 meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden  
 Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;  
 And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,  
 Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore  
 Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed. 640  
 Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden  
 Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.  
 Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.  
 Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;  
 And when she awoke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.  
 Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,  
 Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.  
 Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,



Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,  
 And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses. 650  
 Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people, —  
 'Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season  
 Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,  
 Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.'  
 Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,  
 Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,  
 But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.  
 And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,  
 Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,  
 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges. 660  
 'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,  
 With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.  
 Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking ;  
 And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,  
 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

## PART THE SECOND

## I

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,  
 When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,  
 Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,  
 Exile without an end, and without an example in story.  
 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed; 670  
 Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the  
 northeast  
 Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfound-  
 land.  
 Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,  
 From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas, —  
 From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of  
 Waters  
 Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,  
 Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.  
 Friends they sought and homes ; and many, despairing, heart-broken,  
 Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.  
 Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.  
 Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered, 681  
 Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.  
 Fair was she and young : but, alas ! before her extended,  
 Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway  
 Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before  
 her,  
 Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,  
 As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by  
 Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.  
 Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished ;  
 As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine, 690

Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended  
 Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.  
 Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,  
 Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,  
 She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;  
 Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tomb-  
 stones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom  
 He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.  
 Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,  
 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward. 700  
 Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known  
 him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.  
 'Gabriel Lajeunesse!' they said; 'Oh yes! we have seen him.  
 He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;  
 Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers.'  
 'Gabriel Lajeunesse!' said others; 'Oh yes! we have seen him.  
 He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana.'  
 Then would they say, 'Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?  
 Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others  
 Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal? 710  
 Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee  
 Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!  
 Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses.'  
 Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, 'I cannot!  
 Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.  
 For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the path-  
 way,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness.'  
 Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,  
 Said, with a smile, 'O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!  
 Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted; 720  
 If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning  
 Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;  
 That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.  
 Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!  
 Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.  
 Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,  
 Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of hea-  
 ven!'

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.  
 Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,  
 But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, 'Despair  
 not!' 730

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,  
 Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.  
 Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—  
 Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence,  
 But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:  
 Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only ;  
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,  
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur ;  
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet. 740

## II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,  
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,  
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,  
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.  
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked  
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,  
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune ;  
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,  
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers  
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas. 750  
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.  
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,  
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river ;  
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.  
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike  
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,  
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars  
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,  
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.  
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river, 760  
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,  
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.  
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,  
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,  
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.  
They, too, swerved from their course ; and entering the Bayou of  
Plaquemine,  
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,  
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.  
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress  
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air 770  
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.  
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons  
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,  
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.  
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,  
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,  
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.  
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them ;  
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness, —  
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed. 780  
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,  
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,  
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,  
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly  
 Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.  
 It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.  
 Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,  
 And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,  
 And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure 791  
 Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.  
 Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,  
 Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.  
 Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.  
 Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,  
 Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;  
 But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;  
 And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.  
 Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the mid-  
 night, 800  
 Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,  
 Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,  
 While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the  
 desert,  
 Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the forest,  
 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before  
 them  
 Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.  
 Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations  
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus  
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen. 810  
 Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,  
 And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,  
 Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,  
 Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.  
 Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.  
 Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,  
 Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,  
 Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.  
 Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.  
 Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine  
 Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob, 821  
 On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,  
 Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.  
 Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.  
 Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven  
 Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,  
 Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,  
 Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver. 830  
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.  
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness  
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.  
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,  
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.  
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,  
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,  
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows ;  
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers.  
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden. 840  
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.  
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,  
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden  
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, 'O Father Felician !  
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.  
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition ?  
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit ?'  
Then, with a blush, she added, 'Alas for my credulous fancy !  
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning.' 849  
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered, —  
'Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they to me without meaning.  
Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats on the surface  
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.  
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.  
Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the southward,  
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.  
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,  
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.  
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees ;  
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens 860  
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.  
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana !'

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.  
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon  
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape ;  
Twinkling vapors arose ; and sky and water and forest  
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.  
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,  
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.  
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness. 870  
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling  
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.  
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,  
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,  
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen  
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad : then soaring to madness  
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.  
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation ;



Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision, 880  
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops  
 Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.  
 With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,  
 Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,

And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,  
 Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling; —  
 Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

## III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches

Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,  
 Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide, 890  
 Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden  
 Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,  
 Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers  
 Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.  
 Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,  
 Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,  
 Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.  
 At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,  
 Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,  
 Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals. 900  
 Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine  
 Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,  
 And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding  
 Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.  
 In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway  
 Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,  
 Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.  
 Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas  
 Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,  
 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines. 910

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,  
 Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,  
 Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.  
 Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero  
 Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.  
 Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing  
 Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness  
 That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.  
 Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding  
 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded 920  
 Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.  
 Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle  
 Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.  
 Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,  
 And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.



Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.  
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward  
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;  
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith. 930  
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.  
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer  
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,  
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.  
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgiv-  
ings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,  
Broke the silence and said, 'If you came by the Atchafalaya,  
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?'  
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.  
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent, 940  
'Gone? is Gabriel gone?' and, concealing her face on his shoulder,  
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.  
Then the good Basil said, — and his voice grew blithe as he said it, —  
'Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.  
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.  
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit  
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence,  
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,  
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,  
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens, 950  
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him  
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.  
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,  
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.  
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;  
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against  
him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning  
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison.'

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,  
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler. 960  
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,  
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.  
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.  
'Long live Michael,' they cried, 'our brave Acadian minstrel!'  
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway  
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man  
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,  
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,  
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.  
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,  
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor; 971  
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,

And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise. Thus they ascended the steps, and crossing the breezy veranda, Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended. All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver, Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors, 980 Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamp-light.

Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion. Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco, Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:— 'Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;  
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.  
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water. 990

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;  
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.  
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,  
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,  
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle.'

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils, While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table, 1000 So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded, Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils. But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:— 'Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,  
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!' Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda. It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters, Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the Herdsman. 1010 Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors: Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,  
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.  
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding

From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,  
 Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,  
 All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening  
 Whirl of the giddy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,  
 Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments. 1020

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herds-  
 man

Sat, conversing together of past and present and future ;  
 While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her  
 Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music  
 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness  
 Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.  
 Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,  
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river  
 Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the  
 moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit. 1030  
 Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden  
 Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confes-  
 sions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.  
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-  
 dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight  
 Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,  
 As, through the garden-gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,  
 Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.  
 Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies  
 Gleamed and floated away in mingled and infinite numbers. 1040

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,  
 Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,  
 Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,  
 As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, 'Upharsin.'  
 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,  
 Wandered alone, and she cried, 'O Gabriel! O my beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?  
 Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie! 1049

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!  
 Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,  
 Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!  
 When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?'  
 Loud and sudden and near the notes of a whippoorwill sounded  
 Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,  
 Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.

'Patience!' whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness:  
 And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, 'To-morrow!'

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden  
 Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses 1060

With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.  
 'Farewell!' said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;  
 'See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,  
 And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was  
 coming.'

'Farewell!' answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended  
 Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.  
 Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and glad-  
 ness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,  
 Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.  
 Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded, 1070  
 Found they the trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,  
 Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain  
 Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;  
 Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,  
 Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous land-  
 lord,

That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,  
 Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

## IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains  
 Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.  
 Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gate-  
 way, 1080

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,  
 Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.  
 Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,  
 Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;  
 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,  
 Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,  
 Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,  
 Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.  
 Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies;  
 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine, 1090  
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.  
 Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;  
 Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;  
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;  
 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,  
 Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails  
 Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,  
 Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,  
 By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.  
 Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage maraud-  
 ers; 1100

Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;  
 And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,  
 Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,  
 And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,  
 Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,  
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.  
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil  
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.  
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire  
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ; but at nightfall, 1111  
When they had reached the place they found only embers and ashes.  
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were  
weary,  
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana  
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before  
them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered  
Into their little camp an Indian woman, whose features  
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.  
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,  
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches, 1120  
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.  
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest  
welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them  
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.  
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,  
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,  
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-  
light  
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their  
blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated  
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent, 1130  
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.  
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another  
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.  
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,  
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,  
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.  
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended  
Still was mute ; but at length, as if a mysterious horror  
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the  
Mowis ;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden, 1140  
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,  
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,  
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.  
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,  
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,  
That through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twi-  
light,

Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,  
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,



And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.  
 Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened 1150  
 To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her  
 Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.  
 Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,  
 Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor  
 Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.  
 With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches  
 Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.  
 Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,  
 Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,  
 As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow. 1160  
 It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits  
 Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment  
 That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.  
 With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee  
 Said, as they journeyed along, 'On the western slope of these mountains  
 Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.  
 Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus.  
 Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him.'  
 Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered, 1170  
 'Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!'  
 Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,  
 Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,  
 And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,  
 Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.  
 Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,  
 Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened  
 High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,  
 Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.  
 This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches 1180  
 Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,  
 Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.  
 Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,  
 Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.  
 But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen  
 Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the  
 sower,  
 Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them  
 Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,  
 Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,  
 And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam. 1190  
 There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-  
 ear  
 Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.  
 Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:  
 'Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated  
 On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,  
 Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!'

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes  
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed. 1199

'Far to the north he has gone,' continued the priest; 'but in autumn,  
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.'

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,  
'Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.'

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,  
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,  
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other, —  
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing  
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above  
her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming 1210

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.

'Patience!' the priest would say; 'have faith, and thy prayer will be  
answered!'

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,  
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;

This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted

Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey 1220

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.

Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,

But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.

Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter

Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe.'

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter, — yet Gabriel came  
not;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted 1230

Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.

Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,

Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,

She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places  
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden; —

Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,  
 Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,  
 Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.  
 Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.  
 Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey ;  
 Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.  
 Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,  
 Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.  
 Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,  
 Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon, 1250  
 As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

## V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware waters,  
 Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,  
 Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.  
 There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,  
 And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,  
 As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.  
 There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,  
 Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.  
 There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he departed, 1260  
 Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.  
 Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,  
 Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger ;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,  
 For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,  
 Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.  
 So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,  
 Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,  
 Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.

As from the mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning 1270  
 Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,  
 Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,  
 So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,  
 Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and the pathway  
 Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.  
 Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,  
 Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,  
 Only more beautiful made by his death-like silence and absence.  
 Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.  
 Over him years had no power ; he was not changed, but transfigured ;  
 He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent ; 1281  
 Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,  
 This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.  
 So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,  
 Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.  
 Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow

Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.  
 Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting  
 Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,  
 Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight, 1290  
 Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.  
 Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman  
 repeated  
 Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,  
 High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.  
 Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs  
 Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,  
 Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,  
 Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,  
 Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an  
 acorn. 1300

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,  
 Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,  
 So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,  
 Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.  
 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;  
 But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—  
 Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,  
 Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.  
 Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and wood-  
 lands;—  
 Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket 1310  
 Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seemed to echo  
 Softly the words of the Lord: 'The poor ye always have with you.'  
 Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying  
 Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there  
 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,  
 Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,  
 Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.  
 Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,  
 Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and  
 silent, 1320  
 Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.  
 Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;  
 And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,  
 That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.  
 Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east-  
 wind,  
 Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ  
 Church,  
 While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted  
 Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at  
 Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit:  
 Something within her said, 'At length thy trials are ended;' 1330  
 And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.  
 Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,  
 Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence  
 Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,  
 Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.  
 Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,  
 Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence  
 Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.  
 And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,  
 Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever. 1340  
 Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time;  
 Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,  
 Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder  
 Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her  
 fingers,  
 And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.  
 Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,  
 That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.  
 On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.  
 Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples; 1350  
 But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment  
 Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;  
 So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.  
 Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,  
 As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinked its portals,  
 That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.  
 Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted  
 Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,  
 Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.  
 Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations, 1360  
 Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded  
 Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,  
 'Gabriel! O my beloved!' and died away into silence.  
 Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;  
 Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,  
 Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their  
 shadow,  
 As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.  
 Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,  
 Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.  
 Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered 1370  
 Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have  
 spoken.  
 Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,  
 Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.  
 Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,  
 As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.



All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,  
 All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,  
 All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!  
 And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom, 1379  
 Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, 'Father, I thank thee!'

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,  
 Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.  
 Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,  
 In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.  
 Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,  
 Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,  
 Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,  
 Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their la-  
 bors,  
 Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches  
 Dwells another race, with other customs and language. 1391  
 Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic  
 Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile  
 Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.  
 In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;  
 Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,  
 And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,  
 While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean  
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

## THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE

### DEDICATION

As one who, walking in the twi-  
 light gloom,  
 Hears round about him voices  
 as it darkens,  
 And seeing not the forms from  
 which they come,  
 Pauses from time to time, and  
 turns and hearkens;  
 So walking here in twilight, O my  
 friends!  
 I hear your voices, softened by  
 the distance,

And pause, and turn to listen, as  
 each sends  
 His words of friendship, comfort,  
 and assistance.  
 If any thought of mine, or sung or  
 told,  
 Has ever given delight or conso-  
 lation,  
 Ye have repaid me back a thou-  
 sand-fold,  
 By every friendly sign and salu-  
 tation.  
 Thanks for the sympathies that  
 ye have shown!

Thanks for each kindly word,  
 each silent token,  
 That teaches me, when seeming  
 most alone,  
 Friends are around us, though  
 no word be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from  
 land to land;

Kind letters, that betray the  
 heart's deep history,  
 In which we feel the pressure of a  
 hand, —

One touch of fire, — and all the  
 rest is mystery!

The pleasant books, that silently  
 among

Our household treasures take  
 familiar places,  
 And are to us as if a living  
 tongue

Spake from the printed leaves or  
 pictured faces!

Perhaps on earth I never shall  
 behold,

With eye of sense, your outward  
 form and semblance;

Therefore to me ye never will grow  
 old,

But live forever young in my re-  
 membrance!

Never grow old, nor change, nor  
 pass away!

Your gentle voices will flow on  
 forever,

When life grows bare and tar-  
 nished with decay,

As through a leafless landscape  
 flows a river.

Not chance of birth or place has  
 made us friends,

Being oftentimes of different  
 tongues and nations,

But the endeavor for the selfsame  
 ends,

With the same hopes, and fears,  
 and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your sea-  
 side walk,

Saddened, and mostly silent,  
 with emotion;

Not interrupting with intrusive  
 talk

The grand, majestic sympho-  
 nies of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome  
 guest,

At your warm fireside, when the  
 lamps are lighted,

To have my place reserved among  
 the rest,

Nor stand as one unsought and  
 uninvited!

### BY THE SEASIDE

#### THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

'BUILD me straight, O worthy  
 Master!

Stanch and strong, a goodly  
 vessel,

That shall laugh at all disaster,  
 And with wave and whirlwind  
 wrestle!'

The merchant's word  
 Delighted the Master heard;  
 For his heart was in his work, and  
 the heart

Giveth grace unto every Art.  
 A quiet smile played round his  
 lips,

As the eddies and dimples of the  
 tide

Play round the bows of ships,  
 That steadily at anchor ride.

And with a voice that was full of  
 glee,

He answered, 'Erelong we will  
 launch

A vessel as goodly, and strong, and  
 stanch,

As ever weathered a wintry sea!'

And first with nicest skill and art,  
 Perfect and finished in every part,

A little model the Master wrought,  
Which should be to the larger  
plan 20

What the child is to the man,  
Its counterpart in miniature;  
That with a hand more swift and  
sure

The greater labor might be  
brought

To answer to his inward thought.  
And as he labored, his mind ran  
o'er

The various ships that were built  
of yore,

And above them all, and strangest  
of all

Towered the Great Harry, crank  
and tall,

Whose picture was hanging on the  
wall, 30

With bows and stern raised high  
in air,

And balconies hanging here and  
there,

And signal lanterns and flags  
afloat,

And eight round towers, like those  
that frown

From some old castle, looking  
down

Upon the drawbridge and the  
moat.

And he said with a smile, 'Our  
ship, I wis,

Shall be of another form than  
this!'

It was of another form, indeed;  
Built for freight, and yet for  
speed, 40

A beautiful and gallant craft;  
Broad in the beam, that the stress  
of the blast,

Pressing down upon sail and mast,  
Might not the sharp bows over-  
whelm;

Broad in the beam, but sloping  
aft

With graceful curve and slow de-  
grees,

That she might be docile to the  
helm,

And that the currents of parted  
seas,

Closing behind, with mighty force,  
Might aid and not impede her  
course. 50

In the ship-yard stood the Master,  
With the model of the vessel,  
That should laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind  
wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,  
Lay the timber piled around;  
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and  
oak,

And scattered here and there, with  
these,

The knarred and crooked cedar  
knees; 59

Brought from regions far away,  
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,  
And the banks of the roaring  
Roanoke!

Ah! what a wondrous thing it is  
To note how many wheels of toil  
One thought, one word, can set in  
motion!

There's not a ship that sails the  
ocean,

But every climate, every soil,  
Must bring its tribute, great or  
small,

And help to build the wooden  
wall! 69

The sun was rising o'er the sea,  
And long the level shadows lay,  
As if they, too, the beams would  
be

Of some great, airy argosy,  
Framed and launched in a single  
day.

That silent architect, the sun,  
Had hewn and laid them every  
one,

Ere the work of man was yet  
begun.

Beside the Master, when he spoke,  
A youth, against an anchor lean-  
ing,

Listened, to catch his slightest  
meaning. 80

Only the long waves, as they broke  
In ripples on the pebbly beach,  
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,  
The old man and the fiery youth!  
The old man, in whose busy brain  
Many a ship that sailed the main  
Was modelled o'er and o'er  
again; —

The fiery youth, who was to be  
The heir of his dexterity, 90  
The heir of his house, and his  
daughter's hand,

When he had built and launched  
from land

What the elder head had planned.

'Thus,' said he, 'will we build this  
ship!

Lay square the blocks upon the  
slip,

And follow well this plan of mine.  
Choose the timbers with greatest  
care;

Of all that is unsound beware;  
For only what is sound and strong  
To this vessel shall belong. 100

Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine  
Here together shall combine.

A goodly frame, and a goodly  
fame,

And the UNION be her name!  
For the day that gives her to the  
sea

Shall give my daughter unto thee!

The Master's word  
Enraptured the young man heard;  
And as he turned his face aside,  
With a look of joy and a thrill of  
pride, 110

Standing before  
Her father's door,  
He saw the form of his promised  
bride.

The sun shone on her golden hair,  
And her cheek was glowing fresh  
and fair,

With the breath of morn and the  
soft sea air.

Like a beauteous barge was she,  
Still at rest on the sandy beach,  
Just beyond the billow's reach;

But he 120  
Was the restless, seething, stormy  
sea!

Ah, how skilful grows the hand  
That obeyeth Love's command!  
It is the heart, and not the brain,  
That to the highest doth attain,  
And he who followeth Love's be-  
hest

Far excelleth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun  
Was the noble task begun,  
And soon throughout the ship-  
yard's bounds 130

Were heard the intermingled  
sounds

Of axes and of mallets, plied  
With vigorous arms on every side;  
Plied so deftly and so well,  
That, ere the shadows of evening  
fell,

The keel of oak for a noble ship,  
Scarfed and bolted; straight and  
strong,

Was lying ready, and stretched  
along

The blocks, well placed upon the  
slip. 139

Happy, thrice happy, every one  
Who sees his labor well begun,  
And not perplexed and multiplied,  
By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was  
o'er,

The young man at the Master's  
door

Sat with the maiden calm and  
still,

And within the porch, a little more  
Removed beyond the evening chill,  
The father sat, and told them  
tales

Of wrecks in the great September  
gales, 150

Of pirates coasting the Spanish  
     Main,  
 And ships that never came back  
     again,  
 The chance and change of a sail-  
     or's life,  
 Want and plenty, rest, and strife,  
 His roving fancy, like the wind,  
 That nothing can stay and nothing  
     can bind,  
 And the magic charm of foreign  
     lands,  
 With shadows of palms, and shin-  
     ing sands,  
 Where the tumbling surf,  
 O'er the coral reefs of Madagas-  
     car, 160  
 Washes the feet of the swarthy  
     Lascar,  
 As he lies alone and asleep on the  
     turf.  
 And the trembling maiden held  
     her breath  
 At the tales of that awful, pitiless  
     sea,  
 With all its terror and mystery,  
 The dim, dark sea, so like unto  
     Death,  
 That divides and yet unites man-  
     kind!  
 And whenever the old man paused,  
     a gleam  
 From the bowl of his pipe would  
     awhile illumine  
 The silent group in the twilight  
     gloom, 170  
 And thoughtful faces, as in a  
     dream;  
 And for a moment one might mark  
 What had been hidden by the  
     dark,  
 That the head of the maiden lay at  
     rest,  
 Tenderly, on the young man's  
     breast!  
  
 Day by day the vessel grew,  
 With timbers fashioned strong and  
     true,  
 Stemson and keelson and sternson-  
     knee,

Till, framed with perfect sym-  
     metry,  
 A skeleton ship rose up to view!  
 And around the bows and along  
     the side 181  
 The heavy hammers and mallets  
     plied,  
 Till after many a week, at length,  
 Wonderful for form and strength,  
 Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
 Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!  
 And around it columns of smoke,  
     upwreathing,  
 Rose from the boiling, bubbling,  
     seething  
 Caldron, that glowed,  
 And overflowed 190  
 With the black tar, heated for the  
     sheathing.  
 And amid the clamors  
 Of clattering hammers,  
 He who listened heard now and  
     then  
 The song of the Master and his  
     men:—  
  
 'Build me straight, O worthy Mas-  
     ter,  
     Stanch and strong, a goodly ves-  
     sel,  
 That shall laugh at all disas-  
     ter,  
     And with wave and whirlwind  
     wrestle!'

With oaken brace and copper  
     band, 200  
 Lay the rudder on the sand,  
 That, like a thought, should have  
     control  
 Over the movement of the whole;  
 And near it the anchor, whose  
     giant hand  
 Would reach down and grapple  
     with the land,  
 And immovable and fast  
 Hold the great ship against the  
     bellowing blast!  
 And at the bows an image stood,  
 By a cunning artist carved in  
     wood,



With robes of white, that far be-  
hind 210  
Seemed to be fluttering in the  
wind.

It was not shaped in a classic  
mould,

Not like a Nymph or Goddess of  
old,

Or Naiad rising from the water,  
But modelled from the Master's  
daughter!

On many a dreary and misty  
night,

'T will be seen by the rays of the  
signal light,

Speeding along through the rain  
and the dark,

Like a ghost in its snow-white  
sark, 219

The pilot of some phantom bark,  
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,  
By a path none other knows  
aright!

Behold, at last,  
Each tall and tapering mast  
Is swung into its place;  
Shrouds and stays  
Holding it firm and fast!

Long ago,  
In the deer-haunted forests of  
Maine,

When upon mountain and plain  
Lay the snow, 231

They fell, — those lordly pines!

Those grand, majestic pines!

'Mid shouts and cheers

The jaded steers,

Panting beneath the goad,

Dragged down the weary, winding  
road

Those captive kings so straight  
and tall,

To be shorn of their streaming  
hair,

And naked and bare, 240

To feel the stress and the strain  
Of the wind and the reeling main,  
Whose roar

Would remind them forevermore

Of their native forests they should  
not see again.

And everywhere

The slender, graceful spars

Poise aloft in the air,

And at the mast-head,

White, blue, and red, 250

A flag unrolls the stripes and  
stars.

Ah! when the wanderer, lonely,  
friendless,

In foreign harbors shall behold

That flag unrolled,

'T will be as a friendly hand

Stretched out from his native land,

Filling his heart with memories  
sweet and endless!

All is finished! and at length

Has come the bridal day

Of beauty and of strength. 260

To-day the vessel shall be  
launched!

With fleecy clouds the sky is  
blanched,

And o'er the bay,

Slowly, in all his splendors dight,

The great sun rises to behold the  
sight.

The ocean old,

Centuries old,

Strong as youth, and as uncon-  
trolled,

Paces restless to and fro, 269

Up and down the sands of gold.

His beating heart is not at rest;

And far and wide,

With ceaseless flow,

His beard of snow

Heaves with the heaving of his  
breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.

There she stands,

With her foot upon the sands,

Decked with flags and streamers  
gay,

In honor of her marriage day, 280

Her snow-white signals fluttering,  
blending,

Round her like a veil descending,

Ready to be  
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride  
Is standing by her lover's side.  
Shadows from the flags and  
shrouds,  
Like the shadows cast by clouds,  
Broken by many a sudden fleck,  
Fall around them on the deck. 290

The prayer is said,  
The service read,  
The joyous bridegroom bows his  
head ;

And in tears the good old Master  
Shakes the brown hand of his son,  
Kisses his daughter's glowing  
cheek

In silence, for he cannot speak,  
And ever faster  
Down his own the tears begin to run.  
The worthy pastor — 300  
The shepherd of that wandering  
flock,

That has the ocean for its wold,  
That has the vessel for its fold,  
Leaping ever from rock to rock —  
Spake, with accents mild and clear,  
Words of warning, words of cheer,  
But tedious to the bridegroom's  
ear.

He knew the chart  
Of the sailor's heart, 309  
All its pleasures and its griefs,  
All its shallows and rocky reefs,  
All those secret currents, that flow  
With such resistless undertow,  
And lift and drift, with terrible  
force,  
The will from its moorings and its  
course.  
Therefore he spake, and thus said  
he : —

' Like unto ships far off at sea,  
Outward or homeward bound, are  
we.

Before, behind, and all around,  
Floats and swings the horizon's  
bound, 320

Seems at its distant rim to rise  
And climb the crystal wall of the  
skies,

And then again to turn and  
sink,

As if we could slide from its outer  
brink.

Ah ! it is not the sea,  
It is not the sea that sinks and  
shelves,

But ourselves  
That rock and rise  
With endless and uneasy mo-  
tion,

Now touching the very skies, 330  
Now sinking into the depths of  
ocean.

Ah ! if our souls but poise and  
swing

Like the compass in its brazen  
ring,

Ever level and ever true  
To the toil and the task we have  
to do,

We shall sail securely, and safely  
reach

The Fortunate Isles, on whose  
shining beach

The sights we see, and the sounds  
we hear,

Will be those of joy and not of  
fear !'

Then the Master, 340  
With a gesture of command,

Waved his hand ;  
And at the word,

Loud and sudden there was heard,  
All around them and below,

The sound of hammers, blow on  
blow,

Knocking away the shores and  
spurs.

And see ! she stirs !  
She starts, — she moves, — she  
seems to feel

The thrill of life along her keel,  
And, spurning with her foot the  
ground, 351

With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms !

And lo! from the assembled crowd  
 There rose a shout, prolonged and  
     loud,  
 That to the ocean seemed to say,  
 'Take her, O bridegroom, old and  
     gray,  
 Take her to thy protecting arms,  
 With all her youth and all her  
     charms!'

How beautiful she is!      How  
     fair                                      360  
 She lies within those arms, that  
     press  
 Her form with many a soft caress  
 Of tenderness and watchful care!  
 Sail forth into the sea, O ship!  
 Through wind and wave, right on-  
     ward steer!  
 The moistened eye, the trembling  
     lip,  
 Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,  
 O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
 And safe from all adversity      370  
 Upon the bosom of that sea  
 Thy comings and thy goings be!  
 For gentleness and love and trust  
 Prevail o'er angry wave and gust!  
 And in the wreck of noble lives  
 Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
 Sail on, O UNION, strong and  
     great!  
 Humanity with all its fears,  
 With all the hopes of future  
     years,                                      380  
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
 We know what Master laid thy  
     keel,  
 What Workmen wrought thy ribs  
     of steel,  
 Who made each mast, and sail, and  
     rope,  
 What anvils rang, what hammers  
     beat,  
 In what a forge and what a heat  
 Were shaped the anchors of thy  
     hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and  
     shock,  
 'Tis of the wave and not the rock;  
 'Tis but the flapping of the  
     sail,                                      390  
 And not a rent made by the gale!  
 In spite of rock and tempest's  
     roar,  
 In spite of false lights on the shore,  
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the  
     sea!  
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with  
     thee,  
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers,  
     our tears,  
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
 Are all with thee,—are all with  
     thee!

### SEAWEED

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
     The gigantic  
 Storm-wind of the equinox,  
 Landward in his wrath he scourges  
     The toiling surges,  
 Laden with seaweed from the  
     rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges  
     Of sunken ledges,  
 In some far-off, bright Azore;  
 From Bahama, and the dashing,  
     Silver-flashing  
 Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that  
     buries  
     The Orkneyan skerries,  
 Answering the hoarse Hebrides;  
 And from wrecks of ships, and  
     drifting  
     Spars, uplifting  
 On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
     On the shifting  
 Currents of the restless main;  
 Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
     Of sandy beaches,  
 All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion  
Strike the ocean  
Of the poet's soul, erelong  
From each cave and rocky fast-  
ness,  
In its vastness,  
Floats some fragment of a song :

From the far-off isles enchanted,  
Heaven has planted  
With the golden fruit of Truth ;  
From the flashing surf, whose  
vision  
Gleams Elysian  
In the tropic clime of Youth ;

From the strong Will, and the En-  
deavor  
That forever  
Wrestle with the tides of Fate ;  
From the wreck of Hopes far-  
scattered,  
Tempest-shattered,  
Floating waste and desolate ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless heart ;  
Till at length in books recorded,  
They, like hoarded  
Household words, no more depart.

### CHRYSAOR

In the first edition of *The Seaside and the Fireside* this poem bore the title of *The Evening Star*.

Just above yon sandy bar,  
As the day grows fainter and  
dimmer,  
Lonely and lovely, a single star  
Lights the air with a dusky  
glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far  
Falls the trail of its golden  
splendor,  
And the gleam of that single star  
Is ever refulgent, soft, and  
tender.

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea,  
Showed thus glorious and thus  
emulous,  
Leaving the arms of Callirrhoë,  
Forever tender, soft, and tremu-  
lous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far  
Trailed the gleam of his falchion  
brightly ;  
Is it a God, or is it a star  
That, entranced, I gaze on  
nightly !

### THE SECRET OF THE SEA

AH ! what pleasant visions haunt  
me  
As I gaze upon the sea !  
All the old romantic legends,  
All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sandal,  
Such as gleam in ancient lore ;  
And the singing of the sailors,  
And the answer from the shore !

Most of all, the Spanish ballad  
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,  
Of the noble Count Arnaldos  
And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,  
Where the sand as silver shines,  
With a soft, monotonous cadence,  
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines ;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,  
With his hawk upon his hand,  
Saw a fair and stately galley,  
Steering onward to the land ;—

How he heard the ancient helms-  
man  
Chant a song so wild and clear,  
That the sailing sea-bird slowly  
Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,  
And he cried, with impulse  
strong, —

'Helmsman! for the love of heaven,  
Teach me, too, that wondrous song!'

'Wouldst thou,'—so the helmsman answered,  
'Learn the secret of the sea?  
Only those who brave its dangers  
Comprehend its mystery!'

In each sail that skims the horizon,  
In each landward - blowing breeze,

I behold that stately galley,  
Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing  
For the secret of the sea,  
And the heart of the great ocean  
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

### TWILIGHT

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,  
The wind blows wild and free,  
And like the wings of sea-birds  
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage  
There shines a ruddier light,  
And a little face at the window  
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,  
As if those childish eyes  
Were looking into the darkness  
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow  
Is passing to and fro,  
Now rising to the ceiling,  
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,

As they beat at the crazy casement,  
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,  
As they beat at the heart of the mother  
Drive the color from her cheek?

### SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice  
Sailed the corsair Death;  
Wild and fast blew the blast,  
And the east - wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice  
Glisten in the sun;  
On each side, like pennons wide,  
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist  
Dripped with silver rain;  
But where he passed there were cast  
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello  
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;  
Three days or more seaward he bore,  
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,  
And ice-cold grew the night;  
And nevermore, on sea or shore,  
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,  
The Book was in his hand;  
'Do not fear! Heaven is as near,'  
He said, 'by water as by land!'

In the first watch of the night,  
Without a signal's sound,



Out of the sea, mysteriously,  
The fleet of Death rose all  
around.

The moon and the evening star  
Were hanging in the shrouds;  
Every mast, as it passed,  
Seemed to rake the passing  
clouds.

They grappled with their prize,  
At midnight black and cold!  
As of a rock was the shock;  
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,  
They drift in close embrace,  
With mist and rain, o'er the open  
main;  
Yet there seems no change of  
place.

Southward, forever southward,  
They drift through dark and day;  
And like a dream, in the Gulf-  
Stream  
Sinking, vanish all away.

### THE LIGHTHOUSE

THE rocky ledge runs far into the  
sea,  
And on its outer point, some  
miles away,  
The Lighthouse lifts its massive  
masonry,  
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud  
by day.

Even at this distance I can see the  
tides,  
Upheaving, break unheard along  
its base,  
A speechless wrath, that rises and  
subsides  
In the white lip and tremor of  
the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo!  
how bright,  
Through the deep purple of the  
twilight air,

Beams forth the sudden radiance  
of its light  
With strange, unearthly splen-  
dor in the glare!

Not one alone; from each project-  
ing cape  
And perilous reef along the  
ocean's verge,  
Starts into life a dim, gigantic  
shape,  
Holding its lantern o'er the rest-  
less surge.

Like the great giant Christopher  
it stands  
Upon the brink of the tempestu-  
ous wave,  
Wading far out among the rocks  
and sands,  
The night-o'ertaken mariner to  
save.

And the great ships sail outward  
and return,  
Bending and bowing o'er the  
billowy swells,  
And ever joyful, as they see it  
burn,  
They wave their silent welcomes  
and farewells.

They come forth from the dark-  
ness, and their sails  
Gleam for a moment only in the  
blaze,  
And eager faces, as the light un-  
veils,  
Gaze at the tower, and vanish  
while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a  
child,  
On his first voyage, he saw it  
fade and sink;  
And when, returning from adven-  
tures wild,  
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's  
brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the  
same

Year after year, through all the  
silent night  
Burns on forevermore that quench-  
less flame,  
Shines on that inextinguishable  
light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom  
clasp  
The rocks and sea-sand with the  
kiss of peace;  
It sees the wild winds lift it in  
their grasp,  
And hold it up, and shake it like  
a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it;  
the storm  
Smites it with all the scourges  
of the rain,  
And steadily against its solid  
form  
Press the great shoulders of the  
hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it,  
with the din  
Of wings and winds and solitary  
cries,  
Blinded and maddened by the light  
within,  
Dashes himself against the glare,  
and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon  
the rock,  
Still grasping in his hand the fire  
of Jove,  
It does not hear the cry, nor heed  
the shock,  
But hails the mariner with words  
of love.

'Sail on!' it says, 'sail on, ye  
stately ships!  
And with your floating bridge  
the ocean span;  
Be mine to guard this light from  
all eclipse,  
Be yours to bring man nearer  
unto man!'

## THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD

DEVEREUX FARM, NEAR MAR-  
BLEHEAD

WE sat within the farm-house  
old,  
Whose windows, looking o'er the  
bay,  
Gave to the sea-breeze damp and  
cold  
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,  
The strange, old-fashioned, si-  
lent town,  
The lighthouse, the dismantled  
fort,  
The wooden houses, quaint and  
brown.

We sat and talked until the night,  
Descending, filled the little  
room;  
Our faces faded from the sight,  
Our voices only broke the  
gloom.

We spake of many a vanished  
scene,  
Of what we once had thought  
and said,  
Of what had been, and might have  
been,  
And who was changed, and who  
was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of  
friends,  
When first they feel, with secret  
pain,  
Their lives thenceforth have sep-  
arate ends,  
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the  
heart,  
That words are powerless to  
express,  
And leave it still unsaid in part,  
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we  
spake

Had something strange, I could  
but mark ;

The leaves of memory seemed to  
make

A mournful rustling in the  
dark.

Oft died the words upon our  
lips,

As suddenly, from out the fire  
Built of the wreck of stranded  
ships,

The flames would leap and then  
expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and  
failed,

We thought of wrecks upon the  
main,

Of ships dismasted, that were  
hailed

And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their  
frames,

The ocean, roaring up the  
beach,

The gusty blast, the bickering  
flames,

All mingled vaguely in our  
speech ;

Until they made themselves a  
part

Of fancies floating through the  
brain,

The long - lost ventures of the  
heart,

That send no answers back  
again.

O flames that glowed ! O hearts  
that yearned !

They were indeed too much  
akin,

The drift-wood fire without that  
burned,

The thoughts that burned and  
glowed within.

## BY THE FIRESIDE

### RESIGNATION

THERE is no flock, however  
watched and tended,

But one dead lamb is there !

There is no fireside, howsoe'er de-  
fended,

But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the  
dying,

And mournings for the dead ;

The heart of Rachel, for her chil-  
dren crying,

Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe  
afflictions

Not from the ground arise,

But oftentimes celestial benedic-  
tions

Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the  
mists and vapors ;

Amid these earthly damps

What seem to us but sad, funereal  
tapers

May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems  
so is transition ;

This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our  
affection, —

But gone unto that school

Where she no longer needs our  
poor protection,

And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness  
and seclusion,

By guardian angels led,

Safe from temptation, safe from  
sin's pollution,

She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she  
is doing

In those bright realms of air ;  
Year after year, her tender steps  
pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and  
keep unbroken

The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance,  
though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again be-  
hold her ;

For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold  
her,  
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's  
mansion,

Clothed with celestial grace ;  
And beautiful with all the soul's  
expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous  
with emotion

And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moan-  
ing like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest, —

We will be patient, and assuage  
the feeling

We may not wholly stay ;  
By silence sanctifying, not conceal-  
ing,  
The grief that must have way.

### THE BUILDERS

ALL are architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of  
Time ;

Some with massive deeds and  
great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;

Each thing in its place is best ;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the  
rest.

For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with materials filled ;

Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we  
build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;

Leave no yawning gaps be-  
tween ;

Think not, because no man sees,  
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,

Builders wrought with greatest  
care

Each minute and unseen part ;  
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,

Both the unseen and the seen ;  
Make the house, where Gods may  
dwell,  
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,

Standing in these walls of Time,  
Broken stairways, where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure.

With a firm and ample base ;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain

To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky.

### SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the  
hot clime

Of Arab deserts brought,

Within this glass becomes the spy  
of Time,  
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it  
been

About those deserts blown!  
How many strange vicissitudes  
has seen,  
How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ish-  
maelite  
Trampled and passed it o'er,  
When into Egypt from the patri-  
arch's sight  
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt  
and bare,  
Crushed it beneath their tread,  
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into  
the air  
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Naza-  
reth  
Held close in her caress,  
Whose pilgrimage of hope and  
love and faith  
Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's  
palms  
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,  
And singing slow their old Ar-  
menian psalms  
In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's  
gate  
With westward steps depart;  
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of  
Fate,  
And resolute in heart;

These have passed over it, or may  
have passed!  
Now in this crystal tower  
Imprisoned by some curious hand  
at last,  
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls  
expand;—

Before my dreamy eye  
Stretches the desert with its shift-  
ing sand,  
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining  
blast,  
This little golden thread  
Dilates into a column high and  
vast,  
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the set-  
ting sun,  
Across the boundless plain,  
The column and its broader shadow  
run,  
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls  
again  
Shut out the lurid sun,  
Shut out the hot, immeasurable  
plain;  
The half-hour's sand is run!

### THE OPEN WINDOW

THE old house by the lindens  
Stood silent in the shade,  
And on the gravelled pathway  
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows  
Wide open to the air;  
But the faces of the children,  
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-  
dog  
Was standing by the door;  
He looked for his little playmates,  
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lin-  
dens,  
They played not in the hall;  
But shadow, and silence, and sad-  
ness  
Were hanging over all.



The birds sang in the branches,  
 With sweet, familiar tone;  
 But the voices of the children  
 Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside  
 me,  
 He could not understand  
 Why closer in mine, ah! closer,  
 I pressed his warm, soft hand!

### KING WITLAF'S DRINKING- HORN

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,  
 Ere yet his last he breathed,  
 To the merry monks of Croyland  
 His drinking-horn bequeathed, —

That, whenever they sat at their  
 revels,  
 And drank from the golden bowl,  
 They might remember the donor,  
 And breathe a prayer for his  
 soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,  
 And bade the goblet pass;  
 In their beards the red wine glis-  
 tened  
 Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,  
 They drank to Christ the Lord,  
 And to each of the Twelve Apos-  
 tles,  
 Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Mar-  
 tyrs  
 Of the dismal days of yore,  
 And as soon as the horn was empty  
 They remembered one Saint  
 more.

And the reader droned from the  
 pulpit,  
 Like the murmur of many bees,  
 The legend of good Saint Guthlac,  
 And Saint Basil's homilies;

Till the great bells of the con-  
 vent,  
 From their prison in the tower,  
 Guthlac and Bartholomæus,  
 Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the  
 chimney,  
 And the Abbot bowed his head,  
 And the flamelets flapped and  
 flickered,  
 But the Abbot was stark and  
 dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers  
 He clutched the golden bowl,  
 In which, like a pearl dissolving,  
 Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels  
 The jovial monks forbore,  
 For they cried, 'Fill high the gob-  
 let!  
 We must drink to one Saint  
 more!'

### GASPAR BECERRA

By his evening fire the artist  
 Pondered o'er his secret shame;  
 Baffled, weary, and disheartened,  
 Still he mused, and dreamed of  
 fame.

'T was an image of the Virgin  
 That had tasked his utmost  
 skill;  
 But, alas! his fair ideal  
 Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island  
 Had the precious wood been  
 brought;  
 Day and night the anxious master  
 At his toil untiring wrought;

Till, discouraged and desponding,  
 Sat he now in shadows deep,  
 And the day's humiliation  
 Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, 'Rise, O master!

From the burning brand of oak  
Shape the thought that stirs with-  
in thee!'

And the startled artist woke, —

Woke, and from the smoking em-  
bers

Seized and quenched the glow-  
ing wood;

And therefrom he carved an image,  
And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!

Take this lesson to thy heart:

That is best which lieth nearest;  
Shape from that thy work of art.

### PEGASUS IN POUND

ONCE into a quiet village,

Without haste and without heed,  
In the golden prime of morning,  
Strayed the poet's wingèd steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant

Piped the quails from shocks  
and sheaves,

And, like living coals, the apples  
Burned among the withering  
leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ring-  
ing

From its belfry gaunt and grim;  
'T was the daily call to labor,  
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,  
In its gleaming vapor veiled;

Not the less he breathed the odors  
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,  
By the school-boys he was found;  
And the wise men, in their wisdom,  
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,  
Ringings loud his brazen bell,

Wandered down the street pro-  
claiming

There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,  
Rich and poor, and young and  
old,

Came in haste to see this won-  
drous

Wingèd steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the even-  
ing

Fell, with vapors cold and dim;  
But it brought no food nor shel-  
ter,

Brought no straw nor stall, for  
him.

Patiently, and still expectant,

Looked he through the wooden  
bars,

Saw the moon rise o'er the land-  
scape,

Saw the tranquil, patient stars;

Till at length the bell at midnight  
Sounded from its dark abode,

And, from out a neighboring farm-  
yard,

Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide dis-  
tended,

Breaking from his iron chain,  
And unfolding far his pinions,  
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village

Woke to all its toil and care,

Lo! the strange steed had de-  
parted,

And they knew not when nor  
where.

But they found, upon the green-  
sward

Where his struggling hoofs had  
trod,

Pure and bright, a fountain flowing  
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailling  
 Gladdens the whole region  
 round,  
 Strengthening all who drink its  
 waters,  
 While it soothes them with its  
 sound.

### TEGNÉR'S DRAPA

I HEARD a voice, that cried,  
 'Balder the Beautiful  
 Is dead, is dead !'  
 And through the misty air  
 Passed like the mournful cry  
 Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse  
 Of the dead sun  
 Borne through the Northern sky.  
 Blasts from Niffelheim  
 Lifted the sheeted mists  
 Around him as he passed.

And the voice forever cried,  
 'Balder the Beautiful  
 Is dead, is dead !'  
 And died away  
 Through the dreary night,  
 In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful,  
 God of the summer sun,  
 Fairest of all the Gods !  
 Light from his forehead beamed,  
 Runes were upon his tongue,  
 As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air  
 Bound were by magic spell  
 Never to do him harm ;  
 Even the plants and stones ;  
 All save the mistletoe,  
 The sacred mistletoe !

Høder, the blind old God,  
 Whose feet are shod with silence,  
 Pierced through that gentle breast  
 With his sharp spear, by fraud,  
 Made of the mistletoe,  
 The accursed mistletoe !

They laid him in his ship,  
 With horse and harness,  
 As on a funeral pyre.  
 Odin placed  
 A ring upon his finger,  
 And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship !  
 It floated far away  
 Over the misty sea,  
 Till like the sun it seemed,  
 Sinking beneath the waves.  
 Balder returned no more !

So perish the old Gods !  
 But out of the sea of Time  
 Rises a new land of song,  
 Fairer than the old.  
 Over its meadows green  
 Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,  
 O ye bards,  
 Fairer than before !  
 Ye fathers of the new race,  
 Feed upon morning dew,  
 Sing the new Song of Love !

The law of force is dead !  
 The law of love prevails !  
 Thor, the thunderer,  
 Shall rule the earth no more,  
 No more, with threats,  
 Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,  
 O ye bards of the North,  
 Of Vikings and of Jarls !  
 Of the days of Eld  
 Preserve the freedom only,  
 Not the deeds of blood !

### SONNET

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS  
 FROM SHAKESPEARE

O PRECIOUS evenings ! all too  
 swiftly sped !  
 Leaving us heirs to amplest  
 heritages

Of all the best thoughts of the  
greatest sages,  
And giving tongues unto the  
silent dead!  
How our hearts glowed and trem-  
bled as she read,  
Interpreting by tones the won-  
drous pages  
Of the great poet who foreruns  
the ages,  
Anticipating all that shall be  
said!  
O happy Reader! having for thy  
text  
The magic book, whose Sibylline  
leaves have caught  
The rarest essence of all human  
thought!  
O happy Poet! by no critic vexed!  
How must thy listening spirit  
now rejoice  
To be interpreted by such a voice!

### THE SINGERS

GOD sent his Singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of  
mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts  
of men,  
And bring them back to heaven  
again.

The first, a youth with soul of  
fire,  
Held in his hand a golden lyre;  
Through groves he wandered, and  
by streams,  
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,  
Stood singing in the market-place,  
And stirred with accents deep and  
loud  
The hearts of all the listening  
crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,  
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,  
While the majestic organ rolled  
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers  
three  
Disputed which the best might be;  
For still their music seemed to start  
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, 'I see  
No best in kind, but in degree;  
I gave a various gift to each,  
To charm, to strengthen, and to  
teach.

'These are the three great chords  
of might,  
And he whose ear is tuned aright  
Will hear no discord in the three,  
But the most perfect harmony.'

### SUSPIRIA

TAKE them, O Death! and bear  
away  
Whatever thou canst call thine  
own!  
Thine image, stamped upon this  
clay,  
Doth give thee that, but that  
alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let  
them lie  
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,  
As garments by the soul laid by,  
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!  
Our little life is but a gust  
That bends the branches of thy  
tree,  
And trails its blossoms in the  
dust!

### HYMN

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION

CHRIST to the young man said:  
'Yet one thing more;  
If thou wouldst perfect be,  
Sell all thou hast and give it to the  
poor,  
And come and follow me!'

Within this temple Christ again,  
 unseen,  
 Those sacred words hath said,  
 And his invisible hands to-day  
 have been  
 Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his  
 way  
 The unseen Christ shall move,  
 That he may lean upon his arm  
 and say,  
 'Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?'

Beside him at the marriage feast  
 shall be,  
 To make the scene more fair;  
 Beside him in the dark Gethse-  
 mane  
 Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of  
 rest!  
 Like the beloved John  
 To lay his head upon the Saviour's  
 breast,  
 And thus to journey on!

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

### INTRODUCTION

SHOULD you ask me, whence these  
 stories?

Whence these legends and tradi-  
 tions,

With the odors of the forest,

With the dew and damp of mead-  
 ows,

With the curling smoke of wig-  
 wams,

With the rushing of great rivers,

With their frequent repetitions,

And their wild reverberations,

As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell  
 you, <sup>10</sup>

'From the forests and the prairies,  
 From the great lakes of the North-  
 land,

From the land of the Ojibways,

From the land of the Dacotahs,

From the mountains, moors, and  
 fen-lands

Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-  
 gah,

Feeds among the reeds and rushes.

I repeat them as I heard them

From the lips of Nawadaha, <sup>19</sup>

The musician, the sweet singer.'

Should you ask where Nawadaha  
 Found these songs so wild and  
 wayward,

Found these legends and tradi-  
 tions,

I should answer, I should tell  
 you,

'In the bird's-nests of the forest,

In the lodges of the beaver,

In the hoof-prints of the bison,

In the eyry of the eagle!

'All the wild-fowl sang them to  
 him, <sup>29</sup>

In the moorlands and the fen-lands,

In the melancholy marshes;

Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,

Mahng, the loon, the wild-geese,

Wawa,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,

And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!'

If still further you should ask me,

Saying, 'Who was Nawadaha?

Tell us of this Nawadaha,'

I should answer your inquiries

Straightway in such words as fol-  
 low. <sup>40</sup>

'In the vale of Tawasentha,

In the green and silent valley,

By the pleasant water-courses,

Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.

Round about the Indian village

Spread the meadows and the corn-  
 fields,

And beyond them stood the forest,

Stood the groves of singing pine-  
 trees,



Green in Summer, white in Winter,  
Ever sighing, ever singing. 50

'And the pleasant water-courses,  
You could trace them through the  
valley,

By the rushing in the Spring-time,  
By the alders in the Summer,  
By the white fog in the Autumn,  
By the black line in the Winter;  
And beside them dwelt the singer,  
In the vale of Tawasentha,  
In the green and silent valley.

'There he sang of Hiawatha, 60  
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,  
Sang his wondrous birth and being,  
How he prayed and how he fasted,  
How he lived, and toiled, and suf-  
fered,  
That the tribes of men might prosper,

That he might advance his people!'  
Ye who love the haunts of Na-  
ture,

Love the sunshine of the meadow,  
Love the shadow of the forest, 69  
Love the wind among the branches,  
And the rain-shower and the snow-  
storm,

And the rushing of great rivers  
Through their palisades of pine-  
trees,

And the thunder in the mountains,  
Whose innumerable echoes  
Flap like eagles in their eyries;—  
Listen to these wild traditions,  
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends,  
Love the ballads of a people, 80  
That like voices from afar off  
Call to us to pause and listen,  
Speak in tones so plain and child-  
like,

Scarcely can the ear distinguish  
Whether they are sung or spoken;—  
Listen to this Indian Legend,  
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and  
simple,  
Who have faith in God and Nature,  
Who believe that in all ages 90  
Every human heart is human,

That in even savage bosoms  
There are longings, yearnings,  
strivings

For the good they comprehend not,  
That the feeble hands and helpless,  
Groping blindly in the darkness,  
Touch God's right hand in that  
darkness

And are lifted up and strength-  
ened;—

Listen to this simple story,  
To this Song of Hiawatha! 100

Ye, who sometimes, in your ram-  
bles

Through the green lanes of the  
country,

Where the tangled barberry-bushes  
Hang their tufts of crimson berries  
Over stone walls gray with mosses,  
Pause by some neglected grave-  
yard,

For a while to muse, and ponder  
On a half effaced inscription,  
Written with little skill of song-  
craft, 109

Homely phrases, but each letter  
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,  
Full of all the tender pathos  
Of the Here and the Hereafter;—  
Stay and read this rude inscription,  
Read this Song of Hiawatha!

## I

## THE PEACE-PIPE

ON the Mountains of the Prairie,  
On the great Red Pipe-stone  
Quarry,

Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
He the Master of Life, descending,  
On the red crags of the quarry  
Stood erect, and called the nations,  
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a  
river,

Leaped into the light of morning,  
O'er the precipice plunging down-  
ward 110

Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the  
comet.

And the Spirit, stooping earth-ward,  
 With his finger on the meadow  
 Traced a winding pathway for it,  
 Saying to it, 'Run in this way!'

From the red stone of the quarry  
 With his hand he broke a frag-ment,  
 Moulded it into a pipe-head,  
 Shaped and fashioned it with figures;

From the margin of the river 20  
 Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,  
 With its dark green leaves upon it;  
 Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
 With the bark of the red willow;  
 Breathed upon the neighboring forest,

Made its great boughs chafe to-gether,  
 Till in flame they burst and kin-dled;

And erect upon the mountains,  
 Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
 Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe, 30  
 As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly,  
 slowly,  
 Through the tranquil air of morn-ing,

First a single line of darkness,  
 Then a denser, bluer vapor,  
 Then a snow-white cloud unfold-ing,

Like the tree-tops of the forest,  
 Ever rising, rising, rising,  
 Till it touched the top of heaven,  
 Till it broke against the heaven, 40  
 And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,  
 From the Valley of Wyoming,  
 From the groves of Tuscaloosa,  
 From the far-off Rocky Mountains,  
 From the Northern lakes and rivers

All the tribes beheld the signal,  
 Saw the distant smoke ascending,  
 The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the na-tions 50

Said: 'Behold it, the Pukwana!  
 By this signal from afar off,  
 Bending like a wand of willow,  
 Waving like a hand that beckons,  
 Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
 Calls the tribes of men together,  
 Calls the warriors to his council!'

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,  
 Came the warriors of the nations,  
 Came the Delawares and Mo-hawks, 60  
 Came the Choctaws and Caman-ches,  
 Came the Shoshonies and Black-feet,

Came the Pawnees and Omahas,  
 Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,  
 Came the Hurons and Ojibways,  
 All the warriors drawn together  
 By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,  
 To the Mountains of the Prairie,  
 To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow, 70  
 With their weapons and their war-gear,

Painted like the leaves of Autumn,  
 Painted like the sky of morning,  
 Wildly glaring at each other;  
 In their faces stern defiance,  
 In their hearts the feuds of ages,  
 The hereditary hatred,  
 The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
 The creator of the nations, 80  
 Looked upon them with compas-sion,

With paternal love and pity;  
 Looked upon their wrath and wrangling

But as quarrels among children,  
 But as feuds and fights of chil-dren!

Over them he stretched his right hand,

To subdue their stubborn natures,  
 To allay their thirst and fever,  
 By the shadow of his right hand;  
 Spake to them with voice ma-jestic 90

As the sound of far-off waters,  
Falling into deep abysses,  
Warning, chiding, spake in this  
wise :—

‘O my children! my poor children!

Listen to the words of wisdom,  
Listen to the words of warning,  
From the lips of the Great Spirit,  
From the Master of Life, who  
made you!

‘I have given you lands to hunt  
in,

I have given you streams to fish  
in, 100

I have given you bear and bison,  
I have given you roe and reindeer,  
I have given you brant and beaver,  
Filled the marshes full of wild-  
fowl,

Filled the rivers full of fishes;  
Why then are you not contented?  
Why then will you hunt each  
other?

‘I am weary of your quarrels,  
Weary of your wars and blood-  
shed,

Weary of your prayers for ven-  
geance, 110

Of your wranglings and dissen-  
sions;

All your strength is in your union,  
All your danger is in discord;  
Therefore be at peace hencefor-  
ward,

And as brothers live together.

‘I will send a Prophet to you,  
A Deliverer of the nations,  
Who shall guide you and shall  
teach you,

Who shall toil and suffer with you.  
If you listen to his counsels, 120

You will multiply and prosper;

If his warnings pass unheeded,

You will fade away and perish!

‘Bathe now in the stream before  
you,

Wash the war-paint from your  
faces,

Wash the blood-stains from your  
fingers,

Bury your war-clubs and your  
weapons,

Break the red stone from this  
quarry,

Mould and make it into Peace-  
Pipes,

Take the reeds that grow beside  
you, 130

Deck them with your brightest  
feathers,

Smoke the calumet together,  
And as brothers live hencefor-  
ward!’

Then upon the ground the war-  
riors

Threw their cloaks and shirts of  
deer-skin,

Threw their weapons and their  
war-gear,

Leaped into the rushing river,  
Washed the war-paint from their  
faces.

Clear above them flowed the water,  
Clear and limpid from the foot-  
prints 140

Of the Master of Life descending;  
Dark below them flowed the water,  
Soiled and stained with streaks of  
crimson,

As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the war-  
riors,

Clean and washed from all their  
war-paint;

On the banks their clubs they  
buried,

Buried all their warlike weapons.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,

The Great Spirit, the creator, 150  
Smiled upon his helpless children!

And in silence all the warriors  
Broke the red stone of the quarry,  
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-  
Pipes,

Broke the long reeds by the river,  
Decked them with their brightest  
feathers,

And departed each one home-  
ward,

While the Master of Life, ascend-  
ing,

Through the opening of cloud-curtains,  
 Through the doorways of the heaven, 160  
 Vanished from before their faces,  
 In the smoke that rolled around him,  
 The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

## II

## THE FOUR WINDS

'HONOR be to Mudjekeewis!'  
 Cried the warriors, cried the old men,  
 When he came in triumph homeward  
 With the sacred Belt of Wampum,  
 From the regions of the North-Wind,  
 From the kingdom of Wabasso,  
 From the land of the White Rabbit.  
 He had stolen the Belt of Wampum  
 From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,  
 From the Great Bear of the mountains, 10  
 From the terror of the nations,  
 As he lay asleep and cumbrous  
 On the summit of the mountains,  
 Like a rock with mosses on it,  
 Spotted brown and gray with mosses.  
 Silently he stole upon him  
 Till the red nails of the monster  
 Almost touched him, almost scared him,  
 Till the hot breath of his nostrils  
 Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis, 20  
 As he drew the Belt of Wampum  
 Over the round ears, that heard not,  
 Over the small eyes, that saw not,  
 Over the long nose and nostrils,  
 The black muffle of the nostrils,  
 Out of which the heavy breathing  
 Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.

Then he swung aloft his war-club,  
 Shouted loud and long his war-cry,  
 Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa  
 In the middle of the forehead, 31  
 Right between the eyes he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered,  
 Rose the Great Bear of the mountains;  
 But his knees beneath him trembled,  
 And he whimpered like a woman,  
 As he reeled and staggered forward,  
 As he sat upon his haunches;  
 And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
 Standing fearlessly before him, 40  
 Taunted him in loud derision,  
 Spake disdainfully in this wise:—  
 'Hark you, Bear! you are a coward;  
 And no Brave, as you pretended;  
 Else you would not cry and whimper  
 Like a miserable woman!  
 Bear! you know our tribes are hostile,  
 Long have been at war together;  
 Now you find that we are strongest,  
 You go sneaking in the forest, 50  
 You go hiding in the mountains!  
 Had you conquered me in battle  
 Not a groan would I have uttered;  
 But you, Bear! sit here and whimper,  
 And disgrace your tribe by crying,  
 Like a wretched Shaugodaya,  
 Like a cowardly old woman!'  
 Then again he raised his war-club,  
 Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa  
 In the middle of his forehead, 60  
 Broke his skull, as ice is broken  
 When one goes to fish in Winter.  
 Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,  
 He the Great Bear of the mountains,  
 He the terror of the nations.

'Honor be to Mudjekeewis!'  
With a shout exclaimed the people,

'Honor be to Mudjekeewis!  
Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind',

And hereafter and forever 70  
Shall he hold supreme dominion  
Over all the winds of heaven.  
Call him no more Mudjekeewis,  
Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind!'

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen  
Father of the Winds of Heaven.  
For himself he kept the West-Wind,

Gave the others to his children;  
Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,  
Gave the South to Shawondasee,  
And the North - Wind, wild and cruel, 81

To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun;

He it was who brought the morning,

He it was whose silver arrows  
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley;

He it was whose cheeks were painted

With the brightest streaks of crimson,

And whose voice awoke the village,

Called the deer, and called the hunter. 90

Lonely in the sky was Wabun;  
Though the birds sang gayly to him,

Though the wild-flowers of the meadow

Filled the air with odors for him;

Though the forests and the rivers  
Sang and shouted at his coming,  
Still his heart was sad within him,

For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earthward,

While the village still was sleeping, 100

And the fog lay on the river,  
Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,  
He beheld a maiden walking  
All alone upon a meadow,  
Gathering water-flags and rushes  
By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earthward,

Still the first thing he beheld there 108

Was her blue eyes looking at him,  
Two blue lakes among the rushes.  
And he loved the lonely maiden,  
Who thus waited for his coming;  
For they both were solitary,  
She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with caresses,

Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,

With his flattering words he wooed her,

With his sighing and his singing,  
Gentlest whispers in the branches,  
Softest music, sweetest odors, 120

Till he drew her to his bosom,  
Folded in his robes of crimson,

Till into a star he changed her,  
Trembling still upon his bosom;

And forever in the heavens  
They are seen together walking,

Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,  
Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka  
Had his dwelling among icebergs,

In the everlasting snow-drifts, 131  
In the kingdom of Wabasso,

In the land of the White Rabbit.  
He it was whose hand in Autumn

Painted all the trees with scarlet,  
Stained the leaves with red and yellow;

He it was who sent the snow-flakes,

Sifting, hissing through the forest,  
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,

Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,



Drove the cormorant and curlew  
To their nests of sedge and sea-  
tang

In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka  
Issued from his lodge of snow-  
drifts,

From his home among the ice-  
bergs,

And his hair, with snow besprin-  
kled,

Streamed behind him like a river,  
Like a black and wintry river,  
As he howled and hurried south-  
ward, 150

Over frozen lakes and moorlands.  
There among the reeds and  
rushes

Found he Shingebis, the diver,  
Trailing strings of fish behind  
him,

O'er the frozen fens and moor-  
lands,

Lingering still among the moor-  
lands,

Though his tribe had long de-  
parted

To the land of Shawondasee.

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,  
'Who is this that dares to brave  
me? 160

Dares to stay in my dominions,  
When the Wawa has departed,  
When the wild - goose has gone  
southward,

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Long ago departed southward?

-I will go into his wigwam,  
I will put his smouldering fire  
out!'

And at night Kabibonokka  
To the lodge came wild and wail-  
ing,

Heaped the snow in drifts about  
it, 170

Shouted down into the smoke-flue,  
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,  
Flapped the curtain of the door-  
way.

Shingebis, the diver, feared not,  
Shingebis, the diver, cared not;

Four great logs had he for fire-  
wood,

One for each moon of the winter,  
And for food the fishes served  
him.

By his blazing fire he sat there,  
Warm and merry, eating, laugh-  
ing, 180

Singing, 'O Kabibonokka,  
You are but my fellow-mortal!'

Then Kabibonokka entered,  
And though Shingebis, the diver,  
Felt his presence by the coldness,  
Felt his icy breath upon him,  
Still he did not cease his singing,  
Still he did not leave his laugh-  
ing,

Only turned the log a little,  
Only made the fire burn brighter,  
Made the sparks fly up the smoke-  
flue. 191

From Kabibonokka's forehead,  
From his snow - besprinkled  
tresses,

Drops of sweat fell fast and  
heavy,

Making dints upon the ashes,  
As along the eaves of lodges,  
As from drooping boughs of hem-  
lock,

Drips the melting snow in spring-  
time,

Making hollows in the snow-drifts.  
Till at last he rose defeated,  
Could not bear the heat and laugh-  
ter, 201

Could not bear the merry singing,  
But rushed headlong through the  
door-way,

Stamped upon the crusted snow-  
drifts,

Stamped upon the lakes and riv-  
ers,

Made the snow upon them harder,  
Made the ice upon them thicker,  
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,  
To come forth and wrestle with  
him,

To come forth and wrestle naked  
On the frozen fens and moor-  
lands. 211

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,  
Wrestled all night with the North-  
Wind,

Wrestled naked on the moorlands  
With the fierce Kabibonokka,  
Till his panting breath grew  
fainter,

Till his frozen grasp grew feeble,  
Till he reeled and staggered back-  
ward,

And retreated, baffled, beaten,  
To the kingdom of Wabasso, 220  
To the land of the White Rabbit,  
Hearing still the gusty laughter,  
Hearing Shingebis, the diver,  
Singing, 'O Kabibonokka,  
You are but my fellow-mortal!'

Shawondasee, fat and lazy,  
Had his dwelling far to south-  
ward,

In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,  
In the never-ending Summer.  
He it was who sent the wood-  
birds, 230

Sent the robin, the Opechee,  
Sent the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swal-  
low,

Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, north-  
ward,

Sent the melons and tobacco,  
And the grapes in purple clusters.

From his pipe the smoke ascend-  
ing

Filled the sky with haze and va-  
por,

Filled the air with dreamy soft-  
ness,

Gave a twinkle to the water, 240  
Touched the rugged hills with  
smoothness,

Brought the 'tender Indian Sum-  
mer

To the melancholy north-land,  
In the dreary Moon of Snow-  
shoes.

Listless, careless Shawondasee!  
In his life he had one shadow,  
In his heart one sorrow had he.  
Once, as he was gazing northward,  
Far away upon a prairie

He beheld a maiden standing, 250  
Saw a tall and slender maiden  
All alone upon a prairie;

Brightest green were all her gar-  
ments,  
And her hair was like the sun-  
shine.

Day by day he gazed upon her,  
Day by day he sighed with pas-  
sion,

Day by day his heart within him  
Grew more hot with love and long-  
ing

For the maid with yellow tresses.  
But he was too fat and lazy 260  
To bestir himself and woo her.

Yes, too indolent and easy  
To pursue her and persuade her;  
So he only gazed upon her,  
Only sat and sighed with passion  
For the maiden of the prairie.

Till one morning, looking north-  
ward,

He beheld her yellow tresses  
Changed and covered o'er with  
whiteness,

Covered as with whitest snow-  
flakes. 270

'Ah! my brother from the North-  
land,

From the kingdom of Wabasso,  
From the land of the White Rab-  
bit!

You have stolen the maiden from  
me,

You have laid your hand upon her,  
You have wooed and won my  
maiden,

With your stories of the North-  
land!'

Thus the wretched Shawonda-  
see

Breathed into the air his sorrow;  
And the South-Wind o'er the  
prairie 280

Wandered warm with sighs of pas-  
sion,

With the sighs of Shawondasee,  
Till the air seemed full of snow-  
flakes,

Full of thistle-down the prairie,

And the maid with hair like sun-  
shine  
Vanished from his sight forever ;  
Nevermore did Shawondasee  
See the maid with yellow tresses !  
Poor, deluded Shawondasee !  
'T was no woman that you gazed  
at, 290  
'T was no maiden that you sighed  
for,  
'T was the prairie dandelion  
That through all the dreamy Sum-  
mer  
You had gazed at with such long-  
ing,  
You had sighed for with such pas-  
sion,  
And had puffed away forever,  
Blown into the air with sighing.  
Ah ! deluded Shawondasee !  
Thus the Four Winds were di-  
vided ; 299  
Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis  
Had their stations in the heavens,  
At the corner of the heavens ;  
For himself the West-Wind only  
Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

## III

## HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

DOWNWARD through the evening  
twilight,  
In the days that are forgotten,  
In the unremembered ages,  
From the full moon fell Nokomis,  
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,  
She a wife, but not a mother.  
She was sporting with her wo-  
men,  
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,  
When her rival she rejected,  
Full of jealousy and hatred, 10  
Cut the leafy swing asunder,  
Cut in twain the twisted grape-  
vines,  
And Nokomis fell affrighted  
Downward through the evening  
twilight,

On the Muskoday, the meadow,  
On the prairie full of blossoms.  
'See ! a star falls !' said the peo-  
ple ;  
'From the sky a star is falling !'  
There among the ferns and  
mosses,  
There among the prairie lilies, 20  
On the Muskoday, the meadow,  
In the moonlight and the star-  
light,  
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.  
And she called her name We-  
nonah,  
As the first-born of her daughters.  
And the daughter of Nokomis  
Grew up like the prairie lilies,  
Grew a tall and slender maiden,  
With the beauty of the moonlight,  
With the beauty of the star-  
light. 30  
And Nokomis warned her often,  
Saying oft, and oft repeating,  
'Oh, beware of Mudjekeewis,  
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis ;  
Listen not to what he tells you ;  
Lie not down upon the meadow,  
Stoop not down among the lilies,  
Lest the West-Wind come and harm  
you !'  
But she heeded not the warning,  
Heeded not those words of wis-  
dom, 40  
And the West-Wind came at even-  
ing,  
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,  
Whispering to the leaves and blos-  
soms,  
Bending low the flowers and  
grasses,  
Found the beautiful Wenonah,  
Lying there among the lilies,  
Wooed her with his words of  
sweetness,  
Wooed her with his soft caresses,  
Till she bore a son in sorrow,  
Bore a son of love and sorrow. 50  
Thus was born my Hiawatha,  
Thus was born the child of wo-  
der ;  
But the daughter of Nokomis,

Hiawatha's gentle mother,  
In her anguish died deserted  
By the West-Wind, false and faith-  
less,

By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter long and loudly  
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;  
'Oh that I were dead!' she mur-  
mured, 60

'Oh that I were dead, as thou art!  
No more work, and no more weep-  
ing,

Wahonowin! Wahonowin!'

By the shores of Gitche Gumee;  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,  
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.  
Dark behind it rose the forest,  
Rose the black and gloomy pine-  
trees,

Rose the firs with cones upon  
them; 70

Bright before it beat the water,  
Beat the clear and sunny water,  
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis  
Nursed the little Hiawatha,  
Rocked him in his linden cradle,  
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,  
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;  
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,  
'Hush! the Naked Bear will hear  
thee!' 80

Lulled him into slumber, singing,  
'Ewa-yea! my little owlet!

Who is this, that lights the wig-  
wam?

With his great eyes lights the wig-  
wam?

Ewa-yea! my little owlet!'

Many things Nokomis taught  
him

Of the stars that shine in heaven;  
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,  
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;  
Showed the Death-Dance of the  
spirits, 90

Warriors with their plumes and  
war-clubs,

Flaring far away to northward  
In the frosty nights of Winter;

Showed the broad white road in  
heaven,  
Pathway of the ghosts, the shad-  
ows,

Running straight across the hea-  
vens,

Crowded with the ghosts, the shad-  
ows.

At the door on summer evenings  
Sat the little Hiawatha:

Heard the whispering of the pine-  
trees, 100

Heard the lapping of the waters,  
Sounds of music, words of wonder;  
'Minne-wawa!' said the pine-trees,  
'Mudway-aushka!' said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Flitting through the dusk of even-  
ing,

With the twinkle of its candle  
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,  
And he sang the song of children,  
Sang the song Nokomis taught  
him: 110

'Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,  
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,  
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,  
Light me with your little candle,  
Ere upon my bed I lay me,  
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!'

Saw the moon rise from the  
water

Rippling, rounding from the water,  
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,  
Whispered, 'What is that, Noko-  
mis?' 120

And the good Nokomis answered:  
'Once a warrior, very angry,  
Seized his grandmother, and threw  
her

Up into the sky at midnight;  
Right against the moon he threw  
her;

'T is her body that you see there.'  
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,

In the eastern sky, the rainbow,  
Whispered, 'What is that, Noko-  
mis?'

And the good Nokomis answered:  
'T is the heaven of flowers you  
see there; 13'

All the wild-flowers of the forest,  
 All the lilies of the prairie,  
 When on earth they fade and  
 perish,  
 Blossom in that heaven above  
 us.'

When he heard the owls at mid-  
 night,  
 Hooting, laughing in the forest,  
 'What is that?' he cried in ter-  
 ror,

'What is that,' he said, 'Noko-  
 mis?' 139

And the good Nokomis answered:  
 'That is but the owl and owlet,  
 Talking in their native language,  
 Talking, scolding at each other.'

Then the little Hiawatha  
 Learned of every bird its language,  
 Learned their names and all their  
 secrets,

How they built their nests in Sum-  
 mer,

Where they hid themselves in  
 Winter,

Talked with them whene'er he  
 met them,

Called them 'Hiawatha's Chick-  
 ens.' 150

Of all beasts he learned the lan-  
 guage,

Learned their names and all their  
 secrets,

How the beavers built their lodges,  
 Where the squirrels hid their  
 acorns,

How the reindeer ran so swiftly,  
 Why the rabbit was so timid,  
 Talked with them whene'er he met  
 them,

Called them 'Hiawatha's Bro-  
 thers.'

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,  
 He the marvellous story-teller, 160  
 He the traveller and the talker,  
 He the friend of old Nokomis,  
 Made a bow for Hiawatha;  
 From a branch of ash he made it,  
 From an oak-bough made the ar-  
 rows,

Tipped with flint, and winged with  
 feathers,  
 And the cord he made of deer-  
 skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:  
 'Go, my son, into the forest,  
 Where the red deer herd to-  
 gether, 170

Kill for us a famous roebuck,  
 Kill for us a deer with antlers!'

Forth into the forest straight-  
 way

All alone walked Hiawatha  
 Proudly, with his bow and ar-  
 rows;

And the birds sang round him, o'er  
 him,

'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!'  
 Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
 Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
 'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!' 180

Up the oak-tree, close beside  
 him,

Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
 In and out among the branches,  
 Coughed and chattered from the  
 oak-tree,

Laughed, and said between his  
 laughing,

'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!'  
 And the rabbit from his path-  
 way

Leaped aside, and at a distance  
 Sat erect upon his haunches,  
 Half in fear and half in frolic, 190  
 Saying to the little hunter,

'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!'

But he heeded not, nor heard  
 them,

For his thoughts were with the  
 red deer;

On their tracks his eyes were fas-  
 tened,

Leading downward to the river,  
 To the ford across the river,  
 And as one in slumber walked  
 he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,  
 There he waited till the deer came,  
 Till he saw two antlers lifted, 201



Saw two eyes look from the  
thicket,  
Saw two nostrils point to wind-  
ward,  
And a deer came down the path-  
way,  
Flecked with leafy light and  
shadow.

And his heart within him fluttered,  
Trembled like the leaves above  
him,

Like the birch-leaf palpitated,  
As the deer came down the path-  
way.

Then, upon one knee uprising, 210  
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;  
Scarce a twig moved with his mo-  
tion,

Scarce a leaf was stirred or rus-  
tled,

But the wary roebuck started,  
Stamped with all his hoofs to-  
gether,

Listened with one foot uplifted,  
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;

Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,  
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung  
him!

Dead he lay there in the for-  
est,

By the ford across the river; 221  
Beat his timid heart no longer,  
But the heart of Hiawatha  
Throbbled and shouted and ex-  
ulted,

As he bore the red deer home-  
ward,

And Iagoo and Nokomis  
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide No-  
komis

Made a cloak for Hiawatha,  
From the red deer's flesh Noko-  
mis 230

Made a banquet to his honor.  
All the village came and feasted,  
All the guests praised Hiawatha,  
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-  
taha!

Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-  
taysee!

## IV

## HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS

OUT of childhood into manhood  
Now had grown my Hiawatha,  
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,  
Learned in all the lore of old men,  
In all youthful sports and pas-  
times,

In all manly arts and labors.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha;  
He could shoot an arrow from  
him,

And run forward with such fleet-  
ness,

That the arrow fell behind him! 10  
Strong of arm was Hiawatha;

He could shoot ten arrows up-  
ward,

Shoot them with such strength and  
swiftness,

That the tenth had left the bow-  
string

Ere the first to earth had fallen!

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Magic mittens made of deer-skin;  
When upon his hands he wore  
them,

He could smite the rocks asunder,  
He could grind them into powder.

He had moccasins enchanted, 21  
Magic moccasins of deer-skin;  
When he bound them round his  
ankles,

When upon his feet he tied them,  
At each stride a mile he measured!

Much he questioned old Nokomis  
Of his father Mudjekeewis;  
Learned from her the fatal secret  
Of the beauty of his mother,  
Of the falsehood of his father; 30  
And his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,  
'I will go to Mudjekeewis,  
See how fares it with my father,  
At the doorways of the West-  
Wind,

At the portals of the Sunset!'

From his lodge went Hiawatha,

Dressed for travel, armed for  
hunting;

Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leg-  
gings, 40

Richly wrought with quills and  
wampum;

On his head his eagle-feathers,  
Round his waist his belt of wam-  
pum,

In his hand his bow of ash-wood,  
Strung with sinews of the rein-  
deer;

In his quiver oaken arrows,  
Tipped with jasper, winged with  
feathers;

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis,  
'Go not forth, O Hiawatha! 51  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,  
Lest he harm you with his magic,  
Lest he kill you with his cunning!'

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Heeded not her woman's warning;  
Forth he strode into the forest,  
At each stride a mile he measured;  
Lurid seemed the sky above him,  
Lurid seemed the earth beneath  
him, 61

Hot and close the air around him,  
Filled with smoke and fiery vapors,  
As of burning woods and prairies,  
For his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, west-  
ward,

Left the fleetest deer behind him,  
Left the antelope and bison;  
Crossed the rushing Esconaba, 70  
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,  
Passed the Mountains of the  
Prairie,

Passed the land of Crows and  
Foxes,

Passed the dwellings of the Black-  
feet,

Came unto the Rocky Mountains,  
To the kingdom of the West-  
Wind,

Where upon the gusty summits

Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,  
Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha  
At the aspect of his father. 81  
On the air about him wildly  
Tossed and streamed his cloudy  
tresses,

Gleamed like drifting snow his  
tresses,

Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,  
Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis  
When he looked on Hiawatha,  
Saw his youth rise up before him  
In the face of Hiawatha, 90  
Saw the beauty of Wenonah  
From the grave rise up before  
him.

'Welcome!' said he, 'Hiawatha,  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind!  
Long have I been waiting for you!  
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,  
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;  
You bring back the days departed,  
You bring back my youth of pas-  
sion,

And the beautiful Wenonah!' 100

Many days they talked together,  
Questioned, listened, waited, an-  
swered;

Much the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Boasted of his ancient prowess,  
Of his perilous adventures,  
His indomitable courage,  
His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,  
Listening to his father's boasting;  
With a smile he sat and listened,  
Uttered neither threat nor men-  
ace, 111

Neither word nor look betrayed  
him,

But his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, 'O Mudjekeewis,  
Is there nothing that can harm  
you?

Nothing that you are afraid of?'  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
Grand and gracious in his boast-  
ing,

Answered, saying, 'There is no-  
thing, 120

Nothing but the black rock yon-  
der,

Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek !'

And he looked at Hiawatha  
With a wise look and benignant,  
With a countenance paternal,  
Looked with pride upon the beauty  
Of his tall and graceful figure,  
Saying, 'O my Hiawatha !

Is there anything can harm you ?  
Anything you are afraid of ?' 130

But the wary Hiawatha  
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,  
Held his peace, as if resolving,  
And then answered, 'There is no-  
thing,

Nothing but the bulrush yonder,  
Nothing but the great Apukwa !'

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,  
Stretched his hand to pluck the  
bulrush,

Hiawatha cried in terror,  
Cried in well-dissembled terror, 140  
'Kago ! kago ! do not touch it !'

'Ah, kaween !' said Mudjekeewis,  
'No indeed, I will not touch it !'

Then they talked of other mat-  
ters ;

First of Hiawatha's brothers,  
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,  
Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,  
Of the North, Kabibonokka ;  
Then of Hiawatha's mother,  
Of the beautiful Wenonah, 150  
Of her birth upon the meadow,  
Of her death, as old Nokomis  
Had remembered and related.

And he cried, 'O Mudjekeewis,  
It was you who killed Wenonah,  
Took her young life and her  
beauty,

Broke the Lily of the Prairie,  
Trampled it beneath your foot-  
steps ;

You confess it ! you confess it !'

And the mighty Mudjekeewis 160  
Tossed upon the wind his tresses,  
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,  
With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,  
And with threatening look and  
gesture

Laid his hand upon the black rock,  
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Rent the jutting crag asunder,  
Smote and crushed it into frag-  
ments, 170

Hurled them madly at his father,  
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,  
For his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind  
Blew the fragments backward  
from him,

With the breathing of his nostrils,  
With the tempest of his anger, 178  
Blew them back at his assailant ;  
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,  
Dragged it with its roots and fibres  
From the margin of the meadow,  
From its ooze the giant bulrush ;  
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha !

Then began the deadly conflict,  
Hand to hand among the moun-  
tains ;

From his eyry screamed the eagle,  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Sat upon the crags around them,  
Wheeling flapped his wings above  
them. 190

Like a tall tree in the tempest  
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush ;  
And in masses huge and heavy  
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek ;  
Till the earth shook with the tu-  
mult

And confusion of the battle,  
And the air was full of shout-  
ings,

And the thunder of the mountains,  
Starting, answered, 'Baim-wawa !'

Back retreated Mudjekeewis,  
Rushing westward o'er the moun-  
tains, 201

Stumbling westward down the  
mountains,

Three whole days retreated fight-  
ing,

Still pursued by Hiawatha

To the doorways of the West-Wind,

To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the earth's remotest border,  
Where into the empty spaces  
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo  
Drops into her nest at nightfall  
In the melancholy marshes. 211

'Hold!' at length cried Mudje-keewis,

'Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!  
'T is impossible to kill me,  
For you cannot kill the immortal.  
I have put you to this trial,  
But to know and prove your courage;

Now receive the prize of valor!

'Go back to your home and people,

Live among them, toil among them,  
Cleanse the earth from all that  
harms it, 221

Clear the fishing-grounds and  
rivers,

Slay all monsters and magicians,  
All the Wendigoes, the giants,  
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,  
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,  
Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.

'And at last when Death draws  
near you, 228

When the awful eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon you in the darkness,  
I will share my kingdom with you,  
Ruler shall you be thenceforward  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,

Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin.'

Thus was fought that famous  
battle

In the dreadful days of Shah-shah,  
In the days long since departed,  
In the kingdom of the West-Wind.  
Still the hunter sees its traces 239  
Scattered far o'er hill and valley;  
Sees the giant bulrush growing  
By the ponds and water-courses,  
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek  
Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawatha;

Pleasant was the landscape round  
him,

Pleasant was the air above him,  
For the bitterness of anger  
Had departed wholly from him,  
From his brain the thought of vengeance, 250

From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,  
Only once he paused or halted,  
Paused to purchase heads of arrows

Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Where the Falls of Minnehaha  
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,

Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker  
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone, 261

Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
Smoothed and sharpened at the  
edges,

Hard and polished, keen and  
costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed  
daughter,

Wayward as the Minnehaha,  
With her moods of shade and  
sunshine,

Eyes that smiled and frowned  
alternately,

Feet as rapid as the river, 270  
Tresses flowing like the water,  
And as musical a laughter:

And he named her from the river,  
From the water-fall he named her,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
That my Hiawatha halted  
In the land of the Dacotahs? 280

Was it not to see the maiden,  
See the face of Laughing Water  
Peeping from behind the curtain,  
Hear the rustling of her garments  
From behind the waving curtain,  
As one sees the Minnehaha

Gleaming, glancing through the  
branches,

As one hears the Laughing Water  
From behind its screen of branches?

Who shall say what thoughts  
and visions 290

Fill the fiery brains of young men?  
Who shall say what dreams of  
beauty

Filled the heart of Hiawatha?

All he told to old Nokomis,  
When he reached the lodge at sun-  
set,

Was the meeting with his father,  
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis;  
Not a word he said of arrows,  
Not a word of Laughing Water.

## V

### HIAWATHA'S FASTING

YOU shall hear how Hiawatha  
Prayed and fasted in the forest,  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumphs in the battle,  
And renown among the warriors,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,  
Built a wigwam in the forest, 10  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-  
time,

In the Moon of Leaves he built it,  
And, with dreams and visions  
many,  
Seven whole days and nights he  
fasted.

On the first day of his fasting  
Through the leafy woods he wan-  
dered;

Saw the deer start from the thicket,  
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,  
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drum-  
ming, 20

Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,  
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,

Building nests among the pine-  
trees,

And in flocks the wild-goose,  
Wawa,

Flying to the fen-lands northward,  
Whirring, wailing far above him.

'Master of Life!' he cried, de-  
sponding, •

'Must our lives depend on these  
things?'

On the next day of his fasting 30  
By the river's brink he wandered,  
Through the Muskoday, the  
meadow,

Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,  
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,  
And the strawberry, Odahmin,  
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,  
And the grape-vine, the Bemah-  
gut,

Trailing o'er the alder-branches,  
Filling all the air with fragrance!  
'Master of Life!' he cried, de-  
sponding, 40

'Must our lives depend on these  
things?'

On the third day of his fasting  
By the lake he sat and pondered,  
By the still, transparent water;  
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leap-  
ing,

Scattering drops like beads of  
wampum,

Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,  
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
And the herring, Okahahwis, 50  
And the Shawgashee, the craw-  
fish!

'Master of Life!' he cried, de-  
sponding,

'Must our lives depend on these  
things?'

On the fourth day of his fasting  
In his lodge he lay exhausted;  
From his couch of leaves and  
branches

Gazing with half-open eyelids,  
Full of shadowy dreams and vis-  
ions,

On the dizzy, swimming landscape,



On the gleaming of the water, 60  
On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approach-  
ing,  
Dressed in garments green and  
yellow,  
Coming through the purple twi-  
light,  
Through the splendor of the sun-  
set;

Plumes of green bent o'er his fore-  
head,

And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,  
Long he looked at Hiawatha,  
Looked with pity and compas-  
sion 70

On his wasted form and features,  
And, in accents like the sighing  
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,  
Said he, 'O my Hiawatha!

All your prayers are heard in hea-  
ven,

For you pray not like the others;  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumph in the battle, 79  
Nor renown among the warriors,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.

'From the Master of Life de-  
scending,

I, the friend of man, Mondamin,  
Come to warn you and instruct  
you,

How by struggle and by labor  
You shall gain what you have  
prayed for.

Rise up from your bed of branches,  
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with  
me!'

Faint with famine, Hiawatha 90  
Started from his bed of branches.  
From the twilight of his wigwam  
Forth into the flush of sunset  
Came, and wrestled with Mon-  
damin;

At his touch he felt new courage  
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,  
Felt new life and hope and vigor  
Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together  
In the glory of the sunset, 100  
And the more they strove and  
struggled,

Stronger still grew Hiawatha;  
Till the darkness fell around them,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her nest among the pine-  
trees,

Gave a cry of lamentation,  
Gave a scream of pain and fam-  
ine.

'Tis enough!' then said Mon-  
damin,

Smiling upon Hiawatha,

'But to-morrow, when the sun  
sets, 110

I will come again to try you.'  
And he vanished, and was seen  
not;

Whether sinking as the rain sinks,  
Whether rising as the mists rise,  
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,  
Only saw that he had vanished,  
Leaving him alone and fainting,  
With the misty lake below him,  
And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next  
day, 120

When the sun through heaven de-  
scending,

Like a red and burning cinder  
From the hearth of the Great  
Spirit,

Fell into the western waters,  
Came Mondamin for the trial,  
For the strife with Hiawatha;  
Came as silent as the dew comes,  
From the empty air appearing,  
Into empty air returning,  
Taking shape when earth it  
touches, 130

But invisible to all men

In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there to-  
gether

In the glory of the sunset,  
Till the darkness fell around them,  
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her nest among the pine-  
trees,

Uttered her loud cry of famine,  
And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood  
there, 140

In his garments green and yellow;  
To and fro his plumes above him  
Waved and nodded with his breath-  
ing,

And the sweat of the encounter  
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, 'O Hiawatha!  
Bravely have you wrestled with  
me,

Thrice have wrestled stoutly with  
me,

And the Master of Life, who sees  
us,

He will give to you the tri-  
umph!' 150

Then he smiled, and said: 'To-  
morrow

Is the last day of your conflict,  
Is the last day of your fasting.

You will conquer and o'ercome  
me;

Make a bed for me to lie in,  
Where the rain may fall upon me,  
Where the sun may come and  
warm me;

Strip these garments, green and  
yellow,

Strip this nodding plumage from  
me,

Lay me in the earth, and make  
it 160

Soft and loose and light above me.  
'Let no hand disturb my slum-  
ber,

Let no weed nor worm molest me,  
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,  
Come to haunt me and molest me,  
Only come yourself to watch me,  
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,  
Till I leap into the sunshine.'

And thus saying, he departed;  
Peacefully slept Hiawatha, 170

But he heard the Wawonaissa,  
Heard the whippoorwill complain-

ing,  
Perched upon his lonely wigwam;  
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,

Heard the rivulet rippling near  
him,

Talking to the darksome forest;  
Heard the sighing of the branches,  
As they lifted and subsided

At the passing of the night-wind,  
Heard them, as one hears in slum-  
ber 180

Far-off murmurs, dreamy whis-  
pers:

Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,  
On the seventh day of his fasting,  
Came with food for Hiawatha,  
Came imploring and bewailing,  
Lest his hunger should o'ercome  
him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched  
not,

Only said to her, 'Nokomis, 190  
Wait until the sun is setting,

Till the darkness falls around us,  
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Crying from the desolate marshes,  
Tells us that the day is ended.'

Homeward weeping went Noko-  
mis,

Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,  
Fearing lest his strength should  
fail him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal.  
He meanwhile sat weary wait-  
ing 200

For the coming of Mondamin,  
Till the shadows, pointing east-  
ward,

Lengthened over field and forest,  
Till the sun dropped from the hea-  
ven,

Floating on the waters westward,  
As a red leaf in the Autumn  
Falls and floats upon the water,  
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold! the young Mon-  
damin,

With his soft and shining  
tresses, 210

With his garments green and yel-  
low,

With his long and glossy plumage,

Stood and beckoned at the doorway.

And as one in slumber walking,  
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,  
From the wigwam Hiawatha  
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,

Sky and forest reeled together,  
And his strong heart leaped within him, 220

As the sturgeon leaps and struggles  
In a net to break its meshes.

Like a ring of fire around him  
Blazed and flared the red horizon,  
And a hundred suns seemed looking

At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward  
All alone stood Hiawatha,  
Panting with his wild exertion,  
Palpitating with the struggle; 230  
And before him breathless, lifeless,  
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,

Plumage torn, and garments tattered,

Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha  
Made the grave as he commanded,  
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,

Stripped his tattered plumage from him,

Laid him in the earth, and made it  
Soft and loose and light above him; 240

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From the melancholy moorlands,  
Gave a cry of lamentation,  
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

Homeward then went Hiawatha  
To the lodge of old Nokomis,  
And the seven days of his fasting  
Were accomplished and completed.

But the place was not forgotten  
Where he wrestled with Mondamin; 250

Nor forgotten nor neglected

Was the grave where lay Mondamin,

Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,  
Where his scattered plumes and garments

Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha  
Go to wait and watch beside it;  
Kept the dark mould soft above it,  
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,

Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings, 260

Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather

From the earth shot slowly upward,

Then another and another,  
And before the Summer ended  
Stood the maize in all its beauty,  
With its shining robes about it,  
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;

And in rapture Hiawatha  
Cried aloud, 'It is Mondamin! 270  
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!'

Then he called to old Nokomis  
And Iagoo, the great boaster,  
Showed them where the maize  
was growing,

Told them of his wondrous vision,  
Of his wrestling and his triumph,  
Of this new gift to the nations,  
Which should be their food forever.

And still later, when the Autumn

Changed the long, green leaves to yellow, 280

And the soft and juicy kernels  
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,

Then the ripened ears he gathered,  
Stripped the withered husks from off them,

As he once had stripped the wrestler,

Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,  
And made known unto the people  
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

## VI

## HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

Two good friends had Hiawatha,  
Singled out from all the others,  
Bound to him in closest union,  
And to whom he gave the right  
hand

Of his heart, in joy and sorrow;  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwa-  
sind.

Straight between them ran the  
pathway,

Never grew the grass upon it;  
Singing birds, that utter false-  
hoods, 10

Story-tellers, mischief-makers,  
Found no eager ear to listen,  
Could not breed ill-will between  
them,

For they kept each other's coun-  
sel,

Spake with naked hearts together,  
Pondering much and much con-  
triving

How the tribes of men might pro-  
sper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha  
Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the best of all musicians, 20  
He the sweetest of all singers.  
Beautiful and childlike was he,  
Brave as man is, soft as woman,  
Pliant as a wand of willow,  
Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village lis-  
tened;

All the warriors gathered round  
him,

All the women came to hear him;  
Now he stirred their souls to pas-  
sion,

Now he melted them to pity. 30  
From the hollow reeds he fash-  
ioned

Flutes so musical and mellow,  
That the brook, the Sebowisha,  
Ceased to murmur in the wood-  
land,

That the wood-birds ceased from  
singing,

And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,  
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha, 40  
Pausing, said, 'O Chibiabos,  
Teach my waves to flow in music,  
Softly as your words in singing!'

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
Envious, said, 'O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as wild and way-  
ward,

Teach me songs as full of frenzy!'

Yes, the robin, the Opechee,  
Joyous, said, 'O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as sweet and ten-  
der, 50

Teach me songs as full of glad-  
ness!'

And the whippoorwill, Wawo-  
naissa,

Sobbing, said, 'O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as melancholy,  
Teach me songs as full of sad-  
ness!'

All the many sounds of nature  
Borrowed sweetness from his  
singing;

All the hearts of men were soft-  
ened

By the pathos of his music;  
For he sang of peace and free-  
dom, 60

Sang of beauty, love, and longing;  
Sang of death, and life undying  
In the Islands of the Blessed,  
In the kingdom of Ponemah,  
In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha  
Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the best of all musicians,  
He the sweetest of all singers;  
For his gentleness he loved him, 70  
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha  
Was the very strong man, Kwa-  
sind,

He the strongest of all mortals,  
He the mightiest among many;

For his very strength he loved him,

For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,  
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,  
Never played with other children, 80

Never fished and never hunted,  
Not like other children was he;  
But they saw that much he fasted,  
Much his Manito entreated,  
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

'Lazy Kwasind!' said his mother,

'In my work you never help me!  
In the Summer you are roaming  
Idly in the fields and forests;  
In the Winter you are cowering 90  
O'er the firebrands in the wigwam!  
In the coldest days of Winter  
I must break the ice for fishing;  
With my nets you never help me!  
At the door my nets are hanging,  
Dripping, freezing with the water;  
Go and wring them, Yenadizze!  
Go and dry them in the sunshine!'

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind  
Rose, but made no angry answer; 100

From the lodge went forth in silence,

Took the nets, that hung together,  
Dripping, freezing at the doorway;  
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,

Like a wisp of straw he broke them,

Could not wring them without breaking,

Such the strength was in his fingers.

'Lazy Kwasind!' said his father,  
'In the hunt you never help me;  
Every bow you touch is broken, 110  
Snapped asunder every arrow;  
Yet come with me to the forest,  
You shall bring the hunting homeward.'

Down a narrow pass they wandered,

Where a brooklet led them onward,

Where the trail of deer and bison  
Marked the soft mud on the margin,

Till they found all further passage  
Shut against them, barred securely

By the trunks of trees uprooted, 120

Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,  
And forbidding further passage.

'We must go back,' said the old man,

'O'er these logs we cannot clamber;

Not a woodchuck could get through them,

Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!'  
And straightway his pipe he lighted,

And sat down to smoke and ponder.

But before his pipe was finished,  
Lo! the path was cleared before him; 130

All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,  
To the right hand, to the left hand,  
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,  
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

'Lazy Kwasind!' said the young men,

As they sported in the meadow:

'Why stand idly looking at us,  
Leaning on the rock behind you?  
Come and wrestle with the others,  
Let us pitch the quoit together!' 140

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,  
To their challenge made no answer,

Only rose, and slowly turning,  
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,  
Tore it from its deep foundation,  
Poised it in the air a moment,  
Pitched it sheer into the river,  
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,  
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river, 150

Down the rapids of Pauwating,



Kwasind sailed with his companions,

In the stream he saw a beaver,  
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,

Struggling with the rushing currents,

Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,

Kwasind leaped into the river,  
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,

Through the whirlpools chased the beaver, 160

Followed him among the islands,  
Stayed so long beneath the water,  
That his terrified companions

Cried, 'Alas! good-by to Kwasind!  
We shall never more see Kwasind!'

But he reappeared triumphant,  
And upon his shining shoulders  
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,

Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you, 170

Were the friends of Hiawatha,  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Long they lived in peace together,  
Spake with naked hearts together,  
Pondering much and much contriving

How the tribes of men might prosper.

## VII

### HIAWATHA'S SAILING

'GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-tree!

Of your yellow bark, O Birch-tree!  
Growing by the rushing river,  
Tall and stately in the valley!  
I a light canoe will build me,

Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,

That shall float upon the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily!

'Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-tree! 10

Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,

For the Summer-time is coming,  
And the sun is warm in heaven,  
And you need no white-skin wrapper!'

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha  
In the solitary forest,  
By the rushing Táquamenaw,  
When the birds were singing gayly,  
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,

And the sun, from sleep awaking, 20

Started up and said, 'Behold me!  
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!'

And the tree with all its branches

Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
'Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!'

With his knife the tree he girdled;

Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots, he cut it,  
Till the sap came oozing outward; 30

Down the trunk, from top to bottom,

Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,  
With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

'Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!

Of your strong and pliant branches,  
My canoe to make more steady,  
Make more strong and firm beneath me!'

Through the summit of the Cedar

Went a sound, a cry of horror, 40  
Went a murmur of resistance;

But it whispered, bending down-  
ward,

'Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!'  
Down he hewed the boughs of  
cedar,

Shaped them straightway to a  
frame-work,

Like two bows he formed and  
shaped them,

Like two bended bows together.

'Give me of your roots, O Tama-  
rack!

Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-tree!

My canoe to bind together, 50

So to bind the ends together

That the water may not enter,

That the river may not wet me!'

And the Larch, with all its fibres,  
Shivered in the air of morning,

Touched his forehead with its tas-  
sels,

Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,

'Take them all, O Hiawatha!'

From the earth he tore the fibres,  
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-  
tree, 60

Closely sewed the bark together,

Bound it closely to the frame-work.

'Give me of your balm, O Fir-  
tree!

Of your balsam and your resin,

So to close the seams together

That the water may not enter,

That the river may not wet me!'

And the Fir-tree, tall and som-  
bre,

Sobbed through all its robes of  
darkness,

Rattled like a shore with peb-  
bles, 70

Answered wailing, answered weep-  
ing,

'Take my balm, O Hiawatha!'

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the Fir-tree,

Smeared therewith each seam and  
fissure,

Made each crevice safe from  
water.

'Give me of your quills, O Hedge-  
hog!

All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedge-  
hog!

I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty, 80

And two stars to deck her bosom!'  
From a hollow tree the Hedge-  
hog

With his sleepy eyes looked at  
him,

Shot his shining quills, like arrows,  
Saying with a drowsy murmur,

Through the tangle of his whis-  
kers,

'Take my quills, O Hiawatha!'

From the ground the quills he  
gathered,

All the little shining arrows,  
Stained them red and blue and  
yellow, 90

With the juice of roots and ber-  
ries;

Into his canoe he wrought them,  
Round its waist a shining girdle,

Round its bows a gleaming neck-  
lace,

On its breast two stars resplen-  
dent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was  
builded

In the valley, by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest;

And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and its magic, 100

All the lightness of the birch-tree,

All the toughness of the cedar,

All the larch's supple sinews;

And it floated on the river

Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,

Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,

Paddles none he had or needed,

For his thoughts as paddles served

him,

And his wishes served to guide

him; 110

Swift or slow at will he glided,

Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwa-  
sind,

To his friend, the strong man,

Kwasind,

Saying, 'Help me clear this river  
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars.'

Straight into the river Kwasind  
Plunged as if he were an otter,  
Dived as if he were a beaver,  
Stood up to his waist in water, <sup>120</sup>  
To his arm-pits in the river,  
Swam and shouted in the river,  
Tugged at sunken logs and  
branches,

With his hands he scooped the  
sand-bars,

With his feet the ooze and tangle.

And thus sailed my Hiawatha  
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,  
Sailed through all its bends and  
windings,

Sailed through all its deeps and  
shallows,

While his friend, the strong man,  
Kwasind, <sup>130</sup>

Swam the deeps, the shallows  
waded.

Up and down the river went  
they,

In and out among its islands,  
Cleared its bed of root and sand-  
bar,

Dragged the dead trees from its  
channel,

Made its passage safe and certain,  
Made a pathway for the people,  
From its springs among the moun-  
tains,

To the waters of Pauwating,  
To the bay of Taquamenaw. <sup>140</sup>

## VIII

### HIAWATHA'S FISHING

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumee,  
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
With his fishing-line of cedar,  
Of the twisted bark of cedar,  
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nah-  
ma,

Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,  
In his birch canoe exulting  
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent  
water

He could see the fishes swim-  
ming <sup>10</sup>

Far down in the depths below him;

See the yellow perch, the Sahwa.

Like a sunbeam in the water,

See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,

Like a spider on the bottom,

On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,

With his fishing-line of cedar;

In his plumes the breeze of morn-  
ing

Played as in the hemlock  
branches; <sup>20</sup>

On the bows, with tail erected,

Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo;

In his fur the breeze of morning

Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom

Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,

Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;

Through his gills he breathed the  
water,

With his fins he fanned and win-  
nowed,

With his tail he swept the sand-  
floor. <sup>30</sup>

There he lay in all his armor;

On each side a shield to guard  
him,

Plates of bone upon his forehead,

Down his sides and back and  
shoulders

Plates of bone with spines project-  
ing!

Painted was he with his war-  
paints,

Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,

Spots of brown and spots of sable;

And he lay there on the bottom,

Fanning with his fins of purple, <sup>40</sup>

As above him Hiawatha

In his birch canoe came sailing,

With his fishing-line of cedar.

'Take my bait,' cried Hiawatha,  
Down into the depths beneath

him,

'Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nah-  
ma!

Come up from below the water,  
Let us see which is the stronger !'  
And he dropped his line of cedar  
Through the clear, transparent  
water, 50

Waited vainly for an answer,  
Long sat waiting for an answer,  
And repeating loud and louder,  
'Take my bait, O King of Fishes !'

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Fanning slowly in the water,  
Looking up at Hiawatha,  
Listening to his call and clamor,  
His unnecessary tumult,  
Till he wearied of the shouting ; 60  
And he said to the Kenozha,  
To the pike, the Maskenozha,  
'Take the bait of this rude fel-

low,  
Break the line of Hiawatha !'

In his fingers Hiawatha  
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten ;  
As he drew it in, it tugged so  
That the birch canoe stood end-  
wise,

Like a birch log in the water,  
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo, 70  
Perched and frisking on the sum-  
mit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha  
When he saw the fish rise upward,  
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
Coming nearer, nearer to him,  
And he shouted through the water,  
'Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !

You are but the pike, Kenozha,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the King of Fishes !' 80

Reeling downward to the bottom  
Sank the pike in great confusion,  
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,  
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
To the bream, with scales of crim-  
son,

'Take the bait of this great  
boaster,

Break the line of Hiawatha !'

Slowly upward, wavering, gleam-  
ing,

Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
Seized the line of Hiawatha, 90

Swung with all his weight upon it,  
Made a whirlpool in the water,  
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,  
Round and round in gurgling ed-  
dies,

Till the circles in the water  
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,  
Till the water-flags and rushes  
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him  
Slowly rising through the water, 100  
Lifting up his disk refulgent,  
Loud he shouted in derision,  
'Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !  
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the King of Fishes !'

Slowly downward, wavering,  
gleaming,

Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Heard the shout of Hiawatha, 110  
Heard his challenge of defiance,  
The unnecessary tumult,  
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bot-  
tom

Up he rose with angry gesture,  
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,  
Clashing all his plates of armor,  
Gleaming bright with all his war-  
paint ;

In his wrath he darted upward,  
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,  
Opened his great jaws, and swal-  
lowed 121

Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern  
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,  
As a log on some black river  
Shoots and plunges down the rap-  
ids,

Found himself in utter darkness,  
Groped about in helpless wonder,  
Till he felt a great heart beating,  
Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger, 131  
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,  
Felt the mighty King of Fishes  
Shudder through each nerve and  
fibre,

Heard the water gurgle round him  
As he leaped and staggered  
through it,

Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha  
Drag his birch canoe for safety,  
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,  
In the turmoil and confusion, <sup>141</sup>  
Forth he might be hurled and  
perish.

And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Frisked and chattered very gayly,  
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha  
Till the labor was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,  
'O my little friend, the squirrel,  
Bravely have you toiled to help me;  
Take the thanks of Hiawatha, <sup>150</sup>  
And the name which now he gives  
you;

For hereafter and forever  
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,  
Tail-in-air the boys shall call  
you!'

And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Gaspd and quivered in the water,  
Then was still, and drifted land-  
ward

Till he grated on the pebbles,  
Till the listening Hiawatha <sup>159</sup>  
Heard him grate upon the margin,  
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,  
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,  
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flap-  
ping,

As of many wings assembling,  
Heard a screaming and confusion,  
As of birds of prey contending,  
Saw a gleam of light above him,  
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,  
Saw the glittering eyes of sea-  
gulls, <sup>170</sup>

Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,  
Gazing at him through the open-  
ing,

Heard them saying to each other,  
'T is our brother, Hiawatha!'

And he shouted from below  
them,  
Cried exulting from the caverns:

'O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers!  
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma;  
Make the rifts a little larger,  
With your claws the openings  
widen, <sup>180</sup>

Set me free from this dark prison,  
And henceforward and forever  
Men shall speak of your achieve-  
ments,

Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,  
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratch-  
ers!'

And the wild and clamorous sea-  
gulls

Toiled with beak and claws to-  
gether,

Made the rifts and openings wider  
In the mighty ribs of Nahma, <sup>189</sup>  
And from peril and from prison,  
From the body of the sturgeon,  
From the peril of the water,  
They released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wig-  
wam,

On the margin of the water,  
And he called to old Nokomis,  
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,  
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Lying lifeless on the pebbles, <sup>199</sup>  
With the sea-gulls feeding on him.

'I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,  
Slain the King of Fishes!' said he;  
'Look! the sea-gulls feed upon  
him,

Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-  
gulls;

Drive them not away, Nokomis,  
They have saved me from great  
peril

In the body of the sturgeon,  
Wait until their meal is ended,  
Till their craws are full with feast-  
ing, <sup>209</sup>

Till they homeward fly, at sunset,  
To their nests among the marshes:  
Then bring all your pots and ket-  
tles,

And make oil for us in Winter.'

And she waited till the sun set,  
Till the pallid moon, the Night-sun,  
Rose above the tranquil water,



Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,  
From their banquet rose with  
clamor,

And across the fiery sunset 219  
Winged their way to far-off islands,  
To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,  
And Nokomis to her labor,  
Toiling patient in the moonlight,  
Till the sun and moon changed  
places,

Till the sky was red with sunrise,  
And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-  
gulls,

Came back from the reedy islands,  
Clamorous for their morning ban-  
quet.

Three whole days and nights  
alternate 230

Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls  
Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,  
Till the waves washed through the  
rib-bones,

Till the sea-gulls came no longer,  
And upon the sands lay nothing  
But the skeleton of Nahma.

## IX

### HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL- FEATHER

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
O'er the water pointing westward,  
To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending  
Burned his way along the heavens,  
Set the sky on fire behind him, 9  
As war-parties, when retreating,  
Burn the prairies on their war-  
trail;

And the moon, the Night-sun, east-  
ward,

Suddenly starting from his am-  
bush,

Followed fast those bloody foot-  
prints,

Followed in that fiery war-trail,  
With its glare upon his features.

And Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
Spake these words to Hiawatha:

'Yonder dwells the great Pearl-  
Feather, 20

Megissogwon, the Magician,  
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,  
Guarded by his fiery serpents,  
Guarded by the black pitch-water.  
You can see his fiery serpents,  
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Coiling, playing in the water.  
You can see the black pitch-water  
Stretching far away beyond them,  
To the purple clouds of sunset! 30

'He it was who slew my father,  
By his wicked wiles and cunning,  
When he from the moon de-  
scended,

When he came on earth to seek  
me.

He, the mightiest of Magicians,  
Sends the fever from the marshes,  
Sends the pestilential vapors,  
Sends the poisonous exhalations,  
Sends the white fog from the fen-  
lands,

Sends disease and death among  
us! 40

'Take your bow, O Hiawatha,  
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,  
Take your war-club, Puggawau-  
gun,

And your mittens, Minjekahwun,  
And your birch canoe for sailing,  
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,  
So to smear its sides, that swiftly  
You may pass the black pitch-  
water;

Slay this merciless magician,  
Save the people from the fever 50  
That he breathes across the fen-  
lands,

And avenge my father's murder!'

Straightway then my Hiawatha  
Armed himself with all his war-  
gear,

Launched his birch canoe for sail-  
ing;

With his palm its sides he patted,  
Said with glee, 'Cheemaun, my  
darling,

O my Birch-canoe! leap forward,  
Where you see the fiery serpents,  
Where you see the black pitch-  
water!' 60

Forward leaped Cheemaun ex-  
ulting,

And the noble Hiawatha  
Sang his war-song wild and woful,  
And above him the war-eagle,  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Master of all fowls with feathers,  
Screamed and hurtled through the  
heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery ser-  
pents,

The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Lying huge upon the water, 70  
Sparkling, rippling in the water,  
Lying coiled across the passage,  
With their blazing crests uplifted,  
Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,  
So that none could pass beyond  
them.

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise,  
'Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,  
Let me go upon my journey!'

And they answered, hissing  
fiercely, 80

With their fiery breath made an-  
swer:

'Back, go back! O Shaugodaya!  
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-  
heart!'

Then the angry Hiawatha  
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,  
Shot them fast among the ser-  
pents;

Every twanging of the bow-string  
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,  
Every whizzing of an arrow 90  
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,  
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,  
And among them Hiawatha  
Harmless sailed, and cried exult-  
ing:

'Onward, O Cheemaun, my dar-  
ling!

Onward to the black pitch-water!'

Then he took the oil of Nahma,  
And the bows and sides anointed,  
Smeared them well with oil, that  
swiftly 100

He might pass the black pitch-  
water.

All night long he sailed upon it,  
Sailed upon that sluggish water,  
Covered with its mould of ages,  
Black with rotting water-rushes,  
Rank with flags and leaves of  
lilies,

Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,  
Lighted by the shimmering moon-  
light,

And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,  
Fires by ghosts of dead men kin-  
dled, 110

In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moon-  
light,

All the water black with shadow,  
And around him the Suggema,  
The mosquito, sang his war-song,  
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Waved their torches to mislead  
him;

And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,  
Thrust his head into the moon-  
light,

Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,  
Sobbed and sank beneath the sur-  
face; 121

And anon a thousand whistles,  
Answered over all the fen-lands,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Far off on the reedy margin,  
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,  
Toward the realm of Megissog-  
won,

Toward the land of the Pearl-  
Feather,

Till the level moon stared at him,  
In his face stared pale and hag-  
gard, 131

Till the sun was hot behind him,  
Till it burned upon his shoulders,

And before him on the upland  
He could see the Shining Wigwam  
Of the Manito of Wampum,  
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he  
patted,

To his birch canoe said, 'Onward!'  
And it stirred in all its fibres, <sup>140</sup>  
And with one great bound of tri-  
umph

Leaped across the water-lilies,  
Leaped through tangled flags and  
rushes,

And upon the beach beyond them  
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-  
tree,

On the sand one end he rested,  
With his knee he pressed the mid-  
dle,

Stretched the faithful bow-string  
tighter,

Took an arrow, jasper-headed, <sup>150</sup>

Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,

Sent it singing as a herald,

As a bearer of his message,

Of his challenge loud and lofty:

'Come forth from your lodge,  
Pearl-Feather!

Hiawatha waits your coming!'

Straightway from the Shining  
Wigwam

Came the mighty Megissogwon,

Tall of stature, broad of shoul-  
der,

Dark and terrible in aspect, <sup>160</sup>  
Clad from head to foot in wam-  
pum,

Armed with all his warlike weap-  
ons,

Painted like the sky of morning,  
Streaked with crimson, blue, and  
yellow,

Crested with great eagle-feathers,  
Streaming upward, streaming up-  
ward.

'Well I know you, Hiawatha!'

Cried he in a voice of thunder,

In a tone of loud derision.

'Hasten back, O Shaugodaya! <sup>170</sup>

Hasten back among the women,

Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!  
I will slay you as you stand there,  
As of old I slew her father!'

But my Hiawatha answered,  
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing:  
'Big words do not smite like war-  
clubs,

Boastful breath is not a bow-  
string,

Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,  
Deeds are better things than words  
are, <sup>180</sup>

Actions mightier than boastings!'

Then began the greatest battle  
That the sun had ever looked on,  
That the war-birds ever witnessed.

All a Summer's day it lasted,  
From the sunrise to the sunset;

For the shafts of Hiawatha  
Harmless hit the shirt of wam-  
pum,

Harmless fell the blows he dealt it  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,

Harmless fell the heavy war-  
club; <sup>191</sup>

It could dash the rocks asunder,  
But it could not break the meshes  
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha,  
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,

Wounded, weary, and desponding,  
With his mighty war-club broken,

With his mittens torn and tattered,  
And three useless arrows only, <sup>200</sup>

Paused to rest beneath a pine-  
tree,

From whose branches trailed the  
mosses,

And whose trunk was coated over  
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-

leather,

With the fungus white and yellow.

Suddenly from the boughs above  
him

Sang the Mama, the woodpecker:

'Aim you! arrows, Hiawatha,

At the head of Megissogwon,

Strike the tuft of hair upon it, <sup>210</sup>

At their roots the long black  
tresses;

There alone can he be wounded!'

Winged with feathers, tipped  
with jasper,  
Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,  
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,  
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.  
Full upon the crown it struck him,  
At the roots of his long tresses,  
And he reeled and staggered forward,

Plunging like a wounded bison, <sup>220</sup>  
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,  
When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,  
In the pathway of the other,  
Piercing deeper than the other,  
Wounding sorer than the other;  
And the knees of Megissogwon  
Shook like windy reeds beneath  
him,

Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow  
Swiftest flew, and wounded sor-  
est, <sup>231</sup>

And the mighty Megissogwon  
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,  
Saw the eyes of Death glare at  
him,

Heard his voice call in the dark-  
ness;

At the feet of Hiawatha  
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-  
Feather,

Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha  
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,  
From his perch among the  
branches. <sup>241</sup>

Of the melancholy pine-tree,  
And, in honor of his service,  
Stained with blood the tuft of  
feathers

On the little head of Mama;  
Even to this day he wears it,  
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,  
As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of  
wampum

From the back of Megissogwon,  
As a trophy of the battle, <sup>251</sup>  
As a signal of his conquest.  
On the shore he left the body,

Half on land and half in water,  
In the sand his feet were buried,  
And his face was in the water.  
And above him, wheeled and clam-  
ored

The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Sailing round in narrower circles,  
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha <sup>261</sup>  
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,  
All his wealth of skins and wam-  
pum,

Furs of bison and of beaver,  
Furs of sable and of ermine,  
Wampum belts and strings and  
pouches,

Quivers wrought with beads of  
wampum,

Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exult-  
ing,

Homeward through the black  
pitch-water, <sup>270</sup>

Homeward through the weltering  
serpents,

With the trophies of the battle,  
With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,  
On the shore stood Chibiabos,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
Waiting for the hero's coming,  
Listening to his songs of triumph.

And the people of the village  
Welcomed him with songs and  
dances, <sup>280</sup>

Made a joyous feast, and shouted:  
'Honor be to Hiawatha!

He has slain the great Pearl-  
Feather,

Slain the mightiest of Magicians,  
Him, who sent the fiery fever,  
Sent the white fog from the fen-  
lands,

Sent disease and death among us!'

Ever dear to Hiawatha

Was the memory of Mama!

And in token of his friendship, <sup>290</sup>

As a mark of his remembrance,  
He adorned and decked his pipe-  
stem

With the crimson tuft of feathers,

With the blood-red crest of Mama.  
But the wealth of Megissogwon,  
All the trophies of the battle,  
He divided with his people,  
Shared it equally among them.

## X

## HIAWATHA'S WOOING

'As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman;  
Though she bends him, she obeys  
him,  
Though she draws him, yet she  
follows;

Useless each without the other!'

Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
Said within himself and pondered,  
Much perplexed by various feel-  
ings,

Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,  
Dreaming still of Minnehaha, <sup>10</sup>  
Of the lovely Laughing Water,  
In the land of the Dacotahs.

'Wed a maiden of your people,'  
Warning said the old Nokomis;  
'Go not eastward, go not west-  
ward,

For a stranger, whom we know  
not!

Like a fire upon the hearth-stone  
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,  
Like the starlight or the moon-  
light

Is the handsomest of strangers!'

Thus dissuading spake Noko-  
mis, <sup>21</sup>

And my Hiawatha answered  
Only this: 'Dear old Nokomis,  
Very pleasant is the firelight,  
But I like the starlight better,  
Better do I like the moonlight!'

Gravely then said old Nokomis:  
'Bring not here an idle maiden,  
Bring not here a useless woman,  
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;  
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,  
Heart and hand that move to-  
gether, <sup>32</sup>

Feet that run on willing errands!'

Smiling answered Hiawatha:  
'In the land of the Dacotahs  
Lives the Arrow-maker's daugh-  
ter,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women.  
I will bring her to your wigwam,  
She shall run upon your errands,  
Be your starlight, moonlight, fire-  
light, <sup>41</sup>

Be the sunlight of my people!'

Still dissuading said Nokomis:  
'Bring not to my lodge a stranger  
From the land of the Dacotahs!  
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,  
Often is there war between us,  
There are feuds yet unforgotten,  
Wounds that ache and still may  
open!'

Laughing answered Hiawatha:  
'For that reason, if no other, <sup>51</sup>  
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,  
That our tribes might be united,  
That old feuds might be forgot-  
ten,

And old wounds be healed for-  
ever!'

Thus departed Hiawatha  
To the land of the Dacotahs,  
To the land of handsome women;  
Striding over moor and meadow,  
Through interminable forests, <sup>60</sup>  
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,  
At each stride a mile he mea-  
sured;

Yet the way seemed long before  
him,

And his heart outran his foot-  
steps;

And he journeyed without rest-  
ing,

Till he heard the cataract's laugh-  
ter,

Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to him through the silence.  
'Pleasant is the sound!' he mur-  
mured, <sup>70</sup>

'Pleasant is the voice that calls  
me!'

On the outskirts of the forests,



Twixt the shadow and the sun-  
shine,  
Herds of fallow deer were feed-  
ing,

But they saw not Hiawatha;  
To his bow he whispered, 'Fail  
not!'

To his arrow whispered, 'Swerve  
not!'

Sent it singing on its errand,  
To the red heart of the roebuck;  
Threw the deer across his shoul-  
der, 80

And sped forward without paus-  
ing.

At the doorway of his wigwam  
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Making arrow-heads of jasper,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.

At his side, in all her beauty,  
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,  
Sat his daughter, Laughing Wa-  
ter,

Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;  
Of the past the old man's thoughts  
were, 91

And the maiden's of the future.  
He was thinking, as he sat  
there,

Of the days when with such ar-  
rows

He had struck the deer and bison,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow;  
Shot the wild goose, flying south-  
ward,

On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;  
Thinking of the great war-parties,  
How they came to buy his ar-  
rows, 100

Could not fight without his ar-  
rows.

Ah, no more such noble warriors  
Could be found on earth as they  
were!

Now the men were all like wo-  
men,

Only used their tongues for wea-  
pons!

She was thinking of a hunter,  
From another tribe and country,

Young and tall and very hand-  
some,

Who one morning, in the Spring-  
time,

Came to buy her father's arrows,  
Sat and rested in the wigwam, 111  
Lingered long about the door-  
way,

Looking back as he departed.  
She had heard her father praise  
him,

Praise his courage and his wis-  
dom;

Would he come again for arrows  
To the Falls of Minnehaha?

On the mat her hands lay idle,  
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they  
heard a footstep, 120

Heard a rustling in the branches,  
And with glowing cheek and fore-  
head,

With the deer upon his shoulders,  
Suddenly from out the woodlands  
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-  
maker

Looked up gravely from his labor,  
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,  
Bade him enter at the doorway,  
Saying, as he rose to meet him,  
'Hiawatha, you are welcome!' 131

At the feet of Laughing Water  
Hiawatha laid his burden,  
Threw the red deer from his shoul-  
ders;

And the maiden looked up at him,  
Looked up from her mat of  
rushes,

Said with gentle look and accent,  
'You are welcome, Hiawatha!'

Very spacious was the wigwam,  
Made of deer-skins dressed and  
whitened, 140

With the Gods of the Dacotahs  
Drawn and painted on its cur-  
tains,

And so tall the doorway, hardly  
Hiawatha stooped to enter,  
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers,  
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,  
 From the ground fair Minnehaha,  
 Laid aside her mat unfinished,  
 Brought forth food and set before  
 them, <sup>150</sup>  
 Water brought them from the  
 brooklet,  
 Gave them food in earthen ves-  
 sels,  
 Gave them drink in bowls of bass-  
 wood,  
 Listened while the guest was  
 speaking,  
 Listened while her father an-  
 swered,  
 But not once her lips she opened,  
 Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened  
 To the words of Hiawatha,  
 As he talked of old Nokomis, <sup>160</sup>  
 Who had nursed him in his child-  
 hood,  
 As he told of his companions,  
 Chibiabos, the musician,  
 And the very strong man, Kwa-  
 sind,  
 And of happiness and plenty  
 In the land of the Ojibways,  
 In the pleasant land and peace-  
 ful.

'After many years of warfare,  
 Many years of strife and blood-  
 shed,  
 There is peace between the Ojib-  
 ways <sup>170</sup>  
 And the tribe of the Dacotahs.'  
 Thus continued Hiawatha,  
 And then added, speaking slowly,  
 'That this peace may last forever,  
 And our hands be clasped more  
 closely,

And our hearts be more united,  
 Give me as my wife this maiden,  
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
 Loveliest of Dacotah women!'

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
 Paused a moment ere he an-  
 swered, <sup>181</sup>  
 Smoked a little while in silence,  
 Looked at Hiawatha proudly,

Fondly looked at Laughing Wa-  
 ter,  
 And made answer very gravely:  
 'Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;  
 Let your heart speak, Minne-  
 haha!'

And the lovely Laughing Wa-  
 ter  
 Seemed more lovely as she stood  
 there,

Neither willing nor reluctant, <sup>190</sup>  
 As she went to Hiawatha,  
 Softly took the seat beside him,  
 While she said, and blushed to  
 say it,

'I will follow you, my husband!'

This was Hiawatha's wooing!  
 Thus it was he won the daughter  
 Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
 In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,  
 Leading with him Laughing Wa-  
 ter; <sup>200</sup>

Hand in hand they went together,  
 Through the woodland and the  
 meadow,

Left the old man standing lonely  
 At the doorway of his wigwam,  
 Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
 Calling to them from the distance,  
 Crying to them from afar off,  
 'Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!'

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
 Turned again unto his labor, <sup>210</sup>  
 Sat down by his sunny doorway,  
 Murmuring to himself, and say-  
 ing:

'Thus it is our daughters leave  
 us,  
 Those we love, and those who love  
 us!

Just when they have learned to  
 help us,

When we are old and lean upon  
 them,

Comes a youth with flaunting fea-  
 thers,

With his flute of reeds, a stranger  
 Wanders piping through the vil-  
 lage,

Beckons to the fairest maiden, <sup>220</sup>

And she follows where he leads  
her,  
Leaving all things for the  
stranger !'

Pleasant was the journey home-  
ward,

Through interminable forests,  
Over meadow, over mountain,  
Over river, hill, and hollow.

Short it seemed to Hiawatha,  
Though they journeyed very  
slowly,

Though his pace he checked and  
slackened 229

To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers  
In his arms he bore the maiden ;  
Light he thought her as a feather,  
As the plume upon his head-gear ;  
Cleared the tangled pathway for  
her,

Bent aside the swaying branches,  
Made at night a lodge of branches,  
And a bed with boughs of hem-  
lock,

And a fire before the doorway  
With the dry cones of the pine-  
tree. 240

All the travelling winds went  
with them,

O'er the meadows, through the  
forest ;

All the stars of night looked at  
them,

Watched with sleepless eyes their  
slumber ;

From his ambush in the oak-tree  
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Watched with eager eyes the  
lovers ;

And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Scampered from the path before  
them, 249

Peering, peeping from his burrow,  
Sat erect upon his haunches,  
Watched with curious eyes the  
lovers.

Pleasant was the journey home-  
ward !

All the birds sang loud and sweet-  
ly

Songs of happiness and heart's-  
ease ;

Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
' Happy are you, Hiawatha,  
Having such a wife to love you !'

Sang the robin, the Opechee, 259  
' Happy are you, Laughing Water,  
Having such a noble husband !'

From the sky the sun benignant  
Looked upon them through the  
branches,

Saying to them, ' O my children,  
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,  
Life is checkered shade and sun-  
shine,

Rule by love, O Hiawatha !'

From the sky the moon looked  
at them,

Filled the lodge with mystic splen-  
dors,

Whispered to them, ' O my chil-  
dren, 270

Day is restless, night is quiet,  
Man imperious, woman feeble ;  
Half is mine, although I follow ;

Rule by patience, Laughing Wa-  
ter !'

Thus it was they journeyed  
homeward ;

Thus it was that Hiawatha  
To the lodge of old Nokomis  
Brought the moonlight, starlight,  
firelight,

Brought the sunshine of his peo-  
ple,

Minnehaha, Laughing Water, 280  
Handsomest of all the women

In the land of the Dacotahs,  
In the land of handsome women.

## XI

### HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Kee-  
wis,

How the handsome Yenadizze  
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding ;

How the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the sweetest of musicians,

Sang his songs of love and long-  
ing ;

How Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller,  
Told his tales of strange adven-  
ture,

That the feast might be more joy-  
ous, 10

That the time might pass more  
gayly,

And the guests be more contented.  
Sumptuous was the feast Noko-  
mis

Made at Hiawatha's wedding ;  
All the bowls were made of bass-  
wood,

White and polished very smoothly,  
All the spoons of horn of bison,  
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the vil-  
lage

Messengers with wands of willow,  
As a sign of invitation, 21

As a token of the feasting ;  
And the wedding guests assem-  
bled,

Clad in all their richest raiment,  
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,  
Splendid with their paint and  
plumage,

Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon,  
Nahma,

And the pike, the Maskenozha,  
Caught and cooked by old Noko-  
mis ; 30

Then on pemican they feasted,  
Pemican and buffalo marrow,  
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,  
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,  
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,  
And the lovely Laughing Water,  
And the careful old Nokomis,  
Tasted not the food before them,  
Only waited on the others, 40  
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had  
finished,

Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,  
From an ample pouch of otter

Filled the red-stone pipes for smok-  
ing

With tobacco from the South-  
land,

Mixed with bark of the red wil-  
low,

And with herbs and leaves of fra-  
grance.

Then she said, ' O Pau-Puk-Kee-  
wis,

Dance for us your merry dances,  
Dance the Beggar's Dance to  
please us, 51

That the feast may be more joy-  
ous,

That the time may pass more  
gayly,

And our guests be more content-  
ed !'

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

He the idle Yenadizze,

He the merry mischief-maker,

Whom the people called the Storm-  
Fool,

Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and  
pastimes, 60

In the merry dance of snow-shoes,  
In the play of quoits and ball-play ;

Skilled was he in games of hazard,  
In all games of skill and hazard,

Pugasaing, the Bowl and Count-  
ers,

Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-  
stones.

Though the warriors called him  
Faint-Heart,

Called him coward, Shaugodaya,

Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,

Little heeded he their jesting, 70

Little cared he for their insults,

For the women and the maidens

Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-  
Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-  
skin,

White and soft, and fringed with  
ermine,

All inwrought with beads of wam-  
pum ;

He was dressed in deer-skin leg-  
gings,  
Fringed with hedgehog quills and  
ermine,  
And in moccasins of buck-skin,  
Thick with quills and beads em-  
broidered. 80

On his head were plumes of swan's  
down,

On his heels were tails of foxes,  
In one hand a fan of feathers,  
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and  
yellow,  
Streaks of blue and bright ver-  
milion,

Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
From his forehead fell his tresses,  
Smooth, and parted like a wo-  
man's,

Shining bright with oil, and  
plaited, 90

Hung with braids of scented  
grasses,

As among the guests assembled,  
To the sound of flutes and singing,  
To the sound of drums and voices,  
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,

And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn mea-  
sure,

Very slow in step and gesture,  
In and out among the pine-trees,  
Through the shadows and the sun-  
shine, 100

Treading softly like a panther.

Then more swiftly and still swifter,  
Whirling, spinning round in cir-  
cles,

Leaping o'er the guests assem-  
bled,

Eddying round and round the wig-  
wam,

Till the leaves went whirling with  
him,

Till the dust and wind together  
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin  
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water, 110  
On he sped with frenzied gestures,

Stamped upon the sand, and tossed  
it

Wildly in the air around him;  
Till the wind became a whirlwind,  
Till the sand was blown and sifted  
Like great snowdrifts o'er the  
landscape,

Heaping all the shores with Sand  
Dunes,

Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo !

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Danced his Beggar's Dance to  
please them, 120

And, returning, sat down laughing  
There among the guests assem-  
bled,

Sat and fanned himself serenely  
With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,  
To the friend of Hiawatha,  
To the sweetest of all singers,  
To the best of all musicians,

'Sing to us, O Chibiabos !

Songs of love and songs of long-  
ing, 130

That the feast may be more joy-  
ous,

That the time may pass more gayly,  
And our guests be more con-  
tented !'

And the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang in accents sweet and tender,  
Sang in tones of deep emotion,  
Songs of love and songs of longing ;  
Looking still at Hiawatha, 138

Looking at fair Laughing Water,  
Sang he softly, sang in this wise :

'Onaway ! Awake, beloved !  
Thou the wild-flower of the forest !  
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie !  
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-  
like !

'If thou only lookest at me,  
I am happy, I am happy,  
As the lilies of the prairie,  
When they feel the dew upon  
them !

'Sweet thy breath is as the  
fragrance 149

Of the wild-flowers in the morning,  
As their fragrance is at evening,



In the Moon when leaves are fall-  
ing.

'Does not all the blood within  
me

Leap to meet thee, leap to meet  
thee,

As the springs to meet the sun-  
shine,

In the Moon when nights are  
brightest?

'Onaway! my heart sings to  
thee,

Sings with joy when thou art near  
me,

As the sighing, singing branches  
In the pleasant Moon of Straw-  
berries! 160

'When thou art not pleased, be-  
loved,

Then my heart is sad and dark-  
ened,

As the shining river darkens  
When the clouds drop shadows on  
it!

'When thou smilest, my beloved,  
Then my troubled heart is bright-  
ened,

As in sunshine gleam the ripples  
That the cold wind makes in riv-  
ers.

'Smiles the earth, and smile the  
waters,

Smile the cloudless skies above  
us, 170

But I lose the way of smiling  
When thou art no longer near me!

'I myself, myself! behold me!

Blood of my beating heart, behold  
me!

Oh awake, awake, beloved!

Onaway! awake, beloved!

Thus the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang his song of love and long-  
ing;

And Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller, 180  
He the friend of old Nokomis,  
Jealous of the sweet musician,  
Jealous of the applause they gave  
him,

Saw in all the eyes around him,

Saw in all their looks and ges-  
tures,

That the wedding guests assem-  
bled

Longed to hear his pleasant sto-  
ries,

His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo;  
Never heard he an adventure 190  
But himself had met a greater;  
Never any deed of daring  
But himself had done a bolder;  
Never any marvellous story  
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,  
Would you only give him credence,  
No one ever shot an arrow  
Half so far and high as he had;  
Ever caught so many fishes, 200  
Ever killed so many reindeer,  
Ever trapped so many beaver!

None could run so fast as he  
could,

None could dive so deep as he  
could,

None could swim so far as he  
could;

None had made so many journeys,  
None had seen so many wonders,  
As this wonderful Iagoo,  
As this marvellous story-teller!

Thus his name became a by-word  
And a jest among the people; 211  
And when'er a boastful hunter  
Praised his own address too  
highly,

Or a warrior, home returning,  
Talked too much of his achieve-  
ments,

All his hearers cried, 'Iagoo!

Here's Iagoo come among us!'

He it was who carved the cradle  
Of the little Hiawatha,  
Carved its framework out of lin-  
den, 220

Bound it strong with reindeer  
sinews;

He it was who taught him later  
How to make his bows and arrows,  
How to make the bows of ash-tree,  
And the arrows of the oak-tree.

So among the guests assembled  
At my Hiawatha's wedding  
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,  
Sat the marvellous story-teller.

And they said, 'O good Iagoo,  
Tell us now a tale of wonder, 231  
Tell us of some strange adventure,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more  
gayly,  
And our guests be more con-  
tented!'

And Iagoo answered straight-  
way,  
'You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
You shall hear the strange ad-  
ventures  
Of Osseo, the Magician, 239  
From the Evening Star descended.'

## XII

## THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR

CAN it be the sun descending  
O'er the level plain of water?  
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,  
Wounded by the magic arrow,  
Staining all the waves with crim-  
son,

With the crimson of its life-blood,  
Filling all the air with splendor,  
With the splendor of its plumage?

Yes; it is the sun descending,  
Sinking down into the water; 10  
All the sky is stained with purple,  
All the water flushed with crim-  
son!

No; it is the Red Swan floating,  
Diving down beneath the water;  
To the sky its wings are lifted,  
With its blood the waves are red-  
dened!

Over it the Star of Evening  
Melts and trembles through the  
purple,  
Hangs suspended in the twilight.  
No; it is a bead of wampum 20  
On the robes of the Great Spirit  
As he passes through the twilight,

Walks in silence through the hea-  
vens.

This with joy beheld Iagoo  
And he said in haste: 'Behold it!  
See the sacred Star of Evening!  
You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
Hear the story of Osseo,  
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo!

'Once, in days no more remem-  
bered, 30

Ages nearer the beginning,  
When the heavens were closer to  
us,

And the Gods were more familiar,  
In the North-land lived a hunter,  
With ten young and comely daugh-  
ters,

Tall and lithe as wands of willow;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
She the wilful and the wayward,  
She the silent, dreamy maiden,  
Was the fairest of the sisters. 40

'All these women married war-  
riors,

Married brave and haughty hus-  
bands;

Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Laughed and flouted all her lov-  
ers,

All her young and handsome  
suitsors,

And then married old Osseo,  
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,  
Broken with age and weak with  
coughing,

Always coughing like a squirrel.

'Ah, but beautiful within him 50

Was the spirit of Osseo,  
From the Evening Star descended,  
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,  
Star of tenderness and passion!

All its fire was in his bosom,  
All its beauty in his spirit,  
All its mystery in his being,  
All its splendor in his language!

'And her lovers, the rejected,  
Handsome men with belts of wam-  
pum, 60

Handsome men with paint and  
feathers,

Pointed at her in derision,

Followed her with jest and laughter.

But she said: "I care not for you,  
Care not for your belts of wampum,

Care not for your paint and feathers,

Care not for your jests and laughter;

I am happy with Osseo!"

'Once to some great feast invited,  
Through the damp and dusk of evening,

Walked together the ten sisters,  
Walked together with their husbands;

Slowly followed old Osseo,  
With fair Oweenee beside him;

All the others chatted gayly,  
These two only walked in silence.

'At the western sky Osseo  
Gazed intent, as if imploring,  
Often stopped and gazed imploring  
At the trembling Star of Evening,  
At the tender Star of Woman; 81  
And they heard him murmur softly,

"Ah, showain nemeshin, Nosa!

Pity, pity me, my father!"

"Listen!" said the eldest sister,  
"He is praying to his father!

What a pity that the old man  
Does not stumble in the pathway,  
Does not break his neck by falling!" 89

And they laughed till all the forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

'On their pathway through the woodlands

Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,  
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,  
Buried half in leaves and mosses,  
Mouldering, crumbling, huge and hollow.

And Osseo, when he saw it,  
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,  
Leaped into its yawning cavern,  
At one end went in an old man, 100  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly;  
From the other came a young man,

Tall and straight and strong and handsome.

'Thus Osseo was transfigured,  
Thus restored to youth and beauty;

But, alas for good Osseo,  
And for Oweenee, the faithful!  
Strangely, too, was she transfigured. 108

Changed into a weak old woman,  
With a staff she tottered onward,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly!  
And the sisters and their husbands  
Laughed until the echoing forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

'But Osseo turned not from her,  
Walked with slower step beside her,

Took her hand, as brown and withered

As an oak-leaf is in Winter,  
Called her sweetheart, Nenemoo-sha,

Soothed her with soft words of kindness, 120

Till they reached the lodge of feasting,

Till they sat down in the wigwam,  
Sacred to the Star of Evening,  
To the tender Star of Woman.

'Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming,

At the banquet sat Osseo;  
All were merry, all were happy,  
All were joyous but Osseo.

Neither food nor drink he tasted,  
Neither did he speak nor listen, 130  
But as one bewildered sat he,  
Looking dreamily and sadly,  
First at Oweenee, then upward  
At the gleaming sky above them.

'Then a voice was heard, a whisper,

Coming from the starry distance,  
Coming from the empty vastness,  
Low, and musical, and tender;

And the voice said: "O Osseo!  
O my son, my best beloved! 140

Broken are the spells that bound you,

All the charms of the magicians,  
All the magic powers of evil;  
Come to me; ascend, Osseo!

“Taste the food that stands before you:

It is blessed and enchanted,  
It has magic virtues in it,  
It will change you to a spirit.  
All your bowls and all your kettles

Shall be wood and clay no longer;  
But the bowls be changed to wampum,

151

And the kettles shall be silver;  
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,  
Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

“And the women shall no longer

Bear the dreary doom of labor,  
But be changed to birds, and glisten

With the beauty of the starlight,  
Painted with the dusky splendors  
Of the skies and clouds of evening!”

160

‘What Osseo heard as whispers,  
What as words he comprehended,  
Was but music to the others,  
Music as of birds afar off,  
Of the whippoorwill afar off,  
Of the lonely Wawonaissa  
Singing in the darksome forest.

‘Then the lodge began to tremble,  
Straight began to shake and tremble,

And they felt it rising, rising, 170  
Slowly through the air ascending,  
From the darkness of the tree-tops  
Forth into the dewy starlight,  
Till it passed the topmost branches;

And behold! the wooden dishes  
All were changed to shells of scarlet!

And behold! the earthen kettles  
All were changed to bowls of silver!

And the roof-poles of the wigwam

Were as glittering rods of silver,

180

And the roof of bark upon them  
As the shining shards of beetles.

‘Then Osseo gazed around him,  
And he saw the nine fair sisters,  
All the sisters and their husbands,  
Changed to birds of various plumage.

Some were jays and some were magpies,

Others thrushes, others blackbirds;

And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,

Perked and fluttered all their feathers,

190

Strutted in their shining plumage,  
And their tails like fans unfolded.

‘Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Was not changed, but sat in silence,

Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,  
Looking sadly at the others;

Till Osseo, gazing upward,  
Gave another cry of anguish,  
Such a cry as he had uttered  
By the oak-tree in the forest. 200

‘Then returned her youth and beauty,

And her soiled and tattered garments

Were transformed to robes of ermine,

And her staff became a feather,  
Yes, a shining silver feather!

‘And again the wigwam trembled,

Swayed and rushed through airy currents,

Through transparent cloud and vapor,

And amid celestial splendors  
On the Evening Star alighted, 210

As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,

As a leaf drops on a river,  
As the thistle-down on water.

‘Forth with cheerful words of welcome

Came the father of Osseo,

He with radiant locks of silver,  
 He with eyes serene and tender.  
 And he said: "My son, Osseo,  
 Hang the cage of birds you bring  
     there,  
 Hang the cage with rods of sil-  
     ver, 220  
 And the birds with glistening fea-  
     thers,  
 At the doorway of my wigwam."  
     'At the door he hung the bird-  
     cage,  
 And they entered in and gladly  
 Listened to Osseo's father,  
 Ruler of the Star of Evening,  
 As he said: "O my Osseo!  
 I have had compassion on you,  
 Given you back your youth and  
     beauty,  
 Into birds of various plumage 230  
 Changed your sisters and their  
     husbands;  
 Changed them thus because they  
     mocked you  
 In the figure of the old man,  
 In that aspect sad and wrinkled,  
 Could not see your heart of pas-  
     sion,  
 Could not see your youth immor-  
     tal;  
 Only Oweenee, the faithful,  
 Saw your naked heart and loved  
     you.  
     '"In the lodge that glimmers  
     yonder,  
 In the little star that twinkles 240  
 Through the vapors, on the left  
     hand,  
 Lives the envious Evil Spirit,  
 The Wabeno, the magician,  
 Who transformed you to an old  
     man.  
 Take heed lest his beams fall on  
     you,  
 For the rays he darts around him  
 Are the power of his enchantment,  
 Are the arrows that he uses."  
     'Many years, in peace and quiet,  
 On the peaceful Star of Even-  
     ing 250  
 Dwelt Osseo with his father;

Many years, in song and flutter,  
 At the doorway of the wigwam,  
 Hung the cage with rods of silver,  
 And fair Oweenee, the faithful,  
 Bore a son unto Osseo,  
 With the beauty of his mother,  
 With the courage of his father.  
     'And the boy grew up and pro-  
     spered,  
 And Osseo, to delight him, 260  
 Made him little bows and arrows,  
 Opened the great cage of silver,  
 And let loose his aunts and uncles,  
 All those birds with glossy fea-  
     thers,  
 For his little son to shoot at.  
     'Round and round they wheeled  
     and darted,  
 Filled the Evening Star with mu-  
     sic,  
 With their songs of joy and free-  
     dom;  
 Filled the Evening Star with splen-  
     dor,  
 With the fluttering of their plu-  
     mage; 270  
 Till the boy, the little hunter,  
 Bent his bow and shot an arrow,  
 Shot a swift and fatal arrow,  
 And a bird, with shining feathers,  
 At his feet fell wounded sorely.  
     'But, O wondrous transforma-  
     tion!  
 'T was no bird he saw before him,  
 'T was a beautiful young woman,  
 With the arrow in her bosom!  
     'When her blood fell on the  
     planet, 280  
 On the sacred Star of Evening,  
 Broken was the spell of magic,  
 Powerless was the strange en-  
     chantment,  
 And the youth, the fearless bow-  
     man,  
 Suddenly felt himself descending,  
 Held by unseen hands, but sinking  
 Downward through the empty  
     spaces,  
 Downward through the clouds and  
     vapors,  
 Till he rested on an island,



On an island, green and grassy, 290  
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

'After him he saw descending  
All the birds with shining fea-  
thers,  
Fluttering, falling, wafted down-  
ward,  
Like the painted leaves of Au-  
tumn;

And the lodge with poles of silver,  
With its roof like wings of beetles,  
Like the shining shards of beetles,  
By the winds of heaven uplifted,  
Slowly sank upon the island, 300  
Bringing back the good Osseo,  
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

'Then the birds, again transfig-  
ured,  
Reassumed the shape of mortals,  
Took their shape, but not their  
stature;

They remained as Little People,  
Like the pygmies, the Puk-Wud-  
jies,

And on pleasant nights of Summer,  
When the Evening Star was shin-  
ing,

Hand in hand they danced to-  
gether 310

On the island's craggy headlands,  
On the sand-beach low and level.

'Still their glittering lodge is  
seen there,

On the tranquil Summer evenings,  
And upon the shore the fisher  
Sometimes hears their happy  
voices,

Sees them dancing in the star-  
light!'

When the story was completed,  
When the wondrous tale was  
ended,

Looking round upon his listen-  
ers, 320

Solemnly Iagoo added:

'There are great men, I have  
known such,  
Whom their people understand  
not,

Whom they even make a jest of,  
Scoff and jeer at in derision.

From the story of Osseo  
Let us learn the fate of jesters!'

All the wedding guests delighted  
Listened to the marvellous story,  
Listened laughing and applaud-  
ing, 330

And they whispered to each other:  
'Does he mean himself, I wonder?  
And are we the aunts and uncles?'

Then again sang Chibiabos,  
Sang a song of love and longing,  
In those accents sweet and ten-  
der,

In those tones of pensive sadness,  
Sang a maiden's lamentation  
For her lover, her Algonquin.

'When I think of my beloved,  
Ah me! think of my beloved, 341  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'Ah me! when I parted from  
him,

Round my neck he hung the wam-  
pum,

As a pledge, the snow-white wam-  
pum,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'I will go with you, he whis-  
pered, 348

Ah me! to your native country;  
Let me go with you, he whispered,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'Far away, away, I answered,  
Very far away, I answered,

Ah me! is my native country,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'When I looked back to behold  
him,

Where we parted, to behold him,  
After me he still was gazing,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'By the tree he still was stand-  
ing, 360

By the fallen tree was standing,  
That had dropped into the water,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'When I think of my beloved,  
Ah me! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!  
Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,

Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Such the story of Iagoo, 370

Such the songs of Chibiabos;

Thus the wedding banquet ended,

And the wedding guests departed,

Leaving Hiawatha happy

With the night and Minnehaha.

### XIII

#### BLESSING THE CORNFIELDS

SING, O Song of Hiawatha,

Of the happy days that followed,

In the land of the Ojibways,

In the pleasant land and peaceful!

Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,

Sing the Blessing of the Cornfields!

Buried was the bloody hatchet,

Buried was the dreadful war-club,

Buried were all warlike weapons,

And the war-cry was forgotten. 10

There was peace among the nations;

Unmolested roved the hunters,

Built the birch canoe for sailing,

Caught the fish in lake and river,

Shot the deer and trapped the beaver;

Unmolested worked the women,

Made their sugar from the maple,

Gathered wild rice in the meadows,

Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.

All around the happy village 20

Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,

Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,

Waved his soft and sunny tresses,

Filling all the land with plenty.

'T was the women who in Spring-time

Planted the broad fields and fruitful,

Buried in the earth Mondamin;

'T was the women who in Autumn

Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,

Stripped the garments from Mondamin, 30

Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Once, when all the maize was planted,

Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,

Spake and said to Minnehaha,

To his wife, the Laughing Water:

'You shall bless to-night the corn-fields,

Draw a magic circle round them,

To protect them from destruction,

Blast of mildew, blight of insect,

Wagemin, the thief of cornfields,

Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear! 41

'In the night, when all is silence,

In the night, when all is darkness,

When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,

Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,

So that not an ear can hear you,

So that not an eye can see you,

Rise up from your bed in silence,

Lay aside your garments wholly,

Walk around the fields you planted, 50

Round the borders of the corn-fields,

Covered by your tresses only,

Robed with darkness as a garment.

'Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,

And the passing of your footsteps

Draw a magic circle round them,

So that neither blight nor mildew,

Neither burrowing worm nor insect,

Shall pass o'er the magic circle;

Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she, 60

Nor the spider, Subbekashe,

Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena,

Nor the mighty caterpillar,

Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-skin,

King of all the caterpillars!

On the tree-tops near the corn-fields

Sat the hungry crows and ravens,  
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
 With his band of black marauders.  
 And they laughed at Hiawatha, 70  
 Till the tree-tops shook with  
 laughter,  
 With their melancholy laughter,  
 At the words of Hiawatha.

'Hear him!' said they; 'hear the  
 Wise Man,  
 Hear the plots of Hiawatha!'

When the noiseless night de-  
 scended

Broad and dark o'er field and for-  
 est,

When the mournful Wawonaissa  
 Sorrowing sang among the hem-  
 locks, 79

And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
 Shut the doors of all the wigwams,  
 From her bed rose Laughing  
 Water,

Laid aside her garments wholly,  
 And with darkness clothed and  
 guarded,

Unashamed and unafrighted,  
 Walked securely round the corn-  
 fields,

Drew the sacred, magic circle  
 Of her footprints round the corn-  
 fields.

No one but the Midnight only  
 Saw her beauty in the darkness,  
 No one but the Wawonaissa 91  
 Heard the panting of her bosom;  
 Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped  
 her

Closely in his sacred mantle,  
 So that none might see her beauty,  
 So that none might boast, 'I saw  
 her!'

On the morrow, as the day  
 dawned,

Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
 Gathered all his black marauders,  
 Crows and blackbirds, jays and  
 ravens, 100

Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,  
 And descended, fast and fearless,  
 On the fields of Hiawatha,  
 On the grave of the Mondamin.

'We will drag Mondamin,' said  
 they,

'From the grave where he is  
 buried,

Spite of all the magic circles  
 Laughing Water draws around it,  
 Spite of all the sacred footprints  
 Minnehaha stamps upon it!' 110

But the wary Hiawatha,  
 Ever thoughtful, careful, watch-  
 ful,

Had o'erheard the scornful laugh-  
 ter

When they mocked him from the  
 tree-tops.

'Kaw!' he said, 'my friends the  
 ravens!

Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens!  
 I will teach you all a lesson  
 That shall not be soon forgotten!'

He had risen before the day-  
 break,

He had spread o'er all the corn-  
 fields 120

Snares to catch the black marau-  
 ders,

And was lying now in ambush  
 In the neighboring grove of pine-  
 trees,

Waiting for the crows and black-  
 birds,

Waiting for the jays and ravens.

Soon they came with caw and  
 clamor,

Rush of wings and cry of voices,  
 To their work of devastation,

Settling down upon the cornfields,  
 Delving deep with beak and talon,

For the body of Mondamin. 131

And with all their craft and cun-  
 ning,

All their skill in wiles of warfare,  
 They perceived no danger near  
 them,

Till their claws became entangled,  
 Till they found themselves impris-  
 oned

In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came  
 he,

Striding terrible among them,

And so awful was his aspect 140  
That the bravest quailed with terror.

Without mercy he destroyed them  
Right and left, by tens and twenties,

And their wretched, lifeless bodies  
Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows  
Round the consecrated cornfields,  
As a signal of his vengeance,  
As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
He alone was spared among them  
As a hostage for his people. 152  
With his prisoner-string he bound him,

Led him captive to his wigwam,  
Tied him fast with cords of elm-bark

To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.

'Kahgahgee, my raven!' said he,  
'You the leader of the robbers,  
You the plotter of this mischief,  
The contriver of this outrage, 160  
I will keep you, I will hold you,  
As a hostage for your people,  
As a pledge of good behavior!'

And he left him, grim and sulky,  
Sitting in the morning sunshine  
On the summit of the wigwam,  
Croaking fiercely his displeasure,  
Flapping his great sable pinions,  
Vainly struggling for his freedom,  
Vainly calling on his people! 170

Summer passed, and Shawonda-see  
Breathed his sighs o'er all the  
landscape,  
From the South-land sent his ardors,

Wafted kisses warm and tender;  
And the maize-field grew and ripened,

Till it stood in all the splendor  
Of its garments green and yellow,  
Of its tassels and its plumage,  
And the maize-ears full and shining

Gleamed from bursting sheaths of  
verdure. 180

Then Nokomis, the old woman,  
Spake, and said to Minnehaha:  
'Tis the Moon when leaves are  
falling;

All the wild rice has been gathered,

And the maize is ripe and ready;  
Let us gather in the harvest,  
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,  
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,

Of his garments green and yellow!

And the merry Laughing Water 190

Went rejoicing from the wigwam,  
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,  
And they called the women round them,

Called the young men and the maidens,

To the harvest of the cornfields,  
To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest,  
Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,

Sat the old men and the warriors  
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.

In uninterrupted silence 201  
Looked they at the gamesome labor

Of the young men and the women;  
Listened to their noisy talking,  
To their laughter and their singing,

Heard them chattering like the magpies,

Heard them laughing like the blue-jays,

Heard them singing like the robins.

And whene'er some lucky maiden

Found a red ear in the husking, 210  
Found a maize-ear red as blood is,

'Nushka!' cried they all together,  
'Nushka! you shall have a sweet heart,

You shall have a handsome husband!'

'Ugh!' the old men all responded  
From their seats beneath the pine-  
trees.

And whene'er a youth or maiden  
Found a crooked ear in husking,  
Found a maize-ear in the husk-  
ing

Blighted, mildewed, or mis-  
shapen, 220

Then they laughed and sang to-  
gether,

Crept and limped about the corn-  
fields,

Mimicked in their gait and ges-  
tures

Some old man, bent almost double,  
Singing singly or together:

'Wagemin, the thief of cornfields!  
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-  
ear!'

Till the cornfields rang with  
laughter,

Till from Hiawatha's wigwam  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens, 230

Screamed and quivered in his an-  
ger,

And from all the neighboring tree-  
tops

Cawed and croaked the black ma-  
raunders.

'Ugh!' the old men all responded,  
From their seats beneath the pine-  
trees!

#### XIV

##### PICTURE-WRITING

In those days said Hiawatha,  
'Lo! how all things fade and per-  
ish!

From the memory of the old men  
Pass away the great traditions,  
The achievements of the warriors,  
The adventures of the hunters,  
All the wisdom of the Medas,  
All the craft of the Wabenos,  
All the marvellous dreams and  
visions

Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets! 10

'Great men die and are forgot-  
ten,

Wise men speak; their words of  
wisdom

Perish in the ears that hear them,  
Do not reach the generations

That, as yet unborn, are waiting  
In the great, mysterious darkness  
Of the speechless days that shall  
be!

'On the grave-posts of our fa-  
thers

Are no signs, no figures painted;  
Who are in those graves we know  
not, 20

Only know they are our fathers.  
Of what kith they are and kindred,  
From what old, ancestral Totem,  
Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,  
They descended, this we know not,  
Only know they are our fathers.

'Face to face we speak together,  
But we cannot speak when absent,  
Cannot send our voices from us  
To the friends that dwell afar  
off; 30

Cannot send a secret message,  
But the bearer learns our secret,  
May pervert it, may betray it,  
May reveal it unto others.'

Thus said Hiawatha, walking  
In the solitary forest,  
Pondering, musing in the forest,  
On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his col-  
ors,

Took his paints of different col-  
ors, 40

On the smooth bark of a birch-  
tree

Painted many shapes and figures,  
Wonderful and mystic figures,  
And each figure had a meaning,  
Each some word or thought sug-  
gested.

Gitche Manito the Mighty,  
He, the Master of Life, was painted  
As an egg, with points projecting  
To the four winds of the heavens.  
Everywhere is the Great Spirit, 50  
Was the meaning of this symbol.



Mitche Manito the Mighty,  
 He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,  
 As a serpent was depicted,  
 As Kenabeek, the great serpent.  
 Very crafty, very cunning,  
 Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,  
 Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles,

Life was white, but Death was darkened; 60

Sun and moon and stars he painted,  
 Man and beast, and fish and reptile,

Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line,

For the sky a bow above it;  
 White the space between for day-time,

Filled with little stars for night-time;

On the left a point for sunrise,

On the right a point for sunset,

On the top a point for noontide, 70

And for rain and cloudy weather  
 Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a wigwam

Were a sign of invitation,

Were a sign of guests assembling;

Bloody hands with palms uplifted

Were a symbol of destruction,

Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha

Show unto his wondering people, 80

And interpreted their meaning,

And he said: 'Behold, your grave-posts

Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol,

Go and paint them all with figures;

Each one with its household symbol,

With its own ancestral Totem;

So that those who follow after

May distinguish them and know them.'

And they painted on the grave-posts

On the graves yet unforgotten, 90

Each his own ancestral Totem,

Each the symbol of his household;

Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,

Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,

Each inverted as a token

That the owner was departed,

That the chief who bore the symbol

Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,

The Wabenos, the Magicians, 100

And the Medicine-men, the Medas,

Painted upon bark and deer-skin

Figures for the songs they chanted,

For each song a separate symbol,

Figures mystical and awful,

Figures strange and brightly colored;

And each figure had its meaning,

Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator,

Flashing light through all the heaven; 110

The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,

With his bloody crest erected,

Creeping, looking into heaven;

In the sky the sun, that listens,

And the moon eclipsed and dying;

Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk,

And the cormorant, bird of magic;

Headless men, that walk the heavens,

Bodies lying pierced with arrows,

Bloody hands of death uplifted, 120

Flags on graves, and great war-captains

Grasping both the earth and heaven!

Such as these the shapes they painted

On the birch-bark and the deer-skin;

Songs of war and songs of hunting,

Songs of medicine and of magic,

All were written in these figures,

For each figure had its meaning,

Each its separate song recorded.

Nor forgotten was the Love-Song, 130

The most subtle of all medicines,  
The most potent spell of magic,  
Dangerous more than war or hunting!

Thus the Love-Song was recorded,  
Symbol and interpretation.

First a human figure standing,  
Painted in the brightest scarlet;  
'Tis the lover, the musician,  
And the meaning is, 'My painting  
Makes me powerful over others.' 140

Then the figure seated, singing,  
Playing on a drum of magic,  
And the interpretation, 'Listen!  
'Tis my voice you hear, my singing!'

Then the same red figure seated  
In the shelter of a wigwam,  
And the meaning of the symbol,  
'I will come and sit beside you  
In the mystery of my passion!'

Then two figures, man and woman, 150  
Standing hand in hand together  
With their hands so clasped together

That they seemed in one united,  
And the words thus represented  
Are, 'I see your heart within you,  
And your cheeks are red with blushes!'

Next the maiden on an island,  
In the centre of an island;  
And the song this shape suggested

Was, 'Though you were at a distance, 160

Were upon some far-off island,  
Such the spell I cast upon you,  
Such the magic power of passion,  
I could straightway draw you to me!'

Then the figure of the maiden  
Sleeping, and the lover near her,  
Whispering to her in her slumbers,  
Saying, 'Though you were far from me

In the land of Sleep and Silence,  
Still the voice of love would reach you!' 170

And the last of all the figures  
Was a heart within a circle,  
Drawn within a magic circle;  
And the image had this meaning:  
'Naked lies your heart before me,  
To your naked heart I whisper!'

Thus it was that Hiawatha,  
In his wisdom, taught the people  
All the mysteries of painting,  
All the art of Picture-Writing, 180  
On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,

On the white skin of the reindeer,  
On the grave-posts of the village."

## XV

### HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION

In those days the Evil Spirits,  
All the Manitos of mischief,  
Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,  
And his love for Chibiabos,  
Jealous of their faithful friendship,

And their noble words and actions,  
Made at length a league against them,

To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,  
Often said to Chibiabos, 190

'O my brother! do not leave me,  
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you!'  
Chibiabos, young and heedless,  
Laughing shook his coal-black tresses,

Answered ever sweet and child-like,

'Do not fear for me, O brother!  
Harm and evil come not near me!'

Once when Peboan, the Winter,  
Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water,

When the snow-flakes, whirling downward, 20

Hissed among the withered oak-leaves,

Changed the pine-trees into wigwams,

Covered all the earth with silence, —

Armed with arrows, shod with snow-shoes,

Heeding not his brother's warning,

Fearing not the Evil Spirits,  
Forth to hunt the deer with antlers

All alone went Chibiabos.

Right across the Big-Sea-Water

Sprang with speed the deer before him. 30

With the wind and snow he followed,

O'er the treacherous ice he followed,

Wild with all the fierce commotion

And the rapture of the hunting.

But beneath, the Evil Spirits  
Lay in ambush, waiting for him,

Broke the treacherous ice beneath him,

Dragged him downward to the bottom,

Buried in the sand his body.

Unktahee, the god of water, 40  
He the god of the Dacotahs,  
Drowned him in the deep abysses  
Of the lake of Gitche Gumee.

From the headlands Hiawatha  
Sent forth such a wail of anguish,

Such a fearful lamentation,  
That the bison paused to listen,

And the wolves howled from the prairies,

And the thunder in the distance  
Starting answered 'Bain-wawa!'

Then his face with black he painted, 51

With his robe his head he covered,

In his wigwam sat lamenting,  
Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,

Uttering still this moan of sorrow:—

'He is dead, the sweet musician!

He the sweetest of all singers!  
He has gone from us forever,

He has moved a little nearer  
To the Master of all music, 60

To the Master of all singing!  
O my brother, Chibiabos!'

And the melancholy fir-trees  
Waved their dark green fans above him,

Waved their purple cones above him,

Sighing with him to console him,  
Mingling with his lamentation

Their complaining, their lamenting.

Came the Spring, and all the forest

Looked in vain for Chibiabos; 70

Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha,  
Sighed the rushes in the meadow.

From the tree-tops sang the bluebird,

Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
'Chibiabos! Chibiabos!'

He is dead, the sweet musician!'  
From the wigwam sang the robin,

Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
'Chibiabos! Chibiabos!'

He is dead, the sweetest singer!'

And at night through all the forest 81

Went the whippoorwill complaining,

Wailing went the Wawonaissa,  
'Chibiabos! Chibiabos!'

He is dead, the sweet musician!  
He the sweetest of all singers!'

Then the Medicine-men, the Medas,

The magicians, the Wabenos,  
And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,

Came to visit Hiawatha; 90

Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,  
To appease him, to console him,

Walked in silent, grave procession,

Bearing each a pouch of healing,  
Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,  
Filled with magic roots and simples,

Filled with very potent medicines.

When he heard their steps approaching,

Hiawatha ceased lamenting,  
Called no more on Chibiabos; <sup>100</sup>  
Naught he questioned, naught he answered,

But his mournful head uncovered,  
From his face the mourning colors

Washed he slowly and in silence,  
Slowly and in silence followed  
Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave him,

Made of Nahma-wusk, the spear-mint,

And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,  
Roots of power, and herbs of healing; <sup>110</sup>

Beat their drums, and shook their rattles;

Chanted singly and in chorus,  
Mystic songs like these, they chanted.

'I myself, myself! behold me!  
'Tis the great Gray Eagle talking;

Come, ye white crows, come and hear him!

The loud-speaking thunder helps me;

All the unseen spirits help me;  
I can hear their voices calling,  
All around the sky I hear them!

I can blow you strong, my brother, <sup>121</sup>

I can heal you, Hiawatha!

'Hi-au-ha!' replied the chorus,  
'Way-ha-way!' the mystic chorus.

'Friends of mine are all the serpents!

Hear me shake my skin of hen-hawk!

Mahng, the white loon, I can kill him;

I can shoot your heart and kill it!  
I can blow you strong, my brother,

I can heal you, Hiawatha!' <sup>130</sup>  
'Hi-au-ha!' replied the chorus.

'Way-ha-way!' the mystic chorus.  
'I myself, myself! the prophet!

When I speak the wigwam trembles,  
Shakes the Sacred Lodge with terror,

Hands unseen begin to shake it!  
When I walk, the sky I tread on  
Bends and makes a noise beneath me!

I can blow you strong, my brother!

Rise and speak, O Hiawatha!' <sup>140</sup>  
'Hi-au-ha!' replied the chorus,

'Way-ha-way!' the mystic chorus.  
Then they shook their medicine-pouches

O'er the head of Hiawatha,  
Danced their medicine-dance around him;

And upstarting wild and haggard,  
Like a man from dreams awakened,

He was healed of all his madness.  
As the clouds are swept from heaven,

Straightway from his brain departed <sup>150</sup>

All his moody melancholy;  
As the ice is swept from rivers,  
Straightway from his heart departed

All his sorrow and affliction.

Then they summoned Chibiabos  
From his grave beneath the waters,

From the sands of Gitche Gumee  
Summoned Hiawatha's brother.  
And so mighty was the magic  
Of that cry and invocation, <sup>160</sup>

That he heard it as he lay there  
Underneath the Big-Sea-Water;  
From the sand he rose and listened,

Heard the music and the singing,  
Came, obedient to the summons,  
To the doorway of the wigwam,  
But to enter they forbade him.

Through a chink a coal they gave  
him,

Through the door a burning fire-  
brand;

Ruler in the Land of Spirits, 170  
Ruler o'er the dead, they made  
him,

Telling him a fire to kindle  
For all those that died thereaf-  
ter,

Camp-fires for their night encamp-  
ments

On their solitary journey  
To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the land of the Hereafter.

From the village of his child-  
hood,

From the homes of those who  
knew him,

Passing silent through the for-  
est, 180

Like a smoke-wreath wafted side-  
ways,

Slowly vanished Chibiabos!

Where he passed, the branches  
moved not,

Where he trod, the grasses bent  
not,

And the fallen leaves of last year  
Made no sound beneath his foot-  
steps.

Four whole days he journeyed  
onward

Down the pathway of the dead  
men;

On the dead-man's strawberry  
feasted,

Crossed the melancholy river, 190

On the swinging log he crossed it,  
Came unto the Lake of Silver,  
In the Stone Canoe was carried  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the land of ghosts and shad-  
ows.

On that journey, moving slowly,  
Many weary spirits saw he,  
Panting under heavy burdens,

Laden with war-clubs, bows and  
arrows,

Robes of fur, and pots and ket-  
tles, 200

And with food that friends had  
given

For that solitary journey.

'Ay! why do the living,' said  
they,

'Lay such heavy burdens on us!  
Better were it to go naked,  
Better were it to go fasting,  
Than to bear such heavy burdens  
On our long and weary journey!'

Forth then issued Hiawatha,  
Wandered eastward, wandered  
westward, 210

Teaching men the use of simples  
And the antidotes for poisons,  
And the cure of all diseases.

Thus was first made known to  
mortals

All the mystery of Medamin,  
All the sacred art of healing.

## XVI

### PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Kee-  
wis,

He, the handsome Yenadizze,  
Whom the people called the Storm-  
Fool,

Vexed the village with disturb-  
ance;

You shall hear of all his mischief,  
And his flight from Hiawatha,  
And his wondrous transmigra-  
tions,

And the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo, 10  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water  
Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Kee-  
wis.

It was he who in his frenzy  
Whirled these drifting sands to-  
gether,

On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,



When, among the guests assembled,

He so merrily and madly  
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,  
Danced the Beggar's Dance to  
please them.

Now, in search of new adventures, <sup>20</sup>

From his lodge went Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

Came with speed into the village,  
Found the young men all assembled

In the lodge of old Iagoo,  
Listening to his monstrous stories,  
To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story  
Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,  
How he made a hole in heaven,  
How he climbed up into heaven, <sup>30</sup>  
And let out the summer-weather,  
The perpetual, pleasant Summer;  
How the Otter first essayed it;  
How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger

Tried in turn the great achievement,

From the summit of the mountain  
Smote their fists against the heavens,

Smote against the sky their fore-  
heads,

Cracked the sky, but could not  
break it;

How the Wolverine, uprising, <sup>40</sup>  
Made him ready for the encounter,  
Bent his knees down, like a squirrel,

Drew his arms back, like a cricket.

'Once he leaped,' said old Iagoo,

'Once he leaped, and lo! above  
him

Bent the sky, as ice in rivers  
When the waters rise beneath it;  
Twice he leaped, and lo! above  
him

Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers  
When the freshet is at highest! <sup>50</sup>

Thrice he leaped, and lo! above  
him

Broke the shattered sky asunder,  
And he disappeared within it,  
And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel,  
With a bound went in behind  
him!'

'Hark you!' shouted Pau-Puk-  
Keewis

As he entered at the doorway;  
'I am tired of all this talking,  
Tired of old Iagoo's stories,  
Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom. <sup>60</sup>  
Here is something to amuse you,  
Better than this endless talking.'

Then from out his pouch of wolf-  
skin

Forth he drew, with solemn man-  
ner,

All the game of Bowl and Coun-  
ters,

Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.  
White on one side were they  
painted,

And vermilion on the other;

Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,  
Two Ininewug or wedge-men, <sup>70</sup>

One great war-club, Pugamaugun,  
And one slender fish, the Keego,

Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,  
And three Sheshebwug or duck-  
lings.

All were made of bone and painted,  
All except the Ozawabeeks;

These were brass, on one side  
burnished,

And were black upon the other.

In a wooden bowl he placed  
them, <sup>79</sup>

Shook and jostled them together,  
Threw them on the ground before  
him,

Thus exclaiming and explaining:  
'Red side up are all the pieces,

And one great Kenabeek stand-  
ing

On the bright side of a brass  
piece,

On a burnished Ozawabeek;  
Thirteen tens and eight are  
counted.'

Then again he shook the pieces,  
Shook and jostled them together,

Threw them on the ground before  
him, 90

Still exclaiming and explaining:  
'White are both the great Kena-  
beeks,

White the Ininewug, the wedge-  
men,

Red are all the other pieces;  
Five tens and an eight are  
counted.

Thus he taught the game of  
hazard,

Thus displayed it and explained  
it,

Running through its various  
chances,

Various changes, various mean-  
ings:

Twenty curious eyes stared at  
him, 100

Full of eagerness stared at him.

'Many games,' said old Iagoo,  
'Many games of skill and hazard  
Have I seen in different nations,  
Have I played in different coun-  
tries.

He who plays with old Iagoo  
Must have very nimble fingers;  
Though you think yourself so skil-  
ful,

I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
I can even give you lessons 110  
In your game of Bowl and Count-  
ers!'

So they sat and played together,  
All the old men and the young  
men.

Played for dresses, weapons, wam-  
pum,

Played till midnight, played till  
morning,

Played until the Yenadizze,  
Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Kee-  
wis,

Of their treasures had despoiled  
them.

Of the best of all their dresses,  
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of er-  
mine, 120

Belts of wampum, crests of fea-  
thers,

Warlike weapons, pipes and  
pouches.

Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at  
him.

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis:  
'In my wigwam I am lonely,  
In my wanderings and adventures  
I have need of a companion,  
Fain would have a Meshinauwa,  
An attendant and pipe-bearer. 130  
I will venture all these winnings,  
All these garments heaped about  
me,

All this wampum, all these fea-  
thers,

On a single throw will venture  
All against the young man yon-  
der!'

'T was a youth of sixteen sum-  
mers,

'T was a nephew of Iagoo;  
Face-in-a-Mist, the people called  
him.

As the fire burns in a pipe-head  
Dusky red beneath the ashes, 140  
So beneath his shaggy eyebrows  
Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.

'Ugh!' he answered very fiercely;  
'Ugh!' they answered all and  
each one.

Seized the wooden bowl the old  
man,

Closely in his bony fingers  
Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,  
Shook it fiercely and with fury,  
Made the pieces ring together  
As he threw them down before  
him. 150

Red were both the great Kena-  
beeks,

Red the Ininewug, the wedge-men,  
Red the Sheshebwug, the duck-  
lings,

Black the four brass Ozawabeeks,  
White alone the fish, the Keego;  
Only five the pieces counted!

Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Kee-  
wis

Shook the bowl and threw the  
pieces;

Lightly in the air he tossed them,  
And they fell about him scattered; 160

Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks,  
Red and white the other pieces,  
And upright among the others  
One Ininewug was standing,  
Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Stood alone among the players,  
Saying, 'Five tens! mine the game  
is!'

Twenty eyes glared at him  
fiercely,  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at  
him,

As he turned and left the wig-  
wam, 170

Followed by his Meshinauwa,  
By the nephew of Iagoo,  
By the tall and graceful stripling,  
Bearing in his arms the winnings,  
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of er-  
mine,

Belts of wampum, pipes and weap-  
ons.

'Carry them,' said Pau-Puk-Kee-  
wis,

Pointing with his fan of feathers,  
To my wigwam far to eastward,  
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo!'

Hot and red with smoke and  
gambling 181

Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
As he came forth to the freshness  
Of the pleasant Summer morning.  
All the birds were singing gayly,  
All the streamlets flowing swiftly,  
And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Sang with pleasure as the birds  
sing,

Beat with triumph like the stream-  
lets,

As he wandered through the vil-  
lage, 190

In the early gray of morning,  
With his fan of turkey-feathers,  
With his plumes and tufts of  
swan's down,

Till he reached the farthest wig-  
wam,

Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.

Silent was it and deserted;  
No one met him at the doorway,  
No one came to bid him welcome;  
But the birds were singing round  
it,

In and out and round the door-  
way, 200

Hopping, singing, fluttering, feed-  
ing,

And aloft upon the ridge-pole  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
Sat with fiery eyes, and, scream-  
ing,

Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-  
Keewis.

'All are gone! the lodge is  
empty!'

Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-Kee-  
wis,

In his heart resolving mischief;—  
'Gone is wary Hiawatha,  
Gone the silly Laughing Water, 210  
Gone Nokomis, the old woman,  
And the lodge is left unguarded!'

By the neck he seized the raven,  
Whirled it round him like a ratle,  
Like a medicine-pouch he shook it,  
Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,  
From the ridge-pole of the wig-  
wam

Left its lifeless body hanging,  
As an insult to its master,  
As a taunt to Hiawatha. 220

With a stealthy step he entered,  
Round the lodge in wild disorder  
Threw the household things about  
him,

Piled together in confusion  
Bowls of wood and earthen ket-  
tles,

Robes of buffalo and beaver,  
Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,  
As an insult to Nokomis,  
As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Kee-  
wis, 230

Whistling, singing through the for-  
est,

Whistling gayly to the squirrels,  
Who from hollow boughs above  
him

Dropped their acorn-shells upon  
him,  
Singing gayly to the wood birds,  
Who from out the leafy darkness  
Answered with a song as merry.

Then he climbed the rocky head-  
lands,

Looking o'er the Gitche Gumee,  
Perched himself upon their sum-  
mit, 240

Waiting full of mirth and mischief  
The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay  
there;

Far below him plashed the waters,  
Plashed and washed the dreamy  
waters;

Far above him swam the heavens,  
Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;  
Round him hovered, fluttered, rus-  
tled

Hiawatha's mountain chickens,  
Flock-wise swept and wheeled  
about him, 250

Almost brushed him with their  
pinions.

And he killed them as he lay  
there,

Slaughtered them by tens and  
twenties,

Threw their bodies down the head-  
land,

Threw them on the beach below  
him,

Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-  
gull,

Perched upon a crag above them,  
Shouted: 'It is Pau-Puk-Keewis!

He is slaying us by hundreds!  
Send a message to our brother, 260  
Tidings send to Hiawatha!'

## XVII

### THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha  
When he came into the village,  
Found the people in confusion,

Heard of all the misdemeanors,  
All the malice and the mischief,  
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through  
his nostrils,

Through his teeth he buzzed and  
muttered

Words of anger and resentment,  
Hot and humming, like a hor-  
net. 10

'I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Slay this mischief-maker!' said he.

'Not so long and wide the world  
is,

Not so rude and rough the way is,  
That my wrath shall not attain  
him,

That my vengeance shall not  
reach him!'

Then in swift pursuit departed  
Hiawatha and the hunters

On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Through the forest, where he  
passed it, 20

To the headlands where he  
rested;

But they found not Pau-Puk-Ke-  
ewis,

Only in the trampled grasses,  
In the whortleberry-bushes,

Found the couch where he had  
rested,

Found the impress of his body.

From the lowlands far beneath  
them,

From the Muskoday, the meadow,  
Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning back-  
ward,

Made a gesture of defiance, 30

Made a gesture of derision;

And aloud cried Hiawatha,  
From the summit of the moun-  
tains:

'Not so long and wide the world is  
Not so rude and rough the way is,  
But my wrath shall overtake you  
And my vengeance shall attain  
you!'

Over rock and over river,  
Thorough bush, and brake, and for-  
est,

Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis ; 40

Like an antelope he bounded,  
Till he came unto a streamlet  
In the middle of the forest,  
To a streamlet still and tranquil,  
That had overflowed its margin,  
To a dam made by the beavers,  
To a pond of quiet water,  
Where knee-deep the trees were  
standing,

Where the water-lilies floated,  
Where the rushes waved and  
whispered. 50

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,

On the dam of trunks and  
branches,

Through whose chinks the water  
spouted,

O'er whose summit flowed the  
streamlet.

From the bottom rose the beaver,  
Looked with two great eyes of  
wonder,

Eyes that seemed to ask a ques-  
tion,

At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,

O'er his ankles flowed the stream-  
let, 60

Flowed the bright and silvery  
water,

And he spake unto the beaver,  
With a smile he spake in this  
wise:

'O my friend Ahmeek, the  
beaver,

Cool and pleasant is the water ;  
Let me dive into the water,  
Let me rest there in your lodges ;  
Change me, too, into a beaver !'

Cautiously replied the beaver,  
With reserve he thus made an-  
swer : 70

'Let me first consult the others,  
Let me ask the other beavers.'

Down he sank into the water,  
Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,

Down among the leaves and  
branches,

Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,

O'er his ankles flowed the stream-  
let,

Spouted through the chinks below  
him,

Dashed upon the stones beneath  
him, 80

Spread serene and calm before  
him,

And the sunshine and the shadows  
Fell in flecks and gleams upon  
him,

Fell in little shining patches,  
Through the waving, rustling  
branches.

From the bottom rose the bea-  
vers,

Silently above the surface  
Rose one head and then another,  
Till the pond seemed full of bea-  
vers,

Full of black and shining faces. 90

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Spake entreating, said in this wise :

'Very pleasant is your dwelling,  
O my friends ! and safe from dan-  
ger ;

Can you not, with all your cunning,  
All your wisdom and contrivance,  
Change me, too, into a beaver ?'

'Yes !' replied Ahmeek, the bea-  
ver,

He the King of all the beavers,  
'Let yourself slide down among

us, 100

Down into the tranquil water.'

Down into the pond among them  
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis ;

Black became his shirt of deer-  
skin,

Black his moccasins and leg-  
gings,

In a broad black tail behind him  
Spread his fox-tails and his fringes ;

He was changed into a beaver.

'Make me large,' said Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,



'Make me large and make me  
larger, 110

Larger than the other beavers.'

'Yes,' the beaver chief responded,

'When our lodge below you enter,

In our wigwam we will make you

Ten times larger than the others.'

Thus into the clear, brown water

Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis :

Found the bottom covered over

With the trunks of trees and  
branches,

Hoads of food against the win-  
ter, 120

Piles and heaps against the fam-  
ine ;

Found the lodge with arching  
doorway,

Leading into spacious chambers.

Here they made him large and  
larger,

Made him largest of the beavers,

Ten times larger than the others.

'You shall be our ruler,' said they ;

'Chief and King of all the beavers.'

But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis

Sat in state among the beavers, 130

When there came a voice of warn-  
ing

From the watchman at his station

In the water-flags and lilies,

Saying, 'Here is Hiawatha !

Hiawatha with his hunters !'

Then they heard a cry above  
them,

Heard a shouting and a tramping,

Heard a crashing and a rushing,

And the water round and o'er them

Sank and sucked away in eddies,

And they knew their dam was  
broken. 141

On the lodge's roof the hunters

Leaped, and broke it all asunder ;

Streamed the sunshine through the  
crevice,

Sprang the beavers through the  
doorway,

Hid themselves in deeper water,

In the channel of the streamlet ;

But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis

Could not pass beneath the door-  
way ;

He was puffed with pride and feed-  
ing, 150

He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hia-  
watha,

Cried aloud, 'O Pau-Puk-Keewis !

Vain are all your craft and cun-  
ning,

Vain your manifold disguises !

Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Keewis !'

With their clubs they beat and  
bruised him,

Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Pounded him as maize is pounded,  
Till his skull was crushed to

pieces. 160

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,  
Bore him home on poles and  
branches,

Bore the body of the beaver ;

But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,

Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and  
struggled,

Waving hither, waving thither,

As the curtains of a wigwam

Struggle with their thongs of deer-  
skin, 170

When the wintry wind is blow-  
ing ;

Till it drew itself together,

Till it rose up from the body,

Till it took the form and features

Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis

Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha

Saw the figure ere it vanished,

Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis

Glide into the soft blue shadow 180

Of the pine-trees of the forest ;

Toward the squares of white be-  
yond it,

Toward an opening in the forest,  
Like a wind it rushed and panted,  
Bending all the boughs before it,

And behind it, as the rain comes,  
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands  
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Where among the water-lilies <sup>190</sup>  
Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing;  
Through the tufts of rushes float-  
ing,

Steering through the reedy islands.  
Now their broad black beaks they  
lifted,

Now they plunged beneath the  
water,

Now they darkened in the shadow,  
Now they brightened in the sun-  
shine.

'Pishnekuh!' cried Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

'Pishnekuh! my brothers!' said he,  
'Change me to a brant with plu-  
mage, <sup>200</sup>

With a shining neck and feathers,  
Make me large, and make me  
larger,

Ten times larger than the others.'  
Straightway to a brant they  
changed him,

With two huge and dusky pinions,  
With a bosom smooth and rounded,  
With a bill like two great paddles,  
Made him larger than the others,  
Ten times larger than the largest,  
Just as, shouting from the forest,  
On the shore stood Hiawatha. <sup>211</sup>

Up they rose with cry and  
clamor,

With a whir and beat of pinions,  
Rose up from the reedy islands,  
From the water-flags and lilies.

And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis:  
'In your flying, look not down-  
ward,

Take good heed and look not down-  
ward,

Lest some strange mischance  
should happen,

Lest some great mishap befall  
you!' <sup>220</sup>

Fast and far they fled to north-  
ward,

Fast and far through mist and  
sunshine,

Fed among the moors and fen-  
lands,

Slept among the reeds and rushes.

On the morrow as they jour-  
neyed,

Buoyed and lifted by the South-  
wind,

Wafted onward by the South-wind,  
Blowing fresh and strong behind  
them,

Rose a sound of human voices, <sup>220</sup>

Rose a clamor from beneath them,

From the lodges of a village,

From the people miles beneath  
them.

For the people of the village  
Saw the flock of brant with won-  
der,

Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Flapping far up in the ether,  
Broader than two doorway cur-  
tains.

Pau - Puk - Keewis heard the  
shouting,

Knew the voice of Hiawatha,

Knew the outcry of Iagoo, <sup>240</sup>

And, forgetful of the warning,

Drew his neck in, and looked  
downward,

And the wind that blew behind  
him

Caught his mighty fan of feathers,

Sent him wheeling, whirling down-  
ward!

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Struggle to regain his balance!

Whirling round and round and  
downward,

He beheld in turn the village <sup>249</sup>

And in turn the flock above him,

Saw the village coming nearer,

And the flock receding farther,

Heard the voices growing louder,

Heard the shouting and the laugh-  
ter;

Saw no more the flocks above him,

Only saw the earth beneath him;

Dead out of the empty heaven,

Dead among the shouting people.

With a heavy sound and sullen,  
Fell the brant with broken pin-  
ions. 260

But his soul, his ghost, his  
shadow,

Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Took again the form and features  
Of the handsome Yenadizze,  
And again went rushing onward,  
Followed fast by Hiawatha,  
Crying: 'Not so wide the world is,  
Not so long and rough the way is,  
But my wrath shall overtake you,  
But my vengeance shall attain  
you!' 270

And so near he came, so near  
him,

That his hand was stretched to  
seize him,

His right hand to seize and hold  
him,

When the cunning Pau-Puk-Kee-  
wis

Whirled and spun about in circles,  
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,  
Danced the dust and leaves about  
him,

And amid the whirling eddies  
Sprang into a hollow oak-tree, 279  
Changed himself into a serpent,  
Gliding out through root and rub-  
bish.

With his right hand Hiawatha  
Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,  
Rent it into shreds and splinters,  
Left it lying there in fragments.  
But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Once again in human figure,  
Full in sight ran on before him, 288  
Sped away in gust and whirlwind.  
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,  
Came unto the rocky headlands,  
To the Pictured Rocks of sand-  
stone,

Looking over lake and landscape.

And the Old Man of the Moun-  
tain,

He the Manito of Mountains,  
Opened wide his rocky doorways,  
Opened wide his deep abysses,

Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter  
In his caverns dark and dreary,  
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome  
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha,  
Found the doorways closed against  
him, 304

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Smote great caverns in the sand-  
stone,

Cried aloud in tones of thunder,  
'Open! I am Hiawatha!'  
But the Old Man of the Mountain  
Opened not, and made no answer  
From the silent crags of sand-  
stone, 311

From the gloomy rock abysses.  
Then he raised his hands to  
heaven,

Called imploring on the tempest,  
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,  
And the thunder, Annemeekee;  
And they came with night and  
darkness,

Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water  
From the distant Thunder Moun-  
tains;

And the trembling Pau-Puk-Kee-  
wis 320

Heard the footsteps of the thunder,  
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,  
Was afraid, and crouched and  
trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the light-  
ning,

Smote the doorways of the cav-  
erns,

With his war-club smote the door-  
ways,

Smote the jutting crags of sand-  
stone,

And the thunder, Annemeekee,  
Shouted down into the caverns,  
Saying, 'Where is Pau-Puk-Kee-  
wis!' 330

And the crags fell, and beneath  
them

Dead among the rocky ruins  
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,  
Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures,  
Ended were his tricks and gambols,

Ended all his craft and cunning,  
Ended all his mischief-making, 339  
All his gambling and his dancing,  
All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha  
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,

Spake and said: 'O Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Never more in human figure  
Shall you search for new adventures;

Never more with jest and laughter  
Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds;

But above there in the heavens  
You shall soar and sail in circles; 350

I will change you to an eagle,  
To Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Chief of all the fowls with feathers,

Chief of Hiawatha's chickens.'

And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis

Lingers still among the people,  
Lingers still among the singers,  
And among the story-tellers;

And in Winter, when the snow-flakes

Whirl in eddies round the lodges, 360

When the wind in gusty tumult  
O'er the smoke-flue pipes and whistles,

'There,' they cry, 'comes Pau-Puk-Keewis;

He is dancing through the village,  
He is gathering in his harvest!'

### XVIII

#### THE DEATH OF Kwasind

FAR and wide among the nations  
Spread the name and fame of Kwasind;

No man dared to strive with Kwasind,

No man could compete with Kwasind.

But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,  
They the envious Little People,  
They the fairies and the pygmies,  
Plotted and conspired against him.

'If this hateful Kwasind,' said they,

'If this great, outrageous fellow goes on thus a little longer,  
Tearing everything he touches,  
Rending everything to pieces,  
Filling all the world with wonder,

What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies?

Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies?

He will tread us down like mushrooms,

Drive us all into the water,  
Give our bodies to be eaten  
By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs,  
By the Spirits of the water!' 21

So the angry Little People  
All conspired against the Strong Man,

All conspired to murder Kwasind,  
Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,  
The audacious, overbearing,  
Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasind!

Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind

In his crown alone was seated;  
In his crown too was his weakness; 30

There alone could he be wounded,  
Nowhere else could weapon pierce him,

Nowhere else could weapon harm him.

Even there the only weapon  
That could wound him, that could slay him,

Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,  
Was the blue cone of the fir-tree.  
This was Kwasind's fatal secret.

Known to no man among mortals;  
But the cunning Little People, 40  
The Puk-Wudjies, knew the se-  
cret,

Knew the only way to kill him.

So they gathered cones together,  
Gathered seed-cones of the pine-  
tree,

Gathered blue cones of the fir-  
tree,

In the woods by Taquamenaw,  
Brought them to the river's mar-  
gin,

Heaped them in great piles to-  
gether,

Where the red rocks from the  
margin

Jutting overhang the river. 50

There they lay in wait for Kwa-  
sind,

The malicious Little People.

'T was an afternoon in Summer;

Very hot and still the air was,

Very smooth the gliding river,

Motionless the sleeping shadows:

Insects glistened in the sunshine,

Insects skated on the water,

Filled the drowsy air with buzz-  
ing,

With a far resounding war-cry. 60

Down the river came the Strong  
Man,

In his birch canoe came Kwasind,

Floating slowly down the current

Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,

Very languid with the weather,

Very sleepy with the silence.

From the overhanging branches,

From the tassels of the birch-trees,

Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended;

By his airy hosts surrounded, 70

His invisible attendants,

Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepah-  
win;

Like a burnished Dush-kwo-ne-  
she,

Like a dragon-fly, he hovered

O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

To his ear there came a mur-  
mur

As of waves upon a sea-shore,

As of far-off tumbling waters,  
As of winds among the pine-  
trees;

And he felt upon his forehead 80  
Blows of little airy war-clubs,

Wielded by the slumbrous le-  
gions

Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,

As of some one breathing on him.

At the first blow of their war-  
clubs,

Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind;

At the second blow they smote  
him,

Motionless his paddle rested;

At the third, before his vision

Reeled the landscape into dark-  
ness, 90

Very sound asleep was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river,

Like a blind man seated upright,

Floated down the Taquamenaw,

Underneath the trembling birch-  
trees,

Underneath the wooded head-  
lands,

Underneath the war encampment

Of the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies.

There they stood, all armed and  
waiting,

Hurled the pine-cones down upon  
him, 100

Struck him on his brawny shoul-  
ders,

On his crown defenceless struck  
him.

'Death to Kwasind!' was the sud-  
den

War-cry of the Little People.

And he sideways swayed and  
tumbled,

Sideways fell into the river,

Plunged beneath the sluggish wa-  
ter

Headlong, as an otter plunges;

And the birch canoe, abandoned,

Drifted empty down the river, 110

Bottom upward swerved and  
drifted:

Nothing more was seen of Kwa-  
sind.



But the memory of the Strong  
Man  
Lingered long among the people,  
And whenever through the forest  
Raged and roared the wintry tem-  
pest,  
And the branches, tossed and  
troubled,  
Creaked and groaned and split  
asunder,  
'Kwasind!' cried they; 'that is  
Kwasind!  
He is gathering in his fire-  
wood!'

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## XIX

## THE GHOSTS

NEVER stoops the soaring vulture  
On his quarry in the desert,  
On the sick or wounded bison,  
But another vulture, watching  
From his high aerial look-out,  
Sees the downward plunge, and  
follows;  
And a third pursues the second,  
Coming from the invisible ether,  
First a speck, and then a vulture,  
Till the air is dark with pinions. 10  
So disasters come not singly;  
But as if they watched and waited,  
Scanning one another's motions,  
When the first descends, the others  
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise  
Round their victim, sick and  
wounded,  
First a shadow, then a sorrow,  
Till the air is dark with anguish.  
Now, o'er all the dreary North-  
land,  
Mighty Peboan, the Winter, 20  
Breathing on the lakes and rivers,  
Into stone had changed their wa-  
ters.  
From his hair he shook the snow-  
flakes,  
Till the plains were strewn with  
whiteness,  
One uninterrupted level,

As if, stooping, the Creator  
With his hand had smoothed them  
over.

Through the forest, wide and  
wailing,  
Roamed the hunter on his snow-  
shoes;  
In the village worked the wo-  
men, 30  
Pounded maize, or dressed the  
deer-skin;  
And the young men played to-  
gether  
On the ice the noisy ball-play,  
On the plain the dance of snow-  
shoes.

One dark evening, after sun-  
down,

In her wigwam Laughing Water  
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting  
For the steps of Hiawatha  
Homeward from the hunt return-  
ing.

On their faces gleamed the fire-  
light, 40  
Painting them with streaks of  
crimson,

In the eyes of old Nokomis  
Glimmered like the watery moon-  
light,

In the eyes of Laughing Water  
Glistened like the sun in water;  
And behind them crouched their  
shadows

In the corners of the wigwam,  
And the smoke in wreaths above  
them

Climbed and crowded through the  
smoke-flue.

Then the curtain of the door-  
way 50

From without was slowly lifted;  
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,  
And a moment swerved the smoke-  
wreath

As two women entered softly,  
Passed the doorway uninvited,  
Without word of salutation,  
Without sign of recognition,  
Sat down in the farthest corner,  
Crouching low among the shadows.

From their aspect and their garments,  
 Strangers seemed they in the village;  
 Very pale and haggard were they,  
 As they sat there sad and silent,  
 Trembling, cowering with the shadows.

Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,  
 Muttering down into the wigwam?  
 Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,  
 Hooting from the dismal forest?  
 Sure a voice said in the silence:  
 'These are corpses clad in garments,  
 These are ghosts that come to haunt you,  
 From the kingdom of Ponemah,  
 From the land of the Hereafter!'

Homeward now came Hiawatha  
 From his hunting in the forest,  
 With the snow upon his tresses,  
 And the red deer on his shoulders.  
 At the feet of Laughing Water  
 Down he threw his lifeless burden;  
 Nobler, handsomer she thought him,  
 Than when first he came to woo her,  
 First threw down the deer before her,  
 As a token of his wishes,  
 As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the strangers,  
 Cowering, crouching with the shadows;  
 Said within himself, 'Who are they?

What strange guests has Minnehaha?'  
 But he questioned not the strangers,  
 Only spake to bid them welcome  
 To his lodge, his food, his fire-side.

When the evening meal was ready,  
 And the deer had been divided,

Both the pallid guests, the strangers,  
 Springing from among the shadows,

Seized upon the choicest portions,  
 Seized the white fat of the roebuck,  
 Set apart for Laughing Water,  
 For the wife of Hiawatha;  
 Without asking, without thanking,

Eagerly devoured the morsels,  
 Flitted back among the shadows  
 In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha,  
 Not a motion made Nokomis,  
 Not a gesture Laughing Water;  
 Not a change came o'er their features:

Only Minnehaha softly  
 Whispered, saying, 'They are famished;

Let them do what best delights them;  
 Let them eat, for they are famished.'

Many a daylight dawned and darkened,

Many a night shook off the daylight

As the pine shakes off the snow-flakes

From the midnight of its branches;  
 Day by day the guests unmoving  
 Sat there silent in the wigwam;  
 But by night, in storm or starlight,  
 Forth they went into the forest,  
 Bringing fire-wood to the wigwam,  
 Bringing pine-cones for the burning,

Always sad and always silent.

And whenever Hiawatha  
 Came from fishing or from hunting,  
 When the evening meal was ready,  
 And the food had been divided,  
 Gliding from their darksome corner,

Came the pallid guests, the strangers,

Seized upon the choicest portions  
 Set aside for Laughing Water,

And without rebuke or question  
Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha  
By a word or look reproved them;  
Never once had old Nokomis  
Made a gesture of impatience;  
Never once had Laughing Water  
Shown resentment at the outrage.  
All had they endured in silence,  
That the rights of guest and  
stranger, 140

That the virtue of free-giving,  
By a look might not be lessened,  
By a word might not be broken.

Once at midnight Hiawatha,  
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,  
In the wigwam, dimly lighted  
By the brands that still were burn-  
ing,  
By the glimmering, flickering fire-  
light,

Heard a sighing, oft repeated,  
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow. 150

From his couch rose Hiawatha,  
From his shaggy hides of bison,  
Pushed aside the deer-skin cur-  
tain,  
Saw the pallid guests, the shad-  
ows,

Sitting upright on their couches,  
Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said: 'O guests! why  
is it

That your hearts are so afflicted,  
That you sob so in the midnight?  
Has perchance the old Nokomis,  
Has my wife, my Minnehaha, 161  
Wronged or grieved you by unkind-  
ness,

Failed in hospitable duties?'

Then the shadows ceased from  
weeping,

Ceased from sobbing and lament-  
ing,

And they said, with gentle voices:  
'We are ghosts of the departed,  
Souls of those who once were with  
you.

From the realms of Chibiabos 169  
Hither have we come to try you,  
Hither have we come to warn you.

'Cries of grief and lamentation  
Reach us in the Blessed Islands;  
Cries of anguish from the living,  
Calling back their friends de-  
parted,

Sadden us with useless sorrow.  
Therefore have we come to try  
you;

No one knows us, no one heeds us.  
We are but a burden to you,  
And we see that the departed 180  
Have no place among the living.

'Think of this, O Hiawatha!  
Speak of it to all the people,  
That henceforward and forever  
They no more with lamentations  
Sadden the souls of the departed  
In the Islands of the Blessed.

'Do not lay such heavy burdens  
In the graves of those you bury,  
Not such weight of furs and wam-  
pum, 190

Not such weight of pots and ket-  
tles,

For the spirits faint beneath them.  
Only give them food to carry,  
Only give them fire to light them.

'Four days is the spirit's journey  
To the land of ghosts and shadows,  
Four its lonely night encamp-  
ments;

Four times must their fires be  
lighted.

Therefore, when the dead are  
buried,

Let a fire, as night approaches, 200  
Four times on the grave be kin-  
dled,

That the soul upon its journey  
May not lack the cheerful firelight,  
May not grope about in darkness.

'Farewell, noble Hiawatha!

We have put you to the trial,  
To the proof have put your pa-  
tience,

By the insult of our presence,  
By the outrage of our actions.

We have found you great and  
noble. 210

Fail not in the greater trial,  
Faint not in the harder struggle.'

When they ceased, a sudden  
darkness  
Fell and filled the silent wigwam.  
Hiawatha heard a rustle  
As of garments trailing by him,  
Heard the curtain of the doorway  
Lifted by a hand he saw not,  
Felt the cold breath of the night  
air, 219  
For a moment saw the starlight;  
But he saw the ghosts no longer,  
Saw no more the wandering spir-  
its  
From the kingdom of Ponemah,  
From the land of the Hereafter.

## XX

## THE FAMINE

OH the long and dreary Winter!  
Oh the cold and cruel Winter!  
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker  
Froze the ice on lake and river,  
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper  
Fell the snow o'er all the land-  
scape,  
Fell the covering snow, and drifted  
Through the forest, round the vil-  
lage.

Hardly from his buried wigwam  
Could the hunter force a passage;  
With his mittens and his snow-  
shoes 11  
Vainly walked he through the for-  
est,  
Sought for bird or beast and found  
none,  
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,  
In the snow beheld no footprints,  
In the ghastly, gleaming forest  
Fell, and could not rise from weak-  
ness,  
Perished there from cold and hun-  
ger.

Oh the famine and the fever!  
Oh the wasting of the famine! 20  
Oh the blasting of the fever!  
Oh the wailing of the children!  
Oh the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and fam-  
ished;

Hungry was the air around them,  
Hungry was the sky above them,  
And the hungry stars in heaven  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at  
them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam 29  
Came two other guests, as silent  
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,  
Waited not to be invited,  
Did not parley at the doorway,  
Sat there without word of welcome  
In the seat of Laughing Water;  
Looked with haggard eyes and  
hollow

At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said: 'Behold  
me!

I am Famine, Bukadawin!' 41  
And the other said: 'Behold me!  
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!'

And the lovely Minnehaha  
Shuddered as they looked upon  
her,  
Shuddered at the words they ut-  
tered,

Lay down on her bed in silence,  
Hid her face, but made no answer;  
Lay there trembling, freezing,  
burning,

At the looks they cast upon her,  
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest 50  
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;  
In his heart was deadly sorrow,  
In his face a stony firmness;  
On his brow the sweat of anguish  
Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for  
hunting,  
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
With his quiver full of arrows,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Into the vast and vacant forest 60  
On his snow-shoes strode he for-  
ward.

'Gitche Manito, the Mighty!'  
Cried he with his face uplifted  
In that bitter hour of anguish,  
'Give your children food, O father!

Give us food, or we must perish!  
Give me food for Minnehaha,  
For my dying Minnehaha!

Through the far-resounding forest,  
Through the forest vast and vacant 70

Rang that cry of desolation,  
But there came no other answer  
Than the echo of his crying,  
Than the echo of the woodlands,  
'Minnehaha! Minnehaha!'

All day long roved Hiawatha  
In that melancholy forest,  
Through the shadow of whose  
thickets,

In the pleasant days of Summer,  
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer, 80  
He had brought his young wife  
homeward

From the land of the Dacotahs;  
When the birds sang in the thick-  
ets,

And the streamlets laughed and  
glistened,

And the air was full of fragrance,  
And the lovely Laughing Water  
Said with voice that did not trem-  
ble,

'I will follow you, my husband!'

In the wigwam with Nokomis,  
With those gloomy guests that  
watched her, 90

With the Famine and the Fever,  
She was lying, the Beloved,  
She, the dying Minnehaha.

'Hark!' she said; 'I hear a rush-  
ing,

Hear a roaring and a rushing,

Hear the Falls of Minnehaha

Calling to me from a distance!'

'No, my child!' said old Noko-  
mis,

'Tis the night-wind in the pine-  
trees!'

'Look!' she said; 'I see my fa-  
ther 100

Standing lonely at his doorway,  
Beckoning to me from his wigwam  
In the land of the Dacotahs!'

'No, my child!' said old Nokomis,

'Tis the smoke, that waves and  
beckons!'

'Ah!' said she, 'the eyes of Pau-  
guk

Glare upon me in the darkness,  
I can feel his icy fingers

Clasping mine amid the darkness!  
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!' 110

And the desolate Hiawatha,  
Far away amid the forest,

Miles away among the mountains,  
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,

Heard the voice of Minnehaha  
Calling to him in the darkness,

'Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'

Over snow-fields waste and path-  
less,

Under snow-encumbered branches,  
Homeward hurried Hiawatha, 120

Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,  
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:

'Wahonowin! Wahonowin!  
Would that I had perished for  
you,

Would that I were dead as you are!  
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!'

And he rushed into the wigwam,  
Saw the old Nokomis slowly

Rocking to and fro and moaning,  
Saw his lovely Minnehaha 130

Lying dead and cold before him,  
And his bursting heart within him

Uttered such a cry of anguish,  
That the forest moaned and shud-  
dered,

That the very stars in heaven  
Shook and trembled with his an-  
guish.

Then he sat down, still and  
speechless,

On the bed of Minnehaha,  
At the feet of Laughing Water,

At those willing feet, that never 140  
More would lightly run to meet  
him,

Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he cov-  
ered,

Seven long days and nights he sat  
there,

As if in a swoon he sat there,



Speechless, motionless, unconscious

Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha ;

In the snow a grave they made her,

In the forest deep and darksome, 150

Underneath the moaning hemlocks ;

Clothed her in her richest garments,

Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,

Covered her with snow, like ermine ;

Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,  
On her grave four times was kindled,

For her soul upon its journey  
To the Islands of the Blessed.

From his doorway Hiawatha 160  
Saw it burning in the forest,

Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks ;  
From his sleepless bed uprising,

From the bed of Minnehaha,  
Stood and watched it at the doorway,

That it might not be extinguished,  
Might not leave her in the darkness.

'Farewell!' said he, 'Minnehaha !

Farewell, O my Laughing Water !

All my heart is buried with you,  
All my thoughts go onward with you! 171

Come not back again to labor,  
Come not back again to suffer,  
Where the Famine and the Fever

Wear the heart and waste the body.

Soon my task will be completed,  
Soon your footsteps I shall follow

To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the Land of the Hereafter !'

## XXI

### THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT

IN his lodge beside a river,  
Close beside a frozen river,  
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.

White his hair was as a snow-drift ;

Dull and low his fire was burning,  
And the old man shook and trembled,

Folded in his Waubewyon,  
In his tattered white-skin wrapper,  
Hearing nothing but the tempest  
As it roared along the forest, 10  
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,  
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.

All the coals were white with ashes,

And the fire was slowly dying,  
As a young man, walking lightly,  
At the open doorway entered.  
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,

Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,

Bound his forehead was with grasses ;

Bound and plumed with scented grasses, 20

On his lips a smile of beauty,  
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,  
In his hand a bunch of blossoms  
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

'Ah, my son!' exclaimed the old man,

'Happy are my eyes to see you.  
Sit here on the mat beside me,  
Sit here by the dying embers,  
Let us pass the night together,  
Tell me of your strange adventures, 30

Of the lands where you have travelled ;

I will tell you of my prowess,  
Of my many deeds of wonder.'

From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,

Very old and strangely fashioned ;  
Made of red stone was the pipe-  
head,

And the stem a reed with feathers ;  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
Placed a burning coal upon it,  
Gave it to his guest, the stranger, 40  
And began to speak in this wise :

' When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the land-  
scape,

Motionless are all the rivers,  
Hard as stone becomes the water !'

And the young man answered,  
smiling :

' When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the land-  
scape,

Flowers spring up o'er all the  
meadows,

Singing, onward rush the rivers !' 50

' When I shake my hoary  
tresses,'

Said the old man darkly frowning,  
' All the land with snow is covered ;  
All the leaves from all the branches  
Fall and fade and die and wither,  
For I breathe, and lo ! they are  
not.

From the waters and the marshes  
Rise the wild goose and the heron,  
Fly away to distant regions,  
For I speak, and lo ! they are not. 60  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the wild beasts of the forest  
Hide themselves in holes and cav-  
erns,

And the earth becomes as flint-  
stone !'

' When I shake my flowing ring-  
lets,'

Said the young man, softly laugh-  
ing,

' Showers of rain fall warm and  
welcome,

Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,  
Back into their lakes and marshes  
Come the wild goose and the  
heron, 70

Homeward shoots the arrowy  
swallow,

Sing the bluebird and the robin,  
And where'er my footsteps wan-  
der,

All the meadows wave with blos-  
soms,

All the woodlands ring with music

All the trees are dark with foli-  
age !'

While they spake, the night de-  
parted :

From the distant realms of Wabun,  
From his shining lodge of silver,

Like a warrior robed and  
painted, 80

Came the sun, and said, ' Behold  
me !

Gheezis, the great sun, behold  
me !'

Then the old man's tongue was  
speechless

And the air grew warm and plea-  
sant,

And upon the wigwam sweetly  
Sang the bluebird and the robin,

And the stream began to mur-  
mur,

And a scent of growing grasses  
Through the lodge was gently  
wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stran-  
ger, 90

More distinctly in the daylight  
Saw the icy face before him ;

It was Peboan, the Winter !

From his eyes the tears were  
flowing,

As from melting lakes the stream-  
lets,

And his body shrunk and dwin-  
dled

As the shouting sun ascended,  
Till into the air it faded,

Till into the ground it vanished,  
And the young man saw before

him, 100

On the hearth-stone of the wig-  
wam,

Where the fire had smoked and  
smouldered,

Saw the earliest flower of Spring-  
time,

Saw the Beauty of the Spring-  
time,

Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the North-  
land

After that unheard-of coldness,  
That intolerable Winter,  
Came the Spring with all its splen-  
dor,

All its birds and all its blossoms,  
All its flowers and leaves and  
grasses. III

Sailing on the wind to north-  
ward,

Flying in great flocks, like arrows,  
Like huge arrows shot through  
heaven,

Passed the swan, the Mahnahbe-  
zee,

Speaking almost as a man speaks;  
And in long lines waving, bend-  
ing

Like a bow-string snapped asun-  
der,

Came the white goose, Waw-be-  
wawa;

And in pairs, or singly flying, 120  
Mahng the loon, with clangorous  
pinions,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-  
gah,

And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows  
Piped the bluebird, the Owaissa,

On the summit of the lodges

Sang the robin, the Opechee,

In the covert of the pine-trees

Cooed the pigeon, the Omemee;

And the sorrowing Hiawatha, 130

Speechless in his infinite sorrow,

Heard their voices calling to him,

Went forth from his gloomy door-  
way,

Stood and gazed into the heaven,

Gazed upon the earth and wa-  
ters.

From his wanderings far to east-  
ward,

From the regions of the morning,

From the shining land of Wabun,

Homeward now returned Iagoo,

The great traveller, the great  
boaster, 140

Full of new and strange adven-  
tures,

Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village  
Listened to him as he told them  
Of his marvellous adventures,  
Laughing answered him in this  
wise:

'Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!

No one else beholds such won-  
ders!' 148

He had seen, he said, a water  
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,  
Broader than the Gitche Gumee,  
Bitter so that none could drink it!  
At each other looked the warriors,  
Looked the women at each other,  
Smiled, and said, 'It cannot be so!  
Kaw!' they said, 'it cannot be  
so!'

O'er it, said he, o'er this water  
Came a great canoe with pinions,  
A canoe with wings came flying,  
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,  
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!  
And the old men and the women  
Looked and tittered at each other;  
'Kaw!' they said, 'we don't be-  
lieve it!'

From its mouth, he said, to greet  
him,

Came Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Came the thunder, Annemeekee!'

And the warriors and the women  
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;

'Kaw!' they said, 'what tales you  
tell us!' 170

In it, said he, came a people,  
In the great canoe with pinions  
Came, he said, a hundred war-  
riors;

Painted white were all their faces  
And with hair their chins were  
covered!

And the warriors and the women  
Laughed and shouted in derision,  
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,  
Like the crows upon the hem  
locks.

'Kaw!' they said, 'what lies you  
tell us! 180

Do not think that we believe  
them!'

Only Hiawatha laughed not,  
But he gravely spake and answered

To their jeering and their jesting:

'True is all Iagoo tells us;

I have seen it in a vision,

Seen the great canoe with pinions,

Seen the people with white faces,

Seen the coming of this bearded

People of the wooden vessel 190

From the regions of the morning,

From the shining land of Wabun.

'Gitche Manito, the Mighty,

The Great Spirit, the Creator,

Sends them hither on his errand,

Sends them to us with his mes-  
sage.

Wheresoe'er they move, before  
them

Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,

Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;

Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath  
them 200

Springs a flower unknown among  
us,

Springs the White-man's Foot in  
blossom.

'Let us welcome, then, the stran-  
gers,

Hail them as our friends and bro-  
thers,

And the heart's right hand of  
friendship

Give them when they come to see  
us.

Gitche Manito, the Mighty,

Said this to me in my vision.

'I beheld, too, in that vision

All the secrets of the future, 210

Of the distant days that shall be.

I beheld the westward marches

Of the unknown, crowded nations.

All the land was full of people,

Restless, struggling, toiling, striv-  
ing,

Speaking many tongues, yet feel-  
ing

But one heart-beat in their bos-  
oms.

In the woodlands rang their axes,  
Smoked their towns in all the val-  
leys,

Over all the lakes and rivers 220

Rushed their great canoes of thun-  
der.

'Then a darker, drearier vision

Passed before me, vague and  
cloud-like;

I beheld our nation scattered,

All forgetful of my counsels,

Weakened, warring with each  
other:

Saw the remnants of our people

Sweeping westward, wild and wo-  
ful,

Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,

Like the withered leaves of Au-  
tumn!'

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## XXII

### HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,

By the shining Big-Sea-Water,

At the doorway of his wigwam,

In the pleasant Summer morning,

Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,

All the earth was bright and joy-  
ous,

And before him, through the sun-  
shine,

Westward toward the neighboring  
forest

Passed in golden swarms the  
Ahmo, 10

Passed the bees, the honey-mak-  
ers,

Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the hea-  
vens,

Level spread the lake before him;

From its bosom leaped the stur-  
geon,

Sparkling, flashing in the sun-  
shine;

On its margin the great forest  
 Stood reflected in the water,  
 Every tree-top had its shadow,  
 Motionless beneath the water. 20

From the brow of Hiawatha  
 Gone was every trace of sorrow,  
 As the fog from off the water,  
 As the mist from off the meadow.  
 With a smile of joy and triumph,  
 With a look of exultation,  
 As of one who in a vision  
 Sees what is to be, but is not,  
 Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were  
 lifted, 30  
 Both the palms spread out against  
 it,

And between the parted fingers  
 Fell the sunshine on his features,  
 Flecked with light his naked shoulders,

As it falls and flecks an oak-tree  
 Through the rifted leaves and  
 branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,  
 Something in the hazy distance,  
 Something in the mists of morn-  
 ing,

Loomed and lifted from the wa-  
 ter, 40

Now seemed floating, now seemed  
 flying,

Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver?

Or the pelican, the Shada?

Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?

Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,  
 With the water dripping, flash-  
 ing,

From its glossy neck and fea-  
 thers?

It was neither goose nor diver,  
 Neither pelican nor heron, 50

O'er the water floating, flying,  
 Through the shining mist of morn-  
 ing,

But a birch canoe with paddles,  
 Rising, sinking on the water,  
 Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;  
 And within it came a people  
 From the distant land of Wabun,

From the farthest realms of morn-  
 ing

Came the Black-Robe chief, the  
 Prophet,

He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-  
 face, 60

With his guides and his compan-  
 ions.

And the noble Hiawatha,  
 With his hands aloft extended,  
 Held aloft in sign of welcome,  
 Waited, full of exultation,  
 Till the birch canoe with paddles  
 Grated on the shining pebbles,  
 Stranded on the sandy margin,  
 Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-  
 face,

With the cross upon his bosom, 70  
 Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha  
 Cried aloud and spake in this  
 wise:

'Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,  
 When you come so far to see us!

All our town in peace awaits you,  
 All our doors stand open for you;

You shall enter all our wigwams,  
 For the heart's right hand we give  
 you.

'Never bloomed the earth so  
 gayly, 80

Never shone the sun so brightly,  
 As to-day they shine and blossom

When you come so far to see us!

Never was our lake so tranquil,  
 Nor so free from rocks and sand-  
 bars.

For your birch canoe in passing  
 Has removed both rock and sand-  
 bar.

'Never before had our tobacco  
 Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,

Never the broad leaves of our  
 cornfields 90

Were so beautiful to look on,  
 As they seem to us this morning,

When you come so far to see us!'  
 And the Black-Robe chief made  
 answer,

Stammered in his speech a little,  
 Speaking words yet unfamiliar:



'Peace be with you, Hiawatha,  
Peace be with you and your people,

Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon, 99

Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!'

Then the generous Hiawatha  
Led the strangers to his wigwam,  
Seated them on skins of bison,  
Seated them on skins of ermine,  
And the careful old Nokomis  
Brought them food in bowls of  
basswood,

Water brought in birchen dippers,  
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,  
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village, 110  
All the warriors of the nation,  
All the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,  
The magicians, the Wabenos,  
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,  
Came to bid the strangers welcome;  
'It is well,' they said, 'O brothers,  
That you come so far to see us!'

In a circle round the doorway,  
With their pipes they sat in  
silence,

Waiting to behold the strangers, 120  
Waiting to receive their message;  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-  
face,

From the wigwam came to greet  
them,

Stammering in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar;

'It is well,' they said, 'O brother,  
That you come so far to see us!'

Then the Black-Robe chief, the  
Prophet,

Told his message to the people,  
Told the purport of his mission, 130

Told them of the Virgin Mary,  
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,  
How in distant lands and ages  
He had lived on earth as we do;  
How he fasted, prayed, and la-  
bored;

How the Jews, the tribe accursed,  
Mocked him, scourged him, cruci-  
fied him;

How he rose from where they laid  
him,

Walked again with his disciples,  
And ascended into heaven. 140

And the chiefs made answer, say-  
ing:

'We have listened to your mes-  
sage,

We have heard your words of wis-  
dom,

We will think on what you tell us.

It is well for us, O brothers,  
That you come so far to see us!'

Then they rose up and departed  
Each one homeward to his wig-  
wam,

To the young men and the wo-  
men

Told the story of the strangers 150  
Whom the Master of Life had sent  
them

From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence  
Grew the afternoon of Summer;

With a drowsy sound the forest  
Whispered round the sultry wig-  
wam,

With a sound of sleep the water  
Rippled on the beach below it;  
From the cornfields shrill and  
ceaseless

Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-  
keena; 160

And the guests of Hiawatha,  
Weary with the heat of Summer,  
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering land-  
scape

Fell the evening's dusk and cool-  
ness,

And the long and level sunbeams  
Shot their spears into the forest,  
Breaking through its shields of  
shadow,

Rushed into each secret ambush,  
Searched each thicket, dingle, hol-  
low; 170

Still the guests of Hiawatha  
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,  
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,

Spake in whispers, spake in this  
wise,

Did not wake the guests, that  
slumbered :

'I am going, O Nokomis,  
On a long and distant journey,  
To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keeway-  
din. 181

But these guests I leave behind  
me,

In your watch and ward I leave  
them ;

See that never harm comes near  
them,

See that never fear molests them,  
Never danger nor suspicion,  
Never want of food or shelter,  
In the lodge of Hiawatha !'

Forth into the village went he,  
Bade farewell to all the warriors,  
Bade farewell to all the young  
men, 191

Spake persuading, spake in this  
wise :

'I am going, O my people,  
On a long and distant journey ;  
Many moons and many winters  
Will have come, and will have  
vanished,

Ere I come again to see you.  
But my guests I leave behind me ;  
Listen to their words of wisdom,  
Listen to the truth they tell you,  
For the Master of Life has sent  
them 201

From the land of light and morn-  
ing !'

On the shore stood Hiawatha,  
Turned and waved his hand at  
parting ;

On the clear and luminous water  
Launched his birch canoe for sail-  
ing,

From the pebbles of the margin  
Shoved it forth into the water ;  
Whispered to it, ' Westward ! west-  
ward !' 209

And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descend-  
ing

Set the clouds on fire with red-  
ness,

Burned the broad sky, like a  
prairie,

Left upon the level water  
One long track and trail of splen-  
dor,

Down whose stream, as down a  
river,

Westward, westward Hiawatha  
Sailed into the fiery sunset,  
Sailed into the purple vapors,  
Sailed into the dusk of evening. 220

And the people from the mar-  
gin

Watched him floating, rising, sink-  
ing,

Till the birch canoe seemed lifted  
High into that sea of splendor,  
Till it sank into the vapors  
Like the new moon slowly, slowly  
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, ' Farewell for-  
ever !'

Said, ' Farewell, O Hiawatha !' 229  
And the forests, dark and lonely,  
Moved through all their depths of  
darkness,

Sighed, ' Farewell, O Hiawatha !'  
And the waves upon the margin  
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,  
Sobbed, ' Farewell, O Hiawatha !'  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-  
gah,

From her haunts among the fen-  
lands,

Screamed, ' Farewell, O Hiawa-  
tha !'

Thus departed Hiawatha,  
Hiawatha the Beloved, 240

In the glory of the sunset,  
In the purple mists of evening,  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keeway-  
din,

To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the Land of the Hereafter !

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

## I

## MILES STANDISH

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,  
 To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,  
 Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,  
 Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.  
 Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing  
 Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,  
 Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—  
 Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,  
 Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,  
 While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and match-  
 lock. 10

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,  
 Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;  
 Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already  
 Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.  
 Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,  
 Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;  
 Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,  
 Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives  
 Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, 'Not Angles, but Angels.'  
 Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the Mayflower. 20

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,  
 Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.  
 'Look at these arms,' he said, 'the warlike weapons that hang here  
 Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!  
 This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breast-  
 plate,

Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;  
 Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet  
 Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.  
 Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish  
 Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish  
 morasses.' 30

Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:

'Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;  
 He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon.'  
 Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:  
 'See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging;  
 That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.  
 Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;

So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.  
 Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,  
 Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock, 40  
 Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,  
 And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers !'  
 This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams  
 Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.  
 Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued :  
 ' Look ! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted  
 High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the pur-  
 pose,  
 Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,  
 Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.  
 Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians ; 50  
 Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better, —  
 Let them come, if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,  
 Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon !'

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,  
 Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east-wind,  
 Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,  
 Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.  
 Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,  
 Gloom intermingled with light ; and his voice was subdued with  
 emotion,  
 Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded : 60  
 ' Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish ;  
 Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside !  
 She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower !  
 Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,  
 Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,  
 Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished !'  
 Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them  
 Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding ;  
 Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar 70  
 Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,  
 And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.  
 Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful  
 Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,  
 Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the  
 Romans,  
 Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.  
 Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,  
 Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence  
 Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the  
 margin,  
 Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest. 80  
 Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,  
 Busily writing epistles important, to go by the Mayflower,

Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing!  
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,  
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla!  
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

## II

## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

NOTHING was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,  
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,  
Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.  
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm down-  
wards, 90

Heavily on the page: 'A wonderful man was this Cæsar!  
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow  
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!'   
Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful:  
'Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.  
Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate  
Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs.'  
'Truly,' continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,  
'Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar!

Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village, 100  
Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.  
Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after;  
Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered;  
He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;  
Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!  
Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,  
When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,  
And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together  
There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a  
soldier,

Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the cap-  
tains, 110

Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;  
Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;  
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.  
That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,  
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!'

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.  
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling  
Writing epistles important to go next day by the Mayflower,  
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla;  
Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla, 120  
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,  
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla!  
Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,



Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,  
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth :  
' When you have finished your work, I have something important to  
tell you.

Be not however in haste ; I can wait ; I shall not be impatient !'  
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,  
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention :  
' Speak ; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen, 130  
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish.'  
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his  
phrases :

' T is not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.  
This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it ;  
Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.  
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary ;  
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship ;  
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.  
She is alone in the world ; her father and mother and brother  
Died in the winter together ; I saw her going and coming, 140  
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,  
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever  
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,  
Two have I seen and known ; and the angel whose name is Priscilla  
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.  
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,  
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.  
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,  
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,  
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier. 150  
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning ;  
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.  
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,  
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,  
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden.'

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,  
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,  
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,  
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,  
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning, 160  
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered :  
' Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it ;  
If you would have it well done, — I am only repeating your maxim, —  
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others !'  
But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,  
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth :  
' Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it ;  
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.  
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.  
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender, 170  
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.

I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,  
 But of a thundering "No!" point-blank from the mouth of a woman,  
 That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!  
 So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,  
 Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases.'  
 Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,  
 Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added:  
 'Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that  
 prompts me;

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friend-  
 ship!' 180

Then made answer John Alden: 'The name of friendship is sacred;  
 What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!'  
 So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,  
 Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

### III

#### THE LOVER'S ERRAND

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,  
 Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,  
 Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building  
 Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,  
 Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.  
 All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict, 190  
 Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.  
 To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,  
 As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,  
 Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!  
 'Must I relinquish it all,' he cried with a wild lamentation, —  
 'Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?  
 Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence?  
 Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow  
 Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?  
 Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption 200  
 Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;  
 Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.  
 All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!  
 This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,  
 For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,  
 Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.  
 This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution.'

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;  
 Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shal-  
 low,

Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him, 210  
 Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,  
 Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.

'Puritan flowers,' he said, 'and the type of Puritan maidens,  
 Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla !  
 So I will take them to her ; to Priscilla the Mayflower of Plymouth,  
 Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them ;  
 Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,  
 Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver.'  
 So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand ;  
 Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean, 220  
 Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind ;  
 Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow ;  
 Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla  
 Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,  
 Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,  
 Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.  
 Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden  
 Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift  
 Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,  
 While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.  
 Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth, 231  
 Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,  
 Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,  
 Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.  
 Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,  
 She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,  
 Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun  
 Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being !  
 Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,  
 Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his  
 errand ; 240  
 All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,  
 All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,  
 Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.  
 Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,  
 'Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards ;  
 Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,  
 Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the liv-  
 ing,  
 It is the will of the Lord ; and his mercy endureth forever !'

So he entered the house : and the hum of the wheel and the singing  
 Suddenly ceased ; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,  
 Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome, 251  
 Saying, 'I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage ;  
 For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning.'  
 Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been min-  
 gled

Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,  
 Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,  
 Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the  
 winter,

After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,

Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,

Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside, 261  
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm.  
Had he but spoken then ! perhaps not in vain had he spoken ;  
Now it was all too late ; the golden moment had vanished !  
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-time,  
Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that sailed on the morrow.

' I have been thinking all day,' said gently the Puritan maiden,  
' Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England,—

They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden : 270  
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,  
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors  
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,  
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy  
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.  
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion ;  
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.  
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it : I almost  
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched.'

Thereupon answered the youth : ' Indeed I do not condemn you ; 280  
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.  
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on ;  
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage  
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth !'

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters, —  
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,  
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a school-boy ;  
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.  
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden  
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder, 290  
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless ;

Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence :  
' If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,  
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me ?  
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning !'  
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,  
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy, —  
Had no time for such things — such things ! the words grating harshly  
Fell on the ear of Priscilla : and swift as a flash she made answer :  
' Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding? 301  
 That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.  
 When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and  
     that one,  
 Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,  
 Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,  
 And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman  
 Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,  
 Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.  
 This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection  
 Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking. 310  
 When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.  
 Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,  
 Even this Captain of yours — who knows? — at last might have won  
     me,  
 Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen.'

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,  
 Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;  
 Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,  
 How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction;  
 How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth;  
 He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly 320  
 Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,  
 Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;  
 Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,  
 Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent,  
 Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.  
 He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;  
 Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the winter  
 He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;  
 Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,  
 Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always, 330  
 Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature;  
 For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;  
 Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,  
 Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,  
 Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,  
 Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,  
 Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'

## IV

JOHN ALDEN

INTO the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,  
 Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the sea-side; 340  
 Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east-wind,



Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.  
 Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical splendors,  
 Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,  
 So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,  
 Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted  
 Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.

'Welcome, O wind of the East!' he exclaimed in his wild exultation,

Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic!

Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass,  
 Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottoes and gardens of ocean! 351  
 Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me  
 Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me!

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,  
 Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore.  
 Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending;

Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,  
 Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty!

'Is it my fault,' he said, 'that the maiden has chosen between us?'

Is it my fault that he failed, — my fault that I am the victor? 360

Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet:

It hath displeased the Lord! — and he thought of David's transgression,

Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle!  
 Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,  
 Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest contrition:  
 'It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of Satan!'

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there  
 Dimly the shadowy form of the Mayflower riding at anchor,  
 Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow;  
 Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage 370  
 Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors' 'Ay, ay, Sir!'

Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.  
 Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,  
 Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,  
 Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.  
 'Yes, it is plain to me now,' he murmured; 'the hand of the Lord is  
 Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,  
 Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,  
 Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.  
 Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon, 380  
 Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.  
 Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,  
 Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred;

Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor;  
 Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber  
 With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers  
 Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and dark-  
 ness,—

Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter !'

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolu-  
 tion,

Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight, 390  
 Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,  
 Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,  
 Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.  
 Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain  
 Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,  
 Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.  
 'Long have you been on your errand,' he said with a cheery de-  
 meanor,

Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.  
 'Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us ;  
 But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming  
 I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city. 401  
 Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened.'

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,  
 From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;  
 How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,  
 Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.  
 But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,  
 Words so tender and cruel: 'Why don't you speak for yourself,  
 John?'

Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his  
 armor

Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen. 410  
 All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,  
 E'en as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.  
 Wildly he shouted, and loud: 'John Alden! you have betrayed me!  
 Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, be-  
 trayed me!

One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler;  
 Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a  
 traitor?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship!  
 You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother;  
 You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keep-  
 ing

I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and se-  
 cret,—

You too, Brutus! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter!  
 Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward  
 Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred!'

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,  
 Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins on his temples.  
 But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,  
 Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,  
 Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians!  
 Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or par-  
 ley,

Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron, 430  
 Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed.  
 Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard  
 Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.  
 Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness,  
 Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,  
 Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,  
 Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,  
 Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming;  
 Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment, 440  
 Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,  
 Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.  
 God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,  
 Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation;  
 So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people!  
 Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,  
 Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect;  
 While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,  
 Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,  
 And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered, 450  
 Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and challenge of warfare,  
 Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.  
 This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating  
 What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,  
 Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting;  
 One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,  
 Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,  
 Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior!  
 Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,  
 Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger, 460  
 'What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses?  
 Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted  
 There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?  
 Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage  
 Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!'  
 Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,  
 Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language:  
 'Not so thought St. Paul, nor yet the other Apostles;  
 Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!'  
 But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain, 470  
 Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing:  
 Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.

War is a terrible trade ; but in the cause that is righteous,  
Sweet is the smell of powder ; and thus I answer the challenge !'

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,  
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets  
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,  
Saying, in thundering tones : ' Here, take it ! this is your answer !'  
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,  
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent, 480  
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

## V

## THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER

JUST in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,  
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth ;  
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, ' Forward !'  
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.  
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.  
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,  
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,  
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.  
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David ; 490  
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible,—  
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.  
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning ;  
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,  
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth  
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.  
Sweet was the air and soft ; and slowly the smoke from the chimneys  
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward ;  
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the  
weather, 500  
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the Mayflower ;  
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,  
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.  
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women  
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.  
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming ;  
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains ;  
Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at anchor,  
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.  
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas, 510  
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.

Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,  
 Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang  
 Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes  
 Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure!  
 Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!  
 Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,  
 Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!  
 Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,  
 Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea-shore, 520  
 Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the Mayflower,  
 Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,

Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.  
 He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,  
 Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur;  
 Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swear-  
 ing.

Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence;  
 Then he had turned away, and said: 'I will not awake him;  
 Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking!' 530  
 Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,  
 Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning, —  
 Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in  
 Flanders, —

Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.  
 But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him  
 Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,  
 Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,  
 Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.  
 Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,  
 Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon; 540  
 All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emo-  
 tions;

But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him, —  
 Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.  
 So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,  
 Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not!  
 Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,  
 Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,  
 Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,  
 And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore, 549  
 Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep  
 Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient  
 Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,  
 Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him,  
 Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels  
 Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together



Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.  
 Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,  
 One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,  
 Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting. 560  
 He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,  
 Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,  
 Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue  
 him.

But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla  
 Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.  
 Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,  
 Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,  
 That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,  
 As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.  
 Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts! 570  
 Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,  
 Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine!  
 'Here I remain!' he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,  
 Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the  
 madness,

Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.  
 'Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,  
 Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.  
 There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,  
 Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.  
 Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether! 580  
 Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I heed not  
 Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!  
 There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,  
 As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her foot-  
 steps.

Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence  
 Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness;  
 Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,  
 So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!'

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,  
 Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather, 590  
 Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded around him  
 Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.  
 Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,  
 Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,  
 Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,  
 Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,  
 Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!  
 Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.  
 O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the Mayflower!  
 No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to the ploughing! 600

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors  
 Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.

Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,  
Blowing steady and strong; and the Mayflower sailed from the  
harbor,

Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward  
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,  
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,  
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,  
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human ; 610  
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,  
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth  
Said, 'Let us pray!' and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took  
courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them  
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred  
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they  
uttered.

Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean  
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard ;  
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.  
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian, 620  
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other,  
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying 'Look!' he had van-  
ished.

So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little,  
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows  
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,  
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

## VI

### PRISCILLA

THUS for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,  
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla ;  
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,  
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature, 630  
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

'Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?' said she.  
'Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading  
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,  
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum?  
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying  
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it;  
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,  
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble  
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret, 640  
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.

Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,  
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,  
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,  
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,  
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.

Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.

You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,  
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken !'

Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles  
Standish :

654

'I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry,  
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping.'

'No !' interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive ;

'No ; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.

It was wrong, I acknowledge ; for it is the fate of a woman  
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,  
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.

Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women

Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers

659

Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruit-  
ful,

Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs.'

Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women :

'Heaven forbid it, Priscilla ; and truly they seem to me always

More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,

More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,

Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden !'

'Ah, by these words, I can see,' again interrupted the maiden,

'How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.

When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,

Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,

Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in  
earnest,

Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering  
phrases.

This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you ;

For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,

Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.

Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly

If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,

If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases

Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,

But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting.'

680

Mute and amazed was Alden ; and listened and looked at Priscilla,  
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.

He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,

Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.

So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined

What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and  
speechless.

'Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things

Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.

It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it :

I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always. 690

So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you

Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.

For I must tell you the truth : much more to me is your friendship

Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him.'

Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,

Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,

Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling :

'Yes, we must ever be friends ; and of all who offer you friendship

Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest !'

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the Mayflower, 700

Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,

Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling,

That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.

But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,

Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly :

'Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,

Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,

You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,

When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me.'

Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story, — 710

Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.

Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,

'He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment !'

But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he had suffered, —

How he had even determined to sail that day in the Mayflower,

And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened, —

All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,

'Truly I thank you for this : how good you have been to me always !'

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,

Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward, 720

Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition ;

Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,

Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,

Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

## VII

## THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH

MEANWHILE the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,  
 Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the sea-shore,  
 All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger  
 Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder  
 Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.  
 Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort ; 730  
 He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,  
 Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,  
 Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had  
 trusted !  
 Ah ! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his  
 armor !

' I alone am to blame,' he muttered, ' for mine was the folly.  
 What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,  
 Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens ?  
 'T was but a dream, — let it pass, — let it vanish like so many others !  
 What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless ;  
 Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and hencefor-  
 ward 740  
 Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers !'  
 Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,  
 While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,  
 Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment  
 Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest ;  
 Women at work by the tents, and warriors, horrid with war-paint,  
 Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together ;  
 Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,  
 Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket, 750  
 Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,  
 Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present ;  
 Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.  
 Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gigantic in stature,  
 Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan ;  
 One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.  
 Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wam-  
 pum,  
 Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.  
 Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.  
 ' Welcome, English !' they said, — these words they had learned from  
 the traders 760  
 Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.  
 Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,



Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,  
 Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,  
 Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his  
 cellars,

Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!

But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,  
 Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.

Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,  
 And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain: 770

'Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,  
 Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat  
 Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,  
 But on a mountain at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,  
 Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,  
 Shouting, "Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?"'  
 Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left  
 hand,

Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle;

Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:

'I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle; 780  
 By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!'

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish:  
 While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,  
 Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered,  
 'By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!  
 This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us!  
 He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!'

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians  
 Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,  
 Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings, 790  
 Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.  
 But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;  
 So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.  
 But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,  
 All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,  
 Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.  
 Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its  
 scabbard,

Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage  
 Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.  
 Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-  
 whoop, 800

And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,  
 Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.  
 Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,  
 Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.  
 Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,  
 Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,  
 Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet

Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,  
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them, 810  
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.  
Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth:—  
'Pecksuot bragged very loud of his courage, his strength, and his stature,—  
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now  
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!'

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.  
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,  
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat  
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,  
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage. 820  
Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror,  
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish;  
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles,  
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valor.

## VIII

### THE SPINNING-WHEEL

MONTH after month passed away, and in Autumn the ships of the merchants  
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.  
All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labors,  
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with merestead,  
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows,  
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest. 830  
All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare  
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger.  
Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the land with his forces,  
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,  
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.  
Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition  
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,  
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river,  
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation, 840  
'Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest.  
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;  
Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,

Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.  
 There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard :  
 Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.  
 Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoy-  
 ance,

Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment  
 In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time  
 Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal. 850

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer  
 Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of  
 Priscilla,

Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy,  
 Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.  
 Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling;  
 Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden;  
 Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday  
 Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,—  
 How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,  
 How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil, 860  
 How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,  
 How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,  
 How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,  
 Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her  
 weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,  
 Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,  
 As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,  
 After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle.  
 'Truly, Priscilla,' he said, 'when I see you spinning and spinning,  
 Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others, 870  
 Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;  
 You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner.'  
 Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the  
 spindle

Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;  
 While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued :  
 'You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia;  
 She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,  
 Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,  
 Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.  
 She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb. 880  
 So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer  
 Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.  
 Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their child-  
 hood,

Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner !'  
 Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,  
 Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the  
 sweetest,

Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,  
 Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden:  
 'Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,  
 Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands. 890  
 Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting;  
 Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the  
 manners,

Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!  
 Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,  
 He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,  
 She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,  
 Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,  
 Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly  
 Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares — for how could she help it? —  
 Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body. 900

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,  
 Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.  
 Yes; Miles Standish was dead! — an Indian had brought them the  
 tidings, —

Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,  
 Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces;  
 All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!  
 Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.  
 Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward  
 Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;  
 But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow 910  
 Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered  
 Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,  
 Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,  
 Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,  
 Clapsed, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,  
 Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own, and exclaiming:  
 'Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!'

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,  
 Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing  
 Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer, 920  
 Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;  
 So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,  
 Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,  
 Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,  
 Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

## IX

### THE WEDDING-DAY

FORTH from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,  
 Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,

Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,  
 Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.  
 Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him 930  
 Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.  
 Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also  
 Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the  
 Gospel,

One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.  
 Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.  
 Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,  
 Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,  
 After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.  
 Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth 940  
 Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in  
 affection,

Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,  
 Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure!  
 Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition?  
 Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?  
 Is it a phantom of air, — a bodiless, spectral illusion?  
 Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?  
 Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;  
 Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression 950  
 Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath  
 them,

As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud  
 Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.  
 Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,  
 As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.  
 But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benedic-  
 tion,

Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement  
 Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!  
 Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, 'Forgive me!  
 I have been angry and hurt, — too long have I cherished the feel-  
 ing; 960

I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.  
 Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,  
 Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.  
 Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden.'  
 Thereupon answered the bridegroom: 'Let all be forgotten between  
 us, —

All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older and  
 dearer!'

Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,  
 Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,  
 Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,



Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband. 970  
 Then he said with a smile : ' I should have remembered the adage, —  
 If you would be well served, you must serve yourself ; and moreover,  
 No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas !'

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,  
 Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,  
 Whom they had mourned as dead ; and they gathered and crowded  
 about him,

Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,  
 Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,  
 Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewil-  
 dered,

He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment, 980  
 Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at  
 the doorway,

Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.  
 Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,  
 Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation ;  
 There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the sea-  
 shore,

There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows ;  
 But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,  
 Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the  
 ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of depart-  
 ure, 990

Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delay-  
 ing,

Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncom-  
 pleted.

Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,  
 Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,  
 Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,  
 Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,  
 Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.  
 She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noon-  
 day ;

Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.  
 Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others, 1000  
 Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband  
 Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.  
 ' Nothing is wanting now,' he said with a smile, ' but the distaff ;  
 Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha !'

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,  
 Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.  
 Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,

Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love, through its  
bosom,  
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.  
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splend-  
ors, 1010  
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them sus-  
pended,  
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-  
tree,  
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.  
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,  
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,  
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,  
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.  
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

. . . come i gru van cantando lor lai,  
Facendo in aer di sè lunga riga.

DANTE.

## FLIGHT THE FIRST

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

BLACK shadows fall  
From the lindens tall,  
That lift aloft their massive wall  
Against the southern sky ;

And from the realms  
Of the shadowy elms  
A tide-like darkness overwhelms  
The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair,  
And everywhere  
A warm, soft vapor fills the air,  
And distant sounds seem near ;

And above, in the light  
Of the star-lit night,  
Swift birds of passage wing their  
flight  
Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat  
Of their pinions fleet,

As from the land of snow and  
sleet  
They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry  
Of their voices high  
Falling dreamily through the  
sky,  
But their forms I cannot see.

Oh, say not so !  
Those sounds that flow  
In murmurs of delight and woe  
Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs  
Of the poet's songs,  
Murmurs of pleasures, and pains,  
and wrongs,  
The sound of wingèd words.

This is the cry  
Of souls, that high  
On toiling, beating pinions, fly,  
Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight  
Through realms of light  
It falls into our world of night,  
With the murmuring sound of  
rhyme.

### PROMETHEUS

#### OR THE POET'S FORETHOUGHT

Of Prometheus, how undaunted  
On Olympus' shining bastions  
His audacious foot he planted,  
Myths are told and songs are  
chanted,  
Full of promptings and sugges-  
tions.

Beautiful is the tradition  
Of that flight through heavenly  
portals,  
The old classic superstition  
Of the theft and the transmission  
Of the fire of the Immortals !

First the deed of noble daring,  
Born of heavenward aspiration,  
Then the fire with mortals shar-  
ing,  
Then the vulture, — the despair-  
ing  
Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

All is but a symbol painted  
Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer ;  
Only those are crowned and  
sainted  
Who with grief have been ac-  
quainted,  
Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exultations,  
In their triumph and their yearn-  
ing,  
In their passionate pulsations,  
In their words among the nations,  
The Promethean fire is burning.

Shall it, then, be unavailing,  
All this toil for human culture ?

Through the cloud-rack, dark and  
trailing,  
Must they see above them sail-  
ing  
O'er life's barren crags the vul-  
ture ?

Such a fate as this was Dante's,  
By defeat and exile maddened ;  
Thus were Milton and Cervantes,  
Nature's priests and Corybantes,  
By affliction touched and sad-  
dened.

But the glories so transcendent  
That around their memories  
cluster,  
And, on all their steps attendant,  
Make their darkened lives resplen-  
dent  
With such gleams of inward  
lustre !

All the melodies mysterious,  
Through the dreary darkness  
chanted ;  
Thoughts in attitudes imperious,  
Voices soft, and deep, and serious,  
Words that whispered, songs  
that haunted !

All the soul in rapt suspension,  
All the quivering, palpitating  
Chords of life in utmost tension,  
With the fervor of invention,  
With the rapture of creating !

Ah, Prometheus ! heaven-scaling !  
In such hours of exultation  
Even the faintest heart, unquail-  
ing,  
Might behold the vulture sailing  
Round the cloudy crags Cauca-  
sian !

Though to all there be not given  
Strength for such sublime en-  
deavor,  
Thus to scale the walls of heaven,  
And to leaven with fiery leaven,  
All the hearts of men forever ;

Yet all bards, whose hearts un-  
blighted

Honor and believe the presage,  
Hold aloft their torches lighted,  
Gleaming through the realms be-  
nighted,

As they onward bear the mes-  
sage!

EPIMETHEUS

OR THE POET'S AFTERTHOUGHT

HAVE I dreamed? or was it real,

What I saw as in a vision,  
When to marches hymeneal

In the land of the Ideal

Moved my thought o'er Fields  
Elysian?

What! are these the guests whose  
glances

Seemed like sunshine gleaming  
round me?

These the wild, bewildering fancies,  
That with dithyrambic dances

As with magic circles bound me?

Ah! how cold are their caresses!

Pallid cheeks, and haggard bos-  
oms!

Spectral gleam their snow-white  
dresses,

And from loose, dishevelled  
tresses

Fall the hyacinthine blossoms!

O my songs! whose winsome mea-  
sures

Filled my heart with secret rap-  
ture!

Children of my golden leisures!

Must even your delights and plea-  
sures

Fade and perish with the cap-  
ture?

Fair they seemed, those songs  
sonorous,

When they came to me unbidden:

Voices single, and in chorus,  
Like the wild birds singing o'er  
us

In the dark of branches hid-  
den.

Disenchantment! Disillusion!

Must each noble aspiration  
Come at last to this conclusion,  
Jarring discord, wild confusion,  
Lassitude, renunciation?

Not with steeper fall nor faster,  
From the sun's serene domin-  
ions,

Not through brighter realms nor  
vaster,

In swift ruin and disaster,  
Icarus fell with shattered pin-  
ions!

Sweet Pandora! dear Pandora!

Why did mighty Jove create  
thee

Coy as Thetis, fair as Flora,

Beautiful as young Aurora,  
If to win thee is to hate thee?

No, not hate thee! for this feel-  
ing

Of unrest and long resistance  
Is but passionate appealing,

A prophetic whisper stealing  
O'er the chords of our existence.

Him whom thou dost once enamor,  
Thou, beloved, never leavest;

In life's discord, strife, and clamor,  
Still he feels thy spell of gla-  
mour;

Him of Hope thou ne'er bereav-  
est.

Weary hearts by thee are lifted,  
Struggling souls by thee are  
strengthened,

Clouds of fear asunder rifted,  
Truth from falsehood cleansed and  
sifted,

Lives, like days in summer,  
lengthened!

Therefore art thou ever dearer,  
 O my Sibyl, my deceiver!  
 For thou makest each mystery  
 clearer,  
 And the unattained seems nearer,  
 When thou fillest my heart with  
 fever!

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces!  
 Though the fields around us  
 wither,  
 There are ampler realms and  
 spaces,  
 Where no foot has left its traces:  
 Let us turn and wander thither!

### THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast  
 thou said,  
 That of our vices we can frame  
 A ladder, if we will but tread  
 Beneath our feet each deed of  
 shame!

All common things, each day's  
 events,  
 That with the hour begin and end,  
 Our pleasures and our discontents,  
 Are rounds by which we may as-  
 cend.

The low desire, the base design,  
 That makes another's virtues  
 less;  
 The revel of the ruddy wine,  
 And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;  
 The strife for triumph more than  
 truth;  
 The hardening of the heart, that  
 brings  
 Irreverence for the dreams of  
 youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,  
 That have their root in thoughts  
 of ill;

Whatever hinders or impedes  
 The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled  
 down  
 Beneath our feet, if we would  
 gain  
 In the bright fields of fair renown  
 The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot  
 soar;  
 But we have feet to scale and  
 climb  
 By slow degrees, by more and  
 more,  
 The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
 That wedge-like cleave the de-  
 sert airs,  
 When nearer seen, and better  
 known,  
 Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that up-  
 rear  
 Their solid bastions to the skies,  
 Are crossed by pathways, that ap-  
 pear  
 As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached  
 and kept  
 Were not attained by sudden  
 flight,  
 But they, while their companions  
 slept,  
 Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
 With shoulders bent and down-  
 cast eyes,  
 We may discern—unseen before—  
 A path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
 As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
 If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
 To something nobler we at-  
 tain.



## THE PHANTOM SHIP

IN Mather's Magnalia Christi,  
Of the old colonial time,  
May be found in prose the legend  
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,  
And the keen and frosty airs,  
That filled her sails at parting,  
Were heavy with good men's  
prayers.

'O Lord! if it be thy pleasure'—  
Thus prayed the old divine—  
'To bury our friends in the ocean,  
Take them, for they are thine!'

But Master Lamberton muttered,  
And under his breath said he,  
'This ship is so crank and walty,  
I fear our grave she will be!'

And the ships that came from Eng-  
land,  
When the winter months were  
gone,  
Brought no tidings of this vessel  
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying  
That the Lord would let them  
hear  
What in his greater wisdom  
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were an-  
swered :  
It was in the month of June,  
An hour before the sunset  
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,  
A ship was seen below,  
And they knew it was Lamberton,  
Master,  
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of can-  
vas,  
Right against the wind that blew,

Until the eye could distinguish  
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,  
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,  
And her sails were loosened and  
lifted,  
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rig-  
ging,  
Fell slowly, one by one,  
And the hulk dilated and vanished,  
As a sea-mist in the sun!

And the people who saw this mar-  
vel  
Each said unto his friend,  
That this was the mould of their  
vessel,  
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village  
Gave thanks to God in prayer,  
That, to quiet their troubled  
spirits,  
He had sent this Ship of Air.

THE WARDEN OF THE  
CINQUE PORTS

A MIST was driving down the  
British Channel,  
The day was just begun,  
And through the window-panes, on  
floor and panel,  
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rip-  
pling pennon,  
And the white sails of ships;  
And, from the frowning rampart,  
the black cannon  
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings,  
Hithe, and Dover  
Were all alert that day,  
To see the French war-steamers  
speeding over,  
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couch-  
ant lions,  
Their cannon, through the  
night,  
Holding their breath, had watched,  
in grim defiance,  
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat  
from their stations  
On every citadel;  
Each answering each, with morn-  
ing salutations,  
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up  
the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon from his sleep  
the Warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the  
fields of azure,  
No drum-beat from the  
wall,  
No morning gun from the black  
fort's embrasure,  
Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye  
impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old  
Field Marshal  
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single  
warrior,  
In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed  
the Destroyer,  
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the  
sleeper,  
The dark and silent room,  
And as he entered, darker grew,  
and deeper,  
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dis-  
semble,  
But smote the Warden hoar;  
Ah! what a blow! that made all  
England tremble  
And groan from shore to  
shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly  
cannon waited,  
The sun rose bright o'er-  
head;  
Nothing in Nature's aspect inti-  
mated  
That a great man was dead.



### HAUNTED HOUSES

ALL houses wherein men have  
lived and died  
Are haunted houses. Through  
the open doors  
The harmless phantoms on their  
errands glide,  
With feet that make no sound  
upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on  
the stair,  
Along the passages they come  
and go,  
Impalpable impressions on the  
air,  
A sense of something moving to  
and fro.

There are more guests at table  
than the hosts  
Invited; the illuminated hall  
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive  
ghosts,  
As silent as the pictures on the  
wall.

The stranger at my fireside can-  
not see  
The forms I see, nor hear the  
sounds I hear;

He but perceives what is ; while  
unto me  
All that has been is visible and  
clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or  
lands ;  
Owners and occupants of earlier  
dates  
From graves forgotten stretch  
their dusty hands,  
And hold in mortmain still their  
old estates.

The spirit-world around this world  
of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and  
everywhere  
Wafts through these earthly mists  
and vapors dense  
A vital breath of more ethereal  
air.

Our little lives are kept in equi-  
poise  
By opposite attractions and  
desires ;  
The struggle of the instinct that  
enjoys,  
And the more noble instinct that  
aspires.

These perturbations, this perpet-  
ual jar  
Of earthly wants and aspirations  
high,  
Come from the influence of an un-  
seen star,  
An undiscovered planet in our  
sky.

And as the moon from some dark  
gate of cloud  
Throws o'er the sea a floating  
bridge of light,  
Across whose trembling planks  
our fancies crowd  
Into the realm of mystery and  
night,—

So from the world of spirits there  
descends  
A bridge of light, connecting it  
with this,  
O'er whose unsteady floor, that  
sways and bends,  
Wander our thoughts above the  
dark abyss.

# IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE

IN the village churchyard she  
lies,  
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,  
No more she breathes, nor feels,  
nor stirs ;  
At her feet and at her head  
Lies a slave to attend the dead,  
But their dust is white as hers.

Was she a lady of high degree,  
So much in love with the vanity  
And foolish pomp of this world  
of ours ?  
Or was it Christian charity,  
And lowliness and humility,  
The richest and rarest of all  
dowers ?

Who shall tell us ? No one speaks ;  
No color shoots into those cheeks,  
Either of anger or of pride,  
At the rude question we have  
asked ;  
Nor will the mystery be unmasked  
By those who are sleeping at her  
side.

Hereafter ?— And do you think to  
look  
On the terrible pages of that Book  
To find her failings, faults, and  
errors ?  
Ah, you will then have other cares,  
In your own shortcomings and  
despairs,  
In your own secret sins and ter-  
rors !

### THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST

ONCE the Emperor Charles of Spain,

With his swarthy, grave commanders,

I forget in what campaign,  
Long besieged, in mud and rain,  
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,  
In great boots of Spanish leather,  
Striding with a measured tramp,  
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,  
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the weather.

Thus as to and fro they went  
Over upland and through hollow,

Giving their impatience vent,  
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,  
In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,  
Built of clay and hair of horses,  
Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest,  
Found on hedge-rows east and west,

After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,  
As he twirled his gray mustachio,  
'Sure this swallow overhead  
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,  
And the Emperor but a Macho!'

Hearing his imperial name  
Coupled with those words of malice,

Half in anger, half in shame,  
Forth the great campaigner came  
Slowly from his canvas palace.

'Let no hand the bird molest,'  
Said he solemnly, 'nor hurt her!'  
Adding then, by way of jest,  
'Golondrina is my guest,  
'T is the wife of some deserter!'

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,  
Through the camp was spread  
the rumor,

And the soldiers, as they quaffed  
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed  
At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So unharmed and unafraid  
Sat the swallow still and brooded,  
Till the constant cannonade  
Through the walls a breach had made,  
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,  
Struck its tents as if disbanding,  
Only not the Emperor's tent,  
For he ordered, ere he went,  
Very curtly, 'Leave it standing!'

So it stood there all alone,  
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,  
Till the brood was fledged and flown,  
Singing o'er those walls of stone  
Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

### THE TWO ANGELS

Two angels, one of Life and one  
of Death,

Passed o'er our village as the  
morning broke;  
The dawn was on their faces, and  
beneath,  
The sombre houses hearsed with  
plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were  
the same,

Alike their features and their  
robes of white;  
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,  
And one with asphodels, like  
flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way :

Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,

Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray

The place where thy beloved are at rest !'

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,

Descending, at my door began to knock,

And my soul sank within me, as in wells

The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,  
The terror and the tremor and the pain,

That oft before had filled or haunted me,

And now returned with three-fold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,

And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice :

And, knowing whatsoe'er he sent was best,

Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,

'My errand is not Death, but Life,' he said ;

And ere I answered, passing out of sight,

On his celestial embassy he sped.

'T was at thy door, O friend ! and not at mine,

The angel with the amaranthine wreath,

Pausing, descended, and with voice divine

Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,

A shadow on those features fair and thin ;

And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,

Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! If he but wave his hand,

The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,

Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,

Lo ! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his ;

Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er :

Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,

Against his messengers to shut the door ?

### DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT

IN broad daylight, and at noon,  
Yesterday I saw the moon  
Sailing high, but faint and white,  
As a school-boy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday,  
I read a Poet's mystic lay ;  
And it seemed to me at most  
As a phantom, or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day  
Like a passion died away,  
And the night, serene and still,  
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,  
Like a spirit glorified,  
Filled and overflowed the night  
With revelations of her light.



And the Poet's song again  
 Passed like music through my  
     brain;  
 Night interpreted to me  
 All its grace and mystery.

### THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT

How strange it seems! These Hebrews  
     in their graves,  
 Close by the street of this fair  
     seaport town,  
 Silent beside the never-silent  
     waves,  
 At rest in all this moving up and  
     down!

The trees are white with dust, that  
     o'er their sleep  
 Wave their broad curtains in the  
     south-wind's breath,  
 While underneath these leafy tents  
     they keep  
 The long, mysterious Exodus of  
     Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so  
     old and brown,  
 That pave with level flags their  
     burial-place,  
 Seem like the tablets of the Law,  
     thrown down  
 And broken by Moses at the  
     mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are  
     strange,  
 Of foreign accent, and of different  
     climes;  
 Alvares and Rivera interchange  
     With Abraham and Jacob of old  
     times.

'Blessed be God, for he created  
     Death!'  
 The mourners said, 'and Death  
     is rest and peace;'

Then added, in the certainty of  
     faith,  
 'And giveth Life that nevermore  
     shall cease.'

Closed are the portals of their  
     Synagogue,  
 No Psalms of David now the  
     silence break,  
 No Rabbi reads the ancient  
     Decalogue  
 In the grand dialect the Prophets  
     spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead  
     remain,  
 And not neglected; for a hand  
     unseen,  
 Scattering its bounty, like a  
     summer rain,  
 Still keeps their graves and their  
     remembrance green.

How came they here? What burst  
     of Christian hate,  
 What persecution, merciless and  
     blind,  
 Drove o'er the sea—that desert  
     desolate—  
 These Ishmaels and Hagars of  
     mankind?

They lived in narrow streets and  
     lanes obscure,  
 Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk  
     and mire;  
 Taught in the school of patience  
     to endure  
 The life of anguish and the death  
     of fire.

All their lives long, with the un-  
     leavened bread  
 And bitter herbs of exile and its  
     fears,  
 The wasting famine of the heart  
     they fed,  
 And slaked its thirst with marah  
     of their tears.

Anathema maranatha! was the cry

That rang from town to town,  
from street to street :

At every gate the accursed Mor-decai

Was mocked and jeered, and  
spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand

Walked with them through the  
world where'er they went ;

Trampled and beaten were they  
as the sand,

And yet unshaken as the conti-  
nent.

For in the background figures  
vague and vast

Of patriarchs and of prophets  
rose sublime,

And all the great traditions of the  
Past

They saw reflected in the com-  
ing time.

And thus forever with reverted  
look

The mystic volume of the world  
they read,

Spelling it backward, like a He-  
brew book,

Till life became a Legend of the  
Dead.

But ah! what once has been shall  
be no more !

The groaning earth in travail  
and in pain

Brings forth its races, but does  
not restore,

And the dead nations never rise  
again.

### OLIVER BASSELIN

In the Valley of the Vire

Still is seen an ancient mill,

With its gables quaint and queer,

And beneath the window-sill,

On the stone,

These words alone :

' Oliver Basselin lived here.'

Far above it, on the steep,

Ruined stands the old Château ;

Nothing but the donjon-keep

Left for shelter or for show.

Its vacant eyes

Stare at the skies,

Stare at the valley green and  
deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,

Looked, but ah! it looks no  
more,

From the neighboring hillside  
down

On the rushing and the roar

Of the stream

Whose sunny gleam

Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,

To the water's dash and din,

Careless, humble, and unknown,

Sang the poet Basselin

Songs that fill

That ancient mill

With a splendor of its own.

Never feeling of unrest

Broke the pleasant dream he  
dreamed ;

Only made to be his nest,

All the lovely valley seemed ;

No desire

Of soaring higher

Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine ;

Were not songs of that high art,

Which, as winds do in the pine,

Find an answer in each heart ;

But the mirth

Of this green earth

Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,

Opening on the narrow street,

Came the loud, convivial din,

Singing and applause of feet,  
The laughing lays  
That in those days  
Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,  
Knights, who fought at Agin-  
court,  
Watched and waited, spur on  
heel;  
But the poet sang for sport  
Songs that rang  
Another clang,  
Songs that lowlier hearts could  
feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,  
Sat the monks in lonely cells,  
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,  
And the poet heard their bells;  
But his rhymes  
Found other chimes,  
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,  
Gone are all the knights and  
squires,  
Gone the abbot stern and cold,  
And the brotherhood of friars;  
Not a name  
Remains to fame,  
From those mouldering days of  
old!

But the poet's memory here  
Of the landscape makes a part;  
Like the river, swift and clear,  
Flows his song through many a  
heart;  
Haunting still  
That ancient mill  
In the Valley of the Vire.

#### VICTOR GALBRAITH

UNDER the walls of Monterey  
At daybreak the bugles began to  
play,  
Victor Galbraith!

In the mist of the morning damp  
and gray,  
These were the words they seemed  
to say:  
'Come forth to thy death,  
Victor Galbraith!'

Forth he came, with a martial  
tread;  
Firm was his step, erect his head;  
Victor Galbraith,  
He who so well the bugle played,  
Could not mistake the words it  
said:  
'Come forth to thy death,  
Victor Galbraith!'

He looked at the earth, he looked  
at the sky,  
He looked at the files of mus-  
ketry,  
Victor Galbraith!  
And he said, with a steady voice  
and eye,  
'Take good aim; I am ready to  
die!'  
Thus challenges death  
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed  
straight and red,  
Six leaden balls on their errand  
sped;  
Victor Galbraith  
Falls to the ground, but he is not  
dead:  
His name was not stamped on  
those balls of lead,  
And they only scath  
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and  
brain,  
But he rises out of the dust again,  
Victor Galbraith!  
The water he drinks has a bloody  
stain;  
'Oh kill me, and put me out of my  
pain!'  
In his agony prayeth  
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues  
of flame,  
And the bugler has died a death of  
shame,

Victor Galbraith!

His soul has gone back to whence  
it came,

And no one answers to the name,  
When the Sergeant saith,  
'Victor Galbraith!'

Under the walls of Monterey  
By night a bugle is heard to play,  
Victor Galbraith!  
Through the mist of the valley  
damp and gray  
The sentinels hear the sound, and  
say,

'That is the wraith  
Of Victor Galbraith!'

### MY LOST YOUTH

OFTEN I think of the beautiful  
town

That is seated by the sea;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear  
old town,

And my youth comes back to  
me.

And a verse of a Lapland  
song

Is haunting my memory still:  
'A boy's will is the wind's  
will,

And the thoughts of youth are  
long, long thoughts.'

I can see the shadowy lines of its  
trees,

And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding  
seas,

And islands that were the Hes-  
perides

Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old  
song,

It murmurs and whispers still:

'A boy's will is the wind's  
will,

And the thoughts of youth are  
long, long thoughts.'

I remember the black wharves  
and the slips,

And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded  
lips,

And the beauty and mystery of  
the ships,

And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward  
song

Is singing and saying still:

'A boy's will is the wind's  
will,

And the thoughts of youth are  
long, long thoughts.'

I remember the bulwarks by the  
shore,

And the fort upon the hill;

The sunrise gun, with its hollow  
roar,

The drum-beat repeated o'er and  
o'er,

And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old  
song

Throbs in my memory still:

'A boy's will is the wind's  
will,

And the thoughts of youth are  
long, long thoughts.'

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it thundered o'er the tide!

And the dead captains, as they  
lay

In their graves, o'erlooking the  
tranquil bay

Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mourn-  
ful song

Goes through me with a thrill:  
'A boy's will is the wind's

will,

And the thoughts of youth are  
long, long thoughts.'

I can see the breezy dome of  
groves,  
The shadows of Deering's  
Woods;  
And the friendships old and the  
early loves  
Come back with a Sabbath sound,  
as of doves

In quiet neighborhoods.  
And the verse of that sweet  
old song,

It flutters and murmurs still :

'A boy's will is the wind's  
will,

And the thoughts of youth are  
long, long thoughts.'

I remember the gleams and glooms  
that dart

Across the school-boy's brain;  
The song and the silence in the  
heart,

That in part are prophecies, and  
in part

Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful  
song

Sings on, and is never still:

'A boy's will is the wind's  
will,

And the thoughts of youth are  
long, long thoughts.'

There are things of which I may  
not speak;

There are dreams that cannot  
die;

There are thoughts that make the  
strong heart weak,

And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal  
song

Come over me like a chill :

'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are  
long, long thoughts.'

Strange to me now are the forms  
I meet

When I visit the dear old town;

But the native air is pure and  
sweet,

And the trees that o'ershadow  
each well-known street,

As they balance up and down,  
Are singing the beautiful song,  
Are sighing and whispering  
still :

'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are  
long, long thoughts.'

And Deering's Woods are fresh  
and fair,

And with joy that is almost pain  
My heart goes back to wander  
there,

And among the dreams of the days  
that were,

I find my lost youth again.

And the strange and beautiful  
song,

The groves are repeating it  
still :

'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are  
long, long thoughts.'

### THE ROPEWALK

In that building, long and low,  
With its windows all a-row,

Like the port-holes of a hulk,  
Human spiders spin and spin,  
Backward down their threads so  
thin

: Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door;  
Squares of sunshine on the floor  
Light the long and dusky lane;  
And the whirring of a wheel,  
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel  
All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end  
Downward go and reascend,  
Gleam the long threads in the  
sun;

While within this brain of mine



Cobwebs brighter and more fine  
By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,  
Like white doves upon the wing,  
First before my vision pass;  
Laughing, as their gentle hands  
Closely clasp the twisted strands,  
At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,  
With its smell of tan and planks,  
And a girl poised high in air  
On a cord, in spangled dress,  
With a faded loveliness,  
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,  
And a woman with bare arms  
Drawing water from a well;  
As the bucket mounts apace,  
With it mounts her own fair face,  
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,  
Ringing loud the noontide hour,  
While the rope coils round and  
round  
Like a serpent at his feet,  
And again, in swift retreat,  
Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,  
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,  
Laughter and indecent mirth;  
Ah! it is the gallows-tree!  
Breath of Christian charity,  
Blow, and sweep it from the  
earth!

Then a school-boy, with his kite  
Gleaming in a sky of light,  
And an eager, upward look;  
Steeds pursued through lane and  
field;  
Fowlers with their snares con-  
cealed;  
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,  
Wrecks that float o'er unknown  
seas,

    Anchors dragged through faith-  
less sand;  
Sea-fog drifting overhead,  
And, with lessening line and lead,  
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,  
These, and many left untold,  
In that building long and low;  
While the wheel goes round and  
round,  
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,  
And the spinners backward go.

### THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE

LEAFLESS are the trees; their  
purple branches  
Spread themselves abroad, like  
reefs of coral,  
Rising silent  
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the  
village,  
Like the Afreet in the Arabian  
story,  
Smoky columns  
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flicker-  
ing firelight;  
Here and there the lamps of even-  
ing glimmer,  
Social watch-fires  
Answering one another through  
the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are  
glowing,  
And like Ariel in the cloven pine-  
tree  
For its freedom  
Groans and sighs the air impris-  
oned in them.

By the fireside there are old men  
seated,  
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,  
Asking sadly  
Of the Past what it can ne'er re-  
store them.

By the fireside there are youthful  
dreamers,  
Building castles fair, with stately  
stairways,  
Asking blindly  
Of the Future what it cannot give  
them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted  
In whose scenes appear two actors  
only,  
Wife and husband,  
And above them God the sole spec-  
tator.

By the fireside there are peace and  
comfort,  
Wives and children, with fair,  
thoughtful faces,  
Waiting, watching  
For a well-known footstep in the  
passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden  
Mile-Stone ;  
Is the central point, from which he  
measures  
Every distance  
Through the gateways of the  
world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he  
sees it ;  
Hears the talking flame, the an-  
swering night-wind,  
As he heard them  
When he sat with those who were,  
but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth  
nor fashion,  
Nor the march of the encroaching  
city,  
Drives an exile  
From the hearth of his ancestral  
homestead.

We may build more splendid habi-  
tations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and  
with sculptures,  
But we cannot  
Buy with gold the old associations !

## CATAWBA WINE

THIS song of mine  
Is a Song of the Vine,  
To be sung by the glowing embers  
Of wayside inns,  
When the rain begins  
To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song  
Of the Scuppernong,  
From warm Carolinian valleys,  
Nor the Isabel  
And the Muscadel  
That bask in our garden alleys,

Nor the red Mustang,  
Whose clusters hang  
O'er the waves of the Colorado,  
And the fiery flood  
Of whose purple blood  
Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best  
Is the wine of the West,  
That grows by the Beautiful River ;  
Whose sweet perfume  
Fills all the room  
With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees  
Are the haunts of bees,  
Forever going and coming ;  
So this crystal hive  
Is all alive  
With a swarming and buzzing and  
humming.

Very good in its way  
Is the Verzenay,  
Or the Sillery soft and creamy ;  
But Catawba wine  
Has a taste more divine,  
More dulcet, delicious, and  
dreamy.

There grows no vine  
By the haunted Rhine,  
By Danube or Guadalquivir,  
Nor on island or cape,  
That bears such a grape  
As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged is their juice  
 For foreign use,  
 When shipped o'er the reeling At-  
 lantic,  
 To rack our brains  
 With the fever pains,  
 That have driven the Old World  
 frantic.

To the sewers and sinks  
 With all such drinks,  
 And after them tumble the mixer;  
 For a poison malign  
 Is such Borgia wine,  
 Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring  
 Is the wine I sing,  
 And to praise it, one needs but  
 name it;  
 For Catawba wine  
 Has need of no sign,  
 No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,  
 This greeting of mine,  
 The winds and the birds shall de-  
 liver  
 To the Queen of the West,  
 In her garlands dressed,  
 On the banks of the Beautiful  
 River.

## SANTA FILOMENA

WHENE'ER a noble deed is  
 wrought,  
 Whene'er is spoken a noble  
 thought,  
 Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
 To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
 Into our inmost being rolls,  
 And lifts us unawares  
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or  
 deeds  
 Thus help us in our daily needs,

And by their overflow  
 Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I  
 read  
 Of the great army of the dead,  
 The trenches cold and damp,  
 The starved and frozen  
 camp,—

The wounded from the battle-  
 plain,  
 In dreary hospitals of pain,  
 The cheerless corridors,  
 The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery  
 A lady with a lamp I see  
 Pass through the glimmering  
 gloom,  
 And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of  
 bliss,  
 The speechless sufferer turns to  
 kiss  
 Her shadow, as it falls  
 Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should  
 be  
 Opened and then closed suddenly,  
 The vision came and went,  
 The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the  
 long  
 Hereafter of her speech and  
 song,  
 That light its rays shall cast  
 From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand  
 In the great history of the land,  
 A noble type of good,  
 Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
 The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
 The symbols that of yore  
 Saint Filomena bore.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE  
NORTH CAPE

A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S  
OROSIUS

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,  
Who dwelt in Helgoland,  
To King Alfred, the Lover of  
Truth,  
Brought a snow-white walrus-  
tooth,  
Which he held in his brown  
right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,  
Like a boy's his eye appeared ;  
His hair was yellow as hay,  
But threads of a silvery gray  
Gleamed in his tawny beard. 10

Hearty and hale was Othere,  
His cheek had the color of  
oak ;  
With a kind of a laugh in his  
speech,  
Like the sea-tide on a beach,  
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Had a book upon his knees,  
And wrote down the wondrous  
tale  
Of him who was first to sail  
Into the Arctic seas. 20

' So far I live to the northward,  
No man lives north of me ;  
To the east are wild mountain-  
chains,  
And beyond them meres and  
plains ;  
To the westward all is sea.

' So far I live to the northward,  
From the harbor of Skeringes-  
hale,  
If you only sailed by day,  
With a fair wind all the way,  
More than a month would you  
sail. 30

' I own six hundred reindeer,  
With sheep and swine beside ;  
I have tribute from the Finns,  
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,  
And ropes of walrus-hide.

' I ploughed the land with horses,  
But my heart was ill at ease,  
For the old seafaring men  
Came to me now and then,  
With their sagas of the seas ;— 40

' Of Iceland and of Greenland,  
And the stormy Hebrides,  
And the undiscovered deep ;—  
Oh I could not eat nor sleep  
For thinking of those seas.

' To the northward stretched the  
desert,  
How far I fain would know ;  
So at last I sallied forth,  
And three days sailed due north,  
As far as the whale-ships go. 50

' To the west of me was the ocean,  
To the right the desolate shore,  
But I did not slacken sail  
For the walrus or the whale,  
Till after three days more.

' The days grew longer and longer,  
Till they became as one,  
And northward through the haze  
I saw the sullen blaze  
Of the red midnight sun. 60

' And then uprose before me,  
Upon the water's edge,  
The huge and haggard shape  
Of that unknown North Cape,  
Whose form is like a wedge.

' The sea was rough and stormy,  
The tempest howled and wailed,  
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,  
Haunted that dreary coast,  
But onward still I sailed. 70

' Four days I steered to eastward,  
Four days without a night :

Round in a fiery ring  
Went the great sun, O King,  
With red and lurid light.'

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Ceased writing for a while;  
And raised his eyes from his  
book,  
With a strange and puzzled look,  
And an incredulous smile. 80

But Othere, the old sea-captain,  
He neither paused nor stirred,  
Till the King listened, and then  
Once more took up his pen,  
And wrote down every word.

'And now the land,' said Othere,  
'Bent southward suddenly,  
And I followed the curving shore  
And ever southward bore  
Into a nameless sea. 90

'And there we hunted the walrus,  
The narwhale, and the seal;  
Ha! 't was a noble game!  
And like the lightning's flame  
Flew our harpoons of steel.

'There were six of us all together  
Norsemen of Helgoland;  
In two days and no more  
We killed of them threescore,  
And dragged them to the  
strand!' 100

Here Alfred the Truth-teller  
Suddenly closed his book,  
And lifted his blue eyes,  
With doubt and strange surmise  
Depicted in their look.

And Othere the old sea-captain  
Stared at him wild and weird,  
Then smiled, till his shining  
teeth  
Gleamed white from underneath  
His tawny, quivering beard. 110

And to the King of the Saxons,  
In witness of the truth,

Raising his noble head,  
He stretched his brown hand, and  
said,  
'Behold this walrus-tooth!'

#### DAYBREAK

A WIND came up out of the sea,  
And said, 'O mists, make room  
for me.'

It hailed the ships, and cried, 'Sail  
on,  
Ye mariners, the night is gone.'

And hurried landward far away,  
Crying, 'Awake! it is the day.'

It said unto the forest, 'Shout!  
Hang all your leafy banners out!'

It touched the wood-bird's folded  
wing,  
And said, 'O bird, awake and sing.'

And o'er the farms, 'O chanticleer,  
Your clarion blow; the day is  
near.'

It whispered to the fields of corn,  
'Bow down, and hail the coming  
morn.'

It shouted through the belfry-  
tower,  
'Awake, O bell! proclaim the  
hour.'

It crossed the churchyard with a  
sigh,  
And said, 'Not yet! in quiet lie.'

#### THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ

MAY 28, 1857

It was fifty years ago  
In the pleasant month of May  
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
A child in its cradle lay.



And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying: 'Here is a story-book  
Thy Father has written for thee.'

'Come, wander with me,' she said,  
'Into regions yet untrod;  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God.'

And he wandered away and away  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day  
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed  
long,  
Or his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful  
song,  
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,  
And will not let him go,  
Though at times his heart beats  
wild  
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his  
dreams  
The Ranz des Vaches of old,  
And the rush of mountain streams  
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says,  
'Hark!  
For his voice I listen and  
yearn;  
It is growing late and dark,  
And my boy does not return!'

### CHILDREN

COME to me, O ye children!  
For I hear you at your play,  
And the questions that perplexed  
me  
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,  
That look towards the sun,

Where thoughts are singing swal-  
lows  
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and  
the sunshine,  
In your thoughts the brooklet's  
flow,  
But in mine is the wind of Autumn  
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert be-  
hind us  
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into  
wood, —

That to the world are children;  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are  
singing  
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your ca-  
resses,  
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead.

### SANDALPHON

HAVE you read in the Talmud of  
old,  
In the Legends the Rabbins have  
told

Of the limitless realms of the air,  
Have you read it,— the marvellous  
story

Of Sandalphon, the Angel of  
Glory,  
Sandalphon, the Angel of  
Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates  
Of the City Celestial he waits,  
With his feet on the ladder of  
light,

That, crowded with angels un-  
numbered,

By Jacob was seen, as he slum-  
bered

Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire  
Chant only one hymn, and expire  
With the song's irresistible  
stress ;

Expire in their rapture and won-  
der,

As harp-strings are broken asun-  
der

By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous  
throng,

Unmoved by the rush of the song,  
With eyes unimpassioned and  
slow,

Among the dead angels, the death-  
less

Sandalphon stands listening  
breathless

To sounds that ascend from be-  
low ;—

From the spirits on earth that  
adore,

From the souls that entreat and  
implore

In the fervor and passion of  
prayer ;

From the hearts that are broken  
with losses,

And weary with dragging the  
crosses

Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he  
stands,

And they change into flowers in  
his hands,

Into garlands of purple and red ;

And beneath the great arch of the  
portal,

Through the streets of the City  
Immortal

Is wafted the fragrance they  
shed.

It is but a legend, I know, —

A fable, a phantom, a show,

Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;

Yet the old mediæval tradition,

The beautiful, strange superstition,

But haunts me and holds me the  
more.

When I look from my window at  
night,

And the welkin above is all white,  
All throbbing and panting with  
stars,

Among them majestic is standing  
Sandalphon the angel, expanding

His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part  
Of the hunger and thirst of the  
heart,

The frenzy and fire of the brain,  
That grasps at the fruitage for-  
bidden,

The golden pomegranates of Eden,  
To quiet its fever and pain,

## FLIGHT THE SECOND

### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the day-  
light,

When the night is beginning to  
lower,

Comes a pause in the day's occupa-  
tions,

That is known as the Children's  
Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
 The patter of little feet,  
 The sound of a door that is opened,  
 And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-  
 light,

Descending the broad hall stair,  
 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence :  
 Yet I know by their merry  
 eyes

They are plotting and planning to-  
 gether  
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stair-  
 way,

A sudden raid from the hall !  
 By three doors left unguarded  
 They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret  
 O'er the arms and back of my  
 chair ;

If I try to escape, they surround  
 me ;  
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with  
 kisses,

Their arms about me entwine,  
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bing-  
 en

In his Mouse - Tower on the  
 Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed ban-  
 ditti,

Because you have scaled the  
 wall,

Such an old mustache as I am  
 Is not a match for you all !

I have you fast in my fortress,  
 And will not let you depart,  
 But put you down into the dun-  
 geon

In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,  
 Yes, forever and a day,  
 Till the walls shall crumble to  
 ruin,  
 And moulder in dust away !

## ENCELADUS

UNDER Mount Etna he lies,  
 It is slumber, it is not death ;  
 For he struggles at times to arise,  
 And above him the lurid skies  
 Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,  
 The earth is heaped on his head ;  
 But the groans of his wild unrest,  
 Though smothered and half sup-  
 pressed,  
 Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away  
 Are watching with eager eyes ;  
 They talk together and say,  
 ' To-morrow, perhaps to-day,  
 Enceladus will arise ! '

And the old gods, the austere  
 Oppressors in their strength,  
 Stand aghast and white with fear  
 At the ominous sounds they hear,  
 And tremble, and mutter, ' At  
 length ! '

Ah me ! for the land that is sown  
 With the harvest of despair !  
 Where the burning cinders, blown  
 From the lips of the overthrown  
 Enceladus, fill the air ;

Where ashes are heaped in drifts  
 Over vineyard and field and town,  
 Whenever he starts and lifts  
 His head through the blackened  
 rifts  
 Of the crags that keep him  
 down.

See, see ! the red light shines !  
 'T is the glare of his awful eyes !

And the storm-wind shouts through  
the pines  
Of Alps and of Apennines,  
'Enceladus, arise!'

### THE CUMBERLAND

At anchor in Hampton Roads we  
lay,  
On board of the Cumberland,  
sloop-of-war;  
And at times from the fortress  
across the bay  
The alarum of drums swept  
past,  
Or a bugle blast  
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south up-  
rose  
A little feather of snow-white  
smoke,  
And we knew that the iron ship of  
our foes  
Was steadily steering its course  
To try the force  
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,  
Silent and sullen, the floating  
fort;  
Then comes a puff of smoke from  
her guns,  
And leaps the terrible death,  
With fiery breath,  
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her  
straight  
Defiance back in a full broad-  
side!  
As hail rebounds from a roof of  
slate,  
Rebounds our heavier hail  
From each iron scale  
Of the monster's hide.

'Strike your flag!' the rebel cries,  
In his arrogant old plantation  
strain.

'Never!' our gallant Morris re-  
plies;  
'It is better to sink than to  
yield!'  
And the whole air pealed  
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,  
She crushed our ribs in her iron  
grasp!  
Down went the Cumberland all a  
wrack,  
With a sudden shudder of  
death,  
And the cannon's breath  
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over  
the bay,  
Still floated our flag at the main-  
mast head.  
Lord, how beautiful was Thy day!  
Every waft of the air  
Was a whisper of prayer,  
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down  
in the seas!  
Ye are at peace in the troubled  
stream;  
Ho! brave land! with hearts like  
these,  
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,  
Shall be one again,  
And without a seam!

### SNOW-FLAKES

Out of the bosom of the Air,  
Out of the cloud-folds of her gar-  
ments shaken,  
Over the woodlands brown and  
bare,  
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,  
Silent, and soft, and slow  
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take  
Suddenly shape in some divine  
expression,

Even as the troubled heart doth  
make  
In the white countenance con-  
fession,  
The troubled sky reveals  
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,  
Slowly in silent syllables re-  
corded;  
This is the secret of despair,  
Long in its cloudy bosom hoard-  
ed,  
Now whispered and revealed  
To wood and field.

### A DAY OF SUNSHINE

O GIFT of God! O perfect day:  
Whereon shall no man work, but  
play;  
Whereon it is enough for me,  
Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain,  
Through every nerve, through  
every vein,  
I feel the electric thrill, the touch  
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees  
Playing celestial symphonies;  
I see the branches downward  
bent,  
Like keys of some great instru-  
ment.

And over me unrolls on high  
The splendid scenery of the sky,  
Where through a sapphire sea the  
sun  
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the  
West,  
Towards yonder Islands of the  
Blest,  
Whose steep sierra far uplifts  
Its craggy summits white with  
drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all  
the rooms  
The snow-flakes of the cherry-  
blooms!  
Blow, winds! and bend within my  
reach  
The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O Life and Love! O happy throng  
Of thoughts, whose only speech is  
song!  
O heart of man! canst thou not be  
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

### SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE

LABOR with what zeal we will,  
Something still remains undone,  
Something uncompleted still  
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,  
At the threshold, near the gates,  
With its menace or its prayer,  
Like a mendicant it waits;

Waits, and will not go away;  
Waits, and will not be gainsaid;  
By the cares of yesterday  
Each to-day is heavier made;

Till at length the burden seems  
Greater than our strength can  
bear,  
Heavy as the weight of dreams,  
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,  
Like the dwarfs of times gone  
by,  
Who, as Northern legends say,  
On their shoulders held the sky.

### WEARINESS

O LITTLE feet! that such long  
years  
Must wander on through hopes  
and fears,



Must ache and bleed beneath  
your load ;  
I, nearer to the wayside inn  
Where toil shall cease and rest be-  
gin,  
Am weary, thinking of your  
road !

O little hands ! that, weak or  
strong,  
Have still to serve or rule so  
long,  
Have still so long to give or  
ask ;  
I, who so much with book and  
pen  
Have toiled among my fellow-men,  
Am weary, thinking of your  
task.

O little hearts ! that throb and beat  
With such impatient, feverish  
heat,  
Such limitless and strong de-  
sires ;  
Mine, that so long has glowed and  
burned,  
With passions into ashes turned,  
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls ! as pure and white  
And crystalline as rays of light  
Direct from heaven, their source  
divine ;  
Refracted through the mist of  
years,  
How red my setting sun appears,  
How lurid looks this soul of  
mine !

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

### PART FIRST

#### PRELUDE

##### THE WAYSIDE INN

ONE Autumn night, in Sudbury  
town,  
Across the meadows bare and  
brown,  
The windows of the wayside inn  
Gleamed red with fire - light  
through the leaves  
Of woodbine, hanging from the  
eaves  
Their crimson curtains rent and  
thin.

As ancient is this hostelry  
As any in the land may be,  
Built in the old Colonial day,  
When men lived in a grander  
way, 10  
With ampler hospitality ;  
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,  
Now somewhat fallen to decay,

With weather - stains upon the  
wall,  
And stairways worn, and crazy  
doors,  
And creaking and uneven floors,  
And chimneys huge, and tiled and  
tall.

A region of repose it seems,  
A place of slumber and of dreams,  
Remote among the wooded hills !  
For there no noisy railway speeds,  
Its torch - race scattering smoke  
and gleeds ; 22  
But noon and night, the panting  
teams  
Stop under the great oaks, that  
throw  
Tangles of light and shade be-  
low,  
On roofs and doors and window-  
sills.  
Across the road the barns dis-  
play

Their lines of stalls, their mows of  
 hay,  
 Through the wide doors the  
 breezes blow,  
 The wattled cocks strut to and  
 fro, 30  
 And, half effaced by rain and  
 shine,  
 The Red Horse prances on the  
 sign.  
 Round this old-fashioned, quaint  
 abode  
 Deep silence reigned, save when  
 a gust  
 Went rushing down the county  
 road,  
 And skeletons of leaves, and dust,  
 A moment quickened by its breath,  
 Shuddered and danced their dance  
 of death,  
 And through the ancient oaks o'er-  
 head  
 Mysterious voices moaned and  
 fled. 40

But from the parlor of the inn  
 A pleasant murmur smote the ear,  
 Like water rushing through a weir:  
 Oft interrupted by the din  
 Of laughter and of loud applause,  
 And, in each intervening pause,  
 The music of a violin.  
 The fire-light, shedding over all  
 The splendor of its ruddy glow,  
 Filled the whole parlor large and  
 low; 50  
 It gleamed on wainscot and on  
 wall,  
 It touched with more than wonted  
 grace  
 Fair Princess Mary's pictured  
 face;  
 It bronzed the rafters overhead,  
 On the old spinet's ivory keys  
 It played inaudible melodies,  
 It crowned the sombre clock with  
 flame,  
 The hands, the hours, the maker's  
 name,  
 And painted with a livelier red 59  
 The Landlord's coat-of-arms again;

And, flashing on the window-pane,  
 Emblazoned with its light and  
 shade  
 The jovial rhymes, that still re-  
 main,  
 Writ near a century ago,  
 By the great Major Molineaux,  
 Whom Hawthorne has immortal  
 made.

Before the blazing fire of wood  
 Erect the rapt musician stood;  
 And ever and anon he bent  
 His head upon his instrument, 70  
 And seemed to listen, till he  
 caught  
 Confessions of its secret thought,—  
 The joy, the triumph, the lament,  
 The exultation and the pain;  
 Then, by the magic of his art,  
 He soothed the throbbings of its  
 heart,  
 And lulled it into peace again.

Around the fireside at their ease  
 There sat a group of friends, en-  
 tranced  
 With the delicious melodies; 80  
 Who from the far-off noisy town  
 Had to the wayside inn come down,  
 To rest beneath its old oak trees.  
 The fire-light on their faces  
 glanced,  
 Their shadows on the wainscot  
 danced,  
 And, though of different lands and  
 speech,  
 Each had his tale to tell, and each  
 Was anxious to be pleased and  
 please.  
 And while the sweet musician  
 plays, 89  
 Let me in outline sketch them  
 all,  
 Perchance uncouthly as the blaze  
 With its uncertain touch portrays  
 Their shadowy semblance on the  
 wall.

But first the Landlord will I trace;  
 Grave in his aspect and attire;

A man of ancient pedigree,  
A Justice of the Peace was he,  
Known in all Sudbury as 'The  
Squire.'

Proud was he of his name and  
race, 99

Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,  
And in the parlor, full in view,  
His coat-of-arms, well framed and  
glazed,

Upon the wall in colors blazed ;  
He beareth gules upon his shield,  
A chevron argent in the field,  
With three wolf's-heads, and for  
the crest

A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed  
Upon a helmet barred ; below  
The scroll reads, ' By the name of  
Howe.' 109

And over this, no longer bright,  
Though glimmering with a latent  
light,

Was hung the sword his grandsire  
bore

In the rebellious days of yore,  
Down there at Concord in the fight.

A youth was there, of quiet ways,  
A Student of old books and days,  
To whom all tongues and lands  
were known,

And yet a lover of his own ;  
With many a social virtue graced,  
And yet a friend of solitude ; 120

A man of such a genial mood  
The heart of all things he em-  
braced,

And yet of such fastidious taste,  
He never found the best too good.  
Books were his passion and de-  
light,

And in his upper room at home  
Stood many a rare and sumptuous  
tome,

In vellum bound, with gold be-  
dight,

Great volumes garmented in white,  
Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.

He loved the twilight that sur-  
rounds 131

The border-land of old romance ;

Where glitter hauberk, helm, and  
lance,  
And banner waves, and trumpet  
sounds,

And ladies ride with hawk on  
wrist,

And mighty warriors sweep along,  
Magnified by the purple mist,

The dusk of centuries and of song.  
The chronicles of Charlemagne,

Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthure,  
Mingled together in his brain 141

With tales of Flores and Blanche-  
fleur,

Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eglamour,  
Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgadour,  
Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.

A young Sicilian, too, was there ;  
In sight of Etna born and bred,  
Some breath of its volcanic air  
Was glowing in his heart and  
brain, 149

And, being rebellious to his liege,  
After Palermo's fatal siege,  
Across the western seas he fled,  
In good King Bomba's happy  
reign.

His face was like a summer night,  
All flooded with a dusky light ;  
His hands were small ; his teeth  
shone white

As sea-shells, when he smiled or  
spoke ;

His sinews supple and strong as  
oak ;

Clean shaven was he as a priest,  
Who at the mass on Sunday sings,  
Save that upon his upper lip 161

His beard, a good palm's length at  
least,

Level and pointed at the tip,  
Shot sideways, like a swallow's  
wings.

The poets read he o'er and o'er,  
And most of all the Immortal Four

Of Italy ; and next to those,  
The story-telling bard of prose,

Who wrote the joyous Tuscan  
tales

Of the Decameron, that make 170

Fiesole's green hills and vales  
Remembered for Boccaccio's sake.  
Much too of music was his  
thought;

The melodies and measures  
fraught

With sunshine and the open air,  
Of vineyards and the singing sea  
Of his beloved Sicily;  
And much it pleased him to peruse  
The songs of the Sicilian muse, —  
Bucolic songs by Meli sung 180  
In the familiar peasant tongue,  
That made men say, 'Behold!  
once more

The pitying gods to earth restore  
Theocritus of Syracuse!'

A Spanish Jew from Alicant  
With aspect grand and grave was  
there;

Vender of silks and fabrics rare,  
And attar of rose from the Le-  
vant.

Like an old Patriarch he appeared,  
Abraham or Isaac, or at least 190  
Some later Prophet or High-  
Priest;

With lustrous eyes, and olive skin,  
And, wildly tossed from cheeks  
and chin,

The tumbling cataract of his beard.  
His garments breathed a spicy  
scent

Of cinnamon and sandal blent,  
Like the soft aromatic gales  
That meet the mariner, who sails  
Through the Moluccas, and the  
seas 199

That wash the shores of Celebes.  
All stories that recorded are  
By Pierre Alphonse he knew by  
heart,

And it was rumored he could say  
The Parables of Sandabar,  
And all the Fables of Pilpay,  
Or if not all, the greater part!  
Well versed was he in Hebrew  
books,

Talmud and Targum, and the lore  
Of Kabala; and evermore 209

There was a mystery in his looks;  
His eyes seemed gazing far away,  
As if in vision or in trance  
He heard the solemn sackbut play,  
And saw the Jewish maidens  
dance.

A Theologian, from the school  
Of Cambridge on the Charles, was  
there;

Skilful alike with tongue and pen,  
He preached to all men everywhere  
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,  
The New Commandment given to  
men, 220

Thinking the deed, and not the  
creed,

Would help us in our utmost need.  
With reverent feet the earth he  
trod,

Nor banished nature from his plan,  
But studied still with deep re-  
search

To build the Universal Church,  
Lofty as is the love of God,  
And ample as the wants of man.

A Poet, too, was there, whose  
verse 229

Was tender, musical, and terse;  
The inspiration, the delight,  
The gleam, the glory, the swift  
flight

Of thoughts so sudden, that they  
seem

The revelations of a dream,  
All these were his; but with them  
came

No envy of another's fame;  
He did not find his sleep less  
sweet

For music in some neighboring  
street,

Nor rustling hear in every breeze  
The laurels of Miltiades. 240  
Honor and blessings on his head  
While living, good report when  
dead,

Who, not too eager for renown,  
Accepts, but does not clutch, the  
crown!

Last the Musician, as he stood  
 Illumined by that fire of wood ;  
 Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect  
     blithe,  
 His figure tall and straight and  
     lithe,  
 And every feature of his face  
 Revealing his Norwegian race ; 250  
 A radiance, streaming from within,  
 Around his eyes and forehead  
     beamed,  
 The Angel with the violin,  
 Painted by Raphael, he seemed.  
 He lived in that ideal world  
 Whose language is not speech, but  
     song ;  
 Around him evermore the throng  
 Of elves and sprites their dances  
     whirled ;  
 The Strömkarl sang, the cataract  
     hurled  
 Its headlong waters from the  
     height ; 260  
 And mingled in the wild delight  
 The scream of sea-birds in their  
     flight,  
 The rumor of the forest trees,  
 The plunge of the implacable  
     seas,  
 The tumult of the wind at night,  
 Voices of eld, like trumpets blow-  
     ing,  
 Old ballads, and wild melodies  
 Through mist and darkness pour-  
     ing forth,  
 Like Elivagar's river flowing  
 Out of the glaciers of the North. 270

The instrument on which he played  
 Was in Cremona's workshops  
     made,  
 By a great master of the past,  
 Ere yet was lost the art divine ;  
 Fashioned of maple and of pine,  
 That in Tyrolean forests vast  
 Had rocked and wrestled with the  
     blast :  
 Exquisite was it in design,  
 Perfect in each minutest part,  
 A marvel of the lutist's art ; 280  
 And in its hollow chamber, thus,

The maker from whose hands it  
     came  
 Had written his unrivalled  
     name, —  
 'Antonius Stradivarius.'

And when he played, the atmo-  
     sphere  
 Was filled with magic, and the  
     ear  
 Caught echoes of that Harp of  
     Gold,  
 Whose music had so weird a sound,  
 The hunted stag forgot to bound,  
 The leaping rivulet backward  
     rolled, 290  
 The birds came down from bush  
     and tree,  
 The dead came from beneath the  
     sea,  
 The maiden to the harper's knee !

The music ceased ; the applause  
     was loud,  
 The pleased musician smiled and  
     bowed ;  
 The wood-fire clapped its hands of  
     flame,  
 The shadows on the wainscot  
     stirred,  
 And from the harpsichord there  
     came  
 A ghostly murmur of acclaim,  
 A sound like that sent down at  
     night 300  
 By birds of passage in their flight,  
 From the remotest distance heard.

Then silence followed ; then be-  
     gan  
 A clamor for the Landlord's  
     tale, —  
 The story promised them of old,  
 They said, but always left un-  
     told ;  
 And he, although a bashful man,  
 And all his courage seemed to  
     fail,  
 Finding excuse of no avail,  
 Yielded ; and thus the story  
     ran. 310



## THE LANDLORD'S TALE

## PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you  
shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Re-  
vere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in  
Seventy-five;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day  
and year.

He said to his friend, 'If the Brit-  
ish march  
By land or sea from the town to-  
night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry  
arch  
Of the North Church tower as a  
signal light,—  
One, if by land, and two, if by  
sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will  
be,  
Ready to ride and spread the  
alarm  
Through every Middlesex village  
and farm,  
For the country folk to be up and  
to arm.'

Then he said, 'Good night!' and  
with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charles-  
town shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the  
bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moor-  
ings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-  
war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast  
and spar  
Across the moon like a prison  
bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was  
magnified  
By its own reflection in the  
tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through  
alley and street,  
Wanders and watches with eager  
ears,  
Till in the silence around him he  
hears  
The muster of men at the barrack  
door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp  
of feet,  
And the measured tread of the  
grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on  
the shore. 30

Then he climbed the tower of the  
Old North Church,  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy  
tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from  
their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round  
him made  
Masses and moving shapes of  
shade,—  
By the trembling ladder, steep and  
tall,  
To the highest window in the  
wall,  
Where he paused to listen and  
look down  
A moment on the roofs of the  
town,  
And the moonlight flowing over  
all. 40

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay  
the dead,  
In their night-encampment on the  
hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and  
still  
That he could hear, like a senti-  
nel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it  
went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, 'All is  
well!'  
A moment only he feels the spell

Of the place and the hour, and the  
secret dread 50

Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are  
bent

On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet  
the bay, —

A line of black that bends and  
floats

On the rising tide, like a bridge of  
boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount  
and ride,

Booted and spurred, with a heavy  
stride

On the opposite shore walked  
Paul Revere.

Now he patted his horse's side, 60  
Now gazed at the landscape far  
and near,

Then, impetuous, stamped the  
earth,

And turned and tightened his sad-  
dle-girth;

But mostly he watched with eager  
search

The belfry-tower of the Old North  
Church,

As it rose above the graves on the  
hill,

Lonely and spectral and sombre  
and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the bel-  
fry's height

A glimmer, and then a gleam of  
light!

He springs to the saddle, the bri-  
dle he turns, 70

But lingers and gazes, till full on  
his sight

A second lamp in the belfry  
burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village  
street,

A shape in the moonlight, a bulk  
in the dark,

And beneath, from the pebbles, in  
passing, a spark

Struck out by a steed flying fear-  
less and fleet:

That was all! And yet, through  
the gloom and the light,

The fate of a nation was riding  
that night;

And the spark struck out by that  
steed, in his flight,

Kindled the land into flame with  
its heat. 80

He has left the village and mounted  
the steep,

And beneath him, tranquil and  
broad and deep,

Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean  
tides;

And under the alders that skirt its  
edge,

Now soft on the sand, now loud on  
the ledge,

Is heard the tramp of his steed as  
he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,  
When he crossed the bridge into  
Medford town.

He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's  
dog, 90

And felt the damp of the river  
fog,

That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.

He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he

passed,

And the meeting-house windows,  
blank and bare,

Gaze at him with a spectral  
glare,

As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would

look upon. 100

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in

Concord town.

He heard the bleating of the flock,

And the twitter of birds among  
the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning  
breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in  
his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first  
to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books  
you have read, 111  
How the British Regulars fired  
and fled, —  
How the farmers gave them ball  
for ball,  
From behind each fence and farm-  
yard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the  
lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge  
again  
Under the trees at the turn of the  
road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul  
Revere;  
And so through the night went his  
cry of alarm 120  
To every Middlesex village and  
farm, —

A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock  
at the door,  
And a word that shall echo for-  
evermore!  
For, borne on the night-wind of  
the Past,  
Through all our history, to the  
last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril  
and need,  
The people will waken and listen  
to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that  
steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul  
Revere. 130

## INTERLUDE

THE Landlord ended thus his  
tale,  
Then rising took down from its  
nail  
The sword that hung there, dim  
with dust,  
And cleaving to its sheath with  
rust,  
And said, 'This sword was in the  
fight.'  
The Poet seized it, and exclaimed,  
'It is the sword of a good knight,  
Though homespun was his coat-of-  
mail;  
What matter if it be not named  
Joyeuse, Colada, Durindale,  
Excalibar, or Aroundight,  
Or other name the books record?  
Your ancestor, who bore this  
sword  
As Colonel of the Volunteers,  
Mounted upon his old gray mare,  
Seen here and there and every-  
where,  
To me a grander shape appears  
Than old Sir William, or what not,  
Clinking about in foreign lands  
With iron gauntlets on his hands,  
And on his head an iron pot!'

All laughed; the Landlord's face  
grew red  
As his escutcheon on the wall;  
He could not comprehend at all  
The drift of what the Poet said;  
For those who had been longest  
dead  
Were always greatest in his eyes;  
And he was speechless with sur-  
prise  
To see Sir William's plumèd head  
Brought to a level with the rest,  
And made the subject of a jest.  
And this perceiving, to appease  
The Landlord's wrath, the others'  
fears,  
The Student said, with careless  
ease,  
'The ladies and the cavaliers,

The arms, the loves, the courtesies,  
 The deeds of high emprise, I sing !  
 Thus Ariosto says, in words  
 That have the stately stride and ring  
 Of armed knights and clashing swords.  
 Now listen to the tale I bring ;  
 Listen ! though not to me belong  
 The flowing draperies of his song,  
 The words that rouse, the voice that charms.  
 The Landlord's tale was one of arms,  
 Only a tale of love is mine,  
 Blending the human and divine,  
 A tale of the Decameron, told  
 In Palmieri's garden old,  
 By Fiametta, laurel-crowned,  
 While her companions lay around,  
 And heard the intermingled sound  
 Of airs that on their errands sped,  
 And wild birds gossiping overhead,  
 And lisp of leaves, and fountain's fall,  
 And her own voice more sweet than all,  
 Telling the tale, which, wanting these,  
 Perchance may lose its power to please.'

### THE STUDENT'S TALE

#### THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO

ONE summer morning, when the sun was hot,  
 Weary with labor in his garden-plot,  
 On a rude bench beneath his cottage eaves,  
 Ser Federigo sat among the leaves  
 Of a huge vine, that, with its arms outspread,  
 Hung its delicious clusters overhead.

Below him, through the lovely valley, flowed  
 The river Arno, like a winding road,  
 And from its banks were lifted high in air  
 The spires and roofs of Florence called the Fair ;  
 To him a marble tomb, that rose above  
 His wasted fortunes and his buried love.  
 For there, in banquet and in tournament,  
 His wealth had lavished been, his substance spent,  
 To woo and lose, since ill his wooing sped,  
 Monna Giovanna, who his rival wed,  
 Yet ever in his fancy reigned supreme,  
 The ideal woman of a young man's dream.

Then he withdrew, in poverty and pain,  
 To this small farm, the last of his domain,  
 His only comfort and his only care  
 To prune his vines, and plant the fig and pear ;  
 His only forester and only guest  
 His falcon, faithful to him, when the rest,  
 Whose willing hands had found so light of yore  
 The brazen knocker of his palace door,  
 Had now no strength to lift the wooden latch,  
 That entrance gave beneath a roof of thatch.  
 Companion of his solitary ways,  
 Purveyor of his feasts on holiday,  
 On him this melancholy man bestowed  
 The love with which his nature overflowed.

And so the empty-handed years  
 went round,  
 Vacant, though voiceful with prophetic sound,  
 And so, that summer morn, he sat  
 and mused  
 With folded, patient hands, as he  
 was used,  
 And dreamily before his half-  
 closed sight  
 Floated the vision of his lost de-  
 light.  
 Beside him, motionless, the drowsy  
 bird  
 Dreamed of the chase, and in his  
 slumber heard 40  
 The sudden, scythe-like sweep of  
 wings, that dare  
 The headlong plunge through ed-  
 dying gulfs of air,  
 Then, starting broad awake upon  
 his perch,  
 Tinkled his bells, like mass-bells  
 in a church,  
 And looking at his master, seemed  
 to say,  
 'Ser Federigo, shall we hunt to-  
 day?'

Ser Federigo thought not of the  
 chase;  
 The tender vision of her lovely  
 face,  
 I will not say he seems to see, he  
 sees  
 In the leaf-shadows of the trel-  
 lises, 50  
 Herself, yet not herself; a lovely  
 child  
 With flowing tresses, and eyes  
 wide and wild,  
 Coming undaunted up the garden  
 walk,  
 And looking not at him, but at the  
 hawk.  
 'Beautiful falcon!' said he, 'would  
 that I  
 Might hold thee on my wrist, or  
 see thee fly!'  
 The voice was hers, and made  
 strange echoes start

Through all the haunted chambers  
 of his heart,  
 As an æolian harp through gusty  
 doors  
 Of some old ruin its wild music  
 pours. 60

'Who is thy mother, my fair boy?'  
 he said,  
 His hand laid softly on that shin-  
 ing head.  
 'Monna Giovanna. Will you let  
 me stay  
 A little while, and with your fal-  
 con play?  
 We live there, just beyond your  
 garden wall,  
 In the great house behind the pop-  
 lars tall.'

So he spake on; and Federigo  
 heard  
 As from afar each softly uttered  
 word,  
 And drifted onward through the  
 golden gleams  
 And shadows of the misty sea of  
 dreams, 70  
 As mariners becalmed through  
 vapors drift,  
 And feel the sea beneath them  
 sink and lift,  
 And hear far off the mournful  
 breakers roar,  
 And voices calling faintly from the  
 shore!  
 Then waking from his pleasant  
 reveries,  
 He took the little boy upon his  
 knees,  
 And told him stories of his gallant  
 bird,  
 Till in their friendship he became  
 a third.

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her  
 prime,  
 Had come with friends to pass the  
 summer time 80  
 In her grand villa, half-way up the  
 hill,



O'erlooking Florence, but retired  
 and still;  
 With iron gates, that opened  
 through long lines  
 Of sacred ilex and centennial pines,  
 And terraced gardens, and broad  
 steps of stone,  
 And sylvan deities, with moss o'er-  
 grown,  
 And fountains palpitating in the  
 heat,  
 And all Val d'Arno stretched be-  
 neath its feet.  
 Here in seclusion, as a widow may,  
 The lovely lady whiled the hours  
 away, 90  
 Pacing in sable robes the statued  
 hall,  
 Herself the stateliest statue among  
 all,  
 And seeing more and more, with  
 secret joy,  
 Her husband risen and living in  
 her boy,  
 Till the lost sense of life returned  
 again,  
 Not as delight, but as relief from  
 pain.  
 Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in  
 his strength,  
 Stormed down the terraces from  
 length to length;  
 The screaming peacock chased in  
 hot pursuit,  
 And climbed the garden trellises  
 for fruit. 100  
 But his chief pastime was to watch  
 the flight  
 Of a gerfalcon, soaring into sight,  
 Beyond the trees that fringed the  
 garden wall,  
 Then downward stooping at some  
 distant call;  
 And as he gazed full often won-  
 dered he  
 Who might the master of the fal-  
 con be,  
 Until that happy morning, when  
 he found  
 Master and falcon in the cottage  
 ground.

And now a shadow and a terror fell  
 On the great house, as if a pass-  
 ing-bell 110  
 Told from the tower, and filled  
 each spacious room  
 With secret awe and preternatural  
 gloom;  
 The petted boy grew ill, and day  
 by day  
 Pined with mysterious malady  
 away.  
 The mother's heart would not be  
 comforted;  
 Her darling seemed to her already  
 dead,  
 And often, sitting by the sufferer's  
 side,  
 'What can I do to comfort thee?'  
 she cried.  
 At first the silent lips made no  
 reply,  
 But, moved at length by her im-  
 portunate cry, 120  
 'Give me,' he answered, with im-  
 ploring tone,  
 Ser Federigo's falcon for my own!'  
  
 No answer could the astonished  
 mother make;  
 How could she ask, e'en for her  
 darling's sake,  
 Such favor at a luckless lover's  
 hand,  
 Well knowing that to ask was to  
 command?  
 Well knowing, what all falconers  
 confessed,  
 In all the land that falcon was the  
 best,  
 The master's pride and passion  
 and delight,  
 And the sole pursuivant of this  
 poor knight. 130  
 But yet, for her child's sake, she  
 could no less  
 Than give assent, to soothe his  
 restlessness,  
 So promised, and then promising  
 to keep  
 Her promise sacred, saw him fall  
 asleep.

The morrow was a bright September morn;  
 The earth was beautiful as if new-born;  
 There was that nameless splendor everywhere,  
 That wild exhilaration in the air,  
 Which makes the passers in the city street  
 Congratulate each other as they meet. 140  
 Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak and hood,  
 Passed through the garden gate into the wood,  
 Under the lustrous leaves, and through the sheen  
 Of dewy sunshine showering down between.  
 The one, close-hooded, had the attractive grace  
 Which sorrow sometimes lends a woman's face;  
 Her dark eyes moistened with the mists that roll  
 From the gulf-stream of passion in the soul;  
 The other with her hood thrown back, her hair  
 Making a golden glory in the air,  
 Her cheeks suffused with an aural blush, 151  
 Her young heart singing louder than the thrush,  
 So walked, that morn, through mingled light and shade,  
 Each by the other's presence lover made,  
 Monna Giovanna and her bosom friend,  
 Intent upon their errand and its end.  
  
 They found Ser Federigo at his toil,  
 Like banished Adam, delving in the soil;  
 And when he looked and these fair women spied,  
 The garden suddenly was glorified; 160

His long-lost Eden was restored again,  
 And the strange river winding through the plain  
 No longer was the Arno to his eyes,  
 But the Euphrates watering Paradise!  
  
 Monna Giovanna raised her stately head,  
 And with fair words of salutation said:  
 'Ser Federigo, we come here as friends,  
 Hoping in this to make some poor amends  
 For past unkindness. I who ne'er before  
 Would even cross the threshold of your door, 170  
 I who in happier days such pride maintained,  
 Refused your banquets, and your gifts disdained,  
 This morning come, a self-invited guest,  
 To put your generous nature to the test,  
 And breakfast with you under your own vine.'  
 To which he answered: 'Poor desert of mine,  
 Not your unkindness call it, for if aught  
 Is good in me of feeling or of thought,  
 From you it comes, and this last grace outweighs  
 All sorrows, all regrets of other days.' 180  
  
 And after further compliment and talk,  
 Among the asters in the garden walk  
 He left his guests; and to his cottage turned,  
 And as he entered for a moment yearned  
 For the lost splendors of the days of old,

The ruby glass, the silver and the gold,

And felt how piercing is the sting of pride,

By want embittered and intensified.

He looked about him for some means or way

To keep this unexpected holiday; 190

Searched every cupboard, and then searched again,

Summoned the maid, who came, but came in vain;

'The Signor did not hunt to-day,' she said,

'There 's nothing in the house but wine and bread.'

Then suddenly the drowsy falcon shook

His little bells, with that sagacious look,

Which said, as plain as language to the ear,

'If anything is wanting, I am here!'

Yes, everything is wanting, gallant bird!

The master seized thee without further word. 200

Like thine own lure, he whirled thee round; ah me!

The pomp and flutter of brave falconry,

The bells, the jesses, the bright scarlet hood,

The flight and the pursuit o'er field and wood,

All these forevermore are ended now;

No longer victor, but the victim thou!

Then on the board a snow-white cloth he spread,

Laid on its wooden dish the loaf of bread,

Brought purple grapes with autumn sunshine hot,

The fragrant peach, the juicy bergamot; 210

Then in the midst a flask of wine he placed,

And with autumnal flowers the banquet graced.

Ser Federigo, would not these suffice

Without thy falcon stuffed with cloves and spice?

When all was ready, and the courtly dame

With her companion to the cottage came,

Upon Ser Federigo's brain there fell

The wild enchantment of a magic spell!

The room they entered, mean and low and small,

Was changed into a sumptuous banquet-hall, 220

With fanfares by aerial trumpets blown;

The rustic chair she sat on was a throne:

He ate celestial food, and a divine Flavor was given to his country wine,

And the poor falcon, fragrant with his spice,

A peacock was, or bird of paradise!

When the repast was ended, they arose

And passed again into the garden-close.

Then said the lady, 'Far too well I know,

Remembering still the days of long ago, 230

Though you betray it not, with what surprise

You see me here in this familiar wise.

You have no children, and you can not guess

What anguish, what unspeakable distress

A mother feels, whose child is lying ill,

Nor how her heart anticipates his will.  
 And yet for this, you see me lay aside  
 All womanly reserve and check of pride,  
 And ask the thing most precious in your sight,  
 Your falcon, your sole comfort and delight,  
 Which if you find it in your heart to give,  
 My poor, unhappy boy perchance may live.'

Ser Federigo listens, and replies,  
 With tears of love and pity in his eyes:  
 'Alas, dear lady! there can be no task  
 So sweet to me, as giving when you ask.  
 One little hour ago, if I had known  
 This wish of yours, it would have been my own.  
 But thinking in what manner I could best  
 Do honor to the presence of my guest,  
 I deemed that nothing worthier could be  
 Than what most dear and precious was to me;  
 And so my gallant falcon breathed his last  
 To furnish forth this morning our repast.'

In mute contrition, mingled with dismay,  
 The gentle lady turned her eyes away,  
 Grieving that he such sacrifice should make  
 And kill his falcon for a woman's sake,  
 Yet feeling in her heart a woman's pride,  
 That nothing she could ask for was denied;

Then took her leave, and passed out at the gate  
 With footsteps slow and soul disconsolate.

Three days went by, and lo! a passing-bell  
 Tolloed from the little chapel in the dell;  
 Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and said,  
 Breathing a prayer, 'Alas! her child is dead!'  
 Three months went by; and lo! a merrier chime  
 Rang from the chapel bells at Christmas-time;  
 The cottage was deserted, and no more  
 Ser Federigo sat beside its door,  
 But now, with servitors to do his will,  
 In the grand villa, half-way up the hill,  
 Sat at the Christmas feast, and at his side  
 Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride,  
 Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair,  
 Enthroned once more in the old rustic chair,  
 High-perched upon the back of which there stood  
 The image of a falcon carved in wood,  
 And underneath the inscription, with a date,  
 'All things come round to him who will but wait.'

#### INTERLUDE

SOON as the story reached its end,  
 One, over eager to commend,  
 Crowned it with injudicious praise;  
 And then the voice of blame found vent,  
 And fanned the embers of dissent  
 Into a somewhat lively blaze.

The Theologian shook his head;  
 'These old Italian tales,' he said,  
 'From the much-praised Decameron down

Through all the rabble of the rest,  
 Are either trifling, dull, or lewd;  
 The gossip of a neighborhood  
 In some remote provincial town,  
 A scandalous chronicle at best!  
 They seem to me a stagnant fen,  
 Grown rank with rushes and with reeds,

Where a white lily, now and then,  
 Blooms in the midst of noxious weeds

And deadly nightshade on its banks!'

To this the Student straight replied,

'For the white lily, many thanks!  
 One should not say, with too much pride,

Fountain, I will not drink of thee!  
 Nor were it grateful to forget  
 That from these reservoirs and tanks

Even imperial Shakespeare drew  
 His Moor of Venice, and the Jew,  
 And Romeo and Juliet,  
 And many a famous comedy.'

Then a long pause; till some one said,

'An Angel is flying overhead!  
 At these words spake the Spanish Jew,

And murmured with an inward breath:

'God grant, if what you say be true,

It may not be the Angel of Death!  
 And then another pause; and then,

Stroking his beard, he said again:  
 'This brings back to my memory  
 A story in the Talmud told,  
 That book of gems, that book of gold,

Of wonders many and manifold,  
 A tale that often comes to me,

And fills my heart, and haunts my brain,  
 And never wearies nor grows old.'

## THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

### THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI

RABBI BEN LEVI, on the Sabbath,  
 read

A volume of the Law, in which it said,

'No man shall look upon my face and live.'

And as he read, he prayed that God would give

His faithful servant grace with mortal eye

To look upon His face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page,

And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age,

He saw the Angel of Death before him stand,

Holding a naked sword in his right hand.

Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,

Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran.

With trembling voice he said,  
 'What wilt thou here?'

The Angel answered, 'Lo! the time draws near

When thou must die; yet first, by God's decree,

Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee.'

Replied the Rabbi, 'Let these living eyes

First look upon my place in Paradise.'

Then said the Angel, 'Come with me and look.'

Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book,



And rising, and uplifting his gray head,  
 'Give me thy sword,' he to the Angel said,  
 'Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the way.'  
 The Angel smiled and hastened to obey,  
 Then led him forth to the Celestial Town,  
 And set him on the wall, whence, gazing down,  
 Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,  
 Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord  
 The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's sword,<sup>30</sup>  
 And through the streets there swept a sudden breath  
 Of something there unknown, which men call death.  
 Meanwhile the Angel stayed without, and cried,  
 'Come back!' To which the Rabbi's voice replied,  
 'No! in the name of God, whom I adore,  
 I swear that hence I will depart no more!'

Then all the Angels cried, 'O Holy One,  
 See what the son of Levi here hath done!  
 The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence,  
 And in Thy name refuses to go hence!'<sup>40</sup>  
 The Lord replied, 'My Angels, be not wroth;  
 Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath?  
 Let him remain; for he with mortal eye  
 Shall look upon my face and yet not die.'

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death  
 Heard the great voice, and said, with panting breath,  
 'Give back the sword, and let me go my way.'  
 Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered, 'Nay!  
 Anguish enough already hath it caused  
 Among the sons of men.' And while he paused<sup>50</sup>  
 He heard the awful mandate of the Lord  
 Resounding through the air, 'Give back the sword!'

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer,  
 Then said he to the dreadful Angel, 'Swear  
 No human eye shall look on it again;  
 But when thou takest away the souls of men,  
 Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,  
 Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord.'  
 The Angel took the sword again, and swore,  
 And walks on earth unseen forevermore.<sup>60</sup>

### INTERLUDE

HE ended: and a kind of spell  
 Upon the silent listeners fell.  
 His solemn manner and his words  
 Had touched the deep, mysterious chords  
 That vibrate in each human breast  
 Alike, but not alike confessed.  
 The spiritual world seemed near;  
 And close above them, full of fear,  
 Its awful adumbration passed,  
 A luminous shadow, vague and vast.  
 They almost feared to look, lest there,

Embodied from the impalpable air,  
They might behold the Angel  
stand,  
Holding the sword in his right  
hand.

At last, but in a voice subdued,  
Not to disturb their dreamy mood,  
Said the Sicilian: 'While you  
spoke,  
Telling your legend marvellous,  
Suddenly in my memory woke  
The thought of one, now gone  
from us, —  
An old Abate, meek and mild,  
My friend and teacher, when a  
child,  
Who sometimes in those days of  
old  
The legend of an Angel told,  
Which ran, as I remember, thus.'

## THE SICILIAN'S TALE

## KING ROBERT OF SICILY

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope  
Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Alle-  
maine,  
Apparelled in magnificent attire,  
With retinue of many a knight and  
squire,  
On St. John's eve, at vespers,  
proudly sat  
And heard the priests chant the  
Magnificat.  
And as he listened, o'er and o'er  
again  
Repeated, like a burden or re-  
frain,  
He caught the words, '*Deposuit  
potentes  
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;*' 10  
And slowly lifting up his kingly  
head  
He to a learned clerk beside him  
said,  
'What mean these words?' The  
clerk made answer meet,

'He has put down the mighty from  
their seat,  
And has exalted them of low de-  
gree.'  
Thereat King Robert muttered  
scornfully,  
' 'T is well that such seditious  
words are sung  
Only by priests and in the Latin  
tongue;  
For unto priests and people be it  
known,  
There is no power can push me  
from my throne!' 20  
And leaning back, he yawned and  
fell asleep,  
Lulled by the chant monotonous  
and deep.

When he awoke, it was already  
night;  
The church was empty, and there  
was no light,  
Save where the lamps, that glim-  
mered few and faint,  
Lighted a little space before some  
saint.  
He started from his seat and gazed  
around,  
But saw no living thing and heard  
no sound.  
He groped towards the door, but  
it was locked;  
He cried aloud, and listened, and  
then knocked, 30  
And uttered awful threatenings  
and complaints,  
And imprecations upon men and  
saints.  
The sounds reëchoed from the  
roof and walls  
As if dead priests were laughing  
in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from  
without  
The tumult of the knocking and  
the shout,  
And thinking thieves were in the  
house of prayer,

Came with his lantern, asking,  
 'Who is there?'  
 Half choked with rage, King Robert  
 fiercely said,  
 'Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou  
 afraid?' 40  
 The frightened sexton, muttering,  
 with a curse,  
 'This is some drunken vagabond,  
 or worse!'  
 Turned the great key and flung  
 the portal wide;  
 A man rushed by him at a single  
 stride,  
 Haggard, half naked, without hat  
 or cloak,  
 Who neither turned, nor looked at  
 him, nor spoke,  
 But leaped into the blackness of  
 the night,  
 And vanished like a spectre from  
 his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope  
 Urbane  
 And Valmond, Emperor of Alle-  
 maine, 50  
 Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
 Bareheaded, breathless, and be-  
 spreng with mire,  
 With sense of wrong and outrage  
 desperate,  
 Strode on and thundered at the  
 palace gate;  
 Rushed through the courtyard,  
 thrusting in his rage  
 To right and left each seneschal  
 and page,  
 And hurried up the broad and  
 sounding stair,  
 His white face ghastly in the  
 torches' glare.  
 From hall to hall he passed with  
 breathless speed;  
 Voices and cries he heard, but did  
 not heed, 60  
 Until at last he reached the ban-  
 quet-room,  
 Blazing with light, and breathing  
 with perfume.

There on the dais sat another  
 king,  
 Wearing his robes, his crown, his  
 signet-ring,  
 King Robert's self in features,  
 form, and height,  
 But all transfigured with angelic  
 light!  
 It was an Angel; and his presence  
 there  
 With a divine effulgence filled the  
 air,  
 An exaltation, piercing the dis-  
 guise,  
 Though none the hidden Angel  
 recognize. 70

A moment speechless, motionless,  
 amazed,  
 The throneless monarch on the  
 Angel gazed,  
 Who met his look of anger and  
 surprise  
 With the divine compassion of his  
 eyes;  
 Then said, 'Who art thou? and  
 why com'st thou here?'  
 To which King Robert answered  
 with a sneer,  
 'I am the King, and come to claim  
 my own  
 From an impostor, who usurps my  
 throne!'  
 And suddenly, at these audacious  
 words,  
 Up sprang the angry guests, and  
 drew their swords; 80  
 The Angel answered, with unruf-  
 fled brow,  
 'Nay, not the King, but the King's  
 Jester, thou  
 Henceforth shalt wear the bells  
 and scalloped cape,  
 And for thy counsellor shalt lead  
 an ape;  
 Thou shalt obey my servants  
 when they call,  
 And wait upon my henchmen in  
 the hall!'

Deaf to King Robert's threats and  
cries and prayers,  
They thrust him from the hall and  
down the stairs;  
A group of tittering pages ran be-  
fore,  
And as they opened wide the fold-  
ing-door, 90  
His heart failed, for he heard, with  
strange alarms,  
The boisterous laughter of the  
men-at-arms,  
And all the vaulted chamber roar  
and ring  
With the mock plaudits of 'Long  
live the King!'

Next morning, waking with the  
day's first beam,  
He said within himself, 'It was a  
dream!'  
But the straw rustled as he turned  
his head,  
There were the cap and bells be-  
side his bed,  
Around him rose the bare, discol-  
ored walls,  
Close by, the steeds were champ-  
ing in their stalls, 100  
And in the corner, a revolting  
shape,  
Shivering and chattering sat the  
wretched ape.  
It was no dream; the world he  
loved so much  
Had turned to dust and ashes at  
his touch!

Days came and went; and now re-  
turned again  
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;  
Under the Angel's governance be-  
nign  
The happy island danced with  
corn and wine,  
And deep within the mountain's  
burning breast  
Enceladus, the giant, was at  
rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to  
his fate, 111  
Sullen and silent, and disconsol-  
ate.  
Dressed in the motley garb that  
Jesters wear,  
With look bewildered and a vacant  
stare,  
Close shaven above the ears, as  
monks are shorn,  
By courtiers mocked, by pages  
laughed to scorn,  
His only friend the ape, his only food  
What others left, — he still was un-  
subdued.  
And when the Angel met him on  
his way,  
And half in earnest, half in jest,  
would say, 120  
Sternly, though tenderly, that he  
might feel  
The velvet scabbard held a sword  
of steel,  
'Art thou the King?' the passion  
of his woe  
Burst from him in resistless over-  
flow,  
And, lifting high his forehead, he  
would fling  
The haughty answer back, 'I am,  
I am the King!'

Almost three years were ended;  
when there came  
Ambassadors of great repute and  
name  
From Valmond, Emperor of Alle-  
maine,  
Unto King Robert, saying that  
Pope Urbane 130  
By letter summoned them forth-  
with to come  
On Holy Thursday to his city of  
Rome.  
The Angel with great joy received  
his guests,  
And gave them presents of em-  
brodered vests,  
And velvet mantles with rich er-  
mine lined,

And rings and jewels of the rarest  
kind.

Then he departed with them o'er  
the sea

Into the lovely land of Italy,  
Whose loveliness was more re-  
splendent made

By the mere passing of that caval-  
cade, 140

With plumes, and cloaks, and  
housings, and the stir

Of jewelled bridle and of golden  
spur.

And lo! among the menials, in  
mock state,

Upon a piebald steed, with sham-  
bling gait,

His cloak of fox-tails flapping in  
the wind,

The solemn ape demurely perched  
behind,

King Robert rode, making huge  
merriment

In all the country towns through  
which they went.

The Pope received them with great  
pomp and blare

Of bannered trumpets, on Saint  
Peter's square, 150

Giving his benediction and em-  
brace,

Fervent, and full of apostolic  
grace.

While with congratulations and  
with prayers

He entertained the Angel un-  
wares,

Robert, the Jester, bursting  
through the crowd,

Into their presence rushed, and  
cried aloud,

'I am the King! Look, and be-  
hold in me

Robert, your brother, King of  
Sicily!

This man, who wears my sem-  
blance to your eyes,

Is an impostor in a king's dis-  
guise. 160

Do you not know me? does no  
voice within

Answer my cry, and say we are  
akin?'

The Pope in silence, but with  
troubled mien,

Gazed at the Angel's countenance  
serene;

The Emperor, laughing, said, 'It  
is strange sport

To keep a madman for thy Fool at  
court!'

And the poor, baffled Jester in dis-  
grace

Was hustled back among the pop-  
ulace.

In solemn state the Holy Week  
went by,

And Easter Sunday gleamed upon  
the sky; 170

The presence of the Angel, with  
its light,

Before the sun rose, made the city  
bright,

And with new fervor filled the  
hearts of men,

Who felt that Christ indeed had  
risen again.

Even the Jester, on his bed of  
straw,

With haggard eyes the unwonted  
splendor saw,

He felt within a power unfelt be-  
fore,

And, kneeling humbly on his  
chamber floor,

He heard the rushing garments of  
the Lord

Sweep through the silent air, as-  
cending heavenward. 180

And now the visit ending, and once  
more

Valmond returning to the Dan-  
ube's shore,

Homeward the Angel journeyed,  
and again

The land was made resplendent  
with his train,

Flashing along the towns of Italy



Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.

And when once more within Palermo's wall,

And, seated on the throne in his great hall,

He heard the Angelus from convent towers,

As if the better world conversed with ours, 190

He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,

And with a gesture bade the rest retire;

And when they were alone, the Angel said,

'Art thou the King?' Then, bowing down his head,

King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,

And meekly answered him: 'Thou knowest best!

My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,

And in some cloister's school of penitence,

Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,

Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!' 200

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face

A holy light illumined all the place,

And through the open window, loud and clear,

They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,

Above the stir and tumult of the street:

'He has put down the mighty from their seat,

And has exalted them of low degree!'

And through the chant a second melody

Rose like the throbbing of a single string:

'I am an Angel, and thou art the King!' 210

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,

Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!

But all apparelled as in days of old,

With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;

And when his courtiers came, they found him there

Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

### INTERLUDE

AND then the blue-eyed Norseman told

A Saga of the days of old.

'There is,' said he, 'a wondrous book

Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,

Of the dead kings of Norroway, —

Legends that once were told or sung

In many a smoky fireside nook

Of Iceland, in the ancient day,

By wandering Saga-man or Scald;

"Heimskringla" is the volume called;

And he who looks may find therein

The story that I now begin.'

And in each pause the story made

Upon his violin he played,

As an appropriate interlude,

Fragments of old Norwegian tunes

That bound in one the separate runes,

And held the mind in perfect mood,

Entwining and encircling all

The strange and antiquated rhymes

With melodies of olden times;

As over some half-ruined wall,

Disjointed and about to fall,

Fresh woodbines climb and inter-

lace,

And keep the loosened stones in place.

## THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

## THE SAGA OF KING OLAF

## I

## THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

I AM the God Thor,  
I am the War God,  
I am the Thunderer !  
Here in my Northland,  
My fastness and fortress,  
Reign I forever !

Here amid icebergs  
Rule I the nations ;  
This is my hammer,  
Miölner the mighty ;  
Giants and sorcerers  
Cannot withstand it !

These are the gauntlets  
Wherewith I wield it,  
And hurl it afar off ;  
This is my girdle ;  
Whenever I brace it,  
Strength is redoubled !

The light thou beholdest  
Stream through the heavens, 20  
In flashes of crimson,  
Is but my red beard  
Blown by the night-wind,  
Affrighting the nations !

Jove is my brother ;  
Mine eyes are the lightning ;  
The wheels of my chariot  
Roll in the thunder,  
The blows of my hammer  
Ring in the earthquake ! 30

Force rules the world still,  
Has ruled it, shall rule it ;  
Meekness is weakness,  
Strength is triumphant,  
Over the whole earth  
Still is it Thor's-Day !

Thou art a God too,  
O Galilean !

And thus single-handed  
Unto the combat,  
Gauntlet or Gospel,  
Here I defy thee !

40

## II

## KING OLAF'S RETURN

And King Olaf heard the cry,  
Saw the red light in the sky,  
Laid his hand upon his sword,  
As he leaned upon the railing,  
And his ships went sailing, sailing  
Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who  
dreamed ;  
And the red light glanced and  
gleamed 50

On the armor that he wore ;  
And he shouted, as the rifted  
Streamers o'er him shook and  
shifted,

'I accept thy challenge, Thor !'

To avenge his father slain,  
And reconquer realm and reign,  
Came the youthful Olaf home,  
Through the midnight sailing, sail-  
ing,  
Listening to the wild wind's wail-  
ing,  
And the dashing of the foam. 60

To his thoughts the sacred name  
Of his mother Astrid came,  
And the tale she oft had told  
Of her flight by secret passes  
Through the mountains and mo-  
rasses,  
To the home of Hakon old.

Then strange memories crowded  
back  
Of Queen Gunhild's wrath and  
wrack,

And a hurried flight by sea ; 69  
Of grim Vikings, and the rapture  
Of the sea-fight, and the capture,  
And the life of slavery.

How a stranger watched his face  
In the Esthonian market-place,  
Scanned his features one by one,  
Saying, 'We should know each  
other;

I am Sigurd, Astrid's brother,  
Thou art Olaf, Astrid's son!'

Then as Queen Allogia's page,  
Old in honors, young in age, 80  
Chief of all her men-at-arms;  
Till vague whispers and mysterious  
Reached King Valdemar, the im-  
perious,  
Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruisings o'er the seas,  
Westward to the Hebrides  
And to Scilly's rocky shore;  
And the hermit's cavern dismal,  
Christ's great name and rites bap-  
tismal

In the ocean's rush and roar. 90

All these thoughts of love and  
strife  
Glimmered through his lurid life,  
As the stars' intenser light  
Through the red flames o'er him  
trailing,  
As his ships went sailing, sailing  
Northward in the summer night.

Trained for either camp or court,  
Skilful in each manly sport,  
Young and beautiful and tall;  
Art of warfare, craft of chases, 100  
Swimming, skating, snow-shoe  
races,  
Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers,  
He along the bending oars  
Outside of his ship could run.  
He the Smalsor Horn ascended,  
And his shining shield suspended  
On its summit, like a sun. 108

On the ship-rails he could stand,  
Wield his sword with either hand,  
And at once two javelins throw;  
At all feasts where ale was stron-  
gest

Sat the merry monarch longest,  
First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen  
One so beautiful of mien,  
One so royal in attire,  
When in arms completely fur-  
nished,  
Harness gold-inlaid and burnished,  
Mantle like a flame of fire. 120

Thus came Olaf to his own,  
When upon the night-wind blown  
Passed that cry along the shore;  
And he answered, while the rifted  
Streamers o'er him shook and  
shifted,

'I accept thy challenge, Thor!'

### III

#### THORA OF RIMOL

'Thora of Rimol! hide me! hide  
me!

Danger and shame and death be-  
tide me!

For Olaf the King is hunting me  
down

Through field and forest, through  
thorp and town!'

130

Thus cried Jarl Hakon  
To Thora, the fairest of wo-  
men.

'Hakon Jarl! for the love I bear  
thee

Neither shall shame nor death  
come near thee!

But the hiding-place wherein thou  
must lie

Is the cave underneath the swine  
in the sty.'

Thus to Jarl Hakon  
Said Thora, the fairest of wo-  
men.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall  
Karker

Crouched in the cave, than a dun-  
geon darker,

140

As Olaf came riding, with men in  
mail,  
Through the forest roads into  
Orkadale,  
Demanding Jarl Hakon  
Of Thora, the fairest of women.

'Rich and honored shall be who-  
ever  
The head of Hakon Jarl shall dis-  
sever !'  
Hakon heard him, and Karker the  
slave,  
Through the breathing-holes of  
the darksome cave.  
Alone in her chamber  
Wept Thora, the fairest of wo-  
men. 150

Said Karker, the crafty, 'I will not  
slay thee !  
For all the king's gold I will never  
betray thee !'  
'Then why dost thou turn so pale,  
O churl,  
And then again black as the  
earth?' said the Earl.  
More pale and more faithful  
Was Thora, the fairest of wo-  
men.

From a dream in the night the  
thrall started, saying,  
'Round my neck a gold ring King  
Olaf was laying !'  
And Hakon answered, 'Beware of  
the king !  
He will lay round thy neck a blood-  
red ring.' 160  
At the ring on her finger  
Gazed Thora, the fairest of  
women.

At daybreak slept Hakon, with  
sorrows encumbered,  
But screamed and drew up his  
feet as he slumbered ;  
The thrall in the darkness plunged  
with his knife,  
And the Earl awakened no more  
in this life.

But wakeful and weeping  
Sat Thora, the fairest of wo-  
men.

At Nidarholm the priests are all  
singing,  
Two ghastly heads on the gibbet  
are swinging ; 170  
One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his  
thrall's,  
And the people are shouting from  
windows and walls ;  
While alone in her chamber  
Swoons Thora, the fairest of  
women.

## IV

## QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY

Queen Sigrid the Haughty sat  
proud and aloft  
In her chamber, that looked over  
meadow and croft.  
Heart's dearest,  
Why dost thou sorrow so?

The floor with tassels of fir was  
besprent,  
Filling the room with their fra-  
grant scent. 180

She heard the birds sing, she saw  
the sun shine,  
The air of summer was sweeter  
than wine.

Like a sword without scabbard  
the bright river lay  
Between her own kingdom and  
Norro-way.

But Olaf the King had sued for  
her hand,  
The sword would be sheathed, the  
river be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around  
her knee,  
Working bright figures in tapes-  
try,

And one was singing the ancient  
rune  
Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath  
of Gudrun. 190

And through it, and round it, and  
over it all  
Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring  
of gold,  
From the door of Ladé's Temple  
old.

King Olaf had sent her this wed-  
ding gift,  
But her thoughts as arrows were  
keen and swift.

She had given the ring to her gold-  
smiths twain,  
Who smiled, as they handed it back  
again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her  
haughty way,  
Said, 'Why do you smile, my gold-  
smiths, say?' 200

And they answered: 'O Queen! if  
the truth must be told,  
The ring is of copper, and not of  
gold!'

The lightning flashed o'er her fore-  
head and cheek,  
She only murmured, she did not  
speak:

'If in his gifts he can faithless  
be,  
There will be no gold in his love  
to me.'

A footstep was heard on the outer  
stair,  
And in strode King Olaf with royal  
air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and  
he whispered of love,

And swore to be true as the stars  
are above. 210

But she smiled with contempt as  
she answered: 'O King,  
Will you swear it, as Odin once  
swore, on the ring?'

And the King: 'O speak not of  
Odin to me,  
The wife of King Olaf a Christian  
must be.

Looking straight at the King, with  
her level brows,  
She said, 'I keep true to my faith  
and my vows.'

Then the face of King Olaf was  
darkened with gloom,  
He rose in his anger and strode  
through the room.

'Why, then, should I care to have  
thee?' he said,  
'A faded old woman, a heathenish  
jade!' 220

His zeal was stronger than fear or  
love  
And he struck the Queen in the  
face with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in  
anger he fled,  
And the wooden stairway shook  
with his tread.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said  
under her breath,  
'This insult, King Olaf, shall be  
thy death!'  
Heart's dearest,  
Why dost thou sorrow so?

## V

## THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS

Now from all King Olaf's farms  
His men-at-arms 230  
Gathered on the Eve of Easter;



To his house at Angvalds-ness  
Fast they press,  
Drinking with the royal feaster.

Loudly through the wide-flung  
door

Came the roar  
Of the sea upon the Skerry;  
And its thunder loud and near  
Reached the ear, 239  
Mingling with their voices merry.

'Hark!' said Olaf to his Scald,  
Halfred the Bald,  
'Listen to that song, and learn it!  
Half my kingdom would I give,  
As I live,  
If by such songs you would earn it!

'For of all the runes and rhymes  
Of all times,  
Best I like the ocean's dirges,  
When the old harper heaves and  
rocks, 250

His hoary locks  
Flowing and flashing in the sur-  
ges!'

Halfred answered: 'I am called  
The Unappalled!  
Nothing hinders me or daunts me.  
Hearken to me, then, O King,  
While I sing  
The great Ocean Song that haunts  
me.'

'I will hear your song sublime  
Some other time,' 260  
Says the drowsy monarch, yawn-  
ing,  
And retires; each laughing guest  
Applauds the jest;  
Then they sleep till day is dawning.

Pacing up and down the yard,  
King Olaf's guard  
Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping  
O'er the sands, and up the hill,  
Gathering still  
Round the house where they were  
sleeping. 270

It was not the fog he saw,  
Nor misty flaw,  
That above the landscape brooded;  
It was Eyvind Kallda's crew  
Of warlocks blue  
With their caps of darkness  
hooded!

Round and round the house they  
go,  
Weaving slow  
Magic circles to encumber  
And imprison in their ring 280  
Olaf the King,  
As he helpless lies in slumber.

Then athwart the vapors dun  
The Easter sun  
Streamed with one broad track of  
splendor!  
In their real forms appeared  
The warlocks weird,  
Awful as the Witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared,  
They groped and stared, 290  
Round about with steps unsteady;  
From his window Olaf gazed,  
And, amazed,  
'Who are these strange people?'  
said he.

'Eyvind Kallda and his men!'  
Answered then  
From the yard a sturdy farmer;  
While the men-at-arms apace  
Filled the place,  
Busily buckling on their armor. 300

From the gates they sallied forth,  
South and north,  
Scoured the island coast around  
them,  
Seizing all the warlock band,  
Foot and hand  
On the Skerry's rocks they bound  
them.

And at eve the king again  
Called his train,  
And, with all the candles burning,

Silent sat and heard once more <sup>310</sup>  
 The sullen roar  
 Of the ocean tides returning.

Shrieks and cries of wild despair  
 Filled the air,  
 Growing fainter as they listened;  
 Then the bursting surge alone  
 Sounded on;—

Thus the sorcerers were christened!

'Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,  
 Your ocean-rhyme,' <sup>320</sup>  
 Cried King Olaf: 'it will cheer  
 me!'

Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks,  
 'The Skerry of Shrieks  
 Sings too loud for you to hear me!'

## VI

## THE WRAITH OF ODIN

The guests were loud, the ale was  
 strong,  
 King Olaf feasted late and long;  
 The hoary Scalds together sang;  
 O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-  
 gelsang.

The door swung wide, with creak  
 and din; <sup>330</sup>  
 A blast of cold night-air came in,  
 And on the threshold shivering  
 stood  
 A one-eyed guest, with cloak and  
 hood.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-  
 gelsang.

The King exclaimed, 'O graybeard  
 pale!  
 Come warm thee with this cup of  
 ale.'

The foaming draught the old man  
 quaffed,

The noisy guests looked on and  
 laughed.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-  
 gelsang.

Then spake the King: 'Be not  
 afraid: <sup>340</sup>

Sit here by me.' The guest  
 obeyed,

And, seated at the table, told  
 Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-  
 gelsang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er,  
 The King demanded yet one more;  
 Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling  
 said,

'Tis late, O King, and time for  
 bed.'

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-  
 gelsang.

The King retired; the stranger  
 guest <sup>350</sup>  
 Followed and entered with the  
 rest;

The lights were out, the pages  
 gone,

But still the garrulous guest spake  
 on.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-  
 gelsang.

As one who from a volume reads,  
 He spake of heroes and their  
 deeds,

Of lands and cities he had seen,  
 And stormy gulfs that tossed be-  
 tween,

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-  
 gelsang.

Then from his lips in music rolled  
 The Havamal of Odin old, <sup>361</sup>  
 With sounds mysterious as the  
 roar

Of billows on a distant shore.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-  
 gelsang.

'Do we not learn from runes and  
 rhymes

Made by the gods in elder times,  
 And do not still the great Scalds  
 teach

That silence better is than  
speech?’

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-  
gelsang.

Smiling at this, the King re-  
plied, 370

‘Thy lore is by thy tongue belied;  
For never was I so enthralled  
Either by Saga-man or Scald.’

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-  
gelsang.

The Bishop said, ‘Late hours we  
keep!

Night wanes, O King! ’t is time  
for sleep!’

Then slept the King, and when he  
woke

The guest was gone, the morning  
broke.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-  
gelsang.

They found the doors securely  
barred, 380

They found the watch-dog in the  
yard,

There was no footprint in the grass,  
And none had seen the stranger  
pass.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-  
gelsang.

King Olaf crossed himself and  
said:

‘I know that Odin the Great is  
dead;

Sure is the triumph of our Faith,  
The one-eyed stranger was his  
wraith.’

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-  
gelsang.

## VII

### IRON-BEARD

Olaf the King, one summer  
morn, 390

Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,

Sending his signal through the  
land of Drontheim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at  
Mere

Gathered the farmers far and  
near,

With their war weapons ready to  
confront him.

Ploughing under the morning  
star,

Old Iron-Beard in Yriar

Heard the summons, chuckling  
with a low laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from  
his brow,

Unharnessed his horses from the  
plough, 400

And clattering came on horseback  
to King Olaf.

He was the churliest of the  
churls;

Little he cared for king or earls;  
Bitter as home-brewed ale were  
his foaming passions.

Hodden-gray was the garb he  
wore,

And by the Hammer of Thor he  
swore;

He hated the narrow town, and all  
its fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his  
farm,

His ale at night, by the fireside  
warm,

Gudrun his daughter, with her  
flaxen tresses. 410

He loved his horses and his  
herds,

The smell of the earth, and the  
song of birds,

His well-filled barns, his brook  
with its watercresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his  
frame;

His beard, from which he took  
his name,  
Frosty and fierce, like that of Hy-  
mer the Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he appeared,  
The farmer of Yriar, Iron-beard,  
On horseback, in an attitude de-  
fiant.

And to King Olaf he cried  
aloud, <sup>420</sup>  
Out of the middle of the crowd,  
That tossed about him like a  
stormy ocean:

'Such sacrifices shalt thou bring  
To Odin and to Thor, O King,  
As other kings have done in their  
devotion!'

King Olaf answered: 'I com-  
mand  
This land to be a Christian land;  
Here is my Bishop who the folk  
baptizes!

'But if you ask me to restore  
Your sacrifices, stained with  
gore, <sup>430</sup>  
Then will I offer human sacrifices!

'Not slaves and peasants shall  
they be,  
But men of note and high de-  
gree,  
Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar  
of Gryting!'

Then to their Temple strode he  
in,  
And loud behind him heard the  
din  
Of his men-at-arms and the pea-  
sants fiercely fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in  
wood,  
The image of great Odin stood,  
And other gods, with Thor supreme  
among them. <sup>440</sup>

King Olaf smote them with the  
blade  
Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid,  
And downward shattered to the  
pavement flung them.

At the same moment rose with-  
out,  
From the contending crowd, a  
shout,  
A mingled sound of triumph and  
of wailing.

And there upon the trampled  
plain  
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain,  
Midway between the assailed and  
the assailing.

King Olaf from the doorway  
spoke: <sup>450</sup>  
'Choose ye between two things,  
my folk,  
To be baptized or given up to  
slaughter!'

And seeing their leader stark  
and dead,  
The people with a murmur said,  
'O King, baptize us with thy holy  
water.'

So all the Drontheim land be-  
came  
A Christian land in name and  
fame,  
In the old gods no more believing  
and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon  
King Olaf wed the fair Gud-  
run; <sup>460</sup>  
And thus in peace ended the Dron-  
theim Hus-Ting!

## VIII

## GUDRUN

On King Olaf's bridal night  
Shines the moon with tender light

And across the chamber streams  
Its tide of dreams.

At the fatal midnight hour,  
When all evil things have power,  
In the glimmer of the moon  
Stands Gudrun. 469

Close against her heaving breast  
Something in her hand is pressed;  
Like an icicle, its sheen  
Is cold and keen.

On the cairn are fixed her eyes  
Where her murdered father lies,  
And a voice remote and drear  
She seems to hear.

What a bridal night is this!  
Cold will be the dagger's kiss;  
Laden with the chill of death 480  
Is its breath.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps  
To the couch where Olaf sleeps;  
Suddenly he wakes and stirs,  
His eyes meet hers.

'What is that,' King Olaf said,  
'Gleams so bright above my  
head?

Wherefore standest thou so white  
In pale moonlight?'

'T is the bodkin that I wear 490  
When at night I bind my hair;  
It woke me falling on the floor;  
'T is nothing more.'

'Forests have ears, and fields have  
eyes;  
Often treachery lurking lies  
Underneath the fairest hair!  
Gudrun beware!'

Ere the earliest peep of morn  
Blew King Olaf's bugle-horn;  
And forever Sundered ride 500  
Bridegroom and bride!

## IX

## THANGBRAND THE PRIEST

Short of stature, large of limb,  
Burly face and russet beard,  
All the women stared at him,  
When in Iceland he appeared.  
'Look!' they said,  
With nodding head,  
'There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's  
Priest.'

All the prayers he knew by rote,  
He could preach like Chrysos-  
tome, 510  
From the fathers he could quote,  
He had even been at Rome.  
A learned clerk,  
A man of mark,  
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's  
Priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud,  
And impatient of control,  
Boisterous in the market crowd,  
Boisterous at the wassail-bowl,  
Everywhere 520  
Would drink and swear,  
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's  
Priest.

In his house this malcontent  
Could the King no longer bear,  
So to Iceland he was sent  
To convert the heathen there,  
And away  
One summer day  
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's  
Priest. 529

There in Iceland, o'er their books  
Pored the people day and night,  
But he did not like their looks,  
Nor the songs they used to  
write.  
'All this rhyme  
Is waste of time!'  
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's  
Priest.



To the alehouse, where he sat,  
 Came the Scalds and Saga-men;  
 Is it to be wondered at  
 That they quarrelled now and  
 then, 540

When o'er his beer  
 Began to leer  
 Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's  
 Priest?

All the folk in Altafiord  
 Boasted of their island grand;  
 Saying in a single word,  
 'Iceland is the finest land  
 That the sun  
 Doth shine upon!'  
 Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's  
 Priest. 550

And he answered: 'What's the  
 use  
 Of this bragging up and down,  
 When three women and one goose  
 Make a market in your town!'  
 Every Scald  
 Satires drawled  
 On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than  
 that;  
 And what vexed him most of  
 all  
 Was a figure in shovel hat, 560  
 Drawn in charcoal on the wall;  
 With words that go  
 Sprawling below,  
 'This is Thangbrand, Olaf's  
 Priest.'

Hardly knowing what he did,  
 Then he smote them might and  
 main,  
 Thorvald Veile and Veterlid  
 Lay there in the alehouse slain.  
 'To-day we are gold,  
 To-morrow mould!' 570  
 Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's  
 Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,  
 Back to Norway sailed he then.

'O King Olaf! little hope  
 Is there of these Iceland men!'  
 Meekly said,  
 With bending head,  
 Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

## X

## RAUD THE STRONG

'All the old gods are dead,  
 All the wild warlocks fled; 580  
 But the White Christ lives and  
 reigns,  
 And throughout my wide domains  
 His Gospel shall be spread!'  
 On the Evangelists  
 Thus swore King Olaf.

But still in dreams of the night  
 Beheld he the crimson light,  
 And heard the voice that defied  
 Him who was crucified,  
 And challenged him to the fight.  
 To Sigurd the Bishop 591  
 King Olaf confessed it.

And Sigurd the Bishop said,  
 'The old gods are not dead,  
 For the great Thor still reigns,  
 And among the Jarls and Thaness  
 The old witchcraft still is spread.'  
 Thus to King Olaf  
 Said Sigurd the Bishop.

'Far north in the Salten Fiord, 600  
 By rapine, fire, and sword,  
 Lives the Viking, Raud the  
 Strong;  
 All the Godoe Isles belong  
 To him and his heathen horde.'  
 Thus went on speaking  
 Sigurd the Bishop.

'A warlock, a wizard is he,  
 And the lord of the wind and the  
 sea;  
 And whichever way he sails,  
 He has ever favoring gales, 610  
 By his craft in sorcery.'

Here the sign of the cross  
Made devoutly King Olaf.

'With rites that we both abhor,  
He worships Odin and Thor;  
So it cannot yet be said,  
That all the old gods are dead,  
And the warlocks are no more,'  
Flushing with anger  
Said Sigurd the Bishop. 620

Then King Olaf cried aloud:  
'I will talk with this mighty  
Raud,  
And along the Salten Fiord  
Preach the Gospel with my sword,  
Or be brought back in my  
shroud!'

So northward from Drontheim  
Sailed King Olaf!

# XI

## BISHOP SIGURD OF SALTEN FIORD

Loud the angry wind was wailing  
As King Olaf's ships came sail-  
ing  
Northward out of Drontheim  
haven 630  
To the mouth of Salten Fiord.

Though the flying sea-spray  
drenches  
Fore and aft the rowers' benches,  
Not a single heart is craven  
Of the champions there on  
board.

All without the Fiord was quiet,  
But within it storm and riot,  
Such as on his Viking cruises  
Raud the Strong was wont to  
ride.

And the sea through all its tide-  
ways 640  
Swept the reeling vessels side-  
ways,

As the leaves are swept through  
sluices,  
When the flood-gates open  
wide.

'Tis the warlock! 'tis the de-  
mon  
Raud!' cried Sigurd to the sea-  
men;  
'But the Lord is not affrighted  
By the witchcraft of his foes.'

To the ship's bow he ascended,  
By his choristers attended,  
Round him were the tapers  
lighted, 650  
And the sacred incense rose.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd,  
In his robes, as one transfigured,  
And the Crucifix he planted  
High amid the rain and mist.

Then with holy water sprinkled  
All the ship; the mass-bells tin-  
kled:  
Loud the monks around him  
chanted,  
Loud he read the Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted, 660  
On each side the water parted;  
Down a path like silver molten  
Steadily rowed King Olaf's  
ships;

Steadily burned all night the  
tapers,  
And the White Christ through the  
vapors  
Gleamed across the Fiord of  
Salten,  
As through John's Apoca-  
lypse,—

Till at last they reached Raud's  
dwelling  
On the little isle of Gelling; 669  
Not a guard was at the doorway,  
Not a glimmer of light was  
seen.

But at anchor, carved and gilded,  
Lay the dragon-ship he buildd;  
'T was the grandest ship in Nor-  
way,  
With its crest and scales of  
green.

Up the stairway, softly creeping,  
To the loft where Raud was sleep-  
ing,  
With their fists they burst asunder  
Bolt and bar that held the  
door.

Drunken with sleep and ale they  
found him, 680  
Dragged him from his bed and  
bound him,  
While he stared with stupid won-  
der  
At the look and garb they  
wore.

Then King Olaf said: 'O Sea-King!  
Little time have we for speak-  
ing,  
Choose between the good and evil;  
Be baptized! or thou shalt  
die!'

But in scorn the heathen scoffer  
Answered: 'I disdain thine offer;  
Neither fear I God nor Devil; 690  
Thee and thy Gospel I defy!'

Then between his jaws distended,  
When his frantic struggles ended,  
Through King Olaf's horn an ad-  
der,  
Touched by fire, they forced to  
glide.

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,  
As he gnawed through bone and  
marrow;  
But without a groan or shudder,  
Raud the Strong blaspheming  
died. 699

Then baptized they all that region,  
Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,

Far as swims the salmon, leaping,  
Up the streams of Salten Fiord.

In their temples Thor and Odin  
Lay in dust and ashes trodden,  
As King Olaf, onward sweeping,  
Preached the Gospel with his  
sword.

Then he took the carved and  
gilded  
Dragon-ship that Raud had  
buildd,  
And the tiller single-handed 710  
Grasping, steered into the  
main.

Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er  
him,  
Southward sailed the ship that  
bore him,  
Till at Drontheim haven landed  
Olaf and his crew again.

## XII

## KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS

At Drontheim, Olaf the King  
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring,  
As he sat in his banquet-hall,  
Drinking the nut-brown ale, 719  
With his bearded Berserks hale  
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts  
He held with Bishops and Priests,  
And his horn filled up to the  
brim:  
But the ale was never too strong,  
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,  
For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign  
He made of the cross divine,  
As he drank, and muttered his  
prayers; 730  
But the Berserks evermore  
Made the sign of the Hammer of  
Thor  
Over theirs.

The gleams of the fire-light dance  
Upon helmet and hauberk and  
lance,  
And laugh in the eyes of the  
King;  
And he cries to Halfred the Scald,  
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,  
'Sing!'

'Sing me a song divine, 740  
With a sword in every line,  
And this shall be thy reward.'  
And he loosened the belt at his  
waist,  
And in front of the singer placed  
His sword.

'Quern-biter of Hakon the Good,  
Wherewith at a stroke he hewed  
The millstone through and  
through,  
And Foot-breadth of Thoralf the  
Strong, 749  
Were neither so broad nor so long,  
Nor so true.'

Then the Scald took his harp and  
sang,  
And loud through the music rang  
The sound of that shining  
word;  
And the harp-strings a clangor  
made,  
As if they were struck with the  
blade  
Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about  
Broke forth into a shout 759  
That made the rafters ring:  
They smote with their fists on the  
board,  
And shouted, 'Long live the Sword,  
And the King!'

But the King said, 'O my son,  
I miss the bright word in one  
Of thy measures and thy  
rhymes.'  
And Halfred the Scald replied,  
'In another 't was multiplied  
Three times.'

Then King Olaf raised the hilt 770  
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,  
And said, 'Do not refuse;  
Count well the gain and the loss,  
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross:  
Choose!'

And Halfred the Scald said, 'This  
In the name of the Lord I kiss,  
Who on it was crucified!'  
And a shout went round the board,  
'In the name of Christ the Lord,  
Who died!' 781

Then over the waste of snows  
The noonday sun uprose,  
Through the driving mists re-  
vealed,  
Like the lifting of the Host,  
By incense-clouds almost  
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast  
And shadowy cross was cast  
From the hilt of the lifted  
sword, 790  
And in foaming cups of ale  
The Berserks drank 'Was-hael!  
To the Lord!'

### XIII

#### THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT

Thorberg Skafting, master-builder,  
In his ship-yard by the sea,  
Whistling, said, 'It would bewilder  
Any man but Thorberg Skafting,  
Any man but me!'

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,  
Built of old by Raud the  
Strong, 800  
And King Olaf had commanded  
He should build another Dragon,  
Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg  
Skafting,  
As he sat with half-closed  
eyes,

And his head turned sideways,  
drafting  
That new vessel for King Olaf  
Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and ham-  
mered 809  
Mallet huge and heavy axe;  
Workmen laughed and sang and  
clamored;  
Whirled the wheels, that into rig-  
ging  
Spun the shining flax!

All this tumult heard the master,—  
It was music to his ear;  
Fancy whispered all the faster,  
'Men shall hear of Thorberg  
Skafting  
For a hundred year!' 818

Workmen sweating at the forges  
Fashioned iron bolt and bar,  
Like a warlock's midnight orgies  
Smoked and bubbled the black  
caldron  
With the boiling tar.

Did the warlocks mingle in it,  
Thorberg Skafting, any curse?  
Could you not be gone a minute  
But some mischief must be doing,  
Turning bad to worse?

'Twas an ill wind that came waft-  
ing  
From his homestead words of  
woe; 830  
To his farm went Thorberg Skaft-  
ing,  
Oft repeating to his workmen,  
Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning  
Came the master back by  
night;  
To his ship-yard longing, yearn-  
ing,  
Hurried he, and did not leave  
it  
Till the morning's light.

'Come and see my ship, my dar-  
ling!'

On the morrow said the  
King; 840

'Finished now from keel to car-  
ling;

Never yet was seen in Norway  
Such a wondrous thing!'

In the ship-yard, idly talking,  
At the ship the workmen  
stared:

Some one, all their labor balking,  
Down her sides had cut deep  
gashes,  
Not a plank was spared!

'Death be to the evil-doer!'  
With an oath King Olaf  
spoke; 850

'But rewards to his pursuer!'  
And with wrath his face grew red-  
der  
Than his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smil-  
ing,  
Answered thus the angry  
King:

'Cease blaspheming and reviling,  
Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting  
Who has done this thing!'

Then he chipped and smoothed  
the planking,  
Till the King, delighted,  
swore, 860

With much lauding and much  
thanking,

'Handsomest is now my Dragon  
Than she was before!'

Seventy ells and four extended  
On the grass the vessel's keel;  
High above it, gilt and splendid,  
Rose the figure-head ferocious  
With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the  
tressels,  
In the ship-yard by the sea; 870



She was the grandest of all vessels,  
 Never ship was built in Norway  
 Half so fine as she !

The Long Serpent was she christened,  
 'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer !  
 They who to the Saga listened  
 Heard the name of Thorberg  
 Skafting  
 For a hundred year !

## XIV

## THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT

Safe at anchor in Drontheim bay  
 King Olaf's fleet assembled lay, 880  
 And, striped with white and blue,  
 Downward fluttered sail and banner,  
 As alights the screaming lanner ;  
 Lustily cheered, in their wild manner,  
 The Long Serpent's crew.

Her forecastle man was Ulf the Red ;  
 Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,  
 His teeth as large and white ;  
 His beard, of gray and russet blended,  
 Round as a swallow's nest descended ; 890  
 As standard-bearer he defended  
 Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,  
 Like the King in garb and face,  
 So gallant and so hale ;  
 Every cabin-boy and varlet  
 Wondered at his cloak of scarlet ;  
 Like a river, frozen and star-lit,  
 Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark, 900  
 Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,  
 A figure gaunt and grand ;  
 On his hairy arm imprinted  
 Was an anchor, azure-tinted ;

Like Thor's hammer, huge and dinted  
 Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare  
 To the winds his golden hair,  
 By the mainmast stood ;  
 Graceful was his form, and slender, 910  
 And his eyes were deep and tender  
 As a woman's, in the splendor  
 Of her maidenhood.

In the fore-hold Biorn and Bork  
 Watched the sailors at their work :  
 Heavens ! how they swore !  
 Thirty men they each commanded,  
 Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,  
 Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,  
 Tugging at the oar. 920

These, and many more like these,  
 With King Olaf sailed the seas,  
 Till the waters vast  
 Filled them with a vague devotion,  
 With the freedom and the motion,  
 With the roll and roar of ocean  
 And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,  
 How they roared through Drontheim's street,  
 Boisterous as the gale ! 930  
 How they laughed and stamped  
 and pounded,  
 Till the tavern roof resounded  
 And the host looked on astounded  
 As they drank the ale !

Never saw the wild North Sea  
 Such a gallant company  
 Sail its billows blue !  
 Never, while they cruised and quarrelled,  
 Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth Harald,  
 Owned a ship so well apparelled,  
 Boasted such a crew ! 941

## XV

## A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR

A little bird in the air  
Is singing of Thyri the fair,  
The sister of Svend the Dane;  
And the song of the garrulous bird  
In the streets of the town is heard,  
And repeated again and again.  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each  
other.

To King Burislaf, it is said, 950  
Was the beautiful Thyri wed,  
And a sorrowful bride went she;  
And after a week and a day  
She has fled away and away  
From his town by the stormy sea.  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other.

They say, that through heat and  
through cold,  
Through weald, they say, and  
through wold,  
By day and by night, they say,  
She has fled; and the gossips re-  
port 961  
She has come to King Olaf's court,  
And the town is all in dismay.  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other.

It is whispered King Olaf has seen,  
Has talked with the beautiful  
Queen;  
And they wonder how it will  
end;  
For surely, if here she remain,  
It is war with King Svend the  
Dane, 970  
And King Burislaf the Vend!  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other.

Oh, greatest wonder of all!  
It is published in hamlet and hall,  
It roars like a flame that is  
fanned!

The King — yes, Olaf the King —  
Has wedded her with his ring,  
And Thyri is Queen in the land!  
Hoist up your sails of silk, 980  
And flee away from each other.

## XVI

QUEEN THYRI AND THE AN-  
GELICA STALKS

Northward over Drontheim,  
Flew the clamorous sea-gulls,  
Sang the lark and linnet  
From the meadows green;

Weeping in her chamber,  
Lonely and unhappy,  
Sat the Drottning Thyri,  
Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In at all the windows 990  
Streamed the pleasant sunshine,  
On the roof above her  
Softly cooed the dove;

But the sound she heard not,  
Nor the sunshine heeded,  
For the thoughts of Thyri  
Were not thoughts of love.

Then King Olaf entered,  
Beautiful as morning,  
Like the sun at Easter 1000  
Shone his happy face;

In his hand he carried  
Angelicas uprooted,  
With delicious fragrance  
Filling all the place.

Like a rainy midnight  
Sat the Drottning Thyri,  
Even the smile of Olaf  
Could not cheer her gloom;

Nor the stalks he gave her 1010  
With a gracious gesture,  
And with words as pleasant  
As their own perfume.

In her hands he placed them,  
And her jewelled fingers  
Through the green leaves glis-  
tened

Like the dews of morn ;

But she cast them from her,  
Haughty and indignant,  
On the floor she threw them 1020  
With a look of scorn.

‘ Richer presents,’ said she,  
‘ Gave King Harald Gormson  
To the Queen, my mother,  
Than such worthless weeds ;

‘ When he ravaged Norway,  
Laying waste the kingdom,  
Seizing scatt and treasure  
For her royal needs.

‘ But thou dardest not venture 1030  
Through the Sound to Vendland,  
My domains to rescue  
From King Burislaf ;

‘ Lest King Svend of Denmark,  
Forked Beard, my brother,  
Scatter all thy vessels  
As the wind the chaff.’

Then up sprang King Olaf,  
Like a reindeer bounding,  
With an oath he answered 1040  
Thus the luckless Queen :

‘ Never yet did Olaf  
Fear King Svend of Denmark ;  
This right hand shall hale him  
By his forked chin !’

Then he left the chamber,  
Thundering through the door-  
way,  
Loud his steps resounded  
Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult, 1050  
Through the streets of Drontheim  
Strode he red and wrathful,  
With his stately air.

All his ships he gathered,  
Summoned all his forces,  
Making his war levy  
In the region round.

Down the coast of Norway,  
Like a flock of sea-gulls,  
Sailed the fleet of Olaf 1060  
Through the Danish Sound.

With his own hand fearless  
Steered he the Long Serpent,  
Strained the creaking cordage,  
Bent each boom and gaff ;

Till in Vendland landing,  
The domains of Thyri  
He redeemed and rescued  
From King Burislaf.

Then said Olaf, laughing, 1070  
‘ Not ten yoke of oxen  
Have the power to draw us  
Like a woman’s hair !

‘ Now will I confess it,  
Better things are jewels  
Than angelica stalks are  
For a queen to wear.’

## XVII

### KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD

Loudly the sailors cheered  
Svend of the Forked Beard,  
As with his fleet he steered 1080  
Southward to Vendland ;  
Where with their courses hauled  
All were together called,  
Under the Isle of Svald  
Near to the mainland.

After Queen Gunhild’s death,  
So the old Saga saith,  
Plighted King Svend his faith  
To Sigrid the Haughty ;  
And to avenge his bride, 1090  
Soothing her wounded pride,

Over the waters wide  
King Olaf sought he.

Still on her scornful face,  
Blushing with deep disgrace,  
Bore she the crimson trace  
Of Olaf's gauntlet;  
Like a malignant star,  
Blazing in heaven afar,  
Red shone the angry scar 1100  
Under her frontlet.

Off to King Svend she spake,  
'For thine own honor's sake  
Shalt thou swift vengeance take  
On the vile coward!'  
Until the King at last,  
Gusty and overcast,  
Like a tempestuous blast  
Threatened and lowered.

Soon as the Spring appeared, 1110  
Svend of the Forked Beard  
High his red standard reared,  
Eager for battle;  
While every warlike Dane,  
Seizing his arms again,  
Left all unsown the grain,  
Unhoused the cattle.

Likewise the Swedish King  
Summoned in haste a Thing,  
Weapons and men to bring 1120  
In aid of Denmark;  
Eric the Norseman, too,  
As the war-tidings flew,  
Sailed with a chosen crew  
From Lapland and Finmark.

So upon Easter day  
Sailed the three kings away,  
Out of the sheltered bay,  
In the bright season;  
With them Earl Sigvald came, 1130  
Eager for spoil and fame;  
Pity that such a name  
Stooped to such treason!

Safe under Svald at last,  
Now were their anchors cast,  
Safe from the sea and blast,

Plotted the three kings;  
While, with a base intent,  
Southward Earl Sigvald went,  
On a foul errand bent, 1140  
Unto the Sea-kings.

Thence to hold on his course  
Unto King Olaf's force,  
Lying within the hoarse  
Mouths of Stet-haven;  
Him to ensnare and bring  
Unto the Danish king,  
Who his dead corse would fling  
Forth to the raven!

## XVIII

## KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD

On the gray sea-sands 1150  
King Olaf stands,  
Northward and seaward  
He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl  
The sea-tides curl,  
Washing the sandals  
Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout,  
The ships swing about,  
The yards are all hoisted, 1160  
The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played,  
The anchors are weighed,  
Like moths in the distance  
The sails flit and fade.

The sea is like lead,  
The harbor lies dead,  
As a corse on the sea-shore,  
Whose spirit has fled!

On that fatal day, 1170  
The histories say,  
Seventy vessels  
Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide  
O'er the billows they ride,

While Sigvald and Olaf  
Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl: 'Follow me!  
I your pilot will be, 1179  
For I know all the channels  
Where flows the deep-sea!'

So into the strait  
Where his foes lie in wait,  
Gallant King Olaf  
Sails to his fate!

Then the sea-fog veils  
The ships and their sails;  
Queen Sigrid the Haughty,  
Thy vengeance prevails!

### XIX

#### KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS

'Strike the sails!' King Olaf  
said; 1190  
'Never shall men of mine take  
flight;  
Never away from battle I fled,  
Never away from my foes!  
Let God dispose  
Of my life in the flight!'

'Sound the horns!' said Olaf the  
King;  
And suddenly through the drifting  
brume  
The blare of the horns began to  
ring,  
Like the terrible trumpet shock  
Of Regnarock, 1200  
On the Day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns  
sang  
Over the level floor of the flood;  
All the sails came down with a  
clang,  
And there in the midst overhead  
The sun hung red  
As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet  
Three together the ships were  
lashed,  
So that neither should turn and  
retreat; 1210  
In the midst, but in front of the  
rest,

The burnished crest  
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-  
deck,  
With bow of ash and arrows of  
oak,  
His gilded shield was without a  
fleck,  
His helmet inlaid with gold,  
And in many a fold  
Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red 1220  
Watched the lashing of the ships;  
'If the Serpent lie so far ahead,  
We shall have hard work of it  
here,'

Said he with a sneer  
On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,  
'Have I a coward on board?' said  
he.

'Shoot it another way, O King!'  
Sullenly answered Ulf,

The old sea-wolf; 1230  
'You have need of me!'

In front came Svend, the King of  
the Danes,  
Sweeping down with his fifty row-  
ers;  
To the right, the Swedish king  
with his thanes;  
And on board of the Iron Beard  
Earl Eric steered  
To the left with his oars.

'These soft Danes and Swedes,'  
said the King,  
'At home with their wives had  
better stay,



Than come within reach of my  
Serpent's sting: 1240  
But where Eric the Norseman  
leads  
Heroic deeds  
Will be done to-day !'

Then as together the vessels  
crashed,  
Eric severed the cables of hide,  
With which King Olaf's ships  
were lashed,  
And left them to drive and drift  
With the currents swift  
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and  
snarl, 1250  
Sharper the dragons bite and  
sting !

Eric the son of Hakon Jarl  
A death-drink salt as the sea  
Pledges to thee,  
Olaf the King !

## XX

## EINAR TAMBERSKELVER

It was Einar Tamberskelver  
Stood beside the mast;  
From his yew-bow, tipped with  
silver,  
Flew the arrows fast;  
Aimed at Eric unavailing, 1260  
As he sat concealed,  
Half behind the quarter-railing,  
Half behind his shield.

First an arrow struck the tiller,  
Just above his head;  
'Sing, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller,'  
Then Earl Eric said.  
'Sing the song of Hakon dying,  
Sing his funeral wail !'  
And another arrow flying 1270  
Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,  
As the arrow passed,

Said Earl Eric, 'Shoot that bow-  
man  
Standing by the mast.'  
Sooner than the word was spoken  
Flew the yeoman's shaft;  
Einar's bow in twain was broken,  
Einar only laughed.

'What was that?' said Olaf, stand-  
ing 1280  
On the quarter-deck.  
'Something heard I like the  
stranding  
Of a shattered wreck.'  
Einar then, the arrow taking  
From the loosened string,  
Answered, 'That was Norway  
breaking  
From thy hand, O King !'

'Thou art but a poor diviner,'  
Straightway Olaf said;  
'Take my bow, and swifter, Ei-  
nar, 1290  
Let thy shafts be sped.'  
Of his bows the fairest choosing,  
Reached he from above;  
Einar saw the blood-drops oozing  
Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and nar-  
row;  
At the first assay,  
O'er its head he drew the arrow,  
Flung the bow away;  
Said, with hot and angry tem-  
per 1300  
Flushing in his cheek,  
'Olaf! for so great a Kämper  
Are thy bows too weak !'

Then, with smile of joy defiant  
On his beardless lip,  
Sealed he, light and self-reliant,  
Eric's dragon-ship.  
Loose his golden locks were flow-  
ing,  
Bright his armor gleamed;  
Like Saint Michael overthrow-  
ing 1310  
Lucifer he seemed.

## XXI

## KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK

All day has the battle raged,  
 All day have the ships engaged,  
 But not yet is assuaged  
 The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red,  
 The arrows of death are sped,  
 The ships are filled with the dead,  
 And the spears the champions  
 hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide,  
 The grappling-irons are plied, <sup>1321</sup>  
 The boarders climb up the side,  
 The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah! never shall Norway again  
 See her sailors come back o'er the  
 main;

They all lie wounded or slain,  
 Or asleep in the billows blue!

On the deck stands Olaf the King,  
 Around him whistle and sing  
 The spears that the foemen  
 fling, <sup>1330</sup>  
 And the stones they hurl with  
 their hands.

In the midst of the stones and the  
 spears,  
 Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,  
 His shield in the air he uprears,  
 By the side of King Olaf he  
 stands.

Over the slippery wreck  
 Of the Long Serpent's deck  
 Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,  
 His lips with anger are pale;

He hews with his axe at the  
 mast, <sup>1340</sup>  
 Till it falls, with the sails overcast,  
 Like a snow-covered pine in the  
 vast  
 Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,  
 He rushes aft with his men,  
 As a hunter into the den  
 Of the bear, when he stands at  
 bay.

'Remember Jarl Hakon!' he cries;  
 When lo! on his wondering eyes,  
 Two kingly figures arise, <sup>1350</sup>  
 Two Olafs in warlike array!

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear  
 Of King Olaf a word of cheer,  
 In a whisper that none may hear,  
 With a smile on his tremulous  
 lip;

Two shields raised high in the air,  
 Two flashes of golden hair,  
 Two scarlet meteors' glare,  
 And both have leaped from the  
 ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats <sup>1360</sup>  
 Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,  
 And cry, from their hairy throats,  
 'See! it is Olaf the King!'

While far on the opposite side  
 Floats another shield on the tide,  
 Like a jewel set in the wide  
 Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,  
 How the King stripped off his  
 mail,  
 Like leaves of the brown sea-  
 kale, <sup>1370</sup>  
 As he swam beneath the main;

But the young grew old and gray,  
 And never, by night or by day,  
 In his kingdom of Norrøway  
 Was King Olaf seen again!

## XXII

## THE NUN OF NIDAROS

In the convent of Drontheim,  
 Alone in her chamber,

Knelt Astrid the Abbess  
At midnight, adoring,  
Beseeching, entreating 1380  
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence  
The voice of one speaking,  
Without in the darkness,  
In gusts of the night-wind,  
Now louder, now nearer,  
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger  
It seemed as she listened,  
Of some one who answered 1390  
Beseeching, imploring,  
A cry from afar off  
She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John,  
The beloved disciple,  
Who wandered and waited  
The Master's appearance,  
Alone in the darkness,  
Unsheltered and friendless.

'It is accepted, 1400  
The angry defiance,  
The challenge of battle!  
It is accepted,  
But not with the weapons  
Of war that thou wieldest!

'Cross against corselet,  
Love against hatred,  
Peace-cry for war-cry!  
Patience is powerful;  
He that o'ercometh 1410  
Hath power o'er the nations!

'As torrents in summer,  
Half dried in their channels,  
Suddenly rise, though the  
Sky is still cloudless,  
For rain has been falling  
Far off at their fountains;

'So hearts that are fainting  
Grow full to o'erflowing,  
And they that beheld it 1420  
Marvel, and know not

That God at their fountains  
Far off has been raining!

'Stronger than steel  
Is the sword of the Spirit;  
Swifter than arrows  
The light of the truth is,  
Greater than anger  
Is love, and subdueth!

'Thou art a phantom, 1430  
A shape of the sea-mist,  
A shape of the brumal  
Rain, and the darkness  
Fearful and formless;  
Day dawns and thou art not!

'The dawn is not distant,  
Nor is the night starless;  
Love is eternal!  
God is still God, and  
His faith shall not fail us; 1440  
Christ is eternal!

## INTERLUDE

A STRAIN of music closed the tale,  
A low, monotonous, funeral wail,  
That with its cadence, wild and  
sweet,  
Made the long Saga more com-  
plete.

'Thank God,' the Theologian said,  
'The reign of violence is dead,  
Or dying surely from the world;  
While Love triumphant reigns in-  
stead,  
And in a brighter sky o'erhead  
His blessed banners are unfurled.  
And most of all thank God for  
this:  
The war and waste of clashing  
creeds  
Now end in words, and not in  
deeds,  
And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,  
For thoughts that men call here-  
sies.

'I stand without here in the porch,  
I hear the bell's melodious din,  
I hear the organ peal within,  
I hear the prayer, with words that  
scorch

Like sparks from an inverted  
torch,

I hear the sermon upon sin,  
With threatenings of the last ac-  
count.

And all, translated in the air,  
Reach me but as our dear Lord's  
Prayer,

And as the Sermon on the Mount.

'Must it be Calvin, and not Christ?  
Must it be Athanasian creeds,  
Or holy water, books, and beads?  
Must struggling souls remain con-  
tent

With councils and decrees of  
Trent?

And can it be enough for these  
The Christian Church the year em-  
balms

With evergreens and boughs of  
palms,

And fills the air with litanies?

'I know that yonder Pharisee  
Thanks God that he is not like me;  
In my humiliation dressed,  
I only stand and beat my breast,  
And pray for human charity.

'Not to one church alone, but  
seven,  
The voice prophetic spake from  
heaven;  
And unto each the promise came,  
Diversified, but still the same;  
For him that overcometh are  
The new name written on the  
stone,  
The raiment white, the crown, the  
throne,  
And I will give him the Morning  
Star!

'Ah! to how many Faith has been  
No evidence of things unseen,

But a dim shadow, that recasts  
The creed of the Phantasiasts,  
For whom no Man of Sorrows died,  
For whom the Tragedy Divine  
Was but a symbol and a sign,  
And Christ a phantom crucified!

'For others a diviner creed  
Is living in the life they lead.  
The passing of their beautiful feet  
Blesses the pavement of the street,  
And all their looks and words re-  
peat

Old Fuller's saying, wise and  
sweet,

Not as a vulture, but a dove,  
The Holy Ghost came from above.

'And this brings back to me a  
tale

So sad the hearer well may quail,  
And question if such things can  
be;

Yet in the chronicles of Spain  
Down the dark pages runs this  
stain,

And naught can wash them white  
again,

So fearful is the tragedy.'

## THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

### TORQUEMADA

IN the heroic days when Ferdi-  
nand

And Isabella ruled the Spanish  
land,

And Torquemada, with his subtle  
brain,

Ruled them as Grand Inquisitor  
of Spain,

In a great castle near Valladolid,  
Moated and high and by fair wood-  
lands hid,

There dwelt, as from the chroni-  
cles we learn,

An old Hidalgo proud and taci-  
turn,

Whose name has perished, with  
 his towers of stone,  
 And all his actions save this one  
 alone; 10  
 This one, so terrible, perhaps  
 't were best  
 If it, too, were forgotten with the  
 rest;  
 Unless, perchance, our eyes can  
 see therein  
 The martyrdom triumphant o'er  
 the sin;  
 A double picture, with its gloom  
 and glow,  
 The splendor overhead, the death  
 below.  
 This sombre man counted each  
 day as lost  
 On which his feet no sacred thresh-  
 old crossed;  
 And when he chanced the passing  
 Host to meet,  
 He knelt and prayed devoutly in  
 the street; 20  
 Oft he confessed; and with each  
 mutinous thought,  
 As with wild beasts at Ephesus,  
 he fought.  
 In deep contrition scourged him-  
 self in Lent,  
 Walked in processions, with his  
 head down bent,  
 At plays of Corpus Christi oft was  
 seen,  
 And on Palm Sunday bore his  
 bough of green.  
 His sole diversion was to hunt the  
 boar  
 Through tangled thickets of the  
 forest hoar,  
 Or with his jingling mules to hurry  
 down  
 To some grand bull-fight in the  
 neighboring town, 30  
 Or in the crowd with lighted taper  
 stand,  
 When Jews were burned, or ban-  
 ished from the land.  
 Then stirred within him a tumultu-  
 ous joy;

The demon whose delight is to  
 destroy  
 Shook him, and shouted with a  
 trumpet tone,  
 'Kill! kill! and let the Lord find  
 out his own!'  
 And now, in that old castle in the  
 wood,  
 His daughters, in the dawn of  
 womanhood,  
 Returning from their convent  
 school, had made  
 Resplendent with their bloom the  
 forest shade, 40  
 Reminding him of their dead mo-  
 ther's face,  
 When first she came into that  
 gloomy place,—  
 A memory in his heart as dim and  
 sweet  
 As moonlight in a solitary street,  
 Where the same rays, that lift the  
 sea, are thrown  
 Lovely but powerless upon walls  
 of stone.  
 These two fair daughters of a  
 mother dead  
 Were all the dream had left him as  
 it fled.  
 A joy at first, and then a growing  
 care,  
 As if a voice within him cried, 'Be-  
 ware!' 50  
 A vague presentiment of impend-  
 ing doom,  
 Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant  
 room,  
 Haunted him day and night; a  
 formless fear  
 That death to some one of his  
 house was near,  
 With dark surmises of a hidden  
 crime,  
 Made life itself a death before its  
 time.  
 Jealous, suspicious, with no sense  
 of shame,  
 A spy upon his daughters he be-  
 came;



With velvet slippers, noiseless on  
 the floors,  
 He glided softly through half-open  
 doors; 60  
 Now in the room, and now upon  
 the stair,  
 He stood beside them ere they  
 were aware;  
 He listened in the passage when  
 they talked,  
 He watched them from the case-  
 ment when they walked,  
 He saw the gypsy haunt the river's  
 side,  
 He saw the monk among the cork-  
 trees glide:  
 And, tortured by the mystery and  
 the doubt  
 Of some dark secret, past his find-  
 ing out,  
 Baffled he paused; then reassured  
 again  
 Pursued the flying phantom of his  
 brain. 70  
 He watched them even when they  
 knelt in church;  
 And then, descending lower in his  
 search,  
 Questioned the servants, and with  
 eager eyes  
 Listened incredulous to their re-  
 plies;  
 The gypsy? none had seen her in  
 the wood!  
 The monk? a mendicant in search  
 of food!  
  
 At length the awful revelation  
 came,  
 Crushing at once his pride of birth  
 and name;  
 The hopes his yearning bosom for-  
 ward cast  
 And the ancestral glories of the  
 past, 80  
 All fell together, crumbling in dis-  
 grace,  
 A turret rent from battlement to  
 base.  
 His daughters talking in the dead  
 of night

In their own chamber, and with-  
 out a light,  
 Listening, as he was wont, he  
 overheard,  
 And learned the dreadful secret,  
 word by word;  
 And hurrying from his castle, with  
 a cry  
 He raised his hands to the unpity-  
 ing sky,  
 Repeating one dread word, till  
 bush and tree  
 Caught it, and shuddering an-  
 swered, 'Heresy!' 90  
  
 Wrapped in his cloak, his hat  
 drawn o'er his face,  
 Now hurrying forward, now with  
 lingering pace,  
 He walked all night the alleys of  
 his park,  
 With one unseen companion in the  
 dark,  
 The demon who within him lay in  
 wait  
 And by his presence turned his  
 love to hate,  
 Forever muttering in an under-  
 tone,  
 'Kill! kill! and let the Lord find  
 out his own!'  
  
 Upon the morrow, after early Mass,  
 While yet the dew was glistening  
 on the grass, 100  
 And all the woods were musical  
 with birds,  
 The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful  
 words,  
 Walked homeward with the Priest,  
 and in his room  
 Summoned his trembling daugh-  
 ters to their doom.  
 When questioned, with brief an-  
 swers they replied,  
 Nor when accused evaded or de-  
 nied;  
 Expostulations, passionate ap-  
 peals,  
 All that the human heart most  
 fears or feels,

In vain the Priest with earnest  
voice essayed ;  
In vain the father threatened,  
wept, and prayed ; 110  
Until at last he said, with haughty  
mien,  
' The Holy Office, then, must inter-  
vene ! '

And now the Grand Inquisitor of  
Spain,  
With all the fifty horsemen of his  
train,  
His awful name resounding, like  
the blast  
Of funeral trumpets, as he onward  
passed,  
Came to Valladolid, and there be-  
gan  
To harry the rich Jews with fire  
and ban.  
To him the Hidalgo went, and at  
the gate  
Demanded audience on affairs of  
state, 120  
And in a secret chamber stood be-  
fore  
A venerable graybeard of four-  
score,  
Dressed in the hood and habit of  
a friar ;  
Out of his eyes flashed a consum-  
ing fire,  
And in his hand the mystic horn  
he held,  
Which poison and all noxious  
charms dispelled.  
He heard in silence the Hidalgo's  
tale,  
Then answered in a voice that  
made him quail :  
' Son of the Church ! when Abra-  
ham of old  
To sacrifice his only son was  
told, 130  
He did not pause to parley nor  
protest,  
But hastened to obey the Lord's  
behest.  
In him it was accounted righteous-  
ness ;

The Holy Church expects of thee  
no less ! '

A sacred frenzy seized the father's  
brain,  
And Mercy from that hour im-  
plored in vain.  
Ah ! who will e'er believe the  
words I say ?  
His daughters he accused, and  
the same day  
They both were cast into the  
dungeon's gloom,  
That dismal antechamber of the  
tomb, 140  
Arraigned, condemned, and sen-  
tenced to the flame,  
The secret torture and the public  
shame.

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once  
more  
The Hidalgo went, more eager than  
before,  
And said : ' When Abraham of-  
fered up his son,  
He clave the wood wherewith it  
might be done.  
By his example taught, let me too  
bring  
Wood from the forest for my offer-  
ing ! '  
And the deep voice, without a  
pause, replied :  
' Son of the Church ! by faith now  
justified, 150  
Complete thy sacrifice, even as  
thou wilt ;  
The Church absolves thy con-  
science from all guilt ! '

Then this most wretched father  
went his way  
Into the woods, that round his  
castle lay,  
Where once his daughters in their  
childhood played  
With their young mother in the  
sun and shade.  
Now all the leaves had fallen ; the  
branches bare

Made a perpetual moaning in the  
air,  
And screaming from their eyries  
overhead

The ravens sailed athwart the sky  
of lead. 160

With his own hands he lopped the  
boughs and bound

Fagots, that crackled with fore-  
boding sound,

And on his mules, caparisoned and  
gay

With bells and tassels, sent them  
on their way.

Then with his mind on one dark  
purpose bent,

Again to the Inquisitor he went,  
And said: 'Behold, the fagots I

have brought,  
And now, lest my atonement be as

naught,  
Grant me one more request, one

last desire,—  
With my own hand to light the

funeral fire!' 170

And Torquemada answered from  
his seat,

'Son of the Church! Thine offer-  
ing is complete;

Her servants through all ages  
shall not cease

To magnify thy deed. Depart in  
peace!'

Upon the market-place, builded of  
stone

The scaffold rose, whereon Death  
claimed his own.

At the four corners, in stern atti-  
tude,

Four statues of the Hebrew Pro-  
phets stood,

Gazing with calm indifference in  
their eyes

Upon this place of human sacri-  
fice, 180

Round which was gathering fast  
the eager crowd,

With clamor of voices dissonant  
and loud,

And every roof and window was  
alive

With restless gazers, swarming  
like a hive.

The church-bells tolled, the chant  
of monks drew near,

Loud trumpets stammered forth  
their notes of fear,

A line of torches smoked along  
the street,

There was a stir, a rush, a tramp  
of feet,

And, with its banners floating in  
the air,

Slowly the long procession crossed  
the square, 190

And, to the statues of the Pro-  
phets bound,

The victims stood, with fagots  
piled around.

Then all the air a blast of trum-  
pets shook,

And louder sang the monks with  
bell and book,

And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and  
proud,

Lifted his torch, and, bursting  
through the crowd,

Lighted in haste the fagots, and  
then fled,

Lest those imploring eyes should  
strike him dead!

O pitiless skies! why did your  
clouds retain

For peasants' fields their floods of  
hoarded rain? 200

O pitiless earth! why opened no  
abyss

To bury in its chasm a crime like  
this?

That night, a mingled column of  
fire and smoke

From the dark thickets of the for-  
est broke,

And, glaring o'er the landscape  
leagues away,

Made all the fields and hamlets  
bright as day.

Wrapped in a sheet of flame the  
 castle blazed,  
 And as the villagers in terror  
 gazed,  
 They saw the figure of that cruel  
 knight  
 Lean from a window in the turret's  
 height, 210  
 His ghastly face illumined with  
 the glare,  
 His hands upraised above his head  
 in prayer,  
 Till the floor sank beneath him,  
 and he fell  
 Down the black hollow of that  
 burning well.

Three centuries and more above  
 his bones  
 Have piled the oblivious years like  
 funeral stones;  
 His name has perished with him,  
 and no trace  
 Remains on earth of his afflicted  
 race;  
 But Torquemada's name, with  
 clouds o'ercast,  
 Looms in the distant landscape of  
 the Past, 220  
 Like a burnt tower upon a black-  
 ened heath,  
 Lit by the fires of burning woods  
 beneath!

### INTERLUDE

THUS closed the tale of guilt and  
 gloom,  
 That cast upon each listener's  
 face  
 Its shadow, and for some brief  
 space  
 Unbroken silence filled the room.  
 The Jew was thoughtful and dis-  
 tressed;  
 Upon his memory thronged and  
 pressed  
 The persecution of his race,  
 Their wrongs and sufferings and  
 disgrace;

His head was sunk upon his  
 breast,  
 And from his eyes alternate came  
 Flashes of wrath and tears of  
 shame.

The Student first the silence  
 broke,  
 As one who long has lain in wait,  
 With purpose to retaliate,  
 And thus he dealt the avenging  
 stroke.

'In such a company as this,  
 A tale so tragic seems amiss,  
 That by its terrible control  
 O'ermasters and drags down the  
 soul

Into a fathomless abyss.  
 The Italian Tales that you dis-  
 dain,

Some merry Night of Straparole,  
 Or Machiavelli's Belpagor,  
 Would cheer us and delight us  
 more,

Give greater pleasure and less  
 pain

Than your grim tragedies of  
 Spain!'

And here the Poet raised his  
 hand,

With such entreaty and command,  
 It stopped discussion at its birth,  
 And said: 'The story I shall tell  
 Has meaning in it, if not mirth;  
 Listen, and hear what once befell  
 The merry birds of Killingworth!'

### THE POET'S TALE

#### THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

It was the season, when through  
 all the land

The merle and mavis build, and  
 building sing

Those lovely lyrics, written by His  
 hand,

Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the  
 Blithe-heart King;

When on the boughs the purple  
buds expand,  
The banners of the vanguard of  
the Spring,  
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and  
leap,  
And wave their fluttering signals  
from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping  
loud,  
Filled all the blossoming or-  
chards with their glee; 10  
The sparrows chirped as if they  
still were proud  
Their race in Holy Writ should  
mentioned be;  
And hungry crows, assembled in a  
crowd,  
Clamored their piteous prayer  
incessantly,  
Knowing who hears the ravens  
cry, and said:  
'Give us, O Lord, this day, our  
daily bread!'

Across the Sound the birds of pas-  
sage sailed,  
Speaking some unknown lan-  
guage strange and sweet  
Of tropic isle remote, and passing  
hailed  
The village with the cheers of  
all their fleet; 20  
Or quarrelling together, laughed  
and railed  
Like foreign sailors, landed in  
the street  
Of seaport town, and with out-  
landish noise  
Of oaths and gibberish frightening  
girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in  
Killingworth,  
In fabulous days, some hundred  
years ago;  
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled  
the earth,  
Heard with alarm the cawing of  
the crow,

That mingled with the universal  
mirth,  
Cassandra-like, prognosticating  
woe; 30  
They shook their heads, and  
doomed with dreadful words  
To swift destruction the whole  
race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened  
straightway  
To set a price upon the guilty  
heads  
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of  
pay,  
Levied black-mail upon the gar-  
den beds  
And cornfields, and beheld with-  
out dismay  
The awful scarecrow, with his  
fluttering shreds;  
The skeleton that waited at their  
feast,  
Whereby their sinful pleasure was  
increased. 40

Then from his house, a temple  
painted white,  
With fluted columns, and a roof  
of red,  
The Squire came forth, august and  
splendid sight!  
Slowly descending, with majestic  
tread,  
Three flights of steps, nor looking  
left nor right,  
Down the long street he walked,  
as one who said,  
'A town that boasts inhabitants  
like me  
Can have no lack of good society!'

The Parson, too, appeared, a man  
austere,  
The instinct of whose nature  
was to kill; 50  
The wrath of God he preached  
from year to year,  
And read, with fervor, Edwards  
on the Will;



His favorite pastime was to slay  
the deer

In Summer on some Adirondac  
hill ;

E'en now, while walking down the  
rural lane,

He lopped the wayside lilies with  
his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry  
crowned

The hill of Science with its vane  
of brass,

Came the Preceptor, gazing idly  
round,

Now at the clouds, and now at  
the green grass, 60

And all absorbed in reveries pro-  
found

Of fair Almira in the upper class,  
Who was, as in a sonnet he had  
said,

As pure as water, and as good as  
bread.

And next the Deacon issued from  
his door,

In his voluminous neck-cloth,  
white as snow ;

A suit of sable bombazine he  
wore ;

His form was ponderous, and  
his step was slow ;

There never was so wise a man  
before ;

He seemed the incarnate ' Well,  
I told you so ! ' 70

And to perpetuate his great re-  
nown

There was a street named after  
him in town.

These came together in the new  
town-hall,

With sundry farmers from the  
region round.

The Squire presided, dignified and  
tall,

His air impressive and his rea-  
soning sound ;

Ill fared it with the birds, both  
great and small ;

Hardly a friend in all that crowd  
they found,

But enemies enough, who every  
one

Charged them with all the crimes  
beneath the sun. 80

When they had ended, from his  
place apart

Rose the Preceptor, to redress  
the wrong,

And, trembling like a steed before  
the start,

Looked round bewildered on the  
expectant throng ;

Then thought of fair Almira, and  
took heart

To speak out what was in him,  
clear and strong,

Alike regardless of their smile or  
frown,

And quite determined not to be  
laughed down.

' Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,  
From his Republic banished  
without pity 90

The Poets ; in this little town of  
yours,

You put to death, by means of a  
Committee,

The ballad-singers and the Trou-  
badours,

The street-musicians of the hea-  
venly city,

The birds, who make sweet music  
for us all

In our dark hours, as David did  
for Saul.

' The thrush that carols at the  
dawn of day

From the green steeples of the  
piny wood ;

The oriole in the elm ; the noisy  
jay,

Jargoning like a foreigner at his  
food ; 100

The bluebird balanced on some  
topmost spray,  
Flooding with melody the neigh-  
borhood;  
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all  
the throng  
That dwell in nests, and have the  
gift of song.

' You slay them all! and where-  
fore? for the gain  
Of a scant handful more or less  
of wheat,  
Or rye, or barley, or some other  
grain,  
Scratched up at random by in-  
dustrious feet,  
Searching for worm or weevil after  
rain!  
Or a few cherries, that are not  
so sweet 110  
As are the songs these uninvited  
guests  
Sing at their feast with comforta-  
ble breasts.

' Do you ne'er think what won-  
drous beings these?  
Do you ne'er think who made  
them, and who taught  
The dialect they speak, where  
melodies  
Alone are the interpreters of  
thought?  
Whose household words are songs  
in many keys,  
Sweeter than instrument of man  
e'er caught!  
Whose habitations in the tree-tops  
even  
Are half-way houses on the road  
to heaven! 120

' Think, every morning when the  
sun peeps through  
The dim, leaf-latticed windows  
of the grove,  
How jubilant the happy birds re-  
new  
Their old, melodious madrigals  
of love!

And when you think of this, re-  
member too  
'Tis always morning somewhere,  
and above  
The awakening continents, from  
shore to shore,  
Somewhere the birds are singing  
evermore.

' Think of your woods and orchards  
without birds!  
Of empty nests that cling to  
boughs and beams 130  
As in an idiot's brain remembered  
words  
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs  
of his dreams!  
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of  
herds  
Make up for the lost music,  
when your teams  
Drag home the stingy harvest,  
and no more  
The feathered gleaners follow to  
your door?

' What! would you rather see the  
incessant stir  
Of insects in the windrows of  
the hay,  
And hear the locust and the grass-  
hopper  
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies  
play? 140  
Is this more pleasant to you than  
the whir  
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet  
roundelay,  
Or twitter of little field-fares, as  
you take  
Your nooning in the shade of bush  
and brake?

' You call them thieves and pilla-  
gers: but know,  
They are the winged wardens of  
your farms,  
Who from the cornfields drive the  
insidious foe,  
And from your harvests keep a  
hundred harms;

Even the blackest of them all, the  
crow,  
Renders good service as your  
man-at-arms, 150  
Crushing the beetle in his coat of  
mail,  
And crying havoc on the slug and  
snail.

•How can I teach your children  
gentleness,  
And mercy to the weak, and rev-  
erence  
For Life, which, in its weakness  
or excess,  
Is still a gleam of God's omnipo-  
tence,  
Or Death, which, seeming dark-  
ness, is no less  
The selfsame light, although  
averted hence,  
When by your laws, your actions,  
and your speech,  
You contradict the very things I  
teach?' 160

With this he closed; and through  
the audience went  
A murmur, like the rustle of  
dead leaves;  
The farmers laughed and nodded,  
and some bent  
Their yellow heads together like  
their sheaves;  
Men have no faith in fine-spun  
sentiment  
Who put their trust in bullocks  
and in bees.  
The birds were doomed; and, as  
the record shows,  
A bounty offered for the heads of  
crows.

There was another audience out  
of reach,  
Who had no voice nor vote in  
making laws, 170  
But in the papers read his little  
speech,  
And crowned his modest temples  
with applause;

They made him conscious, each  
one more than each,  
He still was victor, vanquished  
in their cause.  
Sweetest of all the applause he  
won from thee,  
O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre be-  
gan;  
O'er fields and orchards, and  
o'er woodland crests,  
The ceaseless fusillade of terror  
ran.  
Dead fell the birds, with blood-  
stains on their breasts, 180  
Or wounded crept away from sight  
of man,  
While the young died of famine  
in their nests;  
A slaughter to be told in groans,  
not words,  
The very St. Bartholomew of  
Birds!

The Summer came, and all the  
birds were dead;  
The days were like hot coals;  
the very ground  
Was burned to ashes; in the or-  
chards fed  
Myriads of caterpillars, and  
around  
The cultivated fields and garden  
beds  
Hosts of devouring insects  
crawled, and found 190  
No foe to check their march, till  
they had made  
The land a desert without leaf or  
shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod,  
was the town,  
Because, like Herod, it had ruth-  
lessly  
Slaughtered the Innocents. From  
the trees spun down  
The canker-worms upon the  
passers-by.

Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl,  
and gown,  
Who shook them off with just a  
little cry;  
They were the terror of each fa-  
vorite walk,  
The endless theme of all the vil-  
lage talk. 200

The farmers grew impatient, but  
a few  
Confessed their error, and would  
not complain,  
For after all, the best thing one  
can do  
When it is raining, is to let it  
rain.  
Then they repealed the law, al-  
though they knew  
It would not call the dead to life  
again;  
As school-boys, finding their mis-  
take too late,  
Draw a wet sponge across the ac-  
cusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Au-  
tumn came  
Without the light of his majestic  
look, 210  
The wonder of the falling tongues  
of flame,  
The illumined pages of his  
Doom's-Day book.  
A few lost leaves blushed crimson  
with their shame,  
And drowned themselves de-  
spairing in the brook,  
While the wild wind went moan-  
ing everywhere,  
Lamenting the dead children of  
the air!

But the next Spring a stranger  
sight was seen,  
A sight that never yet by bard  
was sung,  
As great a wonder as it would  
have been  
If some dumb animal had found  
a tongue! 220

A wagon, overarched with ever-  
green,  
Upon whose boughs were wicker  
cages hung,  
All full of singing birds, came  
down the street,  
Filling the air with music wild and  
sweet.

From all the country round these  
birds were brought,  
By order of the town, with anx-  
ious quest,  
And, loosened from their wicker  
prisons, sought  
In woods and fields the places  
they loved best,  
Singing loud canticles, which many  
thought  
Were satires to the authorities  
addressed, 230  
While others, listening in green  
lanes, averred  
Such lovely music never had been  
heard!

But blither still and louder car-  
olled they  
Upon the morrow, for they  
seemed to know  
It was the fair Almira's wedding-  
day,  
And everywhere, around, above,  
below,  
When the Preceptor bore his bride  
away,  
Their songs burst forth in joyous  
overflow,  
And a new heaven bent over a  
new earth  
Amid the sunny farms of Killing-  
worth. 240

## FINALE

THE hour was late; the fire burned  
low,  
The Landlord's eyes were closed  
in sleep,  
And near the story's end a deep,

Sonorous sound at times was  
heard,  
As when the distant bagpipes blow.  
At this all laughed; the Landlord  
stirred,  
As one awaking from a swoond,  
And, gazing anxiously around,  
Protested that he had not slept,  
But only shut his eyes, and kept  
His ears attentive to each word.

Then all arose, and said 'Good  
Night.'  
Alone remained the drowsy Squire  
To rake the embers of the fire,  
And quench the waning parlor  
light;  
While from the windows, here and  
there,  
The scattered lamps a moment  
gleamed,  
And the illumined hostel seemed  
The constellation of the Bear,  
Downward, athwart the misty air,  
Sinking and setting toward the  
sun.  
Far off the village clock struck  
one.

## PART SECOND

## PRELUDE

A COLD, uninterrupted rain,  
That washed each southern win-  
dow-pane,  
And made a river of the road;  
A sea of mist that overflowed  
The house, the barns, the gilded  
vane,  
And drowned the upland and the  
plain,  
Through which the oak-trees,  
broad and high,  
Like phantom ships went drifting  
by;  
And, hidden behind a watery  
screen,  
The sun unseen, or only seen 10  
As a faint pallor in the sky; —

Thus cold and colorless and gray,  
The morn of that autumnal day,  
As if reluctant to begin,  
Dawned on the silent Sudbury  
Inn,  
And all the guests that in it lay.

Full late they slept. They did not  
hear  
The challenge of Sir Chanticleer,  
Who on the empty threshing-floor,  
Disdainful of the rain outside, 20  
Was strutting with a martial  
stride,  
As if upon his thigh he wore  
The famous broadsword of the  
Squire,  
And said, 'Behold me, and ad-  
mire!'

Only the Poet seemed to hear,  
In drowse or dream, more near  
and near  
Across the border-land of sleep,  
The blowing of a blithesome horn,  
That laughed the dismal day to  
scorn;  
A splash of hoofs and rush of  
wheels 30  
Through sand and mire like strand-  
ing keels,  
As from the road with sudden  
sweep  
The Mail drove up the little steep,  
And stopped beside the tavern  
door;  
A moment stopped, and then again  
With crack of whip and bark of  
dog  
Plunged forward through the sea  
of fog,  
And all was silent as before, —  
All silent save the dripping rain.

Then one by one the guests came  
down, 40  
And greeted with a smile the  
Squire,  
Who sat before the parlor fire,  
Reading the paper fresh from  
town.



First the Sicilian, like a bird,  
Before his form appeared, was  
heard

Whistling and singing down the  
stair;

Then came the Student, with a  
look

As placid as a meadow-brook;  
The Theologian, still perplexed  
With thoughts of this world and  
the next; 50

The Poet then, as one who seems  
Walking in visions and in dreams;  
Then the Musician, like a fair  
Hyperion from whose golden hair  
The radiance of the morning  
streams;

And last the aromatic Jew  
Of Alicant, who, as he threw  
The door wide open, on the air  
Breathed round about him a per-  
fume

Of damask roses in full bloom, 60  
Making a garden of the room.

The breakfast ended, each pur-  
sued

The promptings of his various  
mood;

Beside the fire in silence smoked  
The taciturn, impassive Jew,  
Lost in a pleasant revery;  
While, by his gravity provoked,  
His portrait the Sicilian drew,  
And wrote beneath it 'Edrehi,  
At the Red Horse in Sudbury.' 70

By far the busiest of them all,  
The Theologian in the hall  
Was feeding robins in a cage, —  
Two corpulent and lazy birds,  
Vagrants and pilferers at best,  
If one might trust the hostler's  
words,

Chief instrument of their arrest;  
Two poets of the Golden Age,  
Heirs of a boundless heritage  
Of fields and orchards, east and  
west, 80

And sunshine of long summer  
days,

Though outlawed now and dispos-  
sessed! —

Such was the Theologian's phrase.

Meanwhile the Student held dis-  
course

With the Musician, on the source  
Of all the legendary lore

Among the nations, scattered wide  
Like silt and seaweed by the force  
And fluctuation of the tide;

The tale repeated o'er and o'er, 90  
With change of place and change  
of name,

Disguised, transformed, and yet  
the same

We've heard a hundred times be-  
fore.

The Poet at the window mused,  
And saw, as in a dream confused,  
The countenance of the Sun, dis-  
crowned,

And haggard with a pale despair,  
And saw the cloud-rack trail and  
drift

Before it, and the trees uplift  
Their leafless branches, and the  
air 100

Filled with the arrows of the rain,  
And heard amid the mist below,  
Like voices of distress and pain,  
That haunt the thoughts of men  
insane,

The fateful cawings of the crow.

Then down the road, with mud be-  
sprent,

And drenched with rain from head  
to hoof,

The rain-drops dripping from his  
mane

And tail as from a pent-house roof,  
A jaded horse, his head down  
bent, 110

Passed slowly, limping as he went.

The young Sicilian — who had  
grown

Impatient longer to abide  
A prisoner, greatly mortified

To see completely overthrown  
His plans for angling in the brook,  
And, leaning o'er the bridge of  
stone,

To watch the speckled trout glide  
by,

And float through the inverted sky,  
Still round and round the baited  
hook — 120

Now paced the room with rapid  
stride,

And, pausing at the Poet's side,  
Looked forth, and saw the wretch-  
ed steed,

And said : ' Alas for human greed,  
That with cold hand and stony  
eye

Thus turns an old friend out to die,  
Or beg his food from gate to gate !  
This brings a tale into my mind,  
Which, if you are not disinclined  
To listen, I will now relate.' 130

All gave assent; all wished to  
hear,

Not without many a jest and jeer,  
The story of a spavined steed ;  
And even the Student with the rest  
Put in his pleasant little jest  
Out of Malherbe, that Pegasus  
Is but a horse that with all speed  
Bears poets to the hospital ;  
While the Sicilian, self-possessed,  
After a moment's interval 140  
Began his simple story thus.

## THE SICILIAN'S TALE

### THE BELL OF ATRI

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town  
Of ancient Roman date, but scant  
renown,

One of those little places that have  
run

Half up the hill, beneath a blazing  
sun,

And then sat down to rest, as if to  
say,

I climb no farther upward, come  
what may.' —

The Re Giovanni, now unknown to  
fame,

So many monarchs since have  
borne the name,

Had a great bell hung in the mar-  
ket-place,

Beneath a roof, projecting some  
small space 10

By way of shelter from the sun  
and rain.

Then rode he through the streets  
with all his train,

And, with the blast of trumpets  
loud and long,

Made proclamation, that whenever  
wrong

Was done to any man, he should  
but ring

The great bell in the square, and  
he, the King,

Would cause the Syndic to decide  
thereon.

Such was the proclamation of King  
John.

How swift the happy days in Atri  
sped,

What wrongs were righted, need  
not here be said. 20

Suffice it that, as all things must  
decay,

The hempen rope at length was  
worn away,

Unravelled at the end, and, strand  
by strand,

Loosened and wasted in the ring-  
er's hand,

Till one, who noted this in passing  
by,

Mended the rope with braids of  
briony,

So that the leaves and tendrils of  
the vine

Hung like a votive garland at a  
shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri  
dwelt

A knight, with spur on heel and  
sword in belt, 30

Who loved to hunt the wild-boar  
in the woods,  
Who loved his falcons with their  
crimson hoods,  
Who loved his hounds and horses,  
and all sports  
And prodigalities of camps and  
courts; —  
Loved, or had loved them; for at  
last, grown old,  
His only passion was the love of  
gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks  
and hounds,  
Rented his vineyards and his gar-  
den-grounds,  
Kept but one steed, his favorite  
steed of all,  
To starve and shiver in a naked  
stall,  
And day by day sat brooding in<sup>40</sup>  
his chair,  
Devising plans how best to hoard  
and spare.

At length he said: 'What is the  
use or need  
To keep at my own cost this lazy  
steed,  
Eating his head off in my stables  
here,  
When rents are low and provender  
is dear?  
Let him go feed upon the public  
ways;  
I want him only for the holidays.'  
So the old steed was turned into  
the heat  
Of the long, lonely, silent, shade-  
less street;<sup>50</sup>  
And wandered in suburban lanes  
forlorn,  
Barked at by dogs, and torn by  
brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry  
clime  
It is the custom in the summer  
time,

With bolted doors and window-  
shutters closed,  
The inhabitants of Atri slept or  
dozed;  
When suddenly upon their senses  
fell  
The loud alarm of the accusing  
bell!  
The Syndic started from his deep  
repose,  
Turned on his couch, and listened,  
and then rose<sup>60</sup>  
And donned his robes, and with re-  
luctant pace  
Went panting forth into the mar-  
ket-place,  
Where the great bell upon its cross-  
beams swung,  
Reiterating with persistent tongue,  
In half-articulate jargon, the old  
song:  
'Some one hath done a wrong,  
hath done a wrong!'

But ere he reached the belfry's  
light arcade  
He saw, or thought he saw, be-  
neath its shade,  
No shape of human form of woman  
born,  
But a poor steed dejected and for-  
lorn,<sup>70</sup>  
Who with uplifted head and eager  
eye  
Was tugging at the vines of briony.  
'Domeneddio!' cried the Syndic  
straight,  
'This is the Knight of Atri's steed  
of state!  
He calls for justice, being sore dis-  
tressed,  
And pleads his cause as loudly an  
the best.'

Meanwhile from street and lane a  
noisy crowd  
Had rolled together like a summer  
cloud,  
And told the story of the wretched  
beast

In five-and-twenty different ways  
 at least, 80  
 With much gesticulation and appeal  
 To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.  
 The Knight was called and questioned; in reply  
 Did not confess the fact, did not deny;  
 Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,  
 And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,  
 Maintaining, in an angry undertone,  
 That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read  
 The proclamation of the King;  
 then said: 90  
 'Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,  
 But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;  
 Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,  
 Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!  
 These are familiar proverbs; but I fear  
 They never yet have reached your knightly ear.  
 What fair renown, what honor, what repute  
 Can come to you from starving this poor brute?  
 He who serves well and speaks not, merits more  
 Than they who clamor loudest at the door. 100  
 Therefore the law decrees that as this steed  
 Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed  
 To comfort his old age, and to provide  
 Shelter in stall, and food and field beside.'

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all  
 Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.  
 The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,  
 And cried aloud: 'Right well it pleaseth me!  
 Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;  
 But go not in to mass; my bell doth more: 110  
 It cometh into court and pleads the cause  
 Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;  
 And this shall make, in every Christian clime,  
 The Bell of Atri famous for all time.'

## INTERLUDE

'YES, well your story pleads the cause  
 Of those dumb mouths that have no speech,  
 Only a cry from each to each  
 In its own kind, with its own laws;  
 Something that is beyond the reach  
 Of human power to learn or teach,—  
 An inarticulate moan of pain,  
 Like the immeasurable main  
 Breaking upon an unknown beach.'

Thus spake the Poet with a sigh;  
 Then added, with impassioned cry,  
 As one who feels the words he speaks,  
 The color flushing in his cheeks,  
 The fervor burning in his eye:  
 'Among the noblest in the land,  
 Though he may count himself the least,  
 That man I honor and revere  
 Who without favor, without fear,  
 In the great city dares to stand  
 The friend of every friendless beast,

And tames with his unflinching  
hand  
The brutes that wear our form and  
face,  
The were-wolves of the human  
race !'  
Then paused, and waited with a  
frown,  
Like some old champion of ro-  
mance,  
Who, having thrown his gauntlet  
down, .  
Expectant leans upon his lance ;  
But neither Knight nor Squire is  
found .  
To raise the gauntlet from the  
ground,  
And try with him the battle's  
chance.

'Wake from your dreams, O Ed-  
rehi !  
Or dreaming speak to us, and make  
A feint of being half awake,  
And tell us what your dreams may  
be.  
Out of the hazy atmosphere  
Of cloud-land deign to reappear  
Among us in this Wayside Inn ;  
Tell us what visions and what  
scenes  
Illuminate the dark ravines  
In which you grope your way. Be-  
gin !'

Thus the Sicilian spake. The  
Jew  
Made no reply, but only smiled,  
As men unto a wayward child,  
Not knowing what to answer, do.  
As from a cavern's mouth, o'er-  
grown  
With moss and intertangled vines,  
A streamlet leaps into the light  
And murmurs over root and stone  
In a melodious undertone ;  
Or as amid the noonday night  
Of sombre and wind-haunted pines  
There runs a sound as of the sea ;  
So from his bearded lips there  
came

•  
A melody without a name,  
A song, a tale, a history,  
Or whatsoever it may be,  
Writ and recorded in these lines.

## THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

### KAMBALU

INTO the city of Kambalu,  
By the road that leadeth to Ispa-  
han,  
At the head of his dusty caravan,  
Laden with treasure from realms  
afar,  
Baldacca and Kelat and Kanda-  
har,  
Rode the great captain Alau.

The Khan from his palace-window  
gazed,  
And saw in the thronging street  
beneath,  
In the light of the setting sun, that  
blazed  
Through the clouds of dust by the  
caravan raised, 10  
The flash of harness and jewelled  
sheath,  
And the shining scimitars of the  
guard,  
And the weary camels that bared  
their teeth,  
As they passed and passed  
through the gates unbarred  
Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu  
Rode the great captain Alau ;  
And he stood before the Khan, and  
said :  
'The enemies of my lord are dead ;  
All the Kalifs of all the West 20  
Bow and obey thy least behest ;  
The plains are dark with the mul-  
berry-trees,  
The weavers are busy in Samar-  
cand,  
The miners are sifting the golden  
sand,



The divers plunging for pearls in  
the seas,  
And peace and plenty are in the  
land.

'Baldacca's Kalif, and he alone,  
Rose in revolt against thy throne:  
His treasures are at thy palace-  
door,  
With the swords and the shawls  
and the jewels he wore; 30  
His body is dust o'er the desert  
blown.

'A mile outside of Baldacca's gate  
I left my forces to lie in wait,  
Concealed by forests and hillocks  
of sand,  
And forward dashed with a hand-  
ful of men,  
To lure the old tiger from his  
den  
Into the ambush I had planned.  
Ere we reached the town the alarm  
was spread,  
For we heard the sound of gongs  
from within;  
And with clash of cymbals and  
warlike din 40  
The gates swung wide; and we  
turned and fled;  
And the garrison sallied forth and  
pursued,  
With the gray old Kalif at their  
head,  
And above them the banner of  
Mohammed;  
So we snared them all, and the  
town was subdued.

'As in at the gate we rode, behold,  
A tower that is called the Tower  
of Gold!  
For there the Kalif had hidden his  
wealth,  
Heaped and hoarded and piled on  
high,  
Like sacks of wheat in a gran-  
ary; 50  
And thither the miser crept by  
stealth

To feel of the gold that gave him  
health,  
And to gaze and gloat with his  
hungry eye  
On jewels that gleamed like a glow-  
worm's spark,  
Or the eyes of a panther in the  
dark.

'I said to the Kalif: "Thou art  
old,  
Thou hast no need of so much  
gold.  
Thou shouldst not have heaped  
and hidden it here,  
Till the breath of battle was hot  
and near,  
But have sown through the land  
these useless hoards 60  
To spring into shining blades of  
swords,  
And keep thine honor sweet and  
clear.  
These grains of gold are not grains  
of wheat;  
These bars of silver thou canst not  
eat;  
These jewels and pearls and pre-  
cious stones  
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,  
Nor keep the feet of Death one  
hour  
From climbing the stairways of  
thy tower!"

'Then into his dungeon I locked  
the drone,  
And left him to feed there all  
alone 70  
In the honey-cells of his golden  
hive;  
Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a  
groan  
Was heard from those massive  
walls of stone,  
Nor again was the Kalif seen  
alive!

'When at last we unlocked the  
door,  
We found him dead upon the floor;

The rings had dropped from his  
withered hands,  
His teeth were like bones in the  
desert sands :  
Still clutching his treasure he had  
died ;  
And as he lay there, he ap-  
peared 80  
A statue of gold with a silver  
beard,  
His arms outstretched as if cruci-  
fied.'

This is the story, strange and true,  
That the great captain Alau  
Told to his brother the Tartar  
Khan,  
When he rode that day into Kam-  
balu  
By the road that leadeth to Ispa-  
han.

#### INTERLUDE

' I THOUGHT before your tale be-  
gan,'  
The Student murmured, ' we  
should have  
Some legend written by Judah Rav  
In his Gemara of Babylon ;  
Or something from the Gulistan, —  
The tale of the Cazy of Hamadan,  
Or of that King of Khorasan  
Who saw in dreams the eyes of one  
That had a hundred years been  
dead  
Still moving restless in his head,  
Undimmed, and gleaming with the  
lust  
Of power, though all the rest was  
dust.

' But lo ! your glittering caravan  
On the road that leadeth to Ispa-  
han  
Hath led us farther to the East  
Into the regions of Cathay.  
Spite of your Kalif and his gold,  
Pleasant has been the tale you  
told,

And full of color ; that at least  
No one will question or gainsay.  
And yet on such a dismal day  
We need a merrier tale to clear  
The dark and heavy atmosphere.  
So listen, Lordlings, while I tell,  
Without a preface, what befell  
A simple cobbler, in the year —  
No matter ; it was long ago ;  
And that is all we need to know.'

#### THE STUDENT'S TALE

##### THE COBBLER OF HAGENAU

I TRUST that somewhere and  
somehow  
You all have heard of Hagenau,  
A quiet, quaint, and ancient town  
Among the green Alsatian hills,  
A place of valleys, streams, and  
mills,  
Where Barbarossa's castle, brown  
With rust of centuries, still looks  
down  
On the broad, drowsy land be-  
low, —  
On shadowy forests filled with  
game,  
And the blue river winding slow 10  
Through meadows, where the  
hedges grow  
That give this little town its name.

It happened in the good old times,  
While yet the Master-singers filled  
The noisy workshop and the guild  
With various melodies and rhymes,  
That here in Hagenau there dwelt  
A cobbler, — one who loved de-  
bate,  
And, arguing from a postulate,  
Would say what others only  
felt ; 20  
A man of forecast and of thrift,  
And of a shrewd and careful mind  
In this world's business, but in-  
clined  
Somewhat to let the next world  
drift.

Hans Sachs with vast delight he  
 read,  
 And Regenbogen's rhymes of love,  
 For their poetic fame had spread  
 Even to the town of Hagenau;  
 And some Quick Melody of the  
 Plough,  
 Or Double Harmony of the  
 Dove 30  
 Was always running in his head.  
 He kept, moreover, at his side,  
 Among his leathers and his tools,  
 Reynard the Fox, the Ship of  
 Fools,  
 Or Eulenspiegel, open wide;  
 With these he was much edified:  
 He thought them wiser than the  
 Schools.

His good wife, full of godly fear,  
 Liked not these worldly themes to  
 hear;  
 The Psalter was her book of  
 songs; 40  
 The only music to her ear  
 Was that which to the Church be-  
 longs,  
 When the loud choir on Sunday  
 chanted,  
 And the two angels carved in  
 wood,  
 That by the windy organ stood,  
 Blew on their trumpets loud and  
 clear,  
 And all the echoes, far and near,  
 Gibbered as if the church were  
 haunted.

Outside his door, one afternoon,  
 This humble votary of the muse 50  
 Sat in the narrow strip of shade  
 By a projecting cornice made,  
 Mending the Burgomaster's shoes,  
 And singing a familiar tune:—

'Our ingress into the world  
 Was naked and bare;  
 Our progress through the world  
 Is trouble and care;  
 Our egress from the world  
 Will be nobody knows where:

But if we do well here 61  
 We shall do well there;  
 And I could tell you no more,  
 Should I preach a whole year!'

Thus sang the cobbler at his work;  
 And with his gestures marked the  
 time,  
 Closing together with a jerk  
 Of his waxed thread the stitch and  
 rhyme.

Meanwhile his quiet little dame  
 Was leaning o'er the window-  
 sill, 70  
 Eager, excited, but mouse-still,  
 Gazing impatiently to see  
 What the great throng of folk  
 might be  
 That onward in procession came,  
 Along the unfrequented street,  
 With horns that blew, and drums  
 that beat,  
 And banners flying, and the flame  
 Of tapers, and, at times, the sweet  
 Voices of nuns; and as they sang  
 Suddenly all the church-bells  
 rang. 80

In a gay coach, above the crowd,  
 There sat a monk in ample hood,  
 Who with his right hand held aloft  
 A red and ponderous cross of  
 wood,  
 To which at times he meekly  
 bowed.  
 In front three horsemen rode, and  
 oft,  
 With voice and air importunate,  
 A boisterous herald cried aloud:  
 'The grace of God is at your gate!'  
 So onward to the church they  
 passed. 90

The cobbler slowly turned his last,  
 And, wagging his sagacious head,  
 Unto his kneeling housewife said:  
 'Tis the monk Tetzal. I have  
 heard  
 The cawings of that reverend  
 bird.

Don't let him cheat you of your  
gold;  
Indulgence is not bought and  
sold.'

The church of Hagenau, that  
night,  
Was full of people, full of light;  
An odor of incense filled the  
air, 100

The priest intoned, the organ  
groaned

Its inarticulate despair;  
The candles on the altar blazed,  
And full in front of it upraised  
The red cross stood against the  
glare.

Below, upon the altar-rail  
Indulgences were set to sale,  
Like ballads at a country fair.  
A heavy strong-box, iron-bound  
And carved with many a quaint  
device, 110

Received, with a melodious sound,  
The coin that purchased Paradise.

Then from the pulpit overhead,  
Tetzel the monk, with fiery glow,  
Thundered upon the crowd below.  
'Good people all, draw near!' he  
said;

'Purchase these letters, signed  
and sealed,  
By which all sins, though unre-  
vealed

And unrepented, are forgiven !  
Count but the gain, count not the  
loss ! 120

Your gold and silver are but dross,  
And yet they pave the way to hea-  
ven.

I hear your mothers and your sires  
Cry from their purgatorial fires,  
And will ye not their ransom pay?  
O senseless people ! when the gate  
Of heaven is open, will ye wait ?  
Will ye not enter in to-day ?

To-morrow it will be too late ;  
I shall be gone upon my way. 130  
Make haste ! bring money while  
ye may !'

The women shuddered, and turned  
pale ;

Allured by hope or driven by fear,  
With many a sob and many a tear,  
All crowded to the altar-rail.

Pieces of silver and of gold  
Into the tinkling strong-box fell  
Like pebbles dropped into a well ;  
And soon the ballads were all  
sold.

The cobbler's wife among the  
rest 140

Slipped into the capacious chest  
A golden florin ; then withdrew,  
Hiding the paper in her breast ;  
And homeward through the dark-  
ness went

Comforted, quieted, content ;  
She did not walk, she rather flew,  
A dove that settles to her nest,  
When some appalling bird of prey  
That scared her has been driven  
away.

The days went by, the monk was  
gone, 150

The summer passed, the winter  
came ;

Though seasons changed, yet still  
the same

The daily round of life went on ;  
The daily round of household care,  
The narrow life of toil and prayer.  
But in her heart the cobbler's  
dame

Had now a treasure beyond price,  
A secret joy without a name,  
The certainty of Paradise.

Alas, alas ! Dust unto dust ! 160  
Before the winter wore away,  
Her body in the churchyard lay,  
Her patient soul was with the  
Just !

After her death, among the things  
That even the poor preserve with  
care, —

Some little trinkets and cheap  
rings,

A locket with her mother's hair,  
Her wedding gown, the faded  
flowers

She wore upon her wedding day,—  
Among these memories of past  
hours, 170  
That so much of the heart reveal,  
Carefully kept and put away,  
The Letter of Indulgence lay  
Folded, with signature and seal.

Meanwhile the Priest, aggrieved  
and pained,  
Waited and wondered that no  
word

Of mass or requiem he heard,  
As by the Holy Church ordained:  
Then to the Magistrate com-  
plained,  
That as this woman had been  
dead 180  
A week or more, and no mass  
said,  
It was rank heresy, or at least  
Contempt of Church; thus said  
the Priest;  
And straight the cobbler was ar-  
raigned.

He came, confiding in his cause,  
But rather doubtful of the laws.  
The Justice from his elbow-chair  
Gave him a look that seemed to  
say:

'Thou standest before a Magis-  
trate,  
Therefore do not prevaricate!' 190  
Then asked him in a business  
way,  
Kindly but cold: 'Is thy wife  
dead?'

The cobbler meekly bowed his  
head;  
'She is,' came struggling from his  
throat

Scarce audibly. The Justice wrote  
The words down in a book, and  
then

Continued, as he raised his pen;  
'She is; and hath a mass been  
said

For the salvation of her soul?  
Come, speak the truth! confess  
the whole!' 200

The cobbler without pause re-  
plied:

'Of mass or prayer there was no  
need;

For at the moment when she died  
Her soul was with the glorified!'

And from his pocket with all  
speed

He drew the priestly title-deed,  
And prayed the Justice he would  
read.

The Justice read, amused, amazed;  
And as he read his mirth in-  
creased;

At times his shaggy brows he  
raised, 210

Now wondering at the cobbler  
gazed,

Now archly at the angry Priest.

'From all excesses, sins, and  
crimes

Thou hast committed in past  
times

Thee I absolve! And further-  
more,

Purified from all earthly taints,

To the communion of the Saints

And to the sacraments restore!

All stains of weakness, and all  
trace

Of shame and censure I efface;  
Remit the pains thou shouldst en-  
dure, 221

And make thee innocent and pure,  
So that in dying, unto thee

The gates of heaven shall open  
be!

Though long thou livest, yet this  
grace

Until the moment of thy death  
Unchangeable continueth!'

Then said he to the Priest: 'I find  
This document is duly signed  
Brother John Tetzl, his own  
hand. 230

At all tribunals in the land

In evidence it may be used;

Therefore acquitted is the ac-  
cused.'



Then to the cobbler turned: 'My friend,  
Pray tell me, didst thou ever read  
Reynard the Fox?'—'Oh yes, indeed!'—  
'I thought so. Don't forget the end.'

### INTERLUDE

'WHAT was the end? I am ashamed  
Not to remember Reynard's fate;  
I have not read the book of late;  
Was he not hanged?' the Poet said.  
The Student gravely shook his head,  
And answered: 'You exaggerate.  
There was a tournament proclaimed,  
And Reynard fought with Isegrim  
The Wolf, and having vanquished him,  
Rose to high honor in the State,  
And Keeper of the Seals was named!'  
At this the gay Sicilian laughed:  
'Fight fire with fire, and craft with craft;  
Successful cunning seems to be  
The moral of your tale,' said he.  
'Mine had a better, and the Jew's  
Had none at all, that I could see;  
His aim was only to amuse.'

Meanwhile from out its ebon case  
His violin the Minstrel drew,  
And having tuned its strings anew,  
Now held it close in his embrace,  
And poising in his outstretched hand

The bow, like a magician's wand,  
He paused, and said, with beaming face:

'Last night my story was too long;

To-day I give you but a song,  
An old tradition of the North;  
But first, to put you in the mood,  
I will a little while prelude,

And from this instrument draw forth  
Something by way of overture.'

He played; at first the tones were pure

And tender as a summer night,  
The full moon climbing to her height,

The sob and ripple of the seas,  
The flapping of an idle sail;  
And then by sudden and sharp degrees

The multiplied, wild harmonies  
Freshened and burst into a gale;  
A tempest howling through the dark,

A crash as of some shipwrecked bark,  
A loud and melancholy wail.

Such was the prelude to the tale  
Told by the Minstrel; and at times

He paused amid its varying rhymes,

And at each pause again broke in  
The music of his violin,  
With tones of sweetness or of fear,  
Movements of trouble or of calm,  
Creating their own atmosphere;  
As sitting in a church we hear  
Between the verses of the psalm  
The organ playing soft and clear,  
Or thundering on the startled ear.

### THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

#### THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN

#### I

AT Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea,  
Within the sandy bar,  
At sunset of a summer's day,  
Ready for sea, at anchor lay  
The good ship Valdemar.

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,

And played along her side;

And through the cabin windows  
streamed  
In ripples of golden light, that  
seemed  
The ripple of the tide. 10

There sat the captain with his  
friends,  
Old skippers brown and hale,  
Who smoked and grumbled o'er  
their grog,  
And talked of iceberg and of fog,  
Of calm and storm and gale.

And one was spinning a sailor's  
yarn

About Klaboterman,  
The Kobold of the sea; a spright  
Invisible to mortal sight,  
Who o'er the rigging ran. 20

Sometimes he hammered in the  
hold,

Sometimes upon the mast,  
Sometimes abeam, sometimes  
abaft,

Or at the bows he sang and  
laughed,  
And made all tight and fast.

He helped the sailors at their  
work,

And toiled with jovial din;  
He helped them hoist and reef the  
sails,

He helped them stow the casks  
and bales,

And heave the anchor in. 30

But woe unto the lazy louts,

The idlers of the crew;  
Them to torment was his delight,  
And worry them by day and night,  
And pinch them black and blue.

And woe to him whose mortal eyes  
Klaboterman behold.

It is a certain sign of death! —

The cabin-boy here held his  
breath,

He felt his blood run cold. 40

## II

The jolly skipper paused awhile,  
And then again began;  
'There is a Spectre Ship,' quoth  
he,

'A ship of the Dead that sails the  
sea,  
And is called the Carmilhan.

'A ghostly ship, with a ghostly  
crew,

In tempests she appears;  
And before the gale, or against  
the gale,

She sails without a rag of sail,  
Without a helmsman steers. 50

'She haunts the Atlantic north  
and south,

But mostly the mid-sea,  
Where three great rocks rise bleak  
and bare

Like furnace chimneys in the air,  
And are called the Chimneys  
Three.

'And ill betide the luckless ship  
That meets the Carmilhan;  
Over her decks the seas will leap,  
She must go down into the deep,  
And perish mouse and man.' 60

The captain of the Valdemar  
Laughed loud with merry heart.

'I should like to see this ship,'  
said he;

'I should like to find these Chim-  
neys Three

That are marked down in the  
chart.

'I have sailed right over the spot,'  
he said,

'With a good stiff breeze be-  
hind,

When the sea was blue, and the  
sky was clear,—

You can follow my course by these  
pinholes here,—

And never a rock could find.' 70

And then he swore a dreadful  
oath,  
He swore by the Kingdoms  
Three,  
That, should he meet the Carmil-  
han,  
He would run her down, although  
he ran  
Right into Eternity!

All this, while passing to and  
fro,

The cabin-boy had heard;  
He lingered at the door to hear,  
And drank in all with greedy ear,  
And pondered every word. 80

He was a simple country lad,  
But of a roving mind.  
'Oh, it must be like heaven,'  
thought he,  
'Those far-off foreign lands to see,  
And fortune seek and find!'

But in the fo'castle, when he heard  
The mariners blaspheme,  
He thought of home, he thought of  
God,  
And his mother under the church-  
yard sod,  
And wished it were a dream. 90

One friend on board that ship had  
he;  
'T was the Klaboterman,  
Who saw the Bible in his chest,  
And made a sign upon his breast,  
All evil things to ban.

### III

The cabin windows have grown  
blank  
As eyeballs of the dead;  
No more the glancing sunbeams  
burn  
On the gilt letters of the stern,  
But on the figure-head; 100

On Valdemar Victorious,  
Who looketh with disdain

To see his image in the tide  
Dismembered float from side to  
side,  
And reunite again.

'It is the wind,' those skippers  
said,  
'That swings the vessel so;  
It is the wind; it freshens fast,  
'T is time to say farewell at last,  
'T is time for us to go.' 110

They shook the captain by the  
hand,  
'Good luck! good luck!' they  
cried;  
Each face was like the setting sun,  
As, broad and red, they one by one  
Went o'er the vessel's side.

The sun went down, the full moon  
rose,  
Serene o'er field and flood;  
And all the winding creeks and  
bays  
And broad sea-meadows seemed  
ablaze,  
The sky was red as blood. 120

The southwest wind blew fresh  
and fair,  
As fair as wind could be;  
Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar,  
With all sail set, the Valdemar  
Went proudly out to sea.

The lovely moon climbs up the sky  
As one who walks in dreams;  
A tower of marble in her light,  
A wall of black, a wall of white,  
The stately vessel seems. 130

Low down upon the sandy coast  
The lights begin to burn;  
And now, uplifted high in air,  
They kindle with a fiercer glare,  
And now drop far astern.

The dawn appears, the land is  
gone,  
The sea is all around;

Then on each hand low hills of  
sand  
Emerge and form another land ;  
She steereth through the Sound.

Through Kattegat and Skager-  
rack 141  
She flitteth like a ghost ;  
By day and night, by night and  
day,  
She bounds, she flies upon her way  
Along the English coast.

Cape Finisterre is drawing near,  
Cape Finisterre is past ;  
Into the open ocean stream  
She floats, the vision of a dream  
Too beautiful to last. 150

Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet  
There is no land in sight ;  
The liquid planets overhead  
Burn brighter now the moon is  
dead,  
And longer stays the night.

## IV

And now along the horizon's edge  
Mountains of cloud uprose,  
Black as with forests underneath,  
Above, their sharp and jagged  
teeth

Were white as drifted snows. 160

Unseen behind them sank the  
sun,  
But flushed each snowy peak  
A little while with rosy light,  
That faded slowly from the sight  
As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky,—all black,  
all black ;  
The clouds were everywhere ;  
There was a feeling of suspense  
In nature, a mysterious sense  
Of terror in the air. 170

And all on board the Valdemar  
Was still as still could be ;

Save when the dismal ship-bell  
tolled,  
As ever and anon she rolled,  
And lurched into the sea.

The captain up and down the deck  
Went striding to and fro ;  
Now watched the compass at the  
wheel,  
Now lifted up his hand to feel 179  
Which way the wind might blow.

And now he looked up at the sails,  
And now upon the deep ;  
In every fibre of his frame  
He felt the storm before it came,  
He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells ! and suddenly abaft,  
With a great rush of rain,  
Making the ocean white with  
spume,  
In darkness like the day of doom,  
On came the hurricane. 190

The lightning flashed from cloud  
to cloud,  
And rent the sky in two ;  
A jagged flame, a single jet  
Of white fire, like a bayonet,  
That pierced the eyeballs  
through.

Then all around was dark again,  
And blacker than before ;  
But in that single flash of light  
He had beheld a fearful sight,  
And thought of the oath he  
swore. 200

For right ahead lay the Ship of the  
Dead,  
The ghostly Carmilhan !  
Her masts were stripped, her  
yards were bare,  
And on her bowsprit, poised in air,  
Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on  
deck  
Or clambering up the shrouds ;

The boatswain's whistle, the cap-  
tain's hail  
Were like the piping of the gale,  
And thunder in the clouds. 210

And close behind the Carmilhan  
There rose up from the sea,  
As from a foundered ship of stone,  
Three bare and splintered masts  
alone :  
They were the Chimneys Three.

And onward dashed the Valdemar  
And leaped into the dark ;  
A denser mist, a colder blast,  
A little shudder, and she had  
passed  
Right through the Phantom  
Bark. 220

She cleft in twain the shadowy  
hulk,  
But cleft it unaware ;  
As when, careering to her nest,  
The sea-gull severs with her breast  
The unresisting air.

Again the lightning flashed ; again  
They saw the Carmilhan,  
Whole as before in hull and spar ;  
But now on board of the Valdemar  
Stood the Klaboterman. 230

And they all knew their doom was  
sealed ;  
They knew that death was near ;  
Some prayed who never prayed  
before,  
And some they wept, and some  
they swore,  
And some were mute with fear.

Then suddenly there came a shock,  
And louder than wind or sea  
A cry burst from the crew on deck,  
As she dashed and crashed, a hope-  
less wreck,  
Upon the Chimneys Three. 240

The storm and night were passed,  
the light  
To streak the east began ;

The cabin-boy, picked up at sea,  
Survived the wreck, and only he,  
To tell of the Carmilhan.

## INTERLUDE

WHEN the long murmur of ap-  
plause

That greeted the Musician's lay  
Had slowly buzzed itself away,  
And the long talk of Spectre Ships  
That followed died upon their lips  
And came unto a natural pause,  
' These tales you tell are one and  
all

Of the Old World,' the Poet said,  
' Flowers' gathered from a crum-  
bling wall,

Dead leaves that rustle as they  
fall ;

Let me present you in their stead  
Something of our New England  
earth,

A tale, which, though of no great  
worth,

Has still this merit, that it yields  
A certain freshness of the fields,  
A sweetness as of home-made  
bread.'

The Student answered: ' Be dis-  
creet ;

For if the flour be fresh and  
sound,

And if the bread be light and  
sweet,

Who careth in what mill 't was  
ground,

Or of what oven felt the heat,  
Unless, as old Cervantes said,

You are looking after better bread  
Than any that is made of wheat ?

You know that people nowadays  
To what is old give little praise ;

All must be new in prose and  
verse ;

They want hot bread, or something  
worse,

Fresh every morning, and half  
baked ;



The wholesome bread of yesterday,  
Too stale for them, is thrown away,  
Nor is their thirst with water slaked.'

As oft we see the sky in May  
Threaten to rain, and yet not rain,  
The Poet's face, before so gay,  
Was clouded with a look of pain,  
But suddenly brightened up again;  
And without further lèt or stay  
He told his tale of yesterday.

## THE POET'S TALE

LADY WENTWORTH

ONE hundred years ago, and something more,  
In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern door,  
Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,  
Stood Mistress Stavers in her fur-below,  
Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine.  
Above her head, resplendent on the sign,  
The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,  
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,  
Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,  
Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms, 10  
And half resolved, though he was past his prime,  
And rather damaged by the lapse of time,  
To fall down at her feet, and to declare  
The passion that had driven him to despair.  
For from his lofty station he had seen  
Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle-green,

Drive his new Flying Stage-coach,  
four in hand,  
Down the long lane, and out into the land,  
And knew that he was far upon the way  
To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay! 20

Just then the meditations of the Earl  
Were interrupted by a little girl,  
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,  
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare,  
A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,  
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon,  
A creature men would worship and adore,  
Though now in mean habiliments she bore  
A pail of water, dripping through the street,  
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet. 30

It was a pretty picture, full of grace,—  
The slender form, the delicate, thin face;  
The swaying motion, as she hurried by;  
The shining feet, the laughter in her eye,  
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and glanced,  
As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced:  
And with uncommon feelings of delight  
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight.  
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard her say  
These words, or thought he did, as plain as day: 40  
'O Martha Hilton! Fie! how dare you go

About the town half dressed, and  
 looking so !'  
 At which the gypsy laughed, and  
 straight replied :  
 'No matter how I look ; I yet  
 shall ride  
 In my own chariot, ma'am.' And  
 on the child  
 The Earl of Halifax benignly  
 smiled,  
 As with her heavy burden she  
 passed on,  
 Looked back, then turned the  
 corner, and was gone.

What next, upon that memorable  
 day,  
 Arrested his attention was a  
 gay 50  
 And brilliant equipage, that flashed  
 and spun,  
 The silver harness glittering in the  
 sun,  
 Outriders with red jackets, lithe  
 and lank,  
 Pounding the saddles as they rose  
 and sank,  
 While all alone within the chariot  
 sat  
 A portly person with three-cor-  
 nered hat,  
 A crimson velvet coat, head high  
 in air,  
 Gold-headed cane, and nicely pow-  
 dered hair,  
 And diamond buckles sparkling  
 at his knees,  
 Dignified, stately, florid, much at  
 ease. 60  
 Onward the pageant swept, and as  
 it passed,  
 Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied  
 low and fast ;  
 For this was Governor Wentworth,  
 driving down  
 To Little Harbor, just beyond the  
 town,  
 Where his Great House stood look-  
 ing out to sea,  
 A goodly place, where it was good  
 to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an  
 abode  
 Near and yet hidden from the  
 great high-road,  
 Sequestered among trees, a noble  
 pile, 69  
 Baronial and colonial in its style ;  
 Gables and dormer-windows every-  
 where,  
 And stacks of chimneys rising high  
 in air, —  
 Pandæan pipes, on which all winds  
 that blew  
 Made mournful music the whole  
 winter through.  
 Within, unwonted splendors met  
 the eye,  
 Panels, and floors of oak, and tap-  
 istry ;  
 Carved chimney-pieces, where on  
 brazen dogs  
 Revelled and roared the Christmas  
 fires of logs ;  
 Doors opening into darkness un-  
 awares,  
 Mysterious passages, and flights  
 of stairs ; 80  
 And on the walls, in heavy gilded  
 frames,  
 The ancestral Wentworths with  
 Old-Scripture names.

Such was the mansion where the  
 great man dwelt,  
 A widower and childless ; and he  
 felt  
 The loneliness, the uncongenial  
 gloom,  
 That like a presence haunted every  
 room ;  
 For though not given to weakness,  
 he could feel  
 The pain of wounds, that ache be-  
 cause they heal.

The years came and the years  
 went, — seven in all,  
 And passed in cloud and sunshine  
 o'er the Hall ; 90  
 The dawns their splendor through  
 its chambers shed.

The sunsets flushed its western  
windows red ;  
The snow was on the roofs, the  
wind, the rain ;  
Its woodlands were in leaf and  
bare again ;  
Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs  
bloomed and died,  
In the broad river ebbed and  
flowed the tide,  
Ships went to sea, and ships came  
home from sea,  
And the slow years sailed by and  
ceased to be.

And all these years had Martha  
Hilton served  
In the Great House, not wholly  
unobserved : 100  
By day, by night, the silver cres-  
cent grew,  
Though hidden by clouds, her light  
still shining through ;  
A maid of all work, whether coarse  
or fine,  
A servant who made service seem  
divine !  
Through her each room was fair to  
look upon ;  
The mirrors glistened, and the  
brasses shone,  
The very knocker on the outer  
door,  
If she but passed, was brighter  
than before.

And now the ceaseless turning of  
the mill  
Of time, that never for an hour  
stands still, 110  
Ground out the Governor's six-  
tieth birthday,  
And powdered his brown hair with  
silver-gray.  
The robin, the forerunner of the  
spring,  
The bluebird with his jocund  
carolling,  
The restless swallows building in  
the eaves,

The golden buttercups, the grass,  
the leaves,  
The lilacs tossing in the winds of  
May,  
All welcomed this majestic holi-  
day !  
He gave a splendid banquet, served  
on plate,  
Such as became the Governor of  
the State, 120  
Who represented England and the  
King,  
And was magnificent in every-  
thing.  
He had invited all his friends and  
peers, —  
The Pepperels, the Langdons, and  
the Lears,  
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows,  
and the rest ;  
For why repeat the name of every  
guest ?  
But I must mention one in bands  
and gown,  
The rector there, the Reverend  
Arthur Brown  
Of the Established Church ; with  
smiling face  
He sat beside the Governor and  
said grace ; 130  
And then the feast went on, as  
others do,  
But ended as none other I e'er  
knew.

When they had drunk the King,  
with many a cheer,  
The Governor whispered in a ser-  
vant's ear,  
Who disappeared, and presently  
there stood  
Within the room, in perfect wo-  
manhood,  
A maiden, modest and yet self-  
possessed,  
Youthful and beautiful, and sim-  
ply dressed.  
Can this be Martha Hilton ? It  
must be !  
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other  
she ! 140

Dowered with the beauty of her  
 twenty years,  
 How ladylike, how queenlike she  
 appears ;  
 The pale, thin crescent of the days  
 gone by  
 Is Dian now in all her majesty !  
 Yet scarce a guest perceived that  
 she was there,  
 Until the Governor, rising from  
 his chair,  
 Played slightly with his ruffles,  
 then looked down,  
 And said unto the Reverend Ar-  
 thur Brown :  
 ' This is my birthday : it shall  
 likewise be  
 My wedding-day ; and you shall  
 marry me ! ' 150

The listening guests were greatly  
 mystified,  
 None more so than the rector, who  
 replied :

' Marry you ? Yes, that were a  
 pleasant task,  
 Your Excellency ; but to whom ?  
 I ask.'

The Governor answered : ' To  
 this lady here ; '

And beckoned Martha Hilton to  
 draw near.

She came and stood, all blushes,  
 at his side.

The rector paused. The impa-  
 tient Governor cried :

' This is the lady ; do you hesitate ?  
 Then I command you as Chief  
 Magistrate.' 160

The rector read the service loud  
 and clear :

' Dearly beloved, we are gathered  
 here,'

And so on to the end. At his com-  
 mand

On the fourth finger of her fair left  
 hand

The Governor placed the ring ;  
 and that was all :

Martha was Lady Wentworth of  
 the Hall !

## INTERLUDE

WELL pleased the audience heard  
 the tale.

The Theologian said : ' Indeed,  
 To praise you there is little need ;  
 One almost hears the farmer's flail  
 Thresh out your wheat, nor does  
 there fail

A certain freshness, as you said,  
 And sweetness as of home-made  
 bread.

But not less sweet and not less fresh  
 Are many legends that I know,  
 Writ by the monks of long-ago,  
 Who loved to mortify the flesh,  
 So that the soul might purer grow,  
 And rise to a diviner state ;  
 And one of these — perhaps of all  
 Most beautiful — I now recall,  
 And with permission will narrate ;  
 Hoping thereby to make amends  
 For that grim tragedy of mine,  
 As strong and black as Spanish  
 wine,

I told last night, and wish almost  
 It had remained untold, my friends ;  
 For Torquemada's awful ghost  
 Came to me in the dreams I  
 dreamed,

And in the darkness glared and  
 gleamed  
 Like a great lighthouse on the  
 coast.'

The Student laughing said : ' Far  
 more

Like to some dismal fire of bale  
 Flaring portentous on a hill ;  
 Or torches lighted on a shore  
 By wreckers in a midnight gale.  
 No matter ; be it as you will,  
 Only go forward with your tale.'

## THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

### THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

' HADST thou stayed, I must have  
 fled !'

That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,  
Kneeling on the floor of stone,  
Prayed the Monk in deep contri-  
tion

For his sins of indecision,  
Prayed for greater self-denial  
In temptation and in trial;  
It was noonday by the dial,  
And the Monk was all alone. 10

Suddenly, as if it lightened,  
An unwonted splendor brightened  
All within him and without him  
In that narrow cell of stone;  
And he saw the Blessed Vision  
Of our Lord, with light Elysian  
Like a vesture wrapped about  
Him,  
Like a garment round Him  
thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,  
Not in agonies of pain, 20  
Not with bleeding hands and feet,  
Did the Monk his Master see;  
But as in the village street,  
In the house or harvest-field,  
Halt and lame and blind He healed,  
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,  
Hands upon his bosom crossed,  
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,  
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost. 30  
Lord, he thought, in heaven that  
reignest,

Who am I, that thus thou deignest  
To reveal thyself to me?  
Who am I, that from the centre  
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter  
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,  
Loud the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Rang through court and corri-  
dor 40

With persistent iteration  
He had never heard before.  
It was now the appointed hour  
When alike in shine or shower,

Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
To the convent portals came  
All the blind and halt and lame,  
All the beggars of the street,  
For their daily dole of food  
Dealt them by the brotherhood; 50  
And their almoner was he  
Who upon his bended knee,  
Rapt in silent ecstasy  
Of divinest self-surrender,  
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.  
Deep distress and hesitation  
Mingled with his adoration;  
Should he go or should he stay?  
Should he leave the poor to wait  
Hungry at the convent gate, 60  
Till the Vision passed away?  
Should he slight his radiant guest,  
Slight this visitant celestial,  
For a crowd of ragged, bestial  
Beggars at the convent gate?  
Would the Vision there remain?  
Would the Vision come again?  
Then a voice within his breast  
Whispered, audible and clear  
As if to the outward ear: 70  
'Do thy duty; that is best;  
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!'

Straightway to his feet he started,  
And with longing look intent  
On the Blessed Vision bent,  
Slowly from his cell departed,  
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,  
Looking through the iron grating,  
With that terror in the eye 80  
That is only seen in those  
Who amid their wants and woes  
Hear the sound of doors that close,  
And of feet that pass them by;  
Grown familiar with disfavor,  
Grown familiar with the savor  
Of the bread by which men die!  
But to-day, they know not why,  
Like the gate of Paradise  
Seemed the convent gate to rise, 90  
Like a sacrament divine  
Seemed to them the bread and  
wine.



In his heart the Monk was praying,

Thinking of the homeless poor,  
What they suffer and endure;  
What we see not, what we see;  
And the inward voice was saying:  
'Whatsoever thing thou doest  
To the least of mine and lowest,  
That thou doest unto me!' 100

Unto me! but had the Vision  
Come to him in beggar's clothing,  
Come a mendicant imploring,  
Would he then have knelt adoring,  
Or have listened with derision,  
And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,

Full of troublesome suggestion,  
As at length, with hurried pace,  
Towards his cell he turned his face, 110

And beheld the convent bright  
With a supernatural light,  
Like a luminous cloud expanding  
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling

At the threshold of his door,  
For the Vision still was standing  
As he left it there before,  
When the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling, 120  
Summoned him to feed the poor.  
Through the long hour intervening  
It had waited his return,  
And he felt his bosom burn,  
Comprehending all the meaning,  
When the Blessed Vision said,  
'Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!'

#### INTERLUDE

ALL praised the Legend more or less;  
Some liked the moral, some the verse;

Some thought it better, and some worse

Than other legends of the past;  
Until, with ill-concealed distress  
At all their cavilling, at last  
The Theologian gravely said:  
'The Spanish proverb, then, is right;

Consult your friends on what you do,

And one will say that it is white,  
And others say that it is red.'  
And 'Amen!' quoth the Spanish Jew.

'Six stories told! We must have seven,

A cluster like the Pleiades,  
And lo! it happens, as with these,  
That one is missing from our heaven.

Where is the Landlord? Bring him here;

Let the Lost Pleiad reappear.'

Thus the Sicilian cried, and went  
Forthwith to seek his missing star,  
But did not find him in the bar,  
A place that landlords most frequent,

Nor yet beside the kitchen fire,  
Nor up the stairs, nor in the hall;  
It was in vain to ask or call,  
There were no tidings of the Squire.

So he came back with downcast head,

Exclaiming: 'Well, our bashful host

Hath surely given up the ghost.  
Another proverb says the dead  
Can tell no tales; and that is true.  
It follows, then, that one of you  
Must tell a story in his stead.

You must,' he to the Student said,  
'Who know so many of the best,  
And tell them better than the rest.'

Straight, by these flattering words  
beguiled,  
The Student, happy as a child

When he is called a little man,  
Assumed the double task imposed,  
And without more ado unclosed  
His smiling lips, and thus began.

## THE STUDENT'S SECOND TALE

### THE BARON OF ST. CASTINE

BARON CASTINE of St. Castine  
Has left his château in the Pyre-  
nees,  
And sailed across the western  
seas.  
When he went away from his fair  
demesne  
The birds were building, the woods  
were green;  
And now the winds of winter blow  
Round the turrets of the old châ-  
teau,  
The birds are silent and unseen,  
The leaves lie dead in the ra-  
vine,  
And the Pyrenees are white with  
snow. 10

His father, lonely, old, and gray,  
Sits by the fireside day by day,  
Thinking ever one thought of care:  
Through the southern windows,  
narrow and tall,  
The sun shines into the ancient  
hall,  
And makes a glory round his hair.  
The house-dog, stretched beneath  
his chair,  
Groans in his sleep, as if in pain,  
Then wakes, and yawns, and sleeps  
again,  
So silent is it everywhere, — 20  
So silent you can hear the mouse  
Run and rummage along the beams  
Behind the wainscot of the wall;  
And the old man rouses from his  
dreams,  
And wanders restless through the  
house,  
As if he heard strange voices call.

His footsteps echo along the floor  
Of a distant passage, and pause  
awhile;

He is standing by an open door  
Looking long, with a sad, sweet  
smile, 30

Into the room of his absent son.  
There is the bed on which he lay,  
There are the pictures bright and  
gay,

Horses and hounds and sun-lit  
seas;

There are his powder-flask and  
gun,

And his hunting-knives in shape  
of a fan;

The chair by the window where he  
sat,

With the clouded tiger-skin for a  
mat,

Looking out on the Pyrenees,  
Looking out on Mount Marboré 40  
And the Seven Valleys of Lave-  
dan.

Ah me! he turns away and sighs;  
There is a mist before his eyes.

At night, whatever the weather be,  
Wind or rain or starry heaven,  
Just as the clock is striking seven,  
Those who look from the windows  
see

The village Curate, with lantern  
and maid,

Come through the gateway from  
the park

And cross the courtyard damp and  
dark, — 50  
A ring of light in a ring of shade.

And now at the old man's side he  
stands,

His voice is cheery, his heart ex-  
pands,

He gossips pleasantly, by the blaze  
Of the fire of fagots, about old  
days,

And Cardinal Mazarin and the  
Fronde,

And the Cardinal's nieces fair and  
fond,

And what they did, and what they  
said,  
When they heard his Eminence  
was dead.

And after a pause the old man  
says, 60

His mind still coming back again  
To the one sad thought that haunts  
his brain,

'Are there any tidings from over  
sea?

Ah, why has that wild boy gone  
from me?'

And the Curate answers, looking  
down,

Harmless and docile as a lamb,  
'Young blood! young blood! It  
must so be!'

And draws from the pocket of his  
gown

A handkerchief like an oriflamb,  
And wipes his spectacles, and they  
play 70

Their little game of lansquenet  
In silence for an hour or so,  
Till the clock at nine strikes loud  
and clear

From the village lying asleep be-  
low,

And across the courtyard, into the  
dark

Of the winding pathway in the  
park,

Curate and lantern disappear,  
And darkness reigns in the old  
château.

The ship has come back from over  
sea,

She has been signalled from be-  
low, 80

And into the harbor of Bordeaux  
She sails with her gallant com-  
pany.

But among them is nowhere seen  
The brave young Baron of St. Cas-  
tine;

He hath tarried behind, I ween,  
In the beautiful land of Acadie!

And the father paces to and fro  
Through the chambers of the old  
château,

Waiting, waiting to hear the hum  
Of wheels on the road that runs  
below, 90

Of servants hurrying here and  
there,

The voice in the courtyard, the  
step on the stair,

Waiting for some one who doth  
not come!

But letters there are, which the  
old man reads

To the Curate, when he comes at  
night,

Word by word, as an acolyte  
Repeats his prayers and tells his  
beads;

Letters full of the rolling sea,  
Full of a young man's joy to be  
Abroad in the world, alone and  
free; 100

Full of adventures and wonderful  
scenes

Of hunting the deer through for-  
ests vast

In the royal grant of Pierre du  
Gast;

Of nights in the tents of the Tarra-  
tines;

Of Madocawando the Indian chief,  
And his daughters, glorious as  
queens,

And beautiful beyond belief;  
And so soft the tones of their  
native tongue,

The words are not spoken, they  
are sung!

And the Curate listens, and smil-  
ing says: 110

'Ah yes, dear friend! in our young  
days

We should have liked to hunt the  
deer

All day amid those forest scenes,  
And to sleep in the tents of the  
Tarratines;

But now it is better sitting here

Within four walls, and without the  
fear  
Of losing our hearts to Indian  
queens;

For man is fire and woman is tow,  
And the Somebody comes and be-  
gins to blow.'

Then a gleam of distrust and vague  
surmise 120

Shines in the father's gentle eyes,  
As fire-light on a window-pane  
Glimmers and vanishes again;  
But naught he answers; he only  
sighs,

And for a moment bows his head;  
Then, as their custom is, they play  
Their little game of lansquenet,  
And another day is with the dead.

Another day, and many a day  
And many a week and month de-  
part, 130

When a fatal letter wings its way  
Across the sea, like a bird of prey,  
And strikes and tears the old man's  
heart.

Lo! the young Baron of St. Cas-  
tine,

Swift as the wind is, and as wild,  
Has married a dusky Tarratine,  
Has married Madocawando's  
child!

The letter drops from the father's  
hand;

Though the sinews of his heart  
are wrung,

He utters no cry, he breathes no  
prayer, 140

No malediction falls from his  
tongue;

But his stately figure, erect and  
grand,

Bends and sinks like a column of  
sand

In the whirlwind of his great de-  
spair.

Dying, yes, dying! His latest  
breath

Of parley at the door of death  
Is a blessing on his wayward son.

Lower and lower on his breast  
Sinks his gray head; he is at rest;  
No longer he waits for any one. 150

For many a year the old château  
Lies tenantless and desolate;  
Rank grasses in the courtyard  
grow,

About its gables caws the crow;  
Only the porter at the gate  
Is left to guard it, and to wait  
The coming of the rightful heir;  
No other life or sound is there;  
No more the Curate comes at night,  
No more is seen the unsteady  
light, 160

Threading the alleys of the park;  
The windows of the hall are dark,  
The chambers dreary, cold, and  
bare!

At length, at last, when the winter  
is past,

And birds are building, and woods  
are green,

With flying skirts is the Curate  
seen

Speeding along the woodland way,  
Humming gayly, 'No day is so  
long

But it comes at last to vesper-song.'  
He stops at the porter's lodge to  
say 170

That at last the Baron of St. Cas-  
tine

Is coming home with his Indian  
queen,

Is coming without a week's delay;  
And all the house must be swept  
and clean,

And all things set in good array!  
And the solemn porter shakes his  
head;

And the answer he makes is:  
'Lackaday!

We will see, as the blind man  
said!'

Alert since first the day began,  
The cock upon the village  
church 180

Looks northward from his airy  
perch,  
As if beyond the ken of man  
To see the ships come sailing on,  
And pass the Isle of Oléron,  
And pass the Tower of Cordouan.

In the church below is cold in clay  
The heart that would have leaped  
for joy —

O tender heart of truth and  
trust! —

To see the coming of that day;  
In the church below the lips are  
dust; 190

Dust are the hands, and dust the  
feet

That would have been so swift to  
meet

The coming of that wayward boy.

At night the front of the old châ-  
teau

Is a blaze of light above and be-  
low;

There's a sound of wheels and  
hoofs in the street,

A cracking of whips, and scamper  
of feet,

Bells are ringing, and horns are  
blown,

And the Baron hath come again to  
his own.

The Curate is waiting in the  
hall, 200

Most eager and alive of all

To welcome the Baron and Baron-  
ess;

But his mind is full of vague dis-  
tress,

For he hath read in Jesuit books  
Of those children of the wilder-  
ness,

And now, good, simple man! he  
looks

To see a painted savage stride  
Into the room, with shoulders  
bare,

And eagle feathers in her hair,  
And around her a robe of panther's  
hide. 210

Instead, he beholds with secret  
shame

A form of beauty undefined,  
A loveliness without a name,  
Not of degree, but more of kind;  
Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor  
tall,

But a new mingling of them all.  
Yes, beautiful beyond belief,  
Transfigured and transfused, he  
sees

The lady of the Pyrenees,  
The daughter of the Indian  
chief. 220

Beneath the shadow of her hair  
The gold-bronze color of the skin  
Seems lighted by a fire within,  
As when a burst of sunlight shines  
Beneath a sombre grove of  
pines, —

A dusky splendor in the air.  
The two small hands, that now  
are pressed

In his, seem made to be caressed,  
They lie so warm and soft and  
still,

Like birds half hidden in a  
nest, 230

Trustful, and innocent of ill.  
And ah! he cannot believe his  
ears

When her melodious voice he hears  
Speaking his native Gascon  
tongue;

The words she utters seem to be  
Part of some poem of Goudouli,  
They are not spoken, they are  
sung!

And the Baron smiles, and says,  
'You see,

I told you but the simple truth;  
Ah, you may trust the eyes of  
youth!' 240

Down in the village day by day  
The people gossip in their way,  
And stare to see the Baroness  
pass

On Sunday morning to early mass;  
And when she kneeleth down to  
pray,



They wonder, and whisper together, and say  
 'Surely this is no heathen lass!'  
 And in course of time they learn to bless  
 The Baron and the Baroness.

And in course of time the Curate learns 250

A secret so dreadful, that by turns  
 He is ice and fire, he freezes and burns.

The Baron at confession hath said,  
 That though this woman be his wife,

He hath wed her as the Indians wed,

He hath bought her for a gun and a knife!

And the Curate replies: 'O profligate,

O Prodigal Son! return once more  
 To the open arms and the open door

Of the Church, or ever it be too late. 260

Thank God, thy father did not live

To see what he could not forgive;  
 On thee, so reckless and perverse,  
 He left his blessing, not his curse.

But the nearer the dawn the darker the night,

And by going wrong all things come right;

Things have been mended that were worse,

And the worse, the nearer they are to mend.

For the sake of the living and the dead,

Thou shalt be wed as Christians wed, 270

And all things come to a happy end.'

O sun, that followest the night,  
 In yon blue sky, serene and pure,  
 And pourest thine impartial light  
 Alike on mountain and on moor,  
 Pause for a moment in thy course,

And bless the bridegroom and the bride!

O Gave, that from thy hidden source

In yon mysterious mountain-side  
 Pursuest thy wandering way alone, 280

And leaping down its steps of stone,

Along the meadow-lands demure  
 Stealest away to the Adour,

Pause for a moment in thy course  
 To bless the bridegroom and the bride!

The choir is singing the matin song,

The doors of the church are opened wide,

The people crowd, and press, and throng

To see the bridegroom and the bride.

They enter and pass along the nave; 290

They stand upon the father's grave;

The bells are ringing soft and slow;

The living above and the dead below

Give their blessing on one and twain;

The warm wind blows from the hills of Spain,

The birds are building, the leaves are green,

And Baron Castine of St. Castine  
 Hath come at last to his own again,

## FINALE

'*Nunc plaudite!*' the student cried,

When he had finished; 'now applaud,

As Roman actors used to say  
 At the conclusion of a play:'

And rose, and spread his hands abroad,

And smiling bowed from side to side,  
As one who bears the palm away.

And generous was the applause  
and loud,  
But less for him than for the sun,  
That even as the tale was done  
Burst from its canopy of cloud,  
And lit the landscape with the  
blaze  
Of afternoon on autumn days,  
And filled the room with light, and  
made  
The fire of logs a painted shade.

A sudden wind from out the west  
Blew all its trumpets loud and  
shrill;  
The windows rattled with the  
blast,  
The oak-trees shouted as it  
passed,  
And straight, as if by fear pos-  
sessed,  
The cloud encampment on the hill  
Broke up, and fluttering flag and  
tent  
Vanished into the firmament,  
And down the valley fled amain  
The rear of the retreating rain.

Only far up in the blue sky  
A mass of clouds, like drifted  
snow  
Suffused with a faint Alpine glow,  
Was heaped together, vast and  
high,  
On which a shattered rainbow  
hung,  
Not rising like the ruined arch  
Of some aerial aqueduct,  
But like a roseate garland plucked  
From an Olympian god, and flung  
Aside in his triumphal march.

Like prisoners from their dungeon  
gloom,  
Like birds escaping from a snare,  
Like school-boys at the hour of  
play,

All left at once the pent-up room,  
And rushed into the open air;  
And no more tales were told that  
day.

## PART THIRD

### PRELUDE

THE evening came; the golden  
vane  
A moment in the sunset glanced,  
Then darkened, and then gleamed  
again,  
As from the east the moon ad-  
vanced  
And touched it with a softer light;  
While underneath, with flowing  
mane,  
Upon the sign the Red Horse  
pranced,  
And galloped forth into the night.

But brighter than the afternoon  
That followed the dark day of  
rain,  
And brighter than the golden  
vane  
That glistened in the rising moon,  
Within, the ruddy fire - light  
gleamed;  
And every separate window-pane,  
Backed by the outer darkness,  
showed  
A mirror, where the flamelets  
gleamed  
And flickered to and fro, and  
seemed  
A bonfire lighted in the road.

Amid the hospitable glow,  
Like an old actor on the stage, 26  
With the uncertain voice of age,  
The singing chimney chanted low  
The homely songs of long ago.

The voice that Ossian heard of  
yore,  
When midnight winds were in his  
hall;

A ghostly and appealing call,  
 A sound of days that are no more!  
 And dark as Ossian sat the Jew,  
 And listened to the sound, and  
   knew,  
 The passing of the airy hosts, 30  
 The gray and misty cloud of  
   ghosts  
 In their interminable flight;  
 And listening muttered in his  
   beard,  
 With accent indistinct and weird,  
 'Who are ye, children of the  
   Night?'

Beholding his mysterious face,  
 'Tell me,' the gay Sicilian said,  
 'Why was it that in breaking  
   bread  
 At supper, you bent down your  
   head  
 And, musing, paused a little  
   space, 40  
 As one who says a silent grace?'

The Jew replied, with solemn air,  
 'I said the Manichæan's prayer.  
 It was his faith, — perhaps is  
   mine, —  
 That life in all its forms is one,  
 And that its secret conduits run  
 Unseen, but in unbroken line,  
 From the great fountain-head di-  
   vine  
 Through man and beast, through  
   grain and grass.  
 Howe'er we struggle, strive, and  
   cry, 50  
 From death there can be no es-  
   cape,  
 And no escape from life, alas!  
 Because we cannot die, but pass  
 From one into another shape:  
 It is but into life we die.

'Therefore the Manichæan said  
 This simple prayer on breaking  
   bread,  
 Lest he with hasty hand or knife  
 Might wound the incarcerated  
   life,

The soul in things that we call  
   dead: 60  
 "I did not reap thee, did not bind  
   thee,  
 I did not thrash thee, did not  
   grind thee,  
 Nor did I in the oven bake thee!  
 It was not I, it was another  
 Did these things unto thee, O bro-  
   ther;  
 I only have thee, hold thee, break  
   thee!"

'That birds have souls I can con-  
   cede,'  
 The Poet cried, with glowing  
   cheeks;  
 'The flocks that from their beds  
   of reed

Uprising north or southward fly,  
 And flying write upon the sky 71  
 The biforked letter of the Greeks,  
 As hath been said by Rucellai;  
 All birds that sing or chirp or cry,  
 Even those migratory bands,  
 The minor poets of the air,  
 The plover, peep, and sanderling,  
 That hardly can be said to sing,  
 But pipe along the barren sands, —  
 All these have souls akin to ours;  
 So hath the lovely race of flow-  
   ers: 81

Thus much I grant, but nothing  
   more.

The rusty hinges of a door  
 Are not alive because they creak;  
 This chimney, with its dreary  
   roar,

These rattling windows, do not  
   speak!

'To me they speak,' the Jew re-  
   plied;

'And in the sounds that sink and  
   soar,

I hear the voices of a tide  
 That breaks upon an unknown  
   shore!' 90

Here the Sicilian interfered:  
 'That was your dream, then, as  
   you dozed

A moment since, with eyes half-closed,  
 And murmured something in your beard.'  
 The Hebrew smiled, and answered, 'Nay;  
 Not that, but something very near;  
 Like, and yet not the same, may seem  
 The vision of my waking dream;  
 Before it wholly dies away, 99  
 Listen to me, and you shall hear.'

### THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

#### AZRAEL

KING SOLOMON, before his palace gate  
 At evening, on the pavement tessellate  
 Was walking with a stranger from the East,  
 Arrayed in rich attire as for a feast,  
 The mighty Runjeet - Sing, a learned man,  
 And Rajah of the realms of Hindostan.  
 And as they walked the guest became aware  
 Of a white figure in the twilight air,  
 Gazing intent, as one who with surprise  
 His form and features seemed to recognize; 10  
 And in a whisper to the king he said:  
 'What is yon shape, that, pallid as the dead,  
 Is watching me, as if he sought to trace  
 In the dim light the features of my face?'  
 The king looked, and replied: 'I know him well;  
 It is the Angel men call Azrael,

'Tis the Death Angel; what hast thou to fear?'  
 And the guest answered: 'Lest he should come near,  
 And speak to me, and take away my breath!  
 Save me from Azrael, save me from death! 20  
 O king, that hast dominion o'er the wind,  
 Bid it arise and bear me hence to Ind.'

The king gazed upward at the cloudless sky,  
 Whispered a word, and raised his hand on high,  
 And lo! the signet-ring of chryso-prase  
 On his uplifted finger seemed to blaze  
 With hidden fire, and rushing from the west  
 There came a mighty wind, and seized the guest  
 And lifted him from earth, and on they passed,  
 His shining garments streaming in the blast, 30  
 A silken banner o'er the walls up-reared,  
 A purple cloud, that gleamed and disappeared.  
 Then said the Angel, smiling: 'If this man  
 Be Rajah Runjeet-Sing of Hindostan,  
 Thou hast done well in listening to his prayer;  
 I was upon my way to seek him there.'

#### INTERLUDE

'O EDREHI, forbear to-night  
 Your ghostly legends of affright,  
 And let the Talmud rest in peace;  
 Spare us your dismal tales of death  
 That almost take away one's breath;  
 So doing, may your tribe increase.'

Thus the Sicilian said ; then went  
And on the spinet's rattling keys  
Played Marianina, like a breeze  
From Naples and the Southern  
seas,

That brings us the delicious scent  
Of citron and of orange trees,  
And memories of soft days of ease  
At Capri and Amalfi spent.

'Not so,' the eager Poet said ;  
'At least, not so before I tell  
The story of my Azrael,  
An angel mortal as ourselves,  
Which in an ancient tome I found  
Upon a convent's dusty shelves,  
Chained with an iron chain, and  
bound

In parchment, and with clasps of  
brass,  
Lest from its prison, some dark  
day,  
It might be stolen or steal away,  
While the good friars were singing  
mass.

'It is a tale of Charlemagne,  
When like a thunder-cloud, that  
lowers  
And sweeps from mountain-crest  
to coast,  
With lightning flaming through  
its showers,  
He swept across the Lombard  
plain,  
Beleaguering with his warlike train  
Pavia, the country's pride and  
boast,  
The City of the Hundred Towers.'

Thus heralded the tale began,  
And thus in sober measure ran.

## THE POET'S TALE

### CHARLEMAGNE

OLGER the Dane and Desiderio,  
King of the Lombards, on a lofty  
tower

Stood gazing northward o'er the  
rolling plains,  
League after league of harvests,  
to the foot

Of the snow-crested Alps, and saw  
approach

A mighty army, thronging all the  
roads

That led into the city. And the King  
Said unto Olger, who had passed  
his youth

As hostage at the court of France,  
and knew

The Emperor's form and face : 'Is  
Charlemagne

Among that host?' And Olger  
answered : 'No.'

And still the innumerable multi-  
tude

Flowed onward and increased, un-  
til the King

Cried in amazement : 'Surely  
Charlemagne

Is coming in the midst of all these  
knights !'

And Olger answered slowly : 'No ;  
not yet ;

He will not come so soon.' Then  
much disturbed

King Desiderio asked : 'What  
shall we do,

If he approach with a still greater  
army ?'

And Olger answered : 'When he  
shall appear,

You will behold what manner of  
man he is ;

But what will then befall us I  
know not.'

Then came the guard that never  
knew repose,

The Paladins of France ; and at  
the sight

The Lombard King o'ercome with  
terror cried :

'This must be Charlemagne !' and  
as before

Did Olger answer : 'No ; not yet,  
not yet.'



And then appeared in panoply  
 complete  
 The Bishops and the Abbots and  
 the Priests  
 Of the imperial chapel, and the  
 Counts; 30  
 And Desiderio could no more en-  
 dure  
 The light of day, nor yet encoun-  
 ter death,  
 But sobbed aloud and said: 'Let  
 us go down  
 And hide us in the bosom of the  
 earth,  
 Far from the sight and anger of a  
 foe  
 So terrible as this!' And Olger  
 said:  
 'When you behold the harvests in  
 the fields  
 Shaking with fear, the Po and the  
 Ticino  
 Lashing the city walls with iron  
 waves,  
 Then may you know that Charle-  
 magne is come.' 40  
 And even as he spake, in the  
 northwest,  
 Lo! there uprose a black and  
 threatening cloud,  
 Out of whose bosom flashed the  
 light of arms  
 Upon the people pent up in the  
 city;  
 A light more terrible than any  
 darkness,  
 And Charlemagne appeared;—a  
 Man of Iron!  
  
 His helmet was of iron, and his  
 gloves  
 Of iron, and his breastplate and  
 his greaves  
 And tassets were of iron, and his  
 shield.  
 In his left hand he held an iron  
 spear, 50  
 In his right hand his sword invin-  
 cible.  
 The horse he rode on had the  
 strength of iron,

And color of iron. All who went  
 before him,  
 Beside him and behind him, his  
 whole host,  
 Were armed with iron, and their  
 hearts within them  
 Were stronger than the armor  
 that they wore.  
 The fields and all the roads were  
 filled with iron,  
 And points of iron glistened in the  
 sun  
 And shed a terror through the city  
 streets.  
  
 This at a single glance Olger the  
 Dane 60  
 Saw from the tower, and turning  
 to the King  
 Exclaimed in haste: 'Behold!  
 this is the man  
 You looked for with such eager-  
 ness!' and then  
 Fell as one dead at Desiderio's  
 feet.

### INTERLUDE

WELL pleased all listened to the  
 tale,  
 That drew, the Student said, its  
 pith  
 And marrow from the ancient  
 myth  
 Of some one with an iron flail;  
 Or that portentous Man of Brass  
 Hephæstus made in days of yore,  
 Who stalked about the Cretan  
 shore,  
 And saw the ships appear and  
 pass,  
 And threw stones at the Argo-  
 nauts,  
 Being filled with indiscriminate  
 ire  
 That tangled and perplexed his  
 thoughts;  
 But, like a hospitable host,  
 When strangers landed on the  
 coast,

Heated himself red-hot with fire,  
And hugged them in his arms, and  
pressed  
Their bodies to his burning breast.

The Poet answered: 'No, not  
thus

The legend rose; it sprang at  
first

Out of the hunger and the thirst

In all men for the marvellous.

And thus it filled and satisfied

The imagination of mankind,

And this ideal to the mind

Was truer than historic fact.

Fancy enlarged and multiplied

The terrors of the awful name

Of Charlemagne, till he became

Armipotent in every act,

And, clothed in mystery, appeared

Not what men saw, but what they  
feared.

'Besides, unless my memory fail,

Your some one with an iron flail

Is not an ancient myth at all,

But comes much later on the scene

As Talus in the Faerie Queene,

The iron groom of Artegall,

Who threshed out falsehood and  
deceit,

And truth upheld, and righted  
wrong,

And was, as is the swallow, fleet,

And as the lion is, was strong.'

The Theologian said: 'Perchance

Your chronicler in writing this

Had in his mind the Anabasis,

Where Xenophon describes the  
advance

Of Artaxerxes to the fight;

At first the low gray cloud of  
dust,

And then a blackness o'er the  
fields

As of a passing thunder-gust,

Then flash of brazen armor bright,

And ranks of men, and spears up-  
thrust,

Bowmen and troops with wicker  
shields,

And cavalry equipped in white,

And chariots ranged in front of  
these

With scythes upon their axle-  
trees.'

To this the Student answered:

'Well,

I also have a tale to tell

Of Charlemagne; a tale that  
throws

A softer light, more tinged with  
rose,

Than your grim apparition cast

Upon the darkness of the past.

Listen, and hear in English rhyme

What the good Monk of Laures-  
heim

Gives as the gossip of his time,

In mediæval Latin prose.'

## THE STUDENT'S TALE

EMMA AND EGINHARD

WHEN Alcuin taught the sons of  
Charlemagne,

In the free schools of Aix, how  
kings should reign,

And with them taught the children  
of the poor

How subjects should be patient  
and endure,

He touched the lips of some, as  
best befit,

With honey from the hives of Holy  
Writ;

Others intoxicated with the wine  
Of ancient history, sweet but less  
divine;

Some with the wholesome fruits of  
grammar fed;

Others with mysteries of the stars  
o'erhead,

That hang suspended in the  
vaulted sky

Like lamps in some fair palace  
vast and high.

In sooth, it was a pleasant sight  
to see  
That Saxon monk, with hood and  
rosary,  
With inkhorn at his belt, and pen  
and book,  
And mingled love and reverence  
in his look,  
Or hear the cloister and the court  
repeat

The measured footfalls of his sand-  
dalled feet,  
Or watch him with the pupils of  
his school,  
Gentle of speech, but absolute of  
rule. 20

Among them, always earliest in  
his place,  
Was Eginhard, a youth of Frank-  
ish race,  
Whose face was bright with flashes  
that forerun  
The splendors of a yet unrisen  
sun.  
To him all things were possible,  
and seemed  
Not what he had accomplished, but  
had dreamed,  
And what were tasks to others  
were his play,  
The pastime of an idle holiday.

Smaragdo, Abbot of St. Michael's,  
said,  
With many a shrug and shaking  
of the head, 30  
Surely some demon must possess  
the lad,  
Who showed more wit than ever  
school-boy had,  
And learned his Trivium thus with-  
out the rod;  
But Alcuin said it was the grace  
of God.

Thus he grew up, in Logic point-  
device,  
Perfect in Grammar, and in Rhet-  
oric nice;

Science of Numbers, Geometric  
art,  
And lore of Stars, and Music knew  
by heart:  
A Minnesinger, long before the  
times  
Of those who sang their love in  
Suabian rhymes. 40

The Emperor, when he heard this  
good report  
Of Eginhard much buzzed about  
the court,  
Said to himself, 'This stripling  
seems to be  
Purposely sent into the world for  
me;  
He shall become my scribe, and  
shall be schooled  
In all the arts whereby the world  
is ruled.'  
Thus did the gentle Eginhard at-  
tain  
To honor in the court of Charle-  
magne;  
Became the sovereign's favorite,  
his right hand,  
So that his fame was great in all  
the land, 50  
And all men loved him for his  
modest grace  
And comeliness of figure and of  
face.  
An inmate of the palace, yet re-  
cluse,  
A man of books, yet sacred from  
abuse  
Among the armed knights with  
spur on heel,  
The tramp of horses and the clang  
of steel;  
And as the Emperor promised he  
was schooled  
In all the arts by which the world  
is ruled.  
But the one art supreme, whose  
law is fate,  
The Emperor never dreamed of till  
too late. 60

Home from her convent to the  
palace came  
The lovely Princess Emma, whose  
sweet name,  
Whispered by seneschal or sung  
by bard,  
Had often touched the soul of  
Eginhard.  
He saw her from his window, as in  
state  
She came, by knights attended  
through the gate;  
He saw her at the banquet of that  
day,  
Fresh as the morn, and beautiful  
as May;  
He saw her in the garden, as she  
strayed  
Among the flowers of summer with  
her maid, 70  
And said to him, 'O Eginhard, dis-  
close  
The meaning and the mystery of  
the rose;'  
And trembling he made answer:  
'In good sooth,  
Its mystery is love, its meaning  
youth!'

How can I tell the signals and the  
signs  
By which one heart another heart  
divines?  
How can I tell the many thousand  
ways  
By which it keeps the secret it be-  
trays?

O mystery of love! O strange ro-  
mance!  
Among the Peers and Paladins of  
France, 80  
Shining in steel, and prancing on  
gay steeds,  
Noble by birth, yet nobler by great  
deeds,  
The Princess Emma had no words  
nor looks  
But for this clerk, this man of  
thought and books.

The summer passed, the autumn  
came; the stalks  
Of lilies blackened in the garden  
walks;  
The leaves fell, russet-golden and  
blood-red,  
Love-letters thought the poet  
fancy-led,  
Or Jove descending in a shower of  
gold  
Into the lap of Danaë of old; 90  
For poets cherish many a strange  
conceit,  
And love transmutes all nature by  
its heat.  
No more the garden lessons, nor  
the dark  
And hurried meetings in the twi-  
light park;  
But now the studious lamp, and  
the delights  
Of firesides in the silent winter  
nights,  
And watching from his window  
hour by hour  
The light that burned in Princess  
Emma's tower.

At length one night, while musing  
by the fire,  
O'ercome at last by his insane de-  
sire, — 100  
For what will reckless love not do  
and dare?  
He crossed the court, and climbed  
the winding stair,  
With some feigned message in the  
Emperor's name;  
But when he to the lady's presence  
came  
He knelt down at her feet, until  
she laid  
Her hand upon him, like a naked  
blade,  
And whispered in his ear: 'Arise,  
Sir Knight,  
To my heart's level, O my heart's  
delight.'

And there he lingered till the crow-  
ing cock,

The Alectryon of the farmyard and  
the flock, 110  
Sang his aubade with lusty voice  
and clear,

To tell the sleeping world that  
dawn was near.

And then they parted; but at part-  
ing, lo!

They saw the palace courtyard  
white with snow,

And, placid as a nun, the moon on  
high

Gazing from cloudy cloisters of  
the sky.

'Alas!' he said, 'how hide the  
fatal line

Of footprints leading from thy door  
to mine,

And none returning!' Ah, he lit-  
tle knew

What woman's wit, when put to  
proof, can do! 120

That night the Emperor, sleepless  
with the cares

And troubles that attend on state  
affairs,

Had risen before the dawn, and  
musing gazed

Into the silent night, as one  
amazed

To see the calm that reigned o'er  
all supreme,

When his own reign was but a  
troubled dream.

The moon lit up the gables capped  
with snow,

And the white roofs, and half the  
court below,

And he beheld a form, that seemed  
to cower

Beneath a burden, come from  
Emma's tower, — 130

A woman, who upon her shoulders  
bore

Clerk Eginhard to his own private  
door,

And then returned in haste, but  
still essayed

To tread the footprints she herself  
had made;

And as she passed across the  
lighted space,

The Emperor saw his daughter  
Emma's face!

He started not; he did not speak  
or moan,

But seemed as one who hath been  
turned to stone;

And stood there like a statue, nor  
awoke

Out of his trance of pain, till morn-  
ing broke, 140

Till the stars faded, and the moon  
went down,

And o'er the towers and steeples  
of the town

Came the gray daylight; then the  
sun, who took

The empire of the world with sov-  
ereign look,

Suffusing with a soft and golden  
glow

All the dead landscape in its  
shroud of snow,

Touching with flame the tapering  
chapel spires,

Windows and roofs, and smoke of  
household fires,

And kindling park and palace as  
he came;

The stork's nest on the chimney  
seemed in flame. 150

And thus he stood till Eginhard  
appeared,

Demure and modest with his  
comely beard

And flowing flaxen tresses, come  
to ask,

As was his wont, the day's ap-  
pointed task.

The Emperor looked upon him  
with a smile,

And gently said: 'My son, wait  
yet a while;

This hour my council meets upon  
some great

And very urgent business of the  
state.

Come back within the hour. On  
thy return



The work appointed for thee shalt  
thou learn.' 160

Having dismissed this gallant  
Troubadour,

He summoned straight his council,  
and secure

And steadfast in his purpose, from  
the throne

All the adventure of the night  
made known;

Then asked for sentence; and with  
eager breath

Some answered banishment, and  
others death.

Then spake the king: 'Your sen-  
tence is not mine;

Life is the gift of God, and is di-  
vine;

Nor from these palace walls shall  
one depart

Who carries such a secret in his  
heart; 170

My better judgment points another  
way.

Good Alcuin, I remember how one  
day

When my Pepino asked you, "What  
are men?"

You wrote upon his tablets with  
your pen,

"Guests of the grave and travellers  
that pass!"

This being true of all men, we,  
alas!

Being all fashioned of the selfsame  
dust,

Let us be merciful as well as just;  
This passing traveller who hath

stolen away

The brightest jewel of my crown  
to-day, 180

Shall of himself the precious gem  
restore;

By giving it, I make it mine once  
more.

Over those fatal footprints I will  
throw

My ermine mantle like another  
snow.'

Then Eginhard was summoned to  
the hall,

And entered, and in presence of  
them all,

The Emperor said: 'My son, for  
thou to me

Hast been a son, and evermore  
shalt be,

Long hast thou served thy sover-  
eign, and thy zeal

Pleads to me with importunate  
appeal, 190

While I have been forgetful to  
requite

Thy service and affection as was  
right.

But now the hour is come, when I,  
thy Lord,

Will crown thy love with such  
supreme reward,

A gift so precious kings have  
striven in vain

To win it from the hands of  
Charlemagne.'

Then sprang the portals of the  
chamber wide,

And Princess Emma entered, in  
the pride

Of birth and beauty, that in part  
o'ercame

The conscious terror and the blush  
of shame. 200

And the good Emperor rose up  
from his throne,

And taking her white hand within  
his own

Placed it in Eginhard's, and said:  
'My son,

This is the gift thy constant zeal  
hath won;

Thus I repay the royal debt I owe,  
And cover up the footprints in the

snow.'

#### INTERLUDE

THUS ran the Student's pleasant  
rhyme

Of Eginhard and love and youth;  
Some doubted its historic truth,

But while they doubted, ne'ertheless  
Saw in it gleams of truthfulness,  
And thanked the Monk of Lauresheim.

This they discussed in various mood;  
Then in the silence that ensued  
Was heard a sharp and sudden sound

As of a bowstring snapped in air;  
And the Musician with a bound  
Sprang up in terror from his chair,  
And for a moment listening stood,  
Then strode across the room, and found

His dear, his darling violin  
Still lying safe asleep within  
Its little cradle, like a child  
That gives a sudden cry of pain,  
And wakes to fall asleep again;  
And as he looked at it and smiled,  
By the uncertain light beguiled,  
Despair! two strings were broken  
in twain.

While all lamented and made moan,

With many a sympathetic word  
As if the loss had been their own,  
Deeming the tones they might have heard

Sweeter than they had heard before,

They saw the Landlord at the door,  
The missing man, the portly Squire!

He had not entered, but he stood  
With both arms full of seasoned wood,

To feed the much-devouring fire,  
That like a lion in a cage  
Lashed its long tail and roared  
with rage.

The missing man! Ah, yes, they said,

Missing, but whither had he fled?  
Where had he hidden himself  
away?

No farther than the barn or shed;  
He had not hidden himself, nor fled;

How should he pass the rainy day  
But in his barn with hens and hay,  
Or mending harness, cart, or sled?  
Now, having come, he needs must stay

And tell his tale as well as they.

The Landlord answered only:  
'These

Are logs from the dead apple-trees  
Of the old orchard planted here  
By the first Howe of Sudbury.  
Nor oak nor maple has so clear  
A flame, or burns so quietly,  
Or leaves an ash so clean and  
white;'

Thinking by this to put aside  
The impending tale that terrified;  
When suddenly, to his delight,  
The Theologian interposed,  
Saying that when the door was  
closed,

And they had stopped that draft  
of cold,

Unpleasant night air, he proposed  
To tell a tale world-wide apart  
From that the Student had just  
told;

World-wide apart, and yet akin,  
As showing that the human heart  
Beats on forever as of old,  
As well beneath the snow-white  
fold

Of Quaker kerchief, as within  
Sendal or silk or cloth of gold,  
And without preface would begin.

And then the clamorous clock  
struck eight,  
Deliberate, with sonorous chime  
Slow measuring out the march of  
time,

Like some grave Consul of Old  
Rome

In Jupiter's temple driving home  
The nails that marked the year and  
date.

Thus interrupted in his rhyme,

The Theologian needs must wait;  
But quoted Horace, where he sings  
The dire Necessity of things,  
That drives into the roofs sublime  
Of new-built houses of the great  
The adamantine nails of Fate.

When ceased the little carillon  
To herald from its wooden tower  
The important transit of the hour,  
The Theologian hastened on,  
Content to be allowed at last  
To sing his Idyl of the Past.

## THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

ELIZABETH

I

'Ah, how short are the days! How soon the night overtakes us!  
In the old country the twilight is longer; but here in the forest  
Suddenly comes the dark, with hardly a pause in its coming,  
Hardly a moment between the two lights, the day and the lamplight;  
Yet how grand is the winter! How spotless the snow is, and perfect!'

Thus spake Elizabeth Haddon at night-fall to Hannah the housemaid,  
As in the farm-house kitchen, that served for kitchen and parlor,  
By the window she sat with her work, and looked on the landscape  
White as the great white sheet that Peter saw in his vision,  
By the four corners let down and descending out of the heavens. 10  
Covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the fields and the  
meadows.

Nothing was dark but the sky, and the distant Delaware flowing  
Down from its native hills, a peaceful and bountiful river.

Then with a smile on her lips made answer Hannah the housemaid:  
'Beautiful winter! yea, the winter is beautiful, surely,  
If one could only walk like a fly with one's feet on the ceiling.  
But the great Delaware River is not like the Thames, as we saw it  
Out of our upper windows in Rotherhithe Street in the Borough,  
Crowded with masts and sails of vessels coming and going;  
Here there is nothing but pines, with patches of snow on their  
branches. 20

There is snow in the air, and see! it is falling already;  
All the roads will be blocked, and I pity Joseph to-morrow,  
Breaking his way through the drifts, with his sled and oxen; and then,  
too,  
How in all the world shall we get to Meeting on First-Day?'

But Elizabeth checked her, and answered, mildly reproving:  
'Surely the Lord will provide; for unto the snow He sayeth,  
Be thou on the earth, the Lord sayeth; He it is  
Giveth snow like wool, like ashes scatters the hoar-frost.'  
So she folded her work and laid it away in her basket.

Meanwhile Hannah the housemaid had closed and fastened the shut-  
ters, 30  
Spread the cloth, and lighted the lamp on the table, and placed there

Plates and cups from the dresser, the brown rye loaf, and the butter  
 Fresh from the dairy, and then, protecting her hand with a holder,  
 Took from the crane in the chimney the steaming and simmering  
 kettle,

Poised it aloft in the air, and filled up the earthen teapot,  
 Made in Delft, and adorned with quaint and wonderful figures.

Then Elizabeth said, 'Lo! Joseph is long on his errand.  
 I have sent him away with a hamper of food and of clothing  
 For the poor in the village. A good lad and cheerful is Joseph;  
 In the right place is his heart, and his hand is ready and willing.' 40

Thus in praise of her servant she spake, and Hannah the housemaid  
 Laughed with her eyes, as she listened, but governed her tongue, and  
 was silent,

While her mistress went on: 'The house is far from the village:  
 We should be lonely here, were it not for Friends that in passing  
 Sometimes tarry o'ernight, and make us glad by their coming.'

Thereupon answered Hannah the housemaid, the thrifty, the frugal:

'Yea, they come and they tarry, as if thy house were a tavern;  
 Open to all are its doors, and they come and go like the pigeons  
 In and out of the holes of the pigeon-house over the hayloft,  
 Cooing and smoothing their feathers and basking themselves in the  
 sunshine.' 50

But in meekness of spirit, and calmly, Elizabeth answered:  
 'All I have is the Lord's, not mine to give or withhold it;  
 I but distribute his gifts to the poor, and to those of his people  
 Who in journeyings often surrender their lives to his service.  
 His, not mine, are the gifts, and only so far can I make them  
 Mine, as in giving I add my heart to whatever is given.  
 Therefore my excellent father first built this house in the clearing;  
 Though he came not himself, I came; for the Lord was my guidance,  
 Leading me here for this service. We must not grudge, then, to others  
 Ever the cup of cold water, or crumbs that fall from our table.' 60

Thus rebuked, for a season was silent the penitent housemaid;  
 And Elizabeth said in tones even sweeter and softer:  
 'Dost thou remember, Hannah, the great May-Meeting in London,  
 When I was still a child, how we sat in the silent assembly,  
 Waiting upon the Lord in patient and passive submission?  
 No one spake, till at length a young man, a stranger, John Estaugh,  
 Moved by the Spirit, rose, as if he were John the Apostle,  
 Speaking such words of power that they bowed our hearts, as a strong  
 wind

Bends the grass of the fields, or grain that is ripe for the sickle.  
 Thoughts of him to-day have been oft borne inward upon me,  
 Wherefore I do not know; but strong is the feeling within me  
 That once more I shall see a face I have never forgotten.' 70

## II

E'en as she spake they heard the musical jangle of sleigh-bells,  
 First far off, with a dreamy sound and faint in the distance,  
 Then growing nearer and louder, and turning into the farmyard,  
 Till it stopped at the door, with sudden creaking of runners.  
 Then there were voices heard as of two men talking together,  
 And to herself, as she listened, upbraiding said Hannah the house-  
 maid,  
 'It is Joseph come back, and I wonder what stranger is with him.'

Down from its nail she took and lighted the great tin lantern 80  
 Pierced with holes, and round, and roofed like the top of a lighthouse,  
 And went forth to receive the coming guest at the doorway,  
 Casting into the dark a network of glimmer and shadow  
 Over the falling snow, the yellow sleigh, and the horses,  
 And the forms of men, snow-covered, looming gigantic.  
 Then giving Joseph the lantern, she entered the house with the stran-  
 ger.

Youthful he was and tall, and his cheeks aglow with the night air;  
 And as he entered, Elizabeth rose, and, going to meet him,  
 As if an unseen power had announced and preceded his presence,  
 And he had come as one whose coming had long been expected, 90  
 Quietly gave him her hand, and said, 'Thou art welcome, John  
 Estaugh.'

And the stranger replied, with staid and quiet behavior,  
 'Dost thou remember me still, Elizabeth? After so many  
 Years have passed, it seemeth a wonderful thing that I find thee.  
 Surely the hand of the Lord conducted me here to thy threshold.  
 For as I journeyed along, and pondered alone and in silence  
 On his ways, that are past finding out, I saw in the snow-mist,  
 Seemingly weary with travel, a wayfarer, who by the wayside  
 Paused and waited. Forthwith I remembered Queen Candace's  
 eunuch,

How on the way that goes down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, 100  
 Reading Esaias the Prophet, he journeyed, and spake unto Philip,  
 Praying him to come up and sit in his chariot with him.  
 So I greeted the man, and he mounted the sledge beside me,  
 And as we talked on the way he told me of thee and thy homestead,  
 How, being led by the light of the Spirit, that never deceiveth,  
 Full of zeal for the work of the Lord, thou hadst come to this country.  
 And I remembered thy name, and thy father and mother in England,  
 And on my journey have stopped to see thee, Elizabeth Haddon,  
 Wishing to strengthen thy hand in the labors of love thou art doing.'

And Elizabeth answered with confident voice, and serenely 110  
 Looking into his face with her innocent eyes as she answered,  
 'Surely the hand of the Lord is in it; his Spirit hath led thee  
 Out of the darkness and storm to the light and peace of my fireside.'

Then, with stamping of feet the door was opened, and Joseph  
 Entered, bearing the lantern, and, carefully blowing the light out,



Hung it up on its nail, and all sat down to their supper;  
 For underneath that roof was no distinction of persons,  
 But one family only, one heart, one hearth, and one household.

When the supper was ended they drew their chairs to the fireplace,  
 Spacious, open-hearted, profuse of flame and of firewood, 120  
 Lord of forests unfelled, and not a gleaner of fagots,  
 Spreading its arms to embrace with inexhaustible bounty  
 All who fled from the cold, exultant, laughing at winter!  
 Only Hannah the housemaid was busy in clearing the table,  
 Coming and going, and bustling about in closet and chamber.

Then Elizabeth told her story again to John Estaugh,  
 Going far back to the past, to the early days of her childhood;  
 How she had waited and watched, in all her doubts and besetments,  
 Comforted with the extendings and holy, sweet inflowings  
 Of the spirit of love, till the voice imperative sounded, 130  
 And she obeyed the voice, and cast in her lot with her people  
 Here in the desert land, and God would provide for the issue.

Meanwhile Joseph sat with folded hands, and demurely  
 Listened, or seemed to listen, and in the silence that followed  
 Nothing was heard for a while but the step of Hannah the housemaid  
 Walking the floor overhead, and setting the chambers in order.  
 And Elizabeth said, with a smile of compassion, 'The maiden  
 Hath a light heart in her breast, but her feet are heavy and awkward.'  
 Inwardly Joseph laughed, but governed his tongue, and was silent.

Then came the hour of sleep, death's counterfeit, nightly rehearsal 140  
 Of the great Silent Assembly, the Meeting of shadows, where no man  
 Speaketh, but all are still, and the peace and rest are unbroken!  
 Silently over that house the blessing of slumber descended.  
 But when the morning dawned, and the sun uprose in his splendor,  
 Breaking his way through clouds that encumbered his path in the hea-  
 vens,

Joseph was seen with his sled and oxen breaking a pathway  
 Through the drifts of snow; the horses already were harnessed,  
 And John Estaugh was standing and taking leave at the threshold,  
 Saying that he should return at the Meeting in May; while above them  
 Hannah the housemaid, the homely, was looking out of the attic, 150  
 Laughing aloud at Joseph, then suddenly closing the casement,  
 As the bird in a cuckoo-clock peeps out of its window,  
 Then disappears again, and closes the shutter behind it.

### III

Now was the winter gone, and the snow; and Robin the Redbreast  
 Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was he and no other  
 That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood, and blithely  
 All the birds sang with him, and little cared for his boasting,  
 Or for his Babes in the Wood, or the Cruel Uncle, and only

Sang for the mates they had chosen, and cared for the nests they were building.

With them, but more sedately and meekly, Elizabeth Haddon 160  
Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were silent and songless.  
Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms and music,  
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies vernal.

Then it came to pass, one pleasant morning, that slowly  
Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of pilgrims,  
Men and women, wending their way to the Quarterly Meeting  
In the neighboring town; and with them came riding John Estaugh.  
At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest, and alighting  
Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of rye, and the honey  
Brought from the hives, that stood by the sunny wall of the garden; 170  
Then remounted their horses, refreshed, and continued their journey,  
And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and Hannah the housemaid.  
But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a little, and leaning  
Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John Estaugh:  
'Tarry awhile behind, for I have something to tell thee,  
Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others;  
Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth.'  
And they rode slowly along through the woods, conversing together.  
It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest;  
It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning! 180

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance,  
As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded:  
'I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee;  
I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, John Estaugh.'

And John Estaugh made answer, surprised at the words she had spoken,  
'Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit;  
Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate whiteness,  
Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning.  
But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me.  
When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and the labor completed 190  
He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness  
Of my own heart awhile, and listen and wait for his guidance.'

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in spirit,  
'So is it best, John Estaugh. We will not speak of it further.  
It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this, for to-morrow  
Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not  
When I shall see thee more; but if the Lord hath decreed it,  
Thou wilt return again to seek me here and to find me.'  
And they rode onward in silence, and entered the town with the others.

## IV

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing, 200  
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;

So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,  
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

Now went on as of old the quiet life of the homestead.  
Patient and unrepining Elizabeth labored, in all things  
Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burdens of others,  
Always thoughtful and kind and untroubled; and Hannah the house-  
maid  
Diligent early and late, and rosy with washing and scouring,  
Still as of old disparaged the eminent merits of Joseph,  
And was at times reproved for her light and frothy behavior, 210  
For her shy looks, and her careless words, and her evil surmisings,  
Being pressed down somewhat, like a cart with sheaves overladen,  
As she would sometimes say to Joseph, quoting the Scriptures.

Meanwhile John Estaugh departed across the sea, and departing  
Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and precious,  
Filling its chambers with fragrance, and seeming to him in its sweet-  
ness  
Mary's ointment of spikenard, that filled all the house with its odor.  
O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and waiting!  
O lost hours and days in which we might have been happy!  
But the light shone at last, and guided his wavering footsteps, 220  
And at last came the voice, imperative, questionless, certain.

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the gift that was of-  
fered,  
Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's affection.  
And on the First-Day that followed, he rose in the Silent Assembly,  
Holding in his strong hand a hand that trembled a little,  
Promising to be kind and true and faithful in all things.  
Such were the marriage rites of John and Elizabeth Estaugh.

And not otherwise Joseph, the honest, the diligent servant,  
Sped in his bashful wooing with homely Hannah the housemaid;  
For when he asked her the question, she answered, 'Nay;' and then  
added: 230  
'But thee may make believe, and see what will come of it, Joseph.'

#### INTERLUDE

'A PLEASANT and a winsome  
tale,'  
The Student said, 'though some-  
what pale  
And quiet in its coloring,  
As if it caught its tone and air  
From the gray suits that Quakers  
wear;  
Yet worthy of some German bard,  
Hebel, or Voss, or Eberhard,

Who love of humble themes to  
sing,  
In humble verse; but no more true  
Than was the tale I told to you.'  
  
The Theologian made reply,  
And with some warmth, 'That I  
deny;  
'T is no invention of my own,  
But something well and widely  
known  
To readers of a riper age,

Writ by the skilful hand that wrote  
 The Indian tale of Hobomok,  
 And Philothea's classic page.  
 I found it like a waif afloat,  
 Or dulse uprooted from its rock,  
 On the swift tides that ebb and  
     flow  
 In daily papers, and at flood  
 Bear freighted vessels to and fro,  
 But later, when the ebb is low,  
 Leave a long waste of sand and  
     mud.'

'It matters little,' quoth the Jew;  
 'The cloak of truth is lined with  
     lies,  
 Sayeth some proverb old and wise;  
 And Love is master of all arts,  
 And puts it into human hearts  
 The strangest things to say and  
     do.'

And here the controversy closed  
 Abruptly, ere 't was well begun;  
 For the Sicilian interposed  
 With, 'Lordlings, listen, every one  
 That listen may, unto a tale  
 That's merrier than the nightin-  
     gale;  
 A tale that cannot boast, forsooth,  
 A single rag or shred of truth;  
 That does not leave the mind in  
     doubt  
 As to the with it or without;  
 A naked falsehood and absurd  
 As mortal ever told or heard.  
 Therefore I tell it; or, maybe,  
 Simply because it pleases me.'

## THE SICILIAN'S TALE

### THE MONK OF CASAL-MAGGIORE

ONCE on a time, some centuries  
     ago,  
 In the hot sunshine two Francis-  
     can friars  
 Wended their weary way, with  
     footsteps slow,  
 Back to their convent, whose  
     white walls and spires

Gleamed on the hillside like a  
     patch of snow;  
 Covered with dust they were, and  
     torn by briers,  
 And bore like sumpter-mules upon  
     their backs  
 The badge of poverty, their beg-  
     gar's sacks.

The first was Brother Anthony, a  
     spare  
 And silent man, with pallid  
     cheeks and thin, <sup>10</sup>  
 Much given to vigils, penance,  
     fasting, prayer,  
 Solemn and gray, and worn with  
     discipline,  
 As if his body but white ashes  
     were,  
 Heaped on the living coals that  
     glowed within;  
 A simple monk, like many of his  
     day,  
 Whose instinct was to listen and  
     obey.

A different man was Brother Tim-  
     othy,  
 Of larger mould and of a coarser  
     paste;  
 A rubicund and stalwart monk  
     was he,  
 Broad in the shoulders, broader  
     in the waist, <sup>20</sup>  
 Who often filled the dull refec-  
     tory  
 With noise by which the convent  
     was disgraced,  
 But to the mass-book gave but  
     little heed,  
 By reason he had never learned to  
     read.

Now, as they passed the outskirts  
     of a wood,  
 They saw, with mingled pleasure  
     and surprise,  
 Fast tethered to a tree an ass, that  
     stood  
 Lazily winking his large, limpid  
     eyes.

The farmer Gilbert, of that neighborhood,  
 His owner was, who, looking for supplies 30  
 Of fagots, deeper in the wood had strayed,  
 Leaving his beast to ponder in the shade.

As soon as Brother Timothy espied  
 The patient animal, he said:  
 'Good-lack!  
 Thus for our needs doth Providence provide;  
 We'll lay our wallets on the creature's back.'  
 This being done, he leisurely untied  
 From head and neck the halter of the jack,  
 And put it round his own, and to the tree  
 Stood tethered fast as if the ass were he. 40

And, bursting forth into a merry laugh,  
 He cried to Brother Anthony:  
 'Away!  
 And drive the ass before you with your staff;  
 And when you reach the convent you may say  
 You left me at a farm, half tired and half  
 Ill with a fever, for a night and day,  
 And that the farmer lent this ass to bear  
 Our wallets, that are heavy with good fare.'

Now Brother Anthony, who knew the pranks  
 Of Brother Timothy, would not persuade 50  
 Or reason with him on his quirks and cranks,  
 But, being obedient, silently obeyed;

And, smiting with his staff the ass's flanks,  
 Drove him before him over hill and glade,  
 Safe with his provend to the convent gate,  
 Leaving poor Brother Timothy to his fate.

Then Gilbert, laden with fagots for his fire,  
 Forth issued from the wood, and stood aghast  
 To see the ponderous body of the friar  
 Standing where he had left his donkey last. 60  
 Trembling he stood, and dared not venture nigher,  
 But stared, and gaped, and crossed himself full fast;  
 For, being credulous and of little wit,  
 He thought it was some demon from the pit.

While speechless and bewildered thus he gazed,  
 And dropped his load of fagots on the ground,  
 Quoth Brother Timothy: 'Be not amazed  
 That where you left a donkey should be found  
 A poor Franciscan friar, half-starved and crazed,  
 Standing demure and with a halter bound: 70  
 But set me free, and hear the pitous story  
 Of Brother Timothy of Casal-Maggiore.

'I am a sinful man, although you see  
 I wear the consecrated cowl and cape;  
 You never owned an ass, but you owned me,  
 Changed and transformed from my own natural shape



All for the deadly sin of gluttony,  
 From which I could not other-  
 wise escape,  
 Than by this penance, dieting on  
 grass,  
 And being worked and beaten as  
 an ass. 80

'Think of the ignominy I endured;  
 Think of the miserable life I  
 led,  
 The toil and blows to which I was  
 inured,  
 My wretched lodging in a windy  
 shed,  
 My scanty fare so grudgingly pro-  
 cured,  
 The damp and musty straw that  
 formed my bed!  
 But, having done this penance for  
 my sins,  
 My life as man and monk again  
 begins.'

The simple Gilbert, hearing words  
 like these,  
 Was conscience-stricken, and  
 fell down apace 90  
 Before the friar upon his bended  
 knees,  
 And with a suppliant voice im-  
 plored his grace;  
 And the good monk, now very  
 much at ease,  
 Granted him pardon with a  
 smiling face,  
 Nor could refuse to be that night  
 his guest,  
 It being late, and he in need of  
 rest.

Upon a hillside, where the olive  
 thrives,  
 With figures painted on its  
 whitewashed walls,  
 The cottage stood; and near the  
 humming hives  
 Made murmurs as of far-off  
 waterfalls; 100  
 A place where those who love se-  
 cluded lives

Might live content, and, free  
 from noise and brawls,  
 Like Claudian's Old Man of Verona  
 here  
 Measure by fruits the slow-revolv-  
 ing year.

And, coming to this cottage of con-  
 tent,  
 They found his children, and the  
 buxom wench  
 His wife, Dame Cicely, and his  
 father, bent  
 With years and labor, seated on  
 a bench,  
 Repeating over some obscure  
 event  
 In the old wars of Milanese and  
 French; 110  
 All welcomed the Franciscan, with  
 a sense  
 Of sacred awe and humble rever-  
 ence.

When Gilbert told them what had  
 come to pass,  
 How beyond question, cavil, or  
 surmise,  
 Good Brother Timothy had been  
 their ass,  
 You should have seen the won-  
 der in their eyes;  
 You should have heard them cry  
 'Alas! alas!'  
 Have heard their lamentations  
 and their sighs!  
 For all believed the story, and be-  
 gan 119  
 To see a saint in this afflicted man.

Forthwith there was prepared a  
 grand repast,  
 To satisfy the craving of the  
 friar  
 After so rigid and prolonged a fast;  
 The bustling housewife stirred  
 the kitchen fire;  
 Then her two barn-yard fowls, her  
 best and last,  
 Were put to death, at her ex-  
 press desire,

And served up with a salad in a  
bowl,  
And flasks of country wine to  
crown the whole.

It would not be believed should I  
repeat

How hungry Brother Timothy  
appeared; 130

It was a pleasure but to see him eat,  
His white teeth flashing through  
his russet beard,

His face aglow and flushed with  
wine and meat,

His roguish eyes that rolled and  
laughed and leered!

Lord! how he drank the blood-red  
country wine

As if the village vintage were  
divine!

And all the while he talked with-  
out surcease,

And told his merry tales with  
jovial glee

That never flagged, but rather did  
increase,

And laughed aloud as if insane  
were he, 140

And wagged his red beard, matted  
like a fleece,

And cast such glances at Dame  
Cicely

That Gilbert now grew angry with  
his guest,

And thus in words his rising wrath  
expressed.

'Good father,' said he, 'easily we  
see

How needful in some persons,  
and how right,

Mortification of the flesh may be.  
The indulgence you have given  
it to-night,

After long penance, clearly proves  
to me

Your strength against tempta-  
tion is but slight, 150

And shows the dreadful peril you  
are in

Of a relapse into your deadly sin.

'To-morrow morning, with the ris-  
ing sun,

Go back unto your convent, nor  
refrain

From fasting and from scourging,  
for you run

Great danger to become an ass  
again,

Since monkish flesh and asinine  
are one;

Therefore be wise, nor longer  
here remain,

Unless you wish the scourge  
should be applied

By other hands, that will not spare  
your hide.' 160

When this the monk had heard,  
his color fled

And then returned, like lightning  
in the air,

Till he was all one blush from foot  
to head,

And even the bald spot in his  
russet hair

Turned from its usual pallor to  
bright red!

The old man was asleep upon  
his chair.

Then all retired, and sank into the  
deep

And helpless imbecility of sleep.

They slept until the dawn of day  
drew near,

Till the cock should have crowed,  
but did not crow, 170

For they had slain the shining  
chanticler

And eaten him for supper, as  
you know.

The monk was up betimes and of  
good cheer,

And, having breakfasted, made  
haste to go,

As if he heard the distant matin  
bell,

And had but little time to say fare-  
well.

Fresh was the morning as the  
breath of kine ;

Odors of herbs commingled with  
the sweet

Balsamic exhalations of the pine ;  
A haze was in the air presaging  
heat ; 180

Uprose the sun above the Apen-  
nine,

And all the misty valleys at its  
feet

Were full of the delirious song of  
birds,

Voices of men, and bells, and low  
of herds.

All this to Brother Timothy was  
naught ;

He did not care for scenery, nor  
here

His busy fancy found the thing it  
sought ;

But when he saw the convent  
walls appear,

And smoke from kitchen chimneys  
upward caught

And whirled aloft into the atmo-  
sphere, 190

He quickened his slow footsteps,  
like a beast

That scents the stable a league off  
at least.

And as he entered through the  
convent gate

He saw there in the court the  
ass, who stood

Twirling his ears about, and  
seemed to wait,

Just as he found him waiting in  
the wood ;

And told the Prior that, to allevi-  
ate

The daily labors of the brother-  
hood,

The owner, being a man of means  
and thrift,

Bestowed him on the convent as a  
gift. 200

And thereupon the Prior for many  
days

Revolved this serious matter in  
his mind,

And turned it over many different  
ways,

Hoping that some safe issue he  
might find ;

But stood in fear of what the  
world would say,

If he accepted presents of this  
kind,

Employing beasts of burden for  
the packs

That lazy monks should carry on  
their backs.

Then, to avoid all scandal of the  
sort,

And stop the mouth of cavil, he  
decreed 210

That he would cut the tedious  
matter short,

And sell the ass with all con-  
venient speed,

Thus saving the expense of his  
support,

And hoarding something for a  
time of need.

So he despatched him to the neigh-  
boring Fair,

And freed himself from cumber  
and from care.

It happened now by chance, as  
some might say,

Others perhaps would call it  
destiny,

Gilbert was at the Fair ; and heard  
a bray,

And nearer came and saw that  
it was he, 220

And whispered in his ear, ' Ah,  
lackaday !

Good father, the rebellious flesh,  
I see,

Has changed you back into an ass  
again,

And all my admonitions were in  
vain.'

The ass, who felt this breathing  
 in his ear,  
 Did not turn round to look, but  
 shook his head,  
 As if he were not pleased these  
 words to hear,  
 And contradicted all that had  
 been said.  
 And this made Gilbert cry in voice  
 more clear,  
 'I know you well; your hair is  
 russet-red; 230  
 Do not deny it; for you are the  
 same  
 Franciscan friar, and Timothy by  
 name.'

The ass, though now the secret  
 had come out,  
 Was obstinate, and shook his  
 head again;  
 Until a crowd was gathered round  
 about  
 To hear this dialogue between  
 the twain:  
 And raised their voices in a noisy  
 shout  
 When Gilbert tried to make the  
 matter plain,  
 And flouted him and mocked him  
 all day long  
 With laughter and with jibes and  
 scraps of song. 240

'If this be Brother Timothy,' they  
 cried,  
 'Buy him, and feed him on the  
 tenderest grass;  
 Thou canst not do too much for  
 one so tried  
 As to be twice transformed into  
 an ass.'  
 So simple Gilbert bought him, and  
 untied  
 His halter, and o'er mountain  
 and morass  
 He led him homeward, talking as  
 he went  
 Of good behavior and a mind con-  
 tent.

The children saw them coming,  
 and advanced,  
 Shouting with joy, and hung  
 about his neck, — 250  
 Not Gilbert's, but the ass's, —  
 round him danced,  
 And wove green garlands where-  
 withal to deck  
 His sacred person; for again it  
 chanced  
 Their childish feelings, without  
 rein or check,  
 Could not discriminate in any  
 way  
 A donkey from a friar of Orders  
 Gray.

'O Brother Timothy,' the children  
 said,  
 'You have come back to us just  
 as before;  
 We were afraid, and thought that  
 you were dead,  
 And we should never see you  
 any more.' 260  
 And then they kissed the white  
 star on his head,  
 That like a birth-mark or a badge  
 he wore,  
 And patted him upon the neck  
 and face,  
 And said a thousand things with  
 childish grace.

Thenceforward and forever he  
 was known  
 As Brother Timothy, and led  
 away  
 A life of luxury, till he had grown  
 Ungrateful, being stuffed with  
 corn and hay,  
 And very vicious. Then in angry  
 tone,  
 Rousing himself, poor Gilbert  
 said one day, 270  
 'When simple kindness is mis-  
 understood  
 A little flagellation may do good.'

His many vices need not here be  
told ;

Among them was a habit that he  
had

Of flinging up his heels at young  
and old,

Breaking his halter, running off  
like mad

O'er pasture-lands and meadow,  
wood and wold,

And other misdemeanors quite  
as bad ;

But worst of all was breaking from  
his shed

At night, and ravaging the cab-  
bage-bed. 280

So Brother Timothy went back  
once more

To his old life of labor and dis-  
tress ;

Was beaten worse than he had  
been before ;

And now, instead of comfort and  
caress,

Came labors manifold and trials  
sore ;

And as his toils increased his  
food grew less,

Until at last the great consoler,  
Death,

Ended his many sufferings with  
his breath.

Great was the lamentation when  
he died ;

And mainly that he died impeni-  
tent ; 290

Dame Cicely bewailed, the chil-  
dren cried,

The old man still remembered  
the event

In the French war, and Gilbert  
magnified

His many virtues, as he came  
and went,

And said : ' Heaven pardon Bro-  
ther Timothy,

And keep us from the sin of glut-  
tony.'

## INTERLUDE

' SIGNOR LUIGI,' said the Jew,  
When the Sicilian's tale was told,  
' The were-wolf is a legend old,  
But the were-ass is something new,  
And yet for one I think it true.  
The days of wonder have not  
ceased ;

If there are beasts in forms of  
men,

As sure it happens now and then,  
Why may not man become a beast,  
In way of punishment at least ?

' But this I will not now discuss ;  
I leave the theme, that we may  
thus

Remain within the realm of song.  
The story that I told before,  
Though not acceptable to all,  
At least you did not find too long.  
I beg you, let me try again,  
With something in a different vein,  
Before you bid the curtain fall.  
Meanwhile keep watch upon the  
door,

Nor let the Landlord leave his  
chair,

Lest he should vanish into air,  
And so elude our search once  
more.'

Thus saying, from his lips he blew  
A little cloud of perfumed breath,  
And then, as if it were a clew  
To lead his footsteps safely  
through,  
Began his tale as followeth.

## THE SPANISH JEW'S SECOND TALE

### SCANDERBEG

THE battle is fought and won  
By King Ladislaus, the Hun,  
In fire of hell and death's frost,  
On the day of Pentecost.  
And in rout before his path



From the field of battle red  
Flee all that are not dead  
Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night  
Iskander, the pride and boast 10  
Of that mighty Othman host,  
With his routed Turks, takes flight  
From the battle fought and lost  
On the day of Pentecost;  
Leaving behind him dead  
The army of Amurath,  
The vanguard as it led,  
The rearguard as it fled,  
Mown down in the bloody swath  
Of the battle's aftermath. 20

But he cared not for Hospodars,  
Nor for Baron or Voivode,  
As on through the night he rode  
And gazed at the fateful stars,  
That were shining overhead;  
But smote his steed with his staff,  
And smiled to himself, and said:  
'This is the time to laugh.'

In the middle of the night,  
In a halt of the hurrying flight, 30  
There came a Scribe of the King  
Wearing his signet ring,  
And said in a voice severe:  
'This is the first dark blot  
On thy name, George Castriot!  
Alas! why art thou here,  
And the army of Amurath slain,  
And left on the battle plain?'

And Iskander answered and said:  
'They lie on the bloody sod 40  
By the hoofs of horses trod;  
But this was the decree  
Of the watchers overhead;  
For the war belongeth to God,  
And in battle who are we,  
Who are we, that shall withstand  
The wind of his lifted hand?'

Then he bade them bind with  
chains  
This man of books and brains;  
And the Scribe said: 'What mis-  
deed 50

Have I done, that, without need,  
Thou doest to me this thing?'  
And Iskander answering  
Said unto him: 'Not one  
Misdeed to me hast thou done;  
But for fear that thou shouldst  
run  
And hide thyself from me,  
Have I done this unto thee.

'Now write me a writing, O Scribe,  
And a blessing be on thy tribe! 60  
A writing sealed with thy ring,  
To King Amurath's Pasha  
In the city of Croia,  
The city moated and walled,  
That he surrender the same  
In the name of my master, the  
King;  
For what is writ in his name  
Can never be recalled.'

And the Scribe bowed low in  
dread,  
And unto Iskander said: 70  
'Allah is great and just,  
But we are as ashes and dust;  
How shall I do this thing,  
When I know that my guilty head  
Will be forfeit to the King?'

Then swift as a shooting star  
The curved and shining blade  
Of Iskander's scimeter  
From its sheath, with jewels  
bright, 79  
Shot, as he thundered: 'Write!'  
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,  
And wrote in the fitful glare  
Of the bivouac fire apart,  
With the chill of the midnight air  
On his forehead white and bare,  
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried:  
'Now follow whither I ride,  
For here thou must not stay.  
Thou shalt be as my dearest  
friend, 90  
And honors without end  
Shall surround thee on every side,  
And attend thee night and day.'

But the sullen Scribe replied :  
 ' Our pathways here divide ;  
 Mine leadeth not thy way.'

And even as he spoke  
 Fell a sudden scimitar stroke,  
 When no one else was near ;  
 And the Scribe sank to the  
 ground, 100

As a stone, pushed from the brink  
 Of a black pool, might sink  
 With a sob and disappear ;  
 And no one saw the deed ;  
 And in the stillness around  
 No sound was heard but the sound  
 Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,  
 As forward he sprang with a  
 bound.

Then onward he rode and afar,  
 With scarce three hundred  
 men, 110

Through river and forest and fen,  
 O'er the mountains of Argentar ;  
 And his heart was merry within,  
 When he crossed the river Drin,  
 And saw in the gleam of the morn  
 The White Castle Ak-Hissar,  
 The city Croia called,  
 The city moated and walled,  
 The city where he was born, —  
 And above it the morning star. 120

Then his trumpeters in the van  
 On their silver bugles blew,  
 And in crowds about him ran  
 Albanian and Turkoman,  
 That the sound together drew.  
 And he feasted with his friends,  
 And when they were warm with  
 wine,

He said : ' O friends of mine,  
 Behold what fortune sends,  
 And what the fates design ! 130  
 King Amurath commands  
 That my father's wide domain,  
 This city and all its lands,  
 Shall be given to me again.'

Then to the Castle White  
 He rode in regal state,

And entered in at the gate  
 In all his arms bedight,  
 And gave to the Pasha  
 Who ruled in Croia 140  
 The writing of the King,  
 Sealed with his signet ring.  
 And the Pasha bowed his head,  
 And after a silence said :  
 ' Allah is just and great !  
 I yield to the will divine,  
 The city and lands are thine ;  
 Who shall contend with fate ?'

Anon from the castle walls  
 The crescent banner falls, 150  
 And the crowd beholds instead,  
 Like a portent in the sky,  
 Iskander's banner fly,  
 The Black Eagle with double  
 head ;

And a shout ascends on high,  
 For men's souls are tired of the  
 Turks,

And their wicked ways and works,  
 That have made of Ak-Hissar  
 A city of the plague ;  
 And the loud, exultant cry 160  
 That echoes wide and far  
 Is : ' Long live Scanderbeg !'

It was thus Iskander came  
 Once more unto his own ;  
 And the tidings, like the flame  
 Of a conflagration blown  
 By the winds of summer, ran,  
 Till the land was in a blaze,  
 And the cities far and near,  
 Sayeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir, 170  
 In his Book of the Words of the  
 Days,

' Were taken as a man  
 Would take the tip of his ear.'

## INTERLUDE

' Now that is after my own heart,'  
 The Poet cried ; ' one understands  
 Your swarthy hero Scanderbeg,  
 Gauntlet on hand and boot on leg,  
 And skilled in every warlike art,  
 Riding through his Albanian lands,

And following the auspicious star  
That shone for him o'er Ak-Hissar.'

The Theologian added here  
His word of praise not less sincere,

Although he ended with a jibe;  
'The hero of romance and song  
Was born,' he said, 'to right the  
wrong;

And I approve; but all the same  
That bit of treason with the Scribe  
Adds nothing to your hero's fame.'

The Student praised the good old  
times,  
And liked the canter of the  
rhymes,

That had a hoofbeat in their  
sound;

But longed some further word to  
hear

Of the old chronicler Ben Meir,  
And where his volume might be  
found.

The tall Musician walked the  
room

With folded arms and gleaming  
eyes,

As if he saw the Vikings rise,  
Gigantic shadows in the gloom;  
And much he talked of their em-  
prise

And meteors seen in Northern  
skies,

And Heimdal's horn, and day of  
doom.

But the Sicilian laughed again;  
'This is the time to laugh,' he said,  
For the whole story he well knew  
Was an invention of the Jew,  
Spun from the cobwebs in his  
brain,

And of the same bright scarlet  
thread

As was the Tale of Kambalu.

Only the Landlord spake no word;  
'T was doubtful whether he had  
heard

The tale at all, so full of care  
Was he of his impending fate,  
That, like the sword of Damoc-  
cles,

Above his head hung blank and  
bare,

Suspended by a single hair,  
So that he could not sit at ease,  
But sighed and looked disconso-  
late,

And shifted restless in his chair,  
Revolving how he might evade  
The blow of the descending blade.

The Student came to his relief  
By saying in his easy way  
To the Musician: 'Calm your  
grief,

My fair Apollo of the North,  
Balder the Beautiful and so forth;  
Although your magic lyre or lute  
With broken strings is lying mute  
Still you can tell some doleful  
tale,

Of shipwreck in a midnight gale,  
Or something of the kind to suit  
The mood that we are in to-night  
For what is marvellous and  
strange;

So give your nimble fancy range,  
And we will follow in its flight.'

But the Musician shook his head;  
'No tale I tell to-night,' he said,  
'While my poor instrument lies  
there,

Even as a child with vacant stare  
Lies in its little coffin dead.'

Yet, being urged, he said at last:  
'There comes to me out of the  
Past

A voice, whose tones are sweet  
and wild,

Singing a song almost divine,  
And with a tear in every line;  
An ancient ballad, that my nurse  
Sang to me when I was a child,  
In accents tender as the verse;  
And sometimes wept, and some-  
times smiled

While singing it, to see arise  
The look of wonder in my eyes,  
And feel my heart with terror  
beat.

This simple ballad I retain  
Clearly imprinted on my brain,  
And as a tale will now repeat.'

## THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

## THE MOTHER'S GHOST

SVEND DYRING he rideth adown  
the glade ;

*I myself was young !*

There he hath wooed him so win-  
some a maid ;

*Fair words gladden so many  
a heart.*

Together were they for seven  
years,  
And together children six were  
theirs.

Then came Death abroad through  
the land,  
And blighted the beautiful lily-  
wand.

Svend Dyring he rideth adown the  
glade,  
And again hath he wooed him  
another maid. 10

He hath wooed him a maid and  
brought home a bride,  
But she was bitter and full of  
pride.

When she came driving into the  
yard,  
There stood the six children weep-  
ing so hard.

There stood the small children  
with sorrowful heart ;  
From before her feet she thrust  
them apart.

She gave to them neither ale nor  
bread ;  
'Ye shall suffer hunger and hate,'  
she said.

She took from them their quilts of  
blue,  
And said: 'Ye shall lie on the  
straw we strew.' 20

She took from them the great wax-  
light:  
'Now ye shall lie in the dark at  
night.'

In the evening late they cried with  
cold ;  
The mother heard it under the  
mould.

The woman heard it the earth be-  
low :  
'To my little children I must  
go.'

She standeth before the Lord of  
all:  
'And may I go to my children  
small?'

She prayed him so long, and would  
not cease,  
Until he bade her depart in peace.

'At cock-crow thou shalt return  
again ; 31  
Longer thou shalt not there re-  
main!'

She girded up her sorrowful bones,  
And rifted the walls and the mar-  
ble stones.

As through the village she flitted  
by,  
The watch-dogs howled aloud to  
the sky.

When she came to the castle gate,  
There stood her eldest daughter  
in wait.

'Why standest thou here, dear  
daughter mine?  
How fares it with brothers and  
sisters thine?' 40

'Never art thou mother of mine,  
For my mother was both fair and  
fine.

'My mother was white, with cheeks  
of red,  
But thou art pale, and like to the  
dead.'

'How should I be fair and fine?  
I have been dead; pale cheeks are  
mine.

'How should I be white and  
red,  
So long, so long have I been  
dead?'

When she came in at the chamber  
door,  
There stood the small children  
weeping sore. 50

One she braided, another she  
brushed,  
The third she lifted, the fourth she  
hushed.

The fifth she took on her lap and  
pressed,  
As if she would suckle it at her  
breast.

Then to her eldest daughter said  
she,  
'Do thou bid Svend Dyring come  
hither to me.'

Into the chamber when he came  
She spake to him in anger and  
shame.

'I left behind me both ale and  
bread;  
My children hunger and are not  
fed. 60

'I left behind me quilts of blue;  
My children lie on the straw ye  
strew.

'I left behind me the great wax-  
light;  
My children lie in the dark at  
night.

'If I come again unto your hall,  
As cruel a fate shall you befall!

'Now crows the cock with fea-  
thers red;  
Back to the earth must all the  
dead.

'Now crows the cock with feathers  
swart;  
The gates of heaven fly wide apart.

'Now crows the cock with feathers  
white; 71  
I can abide no longer to-night.'

Whenever they heard the watch-  
dogs wail,  
They gave the children bread and  
ale.

Whenever they heard the watch-  
dogs bay,  
They feared lest the dead were on  
their way.

Whenever they heard the watch-  
dogs bark,  
*I myself was young!*  
They feared the dead out there in  
the dark.  
*Fair words gladden so many  
a heart. 80*

## INTERLUDE

TOUCHED by the pathos of these  
rhymes,  
The Theologian said: 'All praise  
Be to the ballads of old times  
And to the bards of simple ways,



Who walked with Nature hand in hand,  
Whose country was their Holy Land,  
Whose singing robes were home-spun brown  
From looms of their own native town,  
Which they were not ashamed to wear,  
And not of silk or sendal gay,  
Nor decked with fanciful array  
Of cockle-shells from Outre-Mer.'

To whom the Student answered;  
'Yes;  
All praise and honor! I confess  
That bread and ale, home-baked,  
home-brewed,  
Are wholesome and nutritious food,  
But not enough for all our needs;  
Poets — the best of them — are birds  
Of passage; where their instinct leads  
They range abroad for thoughts and words,  
And from all climes bring home the seeds  
That germinate in flowers or weeds.  
They are not fowls in barnyards born  
To cackle o'er a grain of corn;  
And if you shut the horizon down  
To the small limits of their town,  
What do you but degrade your bard  
Till he at last becomes as one  
Who thinks the all-encircling sun  
Rises and sets in his back yard?'

The Theologian said again:  
It may be so; yet I maintain  
That what is native still is best,  
And little care I for the rest.  
'T is a long story; time would fail  
To tell it, and the hour is late;  
We will not waste it in debate,  
But listen to our Landlord's tale.'

And thus the sword of Damocles  
Descending not by slow degrees,  
But suddenly, on the Landlord fell,  
Who blushing, and with much demur  
And many vain apologies,  
Plucking up heart, began to tell  
The Rhyme of one Sir Christopher.

## THE LANDLORD'S TALE

## THE RHYME OF SIR CHRISTOPHER

It was Sir Christopher Gardiner,  
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,  
From Merry England over the sea,  
Who stepped upon this continent  
As if his august presence lent  
A glory to the colony.

You should have seen him in the street  
Of the little Boston of Winthrop's time,  
His rapier dangling at his feet,  
Doublet and hose and boots complete,  
Prince Rupert hat with ostrich plume,  
Gloves that exhaled a faint perfume,  
Luxuriant curls and air sublime,  
And superior manners now obsolete!

He had a way of saying things  
That made one think of courts and kings,  
And lords and ladies of high degree;  
So that not having been at court  
Seemed something very little short  
Of treason or lese-majesty,  
Such an accomplished knight was he.

His dwelling was just beyond the town,  
At what he called his country-seat;

For, careless of Fortune's smile or  
frown,  
And weary grown of the world and  
its ways,  
He wished to pass the rest of his  
days  
In a private life and a calm re-  
treat.

But a double life was the life he  
led,  
And, while professing to be in  
search  
Of a godly course, and willing, he  
said, <sup>30</sup>  
Nay, anxious to join the Puritan  
church,  
He made of all this but small ac-  
count,  
And passed his idle hours in-  
stead  
With roystering Morton of Merry  
Mount,  
That pettifogger from Furnival's  
Inn,  
Lord of misrule and riot and sin,  
Who looked on the wine when it  
was red.

This country-seat was little more  
Than a cabin of logs; but in front  
of the door  
A modest flower-bed thickly sown  
With sweet alyssum and colum-  
bine <sup>41</sup>  
Made those who saw it at once  
divine  
The touch of some other hand  
than his own.  
And first it was whispered, and  
then it was known,  
That he in secret was harboring  
there  
A little lady with golden hair,  
Whom he called his cousin, but  
whom he had wed  
In the Italian manner, as men  
said,  
And great was the scandal every  
where.

But worse than this was the vague  
surmise, <sup>50</sup>  
Though none could vouch for it or  
aver,  
That the Knight of the Holy Sepul-  
chre  
Was only a Papist in disguise;  
And the more to imbitter their bit-  
ter lives,  
And the more to trouble the pub-  
lic mind,  
Came letters from England, from  
two other wives,  
Whom he had carelessly left be-  
hind;  
Both of them letters of such a  
kind  
As made the governor hold his  
breath;  
The one imploring him straight to  
send <sup>60</sup>  
The husband home, that he might  
amend;  
The other asking his instant  
death,  
As the only way to make an end.

The wary governor deemed it  
right,  
When all this wickedness was re-  
vealed,  
To send his warrant signed and  
sealed,  
And take the body of the knight.  
Armed with this mighty instru-  
ment,  
The marshal, mounting his gallant  
steed,  
Rode forth from town at the top  
of his speed, <sup>70</sup>  
And followed by all his bailiffs  
bold,  
As if on high achievement bent,  
To storm some castle or strong-  
hold,  
Challenge the warders on the  
wall,  
And seize in his ancestral hall  
A robber-baron grim and old.

But when through all the dust and  
heat

He came to Sir Christopher's coun-  
try-seat,

No knight he found, nor warder  
there,

But the little lady with golden  
hair, 80

Who was gathering in the bright  
sunshine

The sweet alyssum and columbine;  
While gallant Sir Christopher, all

so gay,

Being forewarned, through the  
postern gate

Of his castle wall had tripped  
away,

And was keeping a little holiday  
In the forests, that bounded his  
estate.

Then as a trusty squire and true  
The marshal searched the castle  
through,

Not crediting what the lady said;  
Searched from cellar to garret in  
vain, 91

And, finding no knight, came out  
again

And arrested the golden damsel  
instead,

And bore her in triumph into the  
town,

While from her eyes the tears  
rolled down

On the sweet alyssum and colum-  
bine,

That she held in her fingers white  
and fine.

The governor's heart was moved  
to see

So fair a creature caught within 99  
The snares of Satan and of sin,

And he read her a little homily  
On the folly and wickedness of  
the lives

Of women half cousins and half  
wives;

But, seeing that naught his words  
availed,

He sent her away in a ship that  
sailed

For Merry England over the sea,  
To the other two wives in the old

coun-tree,

To search her further, since he  
had failed

To come at the heart of the mys-  
tery.

Meanwhile Sir Christopher wan-  
dered away 110

Through pathless woods for a  
month and a day,

Shooting pigeons, and sleeping at  
night

With the noble savage, who took  
delight

In his feathered hat and his velvet  
vest,

His gun and his rapier and the rest.  
But as soon as the noble savage

heard

That a bounty was offered for this  
gay bird,

He wanted to slay him out of  
hand,

And bring in his beautiful scalp  
for a show,

Like the glossy head of a kite or  
crow, 120

Until he was made to understand  
They wanted the bird alive, not

dead;

Then he followed him whitherso-  
ever he fled,

Through forest and field, and  
hunted him down,

And brought him prisoner into the  
town.

Alas! it was a rueful sight,  
To see this melancholy knight

In such a dismal and hapless  
case;

His hat deformed by stain and  
dent,

His plumage broken, his doublet  
rent, 130

His beard and flowing locks for-  
lorn,

Matted, dishevelled, and unshorn,  
His boots with dust and mire besprent;

But dignified in his disgrace,  
And wearing an unblushing face.  
And thus before the magistrate  
He stood to hear the doom of fate.

In vain he strove with wonted ease

To modify and extenuate  
His evil deeds in church and state,  
For gone was now his power to please; 141

And his pompous words had no more weight

Than feathers flying in the breeze.

With suavity equal to his own  
The governor lent a patient ear  
To the speech evasive and high-flown,

In which he endeavored to make clear

That colonial laws were too severe

When applied to a gallant cavalier,

A gentleman born, and so well known, 150

And accustomed to move in a higher sphere.

All this the Puritan governor heard,

And deigned in answer never a word;

But in summary manner shipped away,

In a vessel that sailed from Salem Bay,

This splendid and famous cavalier,

With his Rupert hat and his popery,

To Merry England over the sea,  
As being unmeet to inhabit here.

Thus endeth the Rhyme of Sir Christopher, 160  
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,

The first who furnished this barren land

With apples of Sodom and ropes of sand.

## FINALE

THESE are the tales those merry guests

Told to each other, well or ill;  
Like summer birds that lift their crests

Above the borders of their nests  
And twitter, and again are still.

These are the tales, or new or old,  
In idle moments idly told;

Flowers of the field with petals thin,

Lilies that neither toil nor spin,  
And tufts of wayside weeds and gorse

Hung in the parlor of the inn  
Beneath the sign of the Red Horse.

And still, reluctant to retire,  
The friends sat talking by the fire  
And watched the smouldering embers burn

To ashes, and flash up again  
Into a momentary glow,  
Lingering like them when forced to go,

And going when they would remain;

For on the morrow they must turn  
Their faces homeward, and the pain

Of parting touched with its unrest  
A tender nerve in every breast.

But sleep at last the victory won;  
They must be stirring with the sun,

And drowsily good night they said,

And went still gossiping to bed,  
And left the parlor wrapped in gloom.

The only live thing in the room  
Was the old clock, that in its pace  
Kept time with the revolving  
spheres  
And constellations in their flight,  
And struck with its uplifted mace  
The dark, unconscious hours of  
night,  
To senseless and unlistening ears.

Uprose the sun; and every guest,  
Uprisen, was soon equipped and  
dressed  
For journeying home and city-  
ward;  
The old stage-coach was at the  
door,  
With horses harnessed, long be-  
fore  
The sunshine reached the with-  
ered sward  
Beneath the oaks, whose branches  
hoar  
Murmured: 'Farewell forever-  
more.'

'Farewell!' the portly Landlord  
cried;  
'Farewell!' the parting guests re-  
plied,  
But little thought that nevermore

Their feet would pass that thresh-  
old o'er;  
That nevermore together there  
Would they assemble, free from  
care,  
To hear the oaks' mysterious  
roar,  
And breathe the wholesome coun-  
try air.

Where are they now? What lands  
and skies  
Paint pictures in their friendly  
eyes?  
What hope deludes, what promise  
cheers,  
What pleasant voices fill their  
ears?  
Two are beyond the salt sea  
waves,  
And three already in their graves.  
Perchance the living still may  
look  
Into the pages of this book,  
And see the days of long ago  
Floating and fleeting to and fro,  
As in the well-remembered brook  
They saw the inverted landscape  
gleam,  
And their own faces like a dream  
Look up upon them from below.

## FLOWER-DE-LUCE

### FLOWER-DE-LUCE

BEAUTIFUL lily, dwelling by still  
rivers,  
Or solitary mere,  
Or where the sluggish meadow-  
brook delivers  
Its waters to the weir!

Thou laughest at the mill, the whirl  
and worry  
Of spindle and of loom,  
And the great wheel that toils  
amid the hurry  
And rushing of the flume.

Born in the purple, born to joy  
and pleasance,  
Thou dost not toil nor spin,  
But makest glad and radiant with  
thy presence  
The meadow and the lin.

The wind blows, and uplifts thy  
drooping banner,  
And round thee throng and  
run  
The rushes, the green yeomen of  
thy manor,  
The outlaws of the sun.



The burnished dragon-fly is thy  
attendant,  
And tilts against the field,  
And down the listed sunbeam rides  
resplendent  
With steel-blue mail and  
shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the  
fairest,  
Who, armed with golden rod  
And winged with the celestial  
azure, bearest  
The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from  
crowded cities  
Hauntest the sylvan streams,  
Playing on pipes of reed the artless  
ditties  
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let  
the river  
Linger to kiss thy feet!  
O flower of song, bloom on, and  
make forever  
The world more fair and sweet.

### PALINGENESIS

I LAY upon the headland-height,  
and listened  
To the incessant sobbing of the  
sea  
In caverns under me,  
And watched the waves, that  
tossed and fled and glistened,  
Until the rolling meadows of ame-  
thyst  
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep,  
I started;  
For round about me all the sunny  
capes  
Seemed peopled with the  
shapes  
Of those whom I had known in  
days departed,

10

Apparelled in the loveliness which  
gleams  
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and  
glory  
Faded away, and the disconsolate  
shore  
Stood lonely as before;  
And the wild-roses of the promon-  
tory  
Around me shuddered in the wind,  
and shed  
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the  
embers  
Of all things their primordial form  
exists,  
And cunning alchemists  
Could re-create the rose with all its  
members  
From its own ashes, but without  
the bloom,  
Without the lost perfume.

Ah me! what wonder-working, oc-  
cult science  
Can from the ashes in our hearts  
once more  
The rose of youth restore?  
What craft of alchemy can bid de-  
fiance  
To time and change, and for a sin-  
gle hour  
Renew this phantom-flower?

30

'Oh, give me back,' I cried, 'the  
vanished splendors,  
The breath of morn, and the exult-  
ant strife,  
When the swift stream of life  
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and  
surrenders  
The pond, with all its lilies, for the  
leap  
Into the unknown deep!'

And the sea answered, with a lam-  
entation,  
Like some old prophet wailing, and  
it said,

'Alas! thy youth is dead!  
It breathes no more, its heart has  
no pulsation; 40  
In the dark places with the dead  
of old  
It lies forever cold!'

Then said I, 'From its consecrated  
cerements  
I will not drag this sacred dust  
again,  
Only to give me pain;  
But, still remembering all the lost  
endearments,  
Go on my way, like one who looks  
before,  
And turns to weep no more.'

Into what land of harvests, what  
plantations  
Bright with autumnal foliage and  
the glow 50  
Of sunsets burning low;  
Beneath what midnight skies,  
whose constellations  
Light up the spacious avenues be-  
tween  
This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and  
caresses,  
What households, though not alien,  
yet not mine,  
What bowers of rest divine;  
To what temptations in lone wil-  
dernesses,  
What famine of the heart, what  
pain and loss,  
The bearing of what cross! 60

I do not know; nor will I vainly  
question  
Those pages of the mystic book  
which hold  
The story still untold,  
But without rash conjecture or  
suggestion  
Turn its last leaves in reverence  
and good heed,  
Until 'The End' I read.

## THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD

BURN, O evening hearth, and  
waken  
Pleasant visions, as of old!  
Though the house by winds be  
shaken,  
Safe I keep this room of gold!

Ah, no longer wizard Fancy  
Builds her castles in the air,  
Luring me by necromancy  
Up the never-ending stair!

But, instead, she builds me bridges  
Over many a dark ravine,  
Where beneath the gusty ridges  
Cataracts dash and roar unseen.

And I cross them, little heeding  
Blast of wind or torrent's roar,  
As I follow the receding  
Footsteps that have gone before.

Naught avails the imploring ges-  
ture,  
Naught avails the cry of pain!  
When I touch the flying vesture,  
'T is the gray robe of the rain.

Baffled I return, and, leaning  
O'er the parapets of cloud,  
Watch the mist that intervening  
Wraps the valley in its shroud.

And the sounds of life ascending  
Faintly, vaguely, meet the ear,  
Murmur of bells and voices blend-  
ing  
With the rush of waters near.

Well I know what there lies hidden,  
Every tower and town and farm,  
And again the land forbidden  
Reassumes its vanished charm.

Well I know the secret places,  
And the nests in hedge and tree;  
At what doors are friendly faces,  
In what hearts are thoughts of  
me.

Through the mist and darkness  
sinking,  
Blown by wind and beaten by  
shower,  
Down I fling the thought I'm  
thinking,  
Down I toss this Alpine flower.

### HAWTHORNE

MAY 23, 1864

How beautiful it was, that one  
bright day  
In the long week of rain!  
Though all its splendor could not  
chase away  
The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with  
apple-blooms,  
And the great elms o'erhead  
Dark shadows wove on their aerial  
looms  
Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray  
old manse,  
The historic river flowed:  
I was as one who wanders in a  
trance,  
Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends  
seemed strange;  
Their voices I could hear,  
And yet the words they uttered  
seemed to change  
Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was  
not there,  
The one low voice was mute;  
Only an unseen presence filled the  
air,  
And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow,  
manse, and stream  
Dimly my thought defines;

I only see — a dream within a  
dream —  
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of  
rest  
Their tender undertone,  
The infinite longings of a troubled  
breast,  
The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote  
from men  
The wizard hand lies cold,  
Which at its topmost speed let fall  
the pen,  
And left the tale half told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of  
magic power,  
And the lost clew regain?  
The unfinished window in Alad-  
din's tower  
Unfinished must remain!

### CHRISTMAS BELLS

I HEARD the bells on Christmas  
Day  
Their old, familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to  
men!

And thought how, as the day had  
come,  
The belfries of all Christendom  
Had rolled along  
The unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to  
men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,  
The world revolved from night to  
day,  
A voice, a chime,  
A chant sublime  
Of peace on earth, good-will to  
men!

Then from each black, accursed  
mouth  
The cannon thundered in the  
South,  
And with the sound  
The carols drowned  
Of peace on earth, good-will to  
men!

It was as if an earthquake rent  
The hearth-stones of a continent,  
And made forlorn  
The households born  
Of peace on earth, good-will to  
men!

And in despair I bowed my head;  
'There is no peace on earth,' I  
said;  
'For hate is strong,  
And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to  
men!'

Then pealed the bells more loud  
and deep:  
'God is not dead; nor doth he  
sleep!  
The Wrong shall fail,  
The Right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good-will to  
men!'

### THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY

SEE, the fire is sinking low,  
Dusky red the embers glow,  
While above them still I cower,  
While a moment more I linger,  
Though the clock, with lifted fin-  
ger,  
Points beyond the midnight  
hour.

Sings the blackened log a tune  
Learned in some forgotten June  
From a school-boy at his play,  
When they both were young to-  
gether,

Heart of youth and summer  
weather  
Making all their holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark!  
How above there in the dark,  
In the midnight and the snow,  
Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,  
Like the trumpets of Iskander,  
All the noisy chimneys blow!

Every quivering tongue of flame  
Seems to murmur some great  
name,  
Seems to say to me, 'Aspire!'  
But the night-wind answers, 'Hol-  
low  
Are the visions that you follow,  
Into darkness sinks your fire!'

Then the flicker of the blaze  
Gleams on volumes of old days,  
Written by masters of the art,  
Loud through whose majestic  
pages  
Rolls the melody of ages,  
Throb the harp-strings of the  
heart.

And again the tongues of flame  
Start exulting and exclaim:  
'These are prophets, bards, and  
seers;  
In the horoscope of nations,  
Like ascendant constellations,  
They control the coming years.'

But the night-wind cries: 'De-  
spair!  
Those who walk with feet of  
air  
Leave no long-enduring marks;  
At God's forges incandescent  
Mighty hammers beat incessant,  
These are but the flying sparks.

'Dust are all the hands that  
wrought;  
Books are sepulchres of thought;  
The dead laurels of the dead

Rustle for a moment only,  
Like the withered leaves in lonely  
Churchyards at some passing  
tread.'

Suddenly the flame sinks down;  
Sink the rumors of renown;  
And alone the night-wind drear  
Clamors louder, wilder, vaguer, —  
'T is the brand of Meleager  
Dying on the hearth-stone here!'

And I answer, — 'Though it be,  
Why should that discomfort me?  
No endeavor is in vain;  
Its reward is in the doing,  
And the rapture of pursuing  
Is the prize the vanquished gain.'

### THE BELLS OF LYNN

#### HEARD AT NAHANT

O CURFEW of the setting sun! O  
Bells of Lynn!  
O requiem of the dying day! O  
Bells of Lynn!

From the dark belfries of yon  
cloud-cathedral wafted,  
Your sounds aerial seem to float,  
O Bells of Lynn!

Borne on the evening wind across  
the crimson twilight,  
O'er land and sea they rise and  
fall, O Bells of Lynn!

The fisherman in his boat, far out  
beyond the headland,  
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore,  
O Bells of Lynn!

Over the shining sands the wander-  
ing cattle homeward  
Follow each other at your call, O  
Bells of Lynn!

The distant lighthouse hears, and  
with his flaming signal

Answers you, passing the watch-  
word on, O Bells of Lynn!

And down the darkening coast  
run the tumultuous surges,  
And clap their hands, and shout to  
you, O Bells of Lynn!

Till from the shuddering sea, with  
your wild incantations,  
Ye summon up the spectral moon,  
O Bells of Lynn!

And startled at the sight, like the  
weird woman of Endor,  
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O  
Bells of Lynn!

#### KILLED AT THE FORD

HE is dead, the beautiful youth,  
The heart of honor, the tongue of  
truth,  
He, the life and light of us all,  
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-  
call,  
Whom all eyes followed with one  
consent,  
The cheer of whose laugh, and  
whose pleasant word,  
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,  
Down the dark of the mountain  
gap,  
To visit the picket-guard at the  
ford,  
Little dreaming of any mishap,  
He was humming the words of  
some old song:  
'Two red roses he had on his cap  
And another he bore at the point  
of his sword.'

Sudden and swift a whistling ball  
Came out of a wood, and the voice  
was still;  
Something I heard in the darkness  
fall,  
And for a moment my blood grew  
chill;



I spake in a whisper, as he who  
speaks  
In a room where some one is lying  
dead ;  
But he made no answer to what I  
said.

We lifted him up to his saddle  
again,  
And through the mire and the  
mist and the rain  
Carried him back to the silent  
camp,  
And laid him as if asleep on his  
bed ;  
And I saw by the light of the  
surgeon's lamp  
Two white roses upon his cheeks,  
And one, just over his heart, blood-  
red !

And I saw in a vision how far and  
fleet  
That fatal bullet went speeding  
forth,  
Till it reached a town in the dis-  
tant North,  
Till it reached a house in a sunny  
street,  
Till it reached a heart that ceased  
to beat  
Without a murmur, without a  
cry ;  
And a bell was tolled, in that far-  
off town,  
For one who had passed from cross  
to crown,  
And the neighbors wondered that  
she should die.

#### GIOTTO'S TOWER

How many lives, made beautiful  
and sweet  
By self-devotion and by self-  
restraint,  
Whose pleasure is to run with-  
out complaint  
On unknown errands of the  
Paraclete,

Wanting the reverence of unshod-  
den feet,  
Fail of the nimbus which the  
artists paint  
Around the shining forehead of  
the saint,  
And are in their completeness  
incomplete !  
In the old Tuscan town stands  
Giotto's tower,  
The lily of Florence blossoming  
in stone,—  
A vision, a delight, and a de-  
sire,—  
The builder's perfect and centen-  
nial flower,  
That in the night of ages bloomed  
alone,  
But wanting still the glory of  
the spire.

#### TO-MORROW

'T is late at night, and in the realm  
of sleep  
My little lambs are folded like  
the flocks ;  
From room to room I hear the  
wakeful clocks  
Challenge the passing hour, like  
guards that keep  
Their solitary watch on tower and  
steep ;  
Far off I hear the crowing of the  
cocks,  
And through the opening door  
that time unlocks  
Feel the fresh breathing of To-  
morrow creep.  
To-morrow ! the mysterious, un-  
known guest,  
Who cries to me : 'Remember  
Barmecide,  
And tremble to be happy with  
the rest.'  
And I make answer : 'I am satis-  
fied ;  
I dare not ask ; I know not what  
is best ;  
God hath already said what shall  
betide.'

## DIVINA COMMEDIA

## I

OFT have I seen at some cathedral  
 door  
 A laborer, pausing in the dust  
 and heat,  
 Lay down his burden, and with  
 reverent feet  
 Enter, and cross himself, and on  
 the floor  
 Kneel to repeat his paternoster  
 o'er;  
 Far off the noises of the world  
 retreat;  
 The loud vociferations of the  
 street  
 Become an undistinguishable  
 roar.  
 So, as I enter here from day to  
 day,  
 And leave my burden at this  
 minster gate,  
 Kneeling in prayer, and not  
 ashamed to pray,  
 The tumult of the time disconso-  
 late  
 To inarticulate murmurs dies  
 away,  
 While the eternal ages watch  
 and wait.

## II

How strange the sculptures that  
 adorn these towers!  
 This crowd of statues, in whose  
 folded sleeves  
 Birds build their nests; while  
 canopied with leaves  
 Parvis and portal bloom like  
 trellised bowers,  
 And the vast minster seems a  
 cross of flowers!  
 But fiends and dragons on the  
 gargoyled eaves  
 Watch the dead Christ between  
 the living thieves,  
 And, underneath, the traitor  
 Judas lowers!  
 Ah! from what agonies of heart  
 and brain,

What exultations trampling on  
 despair,  
 What tenderness, what tears,  
 what hate of wrong,  
 What passionate outcry of a soul  
 in pain,  
 Uprose this poem of the earth  
 and air,  
 This mediæval miracle of song!

## III

I enter, and I see thee in the  
 gloom  
 Of the long aisles, O poet satur-  
 nine!  
 And strive to make my steps  
 keep pace with thine.  
 The air is filled with some un-  
 known perfume;  
 The congregation of the dead make  
 room  
 For thee to pass; the votive  
 tapers shine;  
 Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's  
 groves of pine  
 The hovering echoes fly from  
 tomb to tomb.  
 From the confessionals I hear  
 arise  
 Rehearsals of forgotten trage-  
 dies,  
 And lamentations from the  
 crypts below;  
 And then a voice celestial that  
 begins  
 With the pathetic words, 'Al-  
 though your sins  
 As scarlet be,' and ends with  
 'as the snow.'

## IV

With snow-white veil and gar-  
 ments as of flame,  
 She stands before thee, who so  
 long ago  
 Filled thy young heart with pas-  
 sion and the woe  
 From which thy song and all its  
 splendors came;

And while with stern rebuke she  
speaks thy name,  
The ice about thy heart melts as  
the snow  
On mountain heights, and in  
swift overflow  
Comes gushing from thy lips in  
sobs of shame.  
Thou makest full confession; and  
a gleam,  
As of the dawn on some dark  
forest cast,  
Seems on thy lifted forehead to  
increase;  
Lethe and Eunoë — the remem-  
bered dream  
And the forgotten sorrow —  
bring at last  
That perfect pardon which is  
perfect peace.

## V

I lift mine eyes, and all the win-  
dows blaze  
With forms of Saints and holy  
men who died,  
Here martyred and hereafter  
glorified;  
And the great Rose upon its  
leaves displays  
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic  
roundelays,  
With splendor upon splendor  
multiplied;  
And Beatrice again at Dante's  
side  
No more rebukes, but smiles her  
words of praise.  
And then the organ sounds, and  
unseen choirs  
Sing the old Latin hymns of  
peace and love  
And benedictions of the Holy  
Ghost;  
And the melodious bells among  
the spires  
O'er all the house-tops and  
through heaven above  
Proclaim the elevation of the  
Host!

## VI

O star of morning and of liberty!  
O bringer of the light, whose  
splendor shines  
Above the darkness of the Apen-  
nines,  
Forerunner of the day that is to  
be!  
The voices of the city and the sea,  
The voices of the mountains and  
the pines,  
Repeat thy song, till the familiar  
lines  
Are footpaths for the thought of  
Italy!  
Thy flame is blown abroad from  
all the heights,  
Through all the nations, and a  
sound is heard,  
As of a mighty wind, and men  
devout,  
Strangers of Rome, and the new  
proselytes,  
In their own language hear thy  
wondrous word,  
And many are amazed and  
many doubt.

## NOËL

ENVOYÉ À M. AGASSIZ, LA VEILLE  
DE NOËL 1864, AVEC UN PANIER  
DE VINS DIVERS.

L'Académie en respect,  
Nonobstant l'incorrection  
A la faveur du sujet,  
Ture-lure,  
N'y fera point de rature;  
Noël! ture-lure-lure.

GUI BARÔZAI.

QUAND les astres de Noël  
Brillaient, palpitaient au ciel,  
Six gaillards, et chacun ivre,  
Chantaient gaîment dans le givre,  
‘ Bons amis,  
Allons donc chez Agassiz!’

Ces illustres Pèlerins  
D'Outre-Mer adroits et fins,

Se donnant des airs de prêtre,  
A l'envi se vantaient d'être  
    ' Bons amis  
De Jean Rudolphe Agassiz !'

Ceil-de-Perdrix, grand farceur,  
Sans reproche et sans pudeur,  
Dans son patois de Bourgogne,  
Bredouillait comme un ivrogne,  
    ' Bons amis,  
J'ai dansé chez Agassiz !'

Verzenay le Champenois,  
Bon Français, point New-Yor-  
    quois,  
Mais des environs d'Avize,  
Fredonne à mainte reprise,  
    ' Bons amis,  
J'ai chanté chez Agassiz !'

À côté marchait un vieux  
Hidalgo, mais non mousseux ;  
Dans le temps de Charlemagne  
Fut son père Grand d'Espagne !  
    ' Bons amis,  
J'ai diné chez Agassiz !'

Derrière eux un Bordelais,  
Gascon, s'il en fut jamais,  
Parfumé de poésie  
Riait, chantait, plein de vie,  
    ' Bon amis,  
J'ai sroupé chez Agassiz !'

Avec ce beau cadet roux,  
Bras dessus et bras dessous,  
Mine altière et couleur terne,  
Vint le Sire de Sauterne ;  
    ' Bons amis,  
J'ai couché chez Agassiz !'

Mais le dernier de ces preux,  
Était un pauvre Chartreux,  
Qui disait, d'un ton robuste,  
' Bénédiction sur le Juste !  
    Bons amis,  
Bénéissons Père Agassiz !'

Ils arrivent trois à trois,  
Montent l'escalier de bois  
Clopin-clopant ! quel gendarme  
Peut permettre ce vacarme,  
    Bons amis,  
À la porte d'Agassiz !

' Ouvrez donc, mon bon Seigneur,  
Ouvrez vite et n'ayez peur ;  
Ouvrez, ouvrez, car nous sommes  
Gens de bien et gentilshommes,  
    Bons amis,  
De la famille Agassiz !'

Chut, ganaches ! taisez-vous !  
C'en est trop de vos glouglous ;  
Épargnez aux Philosophes  
Vos abominables strophes !  
    Bons amis,  
Respectez mon Agassiz !

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

### FLIGHT THE THIRD

#### FATA MORGANA

O SWEET illusions of Song,  
That tempt me everywhere,  
In the lonely fields, and the throng  
Of the crowded thoroughfare !

I approach, and ye vanish away,  
I grasp you, and ye are gone ;

But ever by night and by day,  
The melody soundeth on.

As the weary traveller sees  
In desert or prairie vast,  
Blue lakes, overhung with trees,  
That a pleasant shadow cast ;

Fair towns with turrets high,  
And shining roofs of gold,

That vanish as he draws nigh,  
Like mists together rolled, —

So I wander and wander along,  
And forever before me gleams  
The shining city of song,  
In the beautiful land of dreams.

But when I would enter the gate  
Of that golden atmosphere,  
It is gone, and I wonder and wait  
For the vision to reappear.



### THE HAUNTED CHAMBER

EACH heart has its haunted chamber,  
Where the silent moonlight  
falls!

On the floor are mysterious foot-  
steps,  
There are whispers along the  
walls!

And mine at times is haunted  
By phantoms of the Past,  
As motionless as shadows  
By the silent moonlight cast.

A form sits by the window,  
That is not seen by day,  
For as soon as the dawn ap-  
proaches  
It vanishes away.

It sits there in the moonlight,  
Itself as pale and still,  
And points with its airy finger  
Across the window-sill.

Without, before the window,  
There stands a gloomy pine,  
Whose boughs wave upward and  
downward  
As wave these thoughts of mine.

And underneath its branches  
Is the grave of a little child,  
Who died upon life's threshold,  
And never wept nor smiled.

What are ye, O pallid phantoms!  
That haunt my troubled brain?  
That vanish when day approaches,  
And at night return again?

What are ye, O pallid phantoms!  
But the statues without breath,  
That stand on the bridge over-  
arching  
The silent river of death?

### THE MEETING

AFTER so long an absence  
At last we meet again:  
Does the meeting give us plea-  
sure,  
Or does it give us pain?

The tree of life has been shaken,  
And but few of us linger now,  
Like the Prophet's two or three  
berries  
In the top of the uppermost  
bough.

We cordially greet each other  
In the old, familiar tone;  
And we think, though we do not  
say it,  
How old and gray he is grown!

We speak of a Merry Christmas  
And many a Happy New Year;  
But each in his heart is think-  
ing  
Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their for-  
tunes,  
And of what they did and said,  
Till the dead alone seem living,  
And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish  
Between the ghosts and the  
guests;  
And a mist and shadow of sad-  
ness  
Steals over our merriest jests.



## VOX POPULI

WHEN Mázarvan the Magician  
Journeyed westward through  
Cathay,  
Nothing heard he but the praises  
Of Badoura on his way.

But the lessening rumor ended  
When he came to Khaledan,  
There the folk were talking only  
Of Prince Camaralzaman.

So it happens with the poets :  
Every province hath its own ;  
Camaralzaman is famous  
Where Badoura is unknown.

## THE CASTLE-BUILDER

A GENTLE boy, with soft and  
silken locks,  
A dreamy boy, with brown and  
tender eyes,  
A castle-builder, with his wooden  
blocks,  
And towers that touch imagi-  
nary skies:

A fearless rider on his father's  
knee,  
An eager listener unto stories  
told  
At the Round Table of the nursery,  
Of heroes and adventures mani-  
fold.

There will be other towers for thee  
to build ;  
There will be other steeds for  
thee to ride ;  
There will be other legends, and  
all filled  
With greater marvels and more  
glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles  
high and fair,  
Rising and reaching upward to  
the skies ;

Listen to voices in the upper air,  
Nor lose thy simple faith in mys-  
teries.

## CHANGED

FROM the outskirts of the town,  
Where of old the mile-stone  
stood,  
Now a stranger, looking down,  
I behold the shadowy crown  
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed ?  
Ah! the oaks are fresh and  
green,  
But the friends with whom I  
ranged  
Through their thickets are es-  
tranged  
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,  
Bright as ever shines the sun,  
But alas! they seem to me  
Not the sun that used to be,  
Not the tides that used to run.

## THE CHALLENGE

I HAVE a vague remembrance  
Of a story, that is told  
In some ancient Spanish legend  
Or chronicle of old.

It was when brave King San-  
chez  
Was before Zamora slain,  
And his great besieging army  
Lay encamped upon the plain.

Don Diego de Ordenez  
Sallied forth in front of all,  
And shouted loud his challenge  
To the warders on the wall.

All the people of Zamora,  
Both the born and the unborn,

As traitors did he challenge  
With taunting words of scorn.

The living, in their houses,  
And in their graves, the dead !  
And the waters of their rivers,  
And their wine, and oil, and  
bread !

There is a greater army,  
That besets us round with strife,  
A starving, numberless army,  
At all the gates of life.

The poverty-stricken millions  
Who challenge our wine and  
bread,  
And impeach us all as traitors,  
Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet,  
Where the feast and song are  
high,

Amid the mirth and the music  
I can hear that fearful cry.

And hollow and haggard faces  
Look into the lighted hall,  
And wasted hands are extended  
To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and  
plenty,  
And odors fill the air ;  
But without there is cold and  
darkness,  
And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine  
In wind and cold and rain,  
Christ, the great Lord of the army,  
Lies dead upon the plain !

## THE BROOK AND THE WAVE

THE brooklet came from the mountain,  
As sang the bard of old,  
Running with feet of silver  
Over the sands of gold !

Far away in the briny ocean  
There rolled a turbulent wave,  
Now singing along the sea-beach,  
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the  
billow,  
Though they flowed so far apart,  
And has filled with its freshness  
and sweetness  
That turbulent, bitter heart !

## AFTERMATH

WHEN the summer fields are  
mown,  
When the birds are fledged and  
flown,  
And the dry leaves strew the  
path ;  
With the falling of the snow,  
With the cawing of the crow,  
Once again the fields we mow  
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with  
flowers  
Is this harvesting of ours ;  
Not the upland clover bloom ;  
But the rowen mixed with weeds,  
Tangled tufts from marsh and  
meads,  
Where the poppy drops its seeds  
In the silence and the gloom.

## THE MASQUE OF PANDORA

## I

## THE WORKSHOP OF HEPHÆSTUS

HEPHÆSTUS (*standing before the statue of Pandora*).

Not fashioned out of gold, like  
Hera's throne,  
Nor forged of iron like the thunderbolts  
Of Zeus omnipotent, or other works  
Wrought by my hands at Lemnos  
or Olympus,  
But moulded in soft clay, that un-  
resisting  
Yields itself to the touch, this  
lovely form  
Before me stands, perfect in every  
part.  
Not Aphrodite's self appeared  
more fair,  
When first upwifted by caressing  
winds  
She came to high Olympus, and the  
gods<sup>10</sup>  
Paid homage to her beauty. Thus  
her hair  
Was cinctured; thus her floating  
drapery  
Was like a cloud about her, and  
her face  
Was radiant with the sunshine and  
the sea.

## THE VOICE OF ZEUS.

Is thy work done, Hephæstus?

## HEPHÆSTUS.

It is finished!

## THE VOICE.

Not finished till I breathe the  
breath of life  
Into her nostrils, and she moves  
and speaks.

## HEPHÆSTUS.

Will she become immortal like  
ourselves?

## THE VOICE.

The form that thou hast fashioned  
out of clay  
Is of the earth and mortal; but the  
spirit,<sup>20</sup>  
The life, the exhalation of my  
breath,  
Is of diviner essence and immortal.  
The gods shall shower on her their  
benefactions,  
She shall possess all gifts: the  
gift of song,  
The gift of eloquence, the gift of  
beauty,  
The fascination and the nameless  
charm  
That shall lead all men captive.

## HEPHÆSTUS.

Wherefore? wherefore?

*A wind shakes the house.*

I hear the rushing of a mighty  
wind  
Through all the halls and cham-  
bers of my house!  
Her parted lips inhale it, and her  
bosom<sup>30</sup>  
Heaves with the inspiration. As a  
reed  
Beside a river in the rippling cur-  
rent  
Bends to and fro, she bows or lifts  
her head.  
She gazes round about as if  
amazed;  
She is alive; she breathes, but yet  
she speaks not!

PANDORA *descends from the pedestal.*

## CHORUS OF THE GRACES

## AGLAIA.

In the workshop of Hephæstus  
 What is this I see?  
 Have the Gods to four increased  
 us  
 Who were only three?  
 Beautiful in form and feature, 40  
 Lovely as the day,  
 Can there be so fair a creature  
 Formed of common clay?

## THALIA.

O sweet, pale face! O lovely eyes  
 of azure,  
 Clear as the waters of a brook  
 that run  
 Limpid and laughing in the sum-  
 mer sun!  
 O golden hair, that like a miser's  
 treasure  
 In its abundance overflows the  
 measure!  
 O graceful form, that cloudlike  
 floateth on  
 With the soft, undulating gait of  
 one 50  
 Who moveth as if motion were a  
 pleasure!  
 By what name shall I call thee?  
 Nymph or Muse,  
 Callirrhœ or Urania? Some  
 sweet name  
 Whose every syllable is a caress  
 Would best befit thee; but I can-  
 not choose.  
 Nor do I care to choose; for still  
 the same,  
 Nameless or named, will be thy  
 loveliness.

## EUPHROSYNE.

Dowered with all celestial gifts,  
 Skilled in every art  
 That ennobles and uplifts 60  
 And delights the heart,  
 Fair on earth shall be thy fame  
 As thy face is fair,  
 and Pandora be the name  
 Thou henceforth shalt bear.

## II

## OLYMPUS

HERMES (*putting on his sandals*).  
 Much must he toil who serves the  
 Immortal Gods,  
 And I, who am their herald, most  
 of all.  
 No rest have I, nor respite. I no  
 sooner  
 Unclasp the wingèd sandals from  
 my feet,  
 Than I again must clasp them, and  
 depart 70  
 Upon some foolish errand. But to-  
 day  
 The errand is not foolish. Never  
 yet  
 With greater joy did I obey the  
 summons  
 That sends me earthward. I will  
 fly so swiftly  
 That my caduceus in the whistling  
 air  
 Shall make a sound like the Pan-  
 dæan pipes,  
 Cheating the shepherds; for to-day  
 I go,  
 Commissioned by high-thundering  
 Zeus, to lead  
 A maiden to Prometheus, in his  
 tower,  
 And by my cunning arguments  
 persuade him 80  
 To marry her. What mischief lies  
 concealed  
 In this design I know not; but I  
 know  
 Who thinks of marrying hath al-  
 ready taken  
 One step upon the road to peni-  
 tence.  
 Such embassies delight me. Forth  
 I launch  
 On the sustaining air, nor fear to  
 fall  
 Like Icarus, nor swerve aside like  
 him  
 Who drove amiss Hyperion's fiery  
 steeds.

I sink, I fly! The yielding element  
Folds itself round about me like  
an arm, 90  
And holds me as a mother holds  
her child.

## III

TOWER OF PROMETHEUS ON  
MOUNT CAUCASUS

## PROMETHEUS.

I hear the trumpet of Alectryon  
Proclaim the dawn. The stars be-  
gin to fade,  
And all the heavens are full of prop-  
hecies  
And evil auguries. Blood-red last  
night  
I saw great Kronos rise; the cres-  
cent moon  
Sank through the mist, as if it  
were the scythe  
His parricidal hand had flung far  
down  
The western steeps. O ye Immor-  
tal Gods,  
What evil are ye plotting and con-  
triving? 100

HERMES and PANDORA at the  
threshold.

## PANDORA.

I cannot cross the threshold. An  
unseen  
And icy hand repels me. These  
blank walls  
Oppress me with their weight!

## PROMETHEUS.

Powerful ye are  
But not omnipotent. Ye cannot  
fight  
Against Necessity. The Fates con-  
trol you,  
As they do us, and so far we are  
equals!

## PANDORA.

Motionless, passionless, compan-  
ionless,

He sits there muttering in his  
beard. His voice  
Is like a river flowing under-  
ground! 109

## HERMES.

Prometheus, hail!

## PROMETHEUS.

Who calls me?

## HERMES.

It is I.

Dost thou not know me?

## PROMETHEUS.

By thy wingèd cap  
And wingèd heels I know thee.  
Thou art Hermes,  
Captain of thieves! Hast thou  
again been stealing  
The heifers of Admetus in the  
sweet  
Meadows of asphodel? or Hera's  
girdle?  
Or the earth-shaking trident of  
Poseidon?

## HERMES.

And thou, Prometheus; say, hast  
thou again  
Been stealing fire from Helios'  
chariot-wheels  
To light thy furnaces?

## PROMETHEUS.

Why comest thou hither  
So early in the dawn?

## HERMES.

The Immortal Gods  
Know naught of late or early.  
Zeus himself, 121  
The omnipotent hath sent me.

## PROMETHEUS.

For what purpose?

## HERMES.

To bring this maiden to thee.



PROMETHEUS.

I mistrust  
The Gods and all their gifts. If  
they have sent her  
It is for no good purpose.

HERMES.

What disaster  
Could she bring on thy house, who  
is a woman?

PROMETHEUS.

The Gods are not my friends, nor  
am I theirs.  
Whatever comes from them,  
though in a shape  
As beautiful as this, is evil only.  
Who art thou?

PANDORA.

One who, though to thee unknown,  
Yet knoweth thee.

PROMETHEUS.

How shouldst thou know me, wo-  
man? 131

PANDORA.

Who knoweth not Prometheus the  
humane?

PROMETHEUS.

Prometheus the unfortunate; to  
whom  
Both Gods and men have shown  
themselves ungrateful.  
When every spark was quenched  
on every hearth  
Throughout the earth, I brought  
to man the fire  
And all its ministrations. My re-  
ward  
Hath been the rock and vulture.

HERMES.

But the Gods  
At last relent and pardon.

PROMETHEUS.

They relent not;

They pardon not; they are im-  
placable, 140  
Revengeful, unforgiving!

HERMES.

As a pledge  
Of reconciliation they have sent to  
thee  
This divine being, to be thy com-  
panion,  
And bring into thy melancholy  
house  
The sunshine and the fragrance of  
her youth.

PROMETHEUS.

I need them not. I have within  
myself  
All that my heart desires; the  
ideal beauty  
Which the creative faculty of  
mind  
Fashions and follows in a thou-  
sand shapes  
More lovely than the real. My  
own thoughts 150  
Are my companions; my designs  
and labors  
And aspirations are my only  
friends.

HERMES.

Decide not rashly. The decision  
made  
Can never be recalled. The Gods  
implore not,  
Plead not, solicit not; they only  
offer  
Choice and occasion, which once  
being passed  
Return no more. Dost thou ac-  
cept the gift?

PROMETHEUS.

No gift of theirs, in whatsoever  
shape  
It comes to me, with whatsoever  
charm  
To fascinate my sense, will I re-  
ceive. 160  
Leave me.

## PANDORA.

Let us go hence. I will not stay.

## HERMES.

We leave thee to thy vacant  
dreams, and all  
The silence and the solitude of  
thought,  
The endless bitterness of un-  
belief,  
The loneliness of existence with-  
out love.

## CHORUS OF THE FATES.

## CLOTHO.

How the Titan, the defiant,  
The self-centred, self-reliant,  
Wrapped in visions and illusions,  
Robs himself of life's best gifts!  
Till by all the storm-winds shaken,  
By the blast of fate o'ertaken, <sup>171</sup>  
Hopeless, helpless, and forsaken,  
In the mists of his confusions  
To the reefs of doom he drifts!

## LACHESIS.

Sorely tried and sorely tempted,  
From no agonies exempted,  
In the penance of his trial,  
And the discipline of pain;  
Often by illusions cheated, <sup>180</sup>  
Often baffled and defeated  
In the tasks to be completed,  
He, by toil and self-denial,  
To the highest shall attain.

## ATROPOS.

Tempt no more the noble schemer;  
Bear unto some idle dreamer  
This new toy and fascination,  
This new dalliance and delight!  
To the garden where reposes  
Epimetheus crowned with roses,  
To the door that never closes <sup>190</sup>  
Upon pleasure and temptation,  
Bring this vision of the night!

## IV

## THE AIR

HERMES (*returning to Olympus*).  
As lonely as the tower that he in-  
habits,  
As firm and cold as are the crags  
about him,  
Prometheus stands. The thunder-  
bolts of Zeus  
Alone can move him; but the  
tender heart  
Of Epimetheus, burning at white  
heat,  
Hammers and flames like all his  
brother's forges!  
Now as an arrow from Hyperion's  
bow,  
My errand done, I fly, I float, I  
soar <sup>200</sup>  
Into the air, returning to Olympus.  
O joy of motion! O delight to  
cleave  
The infinite realms of space, the  
liquid ether,  
Through the warm sunshine and  
the cooling cloud,  
Myself as light as sunbeam or as  
cloud!  
With one touch of my swift and  
wingèd feet,  
I spurn the solid earth, and leave  
it rocking  
As rocks the bough from which a  
bird takes wing.

## V

## THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS

## EPIMETHEUS.

Beautiful apparition! go not  
hence!  
Surely thou art a Goddess, for thy  
voice <sup>210</sup>  
Is a celestial melody, and thy form  
Self-poised as if it floated on the  
air!

PANDORA.

No Goddess am I, nor of heavenly  
birth,  
But a mere woman fashioned out  
of clay  
And mortal as the rest.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thy face is fair;  
There is a wonder in thine azure  
eyes  
That fascinates me. Thy whole  
presence seems  
A soft desire, a breathing thought  
of love.  
Say, would thy star like Merope's  
grow dim  
If thou shouldst wed beneath  
thee?

PANDORA.

Ask me not;  
I cannot answer thee. I only  
know 221  
The Gods have sent me hither.

EPIMETHEUS.

I believe,  
And thus believing am most for-  
tunate.  
It was not Hermes led thee here,  
but Eros,  
And swifter than his arrows were  
thine eyes  
In wounding me. There was no  
moment's space  
Between my seeing thee and lov-  
ing thee.  
Oh, what a telltale face thou hast!  
Again  
I see the wonder in thy tender  
eyes.

PANDORA.

They do but answer to the love in  
thine, 230  
Yet secretly I wonder thou  
shouldst love me.  
Thou knowest me not.

EPIMETHEUS.

Perhaps I know thee better  
Than had I known thee longer.  
Yet it seems  
That I have always known thee,  
and but now  
Have found thee. Ah, I have been  
waiting long.

PANDORA.

How beautiful is this house! The  
atmosphere  
Breathes rest and comfort, and  
the many chambers  
Seem full of welcomes.

EPIMETHEUS.

They not only seem,  
But truly are. This dwelling and  
its master 239  
Belong to thee.

PANDORA.

Here let me stay forever!  
There is a spell upon me.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thou thyself  
Art the enchantress, and I feel thy  
power  
Envelop me, and wrap my soul and  
sense  
In an Elysian dream.

PANDORA.

Oh, let me stay.  
How beautiful are all things round  
about me,  
Multiplied by the mirrors on the  
walls!  
What treasures hast thou here!  
Yon oaken chest,  
Carven with figures and embossed  
with gold,  
Is wonderful to look upon! What  
choice  
And precious things dost thou  
keep hidden in it? 250

EPIMETHEUS.

I know not. 'T is a mystery.

PANDORA.

Hast thou never  
Lifted the lid?

EPIMETHEUS.

The oracle forbids.  
Safely concealed there from all  
mortal eyes  
Forever sleeps the secret of the  
Gods.  
Seek not to know what they have  
hidden from thee,  
Till they themselves reveal it.

PANDORA.

As thou wilt.

EPIMETHEUS.

Let us go forth from this myste-  
rious place.  
The garden walks are pleasant at  
this hour;  
The nightingales among the shel-  
tering boughs  
Of populous and many-nested  
trees 260  
Shall teach me how to woo thee,  
and shall tell me  
By what resistless charms or in-  
cantations  
They won their mates.

PANDORA.

Thou dost not need a teacher.

*They go out.*

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

What the Immortals  
Confide to thy keeping,  
Tell unto no man;  
Waking or sleeping,  
Closed be thy portals  
To friend as to foe-man.

Silence conceals it;  
The word that is spoken  
Betrays and reveals it;  
By breath or by token  
The charm may be broken.

270

With shafts of their splendors  
The Gods unforgiving  
Pursue the offenders,  
The dead and the living!  
Fortune forsakes them,  
Nor earth shall abide them, 280  
Nor Tartarus hide them;  
Swift wrath overtakes them.

With useless endeavor,  
Forever, forever,  
Is Sisyphus rolling  
His stone up the mountain!  
Immersed in the fountain,  
Tantalus tastes not  
The water that wastes not!  
Through ages increasing 290  
The pangs that afflict him,  
With motions unceasing  
The wheel of Ixion  
Shall torture its victim!

## VI

## IN THE GARDEN

EPIMETHEUS.

Yon snow-white cloud that sails  
sublime in ether  
Is but the sovereign Zeus, who  
like a swan  
Flies to fair-ankled Leda!

PANDORA.

Or perchance  
Ixion's cloud, the shadowy shape  
of Hera,  
That bore the Centaurs.

EPIMETHEUS.

The divine and human.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.

Gently swaying to and fro, 300  
Rocked by all the winds that blow,  
Bright with sunshine from above,  
Dark with shadow from below,  
Beak to beak and breast to breast  
In the cradle of their nest,  
Lie the fledglings of our love.

ECHO.

Love! love!

EPIMETHEUS.

Hark! listen! Hear how sweetly  
overhead  
The feathered flute-players pipe  
their songs of love,  
And Echo answers, love and only  
love. 310

CHORUS OF BIRDS.

Every flutter of the wing,  
Every note of song we sing,  
Every murmur, every tone,  
Is of love and love alone.

ECHO.

Love alone!

EPIMETHEUS.

Who would not love, if loving she  
might be  
Changed like Callisto to a star in  
heaven?

PANDORA.

Ah, who would love, if loving she  
might be  
Like Semele consumed and burnt  
to ashes?

EPIMETHEUS.

Whence knowest thou these  
stories?

PANDORA.

Hermes taught me;  
He told me all the history of the  
Gods. 321

CHORUS OF REEDS.

Evermore a sound shall be  
In the reeds of Arcady,  
Evermore a low lament  
Of unrest and discontent.  
As the story is retold  
Of the nymph so coy and cold,  
Who with frightened feet out-  
ran  
The pursuing steps of Pan.

EPIMETHEUS.

The pipe of Pan out of these reeds  
is made, 330  
And when he plays it to the shep-  
herds  
They pity him, so mournful is the  
sound.  
Be thou not coy and cold as Syrinx  
was.

PANDORA.

Nor thou as Pan be rude and man-  
nerless.

PROMETHEUS (*without*).

Ho! Epimetheus!

EPIMETHEUS.

'T is my brother's voice;  
A sound unwelcome and inopportu-  
ne  
As was the braying of Silenus' ass,  
Once heard in Cybele's garden.

PANDORA.

Let me go.  
I would not be found here. I  
would not see him.  
*She escapes among the trees.*

CHORUS OF DRYADES.

Haste and hide thee, 340  
Ere too late,  
In these thickets intricate;  
Lest Prometheus  
See and chide thee,  
Lest some hurt  
Or harm betide thee,  
Haste and hide thee!

PROMETHEUS (*entering*).

Who was it fled from here? I saw  
a shape  
Flitting among the trees.

EPIMETHEUS.

It was Pandora.

PROMETHEUS.

O Epimetheus! Is it then in vain  
That I have warned thee? Let  
me now implore. 351



Thou harborest in thy house a  
dangerous guest.

EPIMETHEUS.

Whom the Gods love they honor  
with such guests.

PROMETHEUS.

Whom the Gods would destroy they  
first make mad.

EPIMETHEUS.

Shall I refuse the gifts they send  
to me ?

PROMETHEUS.

Reject all gifts that come from  
higher powers.

EPIMETHEUS.

Such gifts as this are not to be re-  
jected.

PROMETHEUS.

Make not thyself the slave of any  
woman.

EPIMETHEUS.

Make not thyself the judge of any  
man.

PROMETHEUS.

I judge thee not; for thou art  
more than man; 360

Thou art descended from Titanic  
race,

And hast a Titan's strength and  
faculties

That make thee godlike; and thou  
sittest here

Like Heracles spinning Omphale's  
flax,

And beaten with her sandals.

EPIMETHEUS.

O my brother !

Thou drivest me to madness with  
thy taunts.

PROMETHEUS.

And me thou drivest to madness  
with thy follies.

Come with me to my tower on Cau-  
casus :

See there my forges in the roaring  
caverns,

Beneficent to man, and taste the joy  
That springs from labor. Read

with me the stars, 371

And learn the virtues that lie hid-  
den in plants,

And all things that are useful.

EPIMETHEUS.

O my brother !

I am not as thou art. Thou dost  
inherit

Our father's strength, and I our  
mother's weakness:

The softness of the Oceanides,  
The yielding nature that cannot  
resist.

PROMETHEUS.

Because thou wilt not.

EPIMETHEUS.

Nay; because I cannot.

PROMETHEUS.

Assert thyself; rise up to thy full  
height :

Shake from thy soul these dreams  
effeminate, 380

These passions born of indolence  
and ease.

Resolve, and thou art free. But  
breathe the air

Of mountains, and their unap-  
proachable summits

Will lift thee to the level of them-  
selves.

EPIMETHEUS.

The roar of forests and of water-  
falls,

The rushing of a mighty wind,  
with loud

And undistinguishable voices call-  
ing,

Are in my ear !

PROMETHEUS.

Oh, listen and obey.

## EPIMETHEUS.

Thou ledest me as a child. I follow thee.

*They go out.*

## CHORUS OF OREADES.

Centuries old are the mountains;  
Their foreheads wrinkled and  
rifted 391

Helios crowns by day,  
Pallid Selene by night;  
From their bosoms uptossed  
The snows are driven and drifted,  
Like Tithonus' beard  
Streaming dishevelled and white.

Thunder and tempest of wind  
Their trumpets blow in the vast-  
ness;

Phantoms of mist and rain, 400  
Cloud and the shadow of cloud,  
Pass and repass by the gates  
Of their inaccessible fastness;  
Ever unmoved they stand,  
Solemn, eternal, and proud.

## VOICES OF THE WATERS.

Flooded by rain and snow  
In their inexhaustible sources,  
Swollen by affluent streams  
Hurrying onward and hurled  
Headlong over the crags, 410  
The impetuous water-courses  
Rush and roar and plunge  
Down to the nethermost world.

Say, have the solid rocks  
Into streams of silver been melted,  
Flowing over the plains,  
Spreading to lakes in the fields?  
Or have the mountains, the giants,  
The ice-helmed, the forest-belted,  
Scattered their arms abroad; 420  
Flung in the meadows their  
shields?

## VOICES OF THE WINDS.

High on their turreted cliffs  
That bolts of thunder have shat-  
tered,  
Storm-winds muster and blow

Trumpets of terrible breath;  
Then from the gateways rush,  
And before them routed and scat-  
tered

Sullen the cloud-rack flies,  
Pale with the pallor of death.

Onward the hurricane rides, 430  
And flee for shelter the shep-  
herds;

White are the frightened leaves,  
Harvests with terror are white;  
Panic seizes the herds,  
And even the lions and leopards,  
Prowling no longer for prey,  
Crouch in their caverns with  
fright.

## VOICES OF THE FORESTS.

Guarding the mountains around  
Majestic the forests are standing,  
Bright are their crested helmets,  
Dark is their armor of leaves; 441  
Filled with the breath of freedom  
Each bosom subsiding, expanding,  
Now like the ocean sinks,  
Now like the ocean upheaves.

Planted firm on the rock,  
With foreheads stern and defiant,  
Loud they shout to the winds,  
Loud to the tempest they call;  
Naught but Olympian thunders,  
That blasted Titan and Giant, 451  
Them can uproot and o'erthrow,  
Shaking the earth with their fall.

## CHORUS OF OREADES.

These are the Voices Three  
Of winds and forests and foun-  
tains,

Voices of earth and of air,  
Murmur and rushing of streams,  
Making together one sound,  
The mysterious voice of the moun-  
tains,

Waking the sluggard that sleeps,  
Waking the dreamer of dreams. 461

These are the Voices Three,  
That speak of endless endeavor,

Speak of endurance and strength,  
Triumph and fulness of fame,  
Sounding about the world,  
An inspiration forever,  
Stirring the hearts of men,  
Shaping their end and their aim.

## VII

## THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS

## PANDORA.

Left to myself I wander as I will,  
And as my fancy leads me, through  
this house, 471  
Nor could I ask a dwelling more  
complete

Were I indeed the Goddess that  
he deems me.

No mansion of Olympus, framed  
to be

The habitation of the Immortal  
Gods,

Can be more beautiful. And this  
is mine,

And more than this, the love  
wherewith he crowns me.

As if impelled by powers invisible  
And irresistible, my steps return  
Unto this spacious hall. All corri-  
dors 480

And passages lead hither, and all  
doors,

But open into it. Yon mysterious  
chest

Attracts and fascinates me.  
Would I knew

What there lies hidden! But the  
oracle

Forbids. Ah me! The secret then  
is safe.

So would it be if it were in my  
keeping.

A crowd of shadowy faces from  
the mirrors

That line these walls are watching  
me. I dare not

Lift up the lid. A hundred times  
the act

Would be repeated, and the secret  
seen 490

By twice a hundred incorporeal  
eyes.

*She walks to the other side of the  
hall.*

My feet are weary, wandering to  
and fro,

My eyes with seeing and my heart  
with waiting.

I will lie here and rest till he re-  
turns,

Who is my dawn, my day, my  
Helios.

*Throws herself upon a couch, and  
falls asleep.*

## ZEPHYRUS.

Come from thy caverns dark and  
deep,

O son of Erebus and Night;  
All sense of hearing and of sight  
Enfold in the serene delight  
And quietude of sleep! 500

Set all thy silent sentinels  
To bar and guard the Ivory Gate,  
And keep the evil dreams of fate  
And falsehood and infernal hate  
Imprisoned in their cells.

But open wide the Gate of Horn,  
Whence, beautiful as planets, rise  
The dreams of truth, with starry  
eyes,

And all the wondrous prophecies  
And visions of the morn. 510

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE  
IVORY GATE.

Ye sentinels of sleep,  
It is in vain ye keep  
Your drowsy watch before the  
Ivory Gate;

Though closed the portal seems,  
The airy feet of dreams  
Ye cannot thus in walls incarcer-  
ate.

We phantoms are and dreams  
Born by Tartarean streams,

As ministers of the infernal powers;

O son of Erebus 520

And Night, behold! we thus  
Elude your watchful warders on  
the towers!

From gloomy Tartarus  
The Fates have summoned us  
To whisper in her ear, who lies  
asleep,

A tale to fan the fire  
Of her insane desire  
To know a secret that the Gods  
would keep.

This passion, in their ire,  
The Gods themselves inspire,  
To vex mankind with evils manifold, 531  
So that disease and pain  
O'er the whole earth may reign,  
And nevermore return the Age of  
Gold.

PANDORA (*waking*).

A voice said in my sleep: 'Do not  
delay:

Do not delay; the golden moments  
fly!

The oracle hath forbidden; yet  
not thee

Doth it forbid, but Epimetheus  
only!'

I am alone. These faces in the  
mirrors

Are but the shadows and phan-  
toms of myself; 540

They cannot help nor hinder. No  
one sees me,

Save the all-seeing Gods, who,  
knowing good

And knowing evil, have created  
me

Such as I am, and filled me with  
desire

Of knowing good and evil like  
themselves.

*She approaches the chest.*

I hesitate no longer. Weal or woe,

Or life or death, the moment shall  
decide.

*She lifts the lid. A dense mist  
rises from the chest, and fills the  
room. PANDORA falls senseless  
on the floor. Storm without.*

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE  
GATE OF HORN.

Yes, the moment shall decide!  
It already hath decided;  
And the secret once confided 550  
To the keeping of the Titan  
Now is flying far and wide,  
Whispered, told on every side,  
To disquiet and to frighten.

Fever of the heart and brain,  
Sorrow, pestilence, and pain,  
Moans of anguish, maniac laugh-  
ter,

All the evils that hereafter  
Shall afflict and vex mankind,  
All into the air have risen 560  
From the chambers of their pris-  
on;

Only Hope remains behind.

## VIII

### IN THE GARDEN

EPIMETHEUS.

The storm is past, but it hath left  
behind it

Ruin and desolation. All the  
walks

Are strewn with shattered boughs;  
the birds are silent;

The flowers, downtrodden by the  
wind, lie dead;

The swollen rivulet sobs with se-  
cret pain;

The melancholy reeds whisper  
together

As if some dreadful deed had been  
committed

They dare not name, and all the  
air is heavy 570

With an unspoken sorrow! Pre-  
monitions,  
Foreshadowings of some terrible  
disaster  
Oppress my heart. Ye Gods,  
avert the omen!

PANDORA, *coming from the house.*  
O Epimetheus, I no longer dare  
To lift mine eyes to thine, nor hear  
thy voice,  
Being no longer worthy of thy love.

EPIMETHEUS.

What hast thou done?

PANDORA.

Forgive me not, but kill me.

EPIMETHEUS.

What hast thou done?

PANDORA.

I pray for death, not pardon.

EPIMETHEUS.

What hast thou done?

PANDORA.

I dare not speak of it.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thy pallor and thy silence terrify  
me! 580

PANDORA.

I have brought wrath and ruin on  
thy house!

My heart hath braved the oracle  
that guarded

The fatal secret from us, and my  
hand

Lifted the lid of the mysterious  
chest!

EPIMETHEUS.

Then all is lost! I am indeed un-  
done.

PANDORA.

I pray for punishment, and not for  
pardon.

EPIMETHEUS.

Mine is the fault, not thine. On  
me shall fall

The vengeance of the Gods, for I  
betrayed

Their secret when, in evil hour,  
I said

It was a secret; when, in evil  
hour, 590

I left thee here alone to this temp-  
tation.

Why did I leave thee?

PANDORA.

Why didst thou return?

Eternal absence would have been  
to me

The greatest punishment. To be  
left alone

And face to face with my own  
crime, had been

Just retribution. Upon me, ye  
Gods,

Let all your vengeance fall!

EPIMETHEUS.

On thee and me.

I do not love thee less for what is  
done,

And cannot be undone. Thy very  
weakness

Hath brought thee nearer to me,  
and henceforth 600

My love will have a sense of pity  
in it,

Making it less a worship than be-  
fore.

PANDORA.

Pity me not; pity is degradation.

Love me and kill me.

EPIMETHEUS.

Beautiful Pandora!

Thou art a Goddess still!

PANDORA.

I am a woman;

And the insurgent demon in my  
nature,

That made me brave the oracle  
revolts



At pity and compassion. Let me  
die;  
What else remains for me?

EPIMETHEUS.

Youth, hope, and love :  
To build a new life on a ruined  
life, 610  
To make the future fairer than the  
past,  
And make the past appear a  
troubled dream.  
Even now in passing through the  
garden walks  
Upon the ground I saw a fallen  
nest  
Ruined and full of rain ; and over  
me  
Beheld the uncomplaining birds  
already  
Busy in building a new habitation.

PANDORA.

Auspicious omen !

EPIMETHEUS.

May the Eumenides  
Put out their torches and behold  
us not,  
And fling away their whips of scor-  
pions 620  
And touch us not.

PANDORA.

Me let them punish.  
Only through punishment of our  
evil deeds,  
Only through suffering, are we  
reconciled  
To the immortal Gods and to our-  
selves.

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

Never shall souls like these  
Escape the Eumenides,  
The daughters dark of Acheron  
and Night !  
Unquenched our torches glare,  
Our scourges in the air  
Send forth prophetic sounds be-  
fore they smite. 630

Never by lapse of time  
The soul defaced by crime  
Into its former self returns again ;  
For every guilty deed  
Holds in itself the seed  
Of retribution and undying pain.

Never shall be the loss  
Restored, till Helios  
Hath purified them with his hea-  
venly fires ;  
Then what was lost is won,  
And the new life begun, 641  
Kindled with nobler passions and  
desires.

## THE HANGING OF THE CRANE

I

THE lights are out, and gone are  
all the guests  
That thronging came with merri-  
ment and jests  
To celebrate the Hanging of the  
Crane  
In the new house, — into the night  
are gone ;  
But still the fire upon the hearth  
burns on,  
And I alone remain.

O fortunate, O happy day,  
When a new household finds its  
place  
Among the myriad homes of  
earth,  
Like a new star just sprung to  
birth, 10  
And rolled on its harmonious  
way  
Into the boundless realms of  
space !

So said the guests in speech and  
 song,  
 As in the chimney, burning bright,  
 We hung the iron crane to-night,  
 And merry was the feast and long.

## II

And now I sit and muse on what  
 may be,  
 And in my vision see, or seem to  
 see,  
 Through floating vapors inter-  
 fused with light,  
 Shapes indeterminate, that gleam  
 and fade, <sup>20</sup>  
 As shadows passing into deeper  
 shade  
 Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,  
 Is spread the table round and  
 small;  
 Upon the polished silver shine  
 The evening lamps, but, more  
 divine,  
 The light of love shines over all;  
 Of love, that says not mine and  
 thine,  
 But ours, for ours is thine and  
 mine.

They want no guests, to come  
 between <sup>30</sup>  
 Their tender glances like a  
 screen,  
 And tell them tales of land and  
 sea,  
 And whatsoever may betide  
 The great, forgotten world out-  
 side;  
 They want no guests; they needs  
 must be  
 Each other's own best company.

## III

The picture fades; as at a village  
 fair  
 A showman's views, dissolving  
 into air,  
 Again appear transfigured on  
 the screen,

So in my fancy this; and now once  
 more, <sup>40</sup>  
 In part transfigured, through the  
 open door  
 Appears the selfsame scene.

Seated, I see the two again,  
 But not alone; they entertain  
 A little angel unaware,  
 With face as round as is the  
 moon,  
 A royal guest with flaxen hair,  
 Who, throned upon his lofty  
 chair,  
 Drums on the table with his  
 spoon,  
 Then drops it careless on the  
 floor, <sup>50</sup>  
 To grasp at things unseen be-  
 fore.

Are these celestial manners?  
 these  
 The ways that win, the arts that  
 please?  
 Ah yes; consider well the guest,  
 And whatsoe'er he does seems  
 best;  
 He ruleth by the right divine  
 Of helplessness, so lately born  
 In purple chambers of the morn,  
 As sovereign over thee and thine.  
 He speaketh not; and yet there  
 lies <sup>60</sup>  
 A conversation in his eyes;  
 The golden silence of the Greek,  
 The gravest wisdom of the wise,  
 Not spoken in language, but in  
 looks  
 More legible than printed books,  
 As if he could but would not  
 speak.  
 And now, O monarch absolute,  
 Thy power is put to proof; for, lo!  
 Resistless, fathomless, and slow,  
 The nurse comes rustling like  
 the sea, <sup>70</sup>  
 And pushes back thy chair and  
 thee,  
 And so good night to King  
 Canute.

## IV

As one who walking in a forest  
sees  
A lovely landscape through the  
parted trees,  
Then sees it not, for boughs that  
intervene;  
Or as we see the moon sometimes  
revealed  
Through drifting clouds, and then  
again concealed,  
So I behold the scene.

There are two guests at table  
now;  
The king, deposed and older  
grown, 80  
No longer occupies the throne,—  
The crown is on his sister's  
brow;  
A Princess from the Fairy Isles,  
The very pattern girl of girls,  
All covered and embowered in  
curls,  
Rose-tinted from the Isle of  
Flowers,  
And sailing with soft, silken sails  
From far-off Dreamland into  
ours.  
Above their bowls with rims of  
blue  
Four azure eyes of deeper hue 90  
Are looking, dreamy with de-  
light;  
Limpid as planets that emerge  
Above the ocean's rounded verge,  
Soft-shining through the summer  
night.  
Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing  
see  
Beyond the horizon of their  
bowls;  
Nor care they for the world that  
rolls  
With all its freight of troubled  
souls  
Into the days that are to be.

## V

Again the tossing boughs shut out  
the scene, 100

Again the drifting vapors inter-  
vene,  
And the moon's pallid disk is  
hidden quite;  
And now I see the table wider  
grown,  
As round a pebble into water  
thrown  
Dilates a ring of light.

I see the table wider grown,  
I see it garlanded with guests,  
As if fair Ariadne's Crown  
Out of the sky had fallen down;  
Maidens within whose tender  
breasts 110  
A thousand restless hopes and  
fears,  
Forth reaching to the coming  
years,  
Flutter awhile, then quiet lie,  
Like timid birds that fain would  
fly,  
But do not dare to leave their  
nests;—  
And youths, who in their strength  
elate  
Challenge the van and front of  
fate,  
Eager as champions to be  
In the divine knight-errantry  
Of youth, that travels sea and  
land 120  
Seeking adventures, or pursues,  
Through cities, and through  
solitudes  
Frequented by the lyric Muse,  
The phantom with the beckon-  
ing hand,  
That still allures and still eludes.  
O sweet illusions of the brain!  
O sudden thrills of fire and  
frost!  
The world is bright while ye re-  
main,  
And dark and dead when ye are  
lost!

## VI

The meadow-brook, that seemeth  
to stand still. 130

Quickens its current as it nears  
the mill;

And so the stream of Time that  
lingereth

In level places, and so dull ap-  
pears,

Runs with a swifter current as it  
nears

The gloomy mills of Death.

And now, like the magician's  
scroll,

That in the owner's keeping  
shrinks

With every wish he speaks or  
thinks,

Till the last wish consumes the  
whole, <sup>139</sup>

The table dwindles, and again  
I see the two alone remain.

The crown of stars is broken in  
parts;

Its jewels, brighter than the  
day,

Have one by one been stolen  
away

To shine in other homes and  
hearts.

One is a wanderer now afar

In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,

Or sunny regions of Cathay;

And one is in the boisterous  
camp

Mid clink of arms and horses'  
tramp, <sup>150</sup>

And battle's terrible array.

I see the patient mother read,

With aching heart, of wrecks  
that float

Disabled on those seas remote,

Or of some great heroic deed

On battle-fields, where thousands  
bleed

To lift one hero into fame.

Anxious she bends her graceful  
head

Above these chronicles of pain,

And trembles with a secret dread

Lest there among the drowned  
or slain <sup>161</sup>

She find the one beloved name.

## VII

After a day of cloud and wind and  
rain

Sometimes the setting sun breaks  
out again,

And, touching all the darksome  
woods with light,

Smiles on the fields, until they  
laugh and sing,

Then like a ruby from the horizon's  
ring

Drops down into the night.

What see I now? The night is  
fair,

The storm of grief, the clouds of  
care, <sup>170</sup>

The wind, the rain, have passed  
away;

The lamps are lit, the fires burn  
bright,

The house is full of life and  
light;

It is the Golden Wedding day.

The guests come thronging in  
once more,

Quick footsteps sound along the  
floor,

The trooping children crowd the  
stair,

And in and out and everywhere  
Flashes along the corridor

The sunshine of their golden  
hair. <sup>180</sup>

On the round table in the hall

Another Ariadne's Crown

Out of the sky hath fallen down;

More than one Monarch of the  
Moon

Is drumming with his silver  
spoon;

The light of love shines over  
all.

O fortunate, O happy day!

The people sing, the people  
say.

The ancient bridegroom and the  
bride,

Smiling contented and serene <sup>190</sup>  
 Upon the blithe, bewildering  
 scene,  
 Behold, well pleased, on every  
 side  
 Their forms and features multi-  
 plied,

As the reflection of a light  
 Between two burnished mirrors  
 gleams,  
 Or lamps upon a bridge at night  
 Stretch on and on before the  
 sight,  
 Till the long vista endless seems.

## MORITURI SALUTAMUS

**POEM FOR THE FIFTIETH  
 ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
 CLASS OF 1825 IN BOWDOIN  
 COLLEGE**

*Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senes-  
 cimus annis,  
 Et fugiunt freno non remorante  
 dies.*

*OVID, Fastorum, Lib. vi.*

'O CÆSAR, we who are about to  
 die  
 Salute you!' was the gladiators'  
 cry  
 In the arena, standing face to  
 face  
 With death and with the Roman  
 populace.

O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves  
 of pine,  
 That once were mine and are no  
 longer mine,—  
 Thou river, widening through the  
 meadows green  
 To the vast sea, so near and yet  
 unseen,—  
 Ye halls, in whose seclusion and  
 repose  
 Phantoms of fame, like exhalations,  
 rose <sup>10</sup>  
 And vanished,—we who are about  
 to die,  
 Salute you; earth and air and sea  
 and sky,  
 And the Imperial Sun that scat-  
 ters down  
 His sovereign splendors upon  
 grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not  
 hear!  
 We are forgotten; and in your  
 austere  
 And calm indifference, ye little  
 care  
 Whether we come or go, or whence  
 or where.  
 What passing generations fill these  
 halls,  
 What passing voices echo from  
 these walls, <sup>20</sup>  
 Ye heed not; we are only as the  
 blast,  
 A moment heard, and then forever  
 past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier  
 days  
 Led our bewildered feet through  
 learning's maze;  
 They answer us—alas! what have  
 I said?  
 What greetings come there from  
 the voiceless dead?  
 What salutation, welcome, or re-  
 ply?  
 What pressure from the hands  
 that lifeless lie?  
 They are no longer here; they all  
 are gone  
 Into the land of shadows,—all  
 save one. <sup>30</sup>  
 Honor and reverence, and the good  
 repute  
 That follows faithful service as its  
 fruit,  
 Be unto him, whom living we sa-  
 lute.



The great Italian poet, when he  
 made  
 His dreadful journey to the realms  
 of shade,  
 Met there the old instructor of his  
 youth,  
 And cried in tones of pity and of  
 ruth :  
 'Oh, never from the memory of my  
 heart  
 Your dear, paternal image shall  
 depart,  
 Who while on earth, ere yet by  
 death surprised, <sup>40</sup>  
 Taught me how mortals are im-  
 mortalized ;  
 How grateful am I for that patient  
 care  
 All my life long my language shall  
 declare.'  
  
 To-day we make the poet's words  
 our own,  
 And utter them in plaintive under-  
 tone ;  
 Nor to the living only be they said,  
 But to the other living called the  
 dead,  
 Whose dear, paternal images ap-  
 pear  
 Not wrapped in gloom, but robed  
 in sunshine here ;  
 Whose simple lives, complete and  
 without flaw, <sup>50</sup>  
 Were part and parcel of great Na-  
 ture's law ;  
 Who said not to their Lord, as if  
 afraid,  
 'Here is thy talent in a napkin  
 laid,'  
 But labored in their sphere, as  
 men who live  
 In the delight that work alone can  
 give.  
 Peace be to them ; eternal peace  
 and rest,  
 And the fulfilment of the great  
 behest :  
 'Ye have been faithful over a few  
 things,  
 Over ten cities shall ye reign as  
 kings.'

And ye who fill the places we once  
 filled, <sup>60</sup>  
 And follow in the furrows that we  
 tilled,  
 Young men, whose generous hearts  
 are beating high,  
 We who are old, and are about to  
 die,  
 Salute you ; hail you ; take your  
 hands in ours,  
 And crown you with our welcome  
 as with flowers !  
  
 How beautiful is youth ! how  
 bright it gleams  
 With its illusions, aspirations,  
 dreams !  
 Book of Beginnings, Story without  
 End,  
 Each maid a heroine, and each  
 man a friend !  
 Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus'  
 Purse, <sup>70</sup>  
 That holds the treasures of the  
 universe !  
 All possibilities are in its hands,  
 No danger daunts it, and no foe  
 withstands ;  
 In its sublime audacity of faith,  
 'Be thou removed !' it to the  
 mountain saith,  
 And with ambitious feet, secure  
 and proud,  
 Ascends the ladder leaning on the  
 cloud !  
  
 As ancient Priam at the Scæan  
 gate  
 Sat on the walls of Troy in regal  
 state  
 With the old men, too old and weak  
 to fight, <sup>80</sup>  
 Chirping like grasshoppers in their  
 delight  
 To see the embattled hosts, with  
 spear and shield,  
 Of Trojans and Achæans in the  
 field ;  
 So from the snowy summits of our  
 years '  
 We see you in the plain, as each  
 appears,

And question of you; asking,  
 'Who is he  
 That towers above the others?  
 Which may be  
 Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,  
 Ajax the great, or bold Idome-  
 neus?'

Let him not boast who puts his  
 armor on  
 As he who puts it off, the battle <sup>90</sup>  
 done.  
 Study yourselves; and most of all  
 note well  
 Wherein kind Nature meant you  
 to excel.  
 Not every blossom ripens into  
 fruit;  
 Minerva, the inventress of the  
 flute,  
 Flung it aside, when she her face  
 surveyed  
 Distorted in a fountain as she  
 played;  
 The unlucky Marsyas found it,  
 and his fate  
 Was one to make the bravest hesi-  
 tate.

Write on your doors the saying  
 wise and old, <sup>100</sup>  
 'Be bold! be bold!' and every-  
 where 'Be bold;  
 Be not too bold!' Yet better the  
 excess  
 Than the defect; better the more  
 than less;  
 Better like Hector in the field to  
 die,  
 Than like a perfumed Paris turn  
 and fly.

And now, my classmates; ye re-  
 maining few  
 That number not the half of those  
 we knew,  
 Ye, against whose familiar names  
 not yet  
 The fatal asterisk of death is set,  
 Ye I salute! The horologe of  
 Time <sup>110</sup>

Strikes the half-century with a  
 solemn chime,  
 And summons us together once  
 again,  
 The joy of meeting not unmixed  
 with pain.

Where are the others? Voices  
 from the deep  
 Caverns of darkness answer me:  
 'They sleep!'  
 I name no names; instinctively I  
 feel  
 Each at some well-remembered  
 grave will kneel,  
 And from the inscription wipe the  
 weeds and moss,  
 For every heart best knoweth its  
 own loss.  
 I see their scattered gravestones  
 gleaming white <sup>120</sup>  
 Through the pale dusk of the im-  
 pending night;  
 O'er all alike the impartial sunset  
 throws  
 Its golden lilies mingled with the  
 rose;  
 We give to each a tender thought,  
 and pass  
 Out of the graveyards with their  
 tangled grass,  
 Unto these scenes frequented by  
 our feet  
 When we were young, and life was  
 fresh and sweet.

What shall I say to you? What  
 can I say  
 Better than silence is? When I  
 survey  
 This throng of faces turned to  
 meet my own, <sup>130</sup>  
 Friendly and fair, and yet to me  
 unknown,  
 Transformed the very landscape  
 seems to be;  
 It is the same, yet not the same to  
 me.  
 So many memories crowd upon my  
 brain,

So many ghosts are in the wooded  
plain,  
I fain would steal away, with noise-  
less tread,  
As from a house where some one  
lieth dead.

I cannot go; — I pause; — I hesi-  
tate;  
My feet reluctant linger at the  
gate;  
As one who struggles in a troubled  
dream 140  
To speak and cannot, to myself I  
seem.

Vanish the dream! Vanish the  
idle fears!

Vanish the rolling mists of fifty  
years!

Whatever time or space may in-  
tervene,

I will not be a stranger in this  
scene.

Here every doubt, all indecision,  
ends;

Hail, my companions, comrades,  
classmates, friends!

Ah me! the fifty years since last  
we met

Seem to me fifty folios bound and  
set

By Time, the great transcriber, on  
his shelves, 150

Wherein are written the histories  
of ourselves.

What tragedies, what comedies,  
are there;

What joy and grief, what rapture  
and despair!

What chronicles of triumph and  
defeat,

Of struggle, and temptation, and  
retreat!

What records of regrets, and  
doubts, and fears!

What pages blotted, blistered by  
our tears!

What lovely landscapes on the  
margin shine,

What sweet, angelic faces, what  
divine

And holy images of love and trust,  
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by  
damp or dust! 161

Whose hand shall dare to open  
and explore

These volumes, closed and clasped  
forevermore?

Not mine. With reverential feet  
I pass;

I hear a voice that cries, 'Alas!  
alas!

Whatever hath been written shall  
remain,

Nor be erased nor written o'er  
again;

The unwritten only still belongs  
to thee:

Take heed, and ponder well what  
that shall be.'

As children frightened by a thun-  
der-cloud 170

Are reassured if some one reads  
aloud

A tale of wonder, with enchant-  
ment fraught,

Or wild adventure, that diverts  
their thought,

Let me endeavor with a tale to  
chase

The gathering shadows of the time  
and place,

And banish what we all too deeply  
feel

Wholly to say or wholly to con-  
ceal.

In mediæval Rome, I know not  
where,

There stood an image with its arm  
in air,

And on its lifted finger, shining  
clear, 180

A golden ring with the device,  
'Strike here!'

Greatly the people wondered,  
though none guessed

The meaning that these words but  
 half expressed,  
 Until a learned clerk, who at noon-  
 day  
 With downcast eyes was passing  
 on his way,  
 Paused, and observed the spot,  
 and marked it well,  
 Whereon the shadow of the finger  
 fell;  
 And, coming back at midnight,  
 delved, and found  
 A secret stairway leading under-  
 ground.  
 Down this he passed into a spa-  
 cious hall, 190  
 Lit by a flaming jewel on the  
 wall;  
 And opposite, in threatening atti-  
 tude,  
 With bow and shaft a brazen  
 statue stood.  
 Upon its forehead, like a coronet,  
 Were these mysterious words of  
 menace set:  
 'That which I am, I am; my fatal  
 aim  
 None can escape, not even yon  
 luminous flame!'

Midway the hall was a fair table  
 placed,  
 With cloth of gold, and golden  
 cups enchased  
 With rubies, and the plates and  
 knives were gold, 200  
 And gold the bread and viands  
 manifold.  
 Around it, silent, motionless, and  
 sad,  
 Were seated gallant knights in  
 armor clad,  
 And ladies beautiful with plume  
 and zone,  
 But they were stone, their hearts  
 within were stone;  
 And the vast hall was filled in  
 every part  
 With silent crowds, stony in face  
 and heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and  
 amazed,  
 The trembling clerk in speechless  
 wonder gazed;  
 Then from the table, by his greed  
 made bold, 210  
 He seized a goblet and a knife of  
 gold,  
 And suddenly from their seats the  
 guests upsprang,  
 The vaulted ceiling with loud  
 clamors rang,  
 The archer sped his arrow, at  
 their call,  
 Shattering the lambent jewel on  
 the wall,  
 And all was dark around and over-  
 head;—  
 Stark on the floor the luckless  
 clerk lay dead!

The writer of this legend then re-  
 cords  
 Its ghostly application, in these  
 words: 219  
 The image is the Adversary old,  
 Whose beckoning finger points to  
 realms of gold;  
 Our lusts and passions are the  
 downward stair  
 That leads the soul from a diviner  
 air;  
 The archer, Death; the flaming  
 jewel, Life;  
 Terrestrial goods, the goblet and  
 the knife;  
 The knights and ladies, all whose  
 flesh and bone  
 By avarice have been hardened  
 into stone;  
 The clerk, the scholar whom the  
 love of pelf  
 Tempts from his books and from  
 his nobler self.

The scholar and the world! The  
 endless strife, 230  
 The discord in the harmonies of  
 life!

The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,  
And all the sweet serenity of books;  
The market-place, the eager love of gain,  
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain!

But why, you ask me, should this tale be told

To men grown old, or who are growing old?

It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late

Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.

Cato learned Greek at eighty;  
Sophocles 240

Wrote his grand *Cædipus*, and *Simonides*

Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,

When each had numbered more than fourscore years,

And *Theophrastus*, at fourscore and ten,

Had but begun his 'Characters of Men.'

*Chaucer*, at *Woodstock* with the nightingales,

At sixty wrote the *Canterbury Tales*;

*Goethe* at *Weimar*, toiling to the last,

Completed *Faust* when eighty years were past.

These are indeed exceptions; but they show 250

How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow

Into the arctic regions of our lives,

Where little else than life itself survives.

As the barometer foretells the storm

While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,

So something in us, as old age draws near,

Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.

The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,

Descends the elastic ladder of the air;

The telltale blood in artery and vein 260

Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;

Whatever poet, orator, or sage

May say of it, old age is still old age.

It is the waning, not the crescent moon;

The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon;

It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,

But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire,

The burning and consuming element,

But that of ashes and of embers spent,

In which some living sparks we still discern, 270

Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say

The night hath come; it is no longer day?

The night hath not yet come; we are not quite

Cut off from labor by the failing light;

Something remains for us to do or dare;

Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;

Not *Cædipus Coloneus*, or Greek Ode,

Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode

Out of the gateway of the *Tabard Inn*, 280



But other something, would we  
but begin;  
For age is opportunity no less  
Than youth itself, though in an-  
other dress,

And as the evening twilight fades  
away  
The sky is filled with stars, invis-  
ible by day.

## A BOOK OF SONNETS

## THREE FRIENDS OF MINE

## I

WHEN I remember them, those  
friends of mine,  
Who are no longer here, the no-  
ble three,  
Who half my life were more  
than friends to me,  
And whose discourse was like a  
generous wine,  
I most of all remember the divine  
Something, that shone in them,  
and made us see  
The archetypal man, and what  
might be  
The amplitude of Nature's first  
design.  
In vain I stretch my hands to  
clasp their hands;  
I cannot find them. Nothing  
now is left  
But a majestic memory. They  
meanwhile  
Wander together in Elysian lands,  
Perchance remembering me, who  
am bereft  
Of their dear presence, and, re-  
membering, smile.

## II

In Attica thy birthplace should  
have been,  
Or the Ionian Isles, or where  
the seas  
Encircle in their arms the Cy-  
clades,  
So wholly Greek wast thou in  
thy serene  
And childlike joy of life, O Phil-  
hellene!

Around thee would have  
swarmed the Attic bees;  
Homer had been thy friend, or  
Socrates,  
And Plato welcomed thee to his  
demesne.  
For thee old legends breathed his-  
toric breath;  
Thou sawest Poseidon in the  
purple sea,  
And in the sunset Jason's fleece  
of gold!  
Oh, what hadst thou to do with  
cruel Death,  
Who wast so full of life, or  
Death with thee,  
That thou shouldst die before  
thou hadst grown old!

## III

I stand again on the familiar  
shore,  
And hear the waves of the dis-  
tracted sea  
Piteously calling and lamenting  
thee,  
And waiting restless at thy cot-  
tage door.  
The rocks, the sea-weed on the  
ocean floor,  
The willows in the meadow, and  
the free  
Wild winds of the Atlantic wel-  
come me;  
Then why shouldst thou be dead,  
and come no more?  
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead,  
when common men  
Are busy with their trivial  
affairs,

Having and holding? Why,  
 when thou hadst read  
 Nature's mysterious manuscript,  
 and then  
 Wast ready to reveal the truth  
 it bears,  
 Why art thou silent? Why  
 shouldst thou be dead?

## IV

River, that stealest with such  
 silent pace  
 Around the City of the Dead,  
 where lies  
 A friend who bore thy name, and  
 whom these eyes  
 Shall see no more in his accus-  
 tomed place,  
 Linger and fold him in thy soft em-  
 brace,  
 And say good night, for now the  
 western skies  
 Are red with sunset, and gray  
 mists arise  
 Like damps that gather on a  
 dead man's face.  
 Good night! good night! as we so  
 oft have said  
 Beneath this roof at midnight,  
 in the days  
 That are no more, and shall no  
 more return.  
 Thou hast but taken thy lamp and  
 gone to bed;  
 I stay a little longer, as one  
 stays  
 To cover up the embers that still  
 burn.

## V

The doors are all wide open; at  
 the gate  
 The blossomed lilacs counterfeit  
 a blaze,  
 And seem to warm the air; a  
 dreamy haze  
 Hangs o'er the Brighton mead-  
 ows like a fate,  
 And on their margin, with sea-tides  
 elate,

The flooded Charles, as in the  
 happier days,  
 Writes the last letter of his  
 name, and stays  
 His restless steps, as if compelled  
 to wait.  
 I also wait; but they will come no  
 more,  
 Those friends of mine, whose  
 presence satisfied  
 The thirst and hunger of my  
 heart. Ah me!  
 They have forgotten the pathway  
 to my door!  
 Something is gone from nature  
 since they died,  
 And summer is not summer, nor  
 can be.

## CHAUCER

AN old man in a lodge within a  
 park;  
 The chamber walls depicted all  
 around  
 With portraitures of huntsman,  
 hawk, and hound,  
 And the hurt deer. He listeneth  
 to the lark,  
 Whose song comes with the sun-  
 shine through the dark  
 Of painted glass in leaden lattice  
 bound;  
 He listeneth and he laugheth at  
 the sound,  
 Then writeth in a book like any  
 clerk.  
 He is the poet of the dawn, who  
 wrote  
 The Canterbury Tales, and his  
 old age  
 Made beautiful with song; and  
 as I read  
 I hear the crowing cock, I hear  
 the note  
 Of lark and linnet, and from  
 every page  
 Rise odors of ploughed field or  
 flowery mead.

## SHAKESPEARE

A VISION as of crowded city  
streets,  
With human life in endless over-  
flow ;  
Thunder of thoroughfares ; trum-  
pets that blow  
To battle ; clamor, in obscure  
retreats,  
Of sailors landed from their an-  
chored fleets ;  
Tolling of bells in turrets, and  
below  
Voices of children, and bright  
flowers that throw  
O'er garden-walls their intermin-  
gled sweets !  
This vision comes to me when I  
unfold  
The volume of the Poet para-  
mount,  
Whom all the Muses loved, not  
one alone ; —  
Into his hands they put the lyre of  
gold,  
And, crowned with sacred laurel  
at their fount,  
Placed him as Musagetes on  
their throne.

## MILTON

I PACE the sounding sea-beach and  
behold  
How the voluminous billows roll  
and run,  
Upheaving and subsiding, while  
the sun  
Shines through their sheeted  
emerald far unrolled,  
And the ninth wave, slow gather-  
ing fold by fold  
All its loose-flowing garments  
into one,  
Plunges upon the shore, and  
floods the dun  
Pale reach of sands, and changes  
them to gold.  
So in majestic cadence rise and  
fall

The mighty undulations of thy  
song,  
O sightless bard, England's  
Mæonides !  
And ever and anon, high over all  
Uplifted, a ninth wave superb  
and strong,  
Floods all the soul with its me-  
lodious seas.

## KEATS

THE young Endymion sleeps Endy-  
mion's sleep ;  
The shepherd-boy whose tale  
was left half told !  
The solemn grove uplifts its  
shield of gold  
To the red rising moon, and loud  
and deep  
The nightingale is singing from  
the steep ;  
It is midsummer, but the air is  
cold ;  
Can it be death ? Alas, beside  
the fold  
A shepherd's pipe lies shattered  
near his sheep.  
Lo ! in the moonlight gleams a  
marble white,  
On which I read : ' Here lieth  
one whose name  
Was writ in water.' And was  
this the meed  
Of his sweet singing ? Rather let  
me write :  
' The smoking flax before it  
burst to flame  
Was quenched by death, and  
broken the bruised reed.'

## THE GALAXY

TORRENT of light and river of the  
air,  
Along whose bed the glimmer-  
ing stars are seen  
Like gold and silver sands in  
some ravine

Where mountain streams have  
left their channels bare !  
The Spaniard sees in thee the  
pathway, where  
His patron saint descended in  
the sheen  
Of his celestial armor, on se-  
rene  
And quiet nights, when all the  
heavens were fair.  
Not this I see, nor yet the ancient  
fable  
Of Phaeton's wild course, that  
scorched the skies  
Where'er the hoofs of his hot  
coursers trod ;  
But the white drift of worlds o'er  
chasms of sable,  
The star-dust, that is whirled  
aloft and flies  
From the invisible chariot-  
wheels of God.

#### THE SOUND OF THE SEA

THE sea awoke at midnight from  
its sleep,  
And round the pebbly beaches  
far and wide  
I heard the first wave of the ris-  
ing tide  
Rush onward with uninterrupted  
sweep ;  
A voice out of the silence of the  
deep,  
A sound mysteriously multiplied  
As of a cataract from the moun-  
tain's side,  
Or roar of winds upon a wooded  
steep.  
So comes to us at times, from the  
unknown  
And inaccessible solitudes of  
being,  
The rushing of the sea-tides of  
the soul ;  
And inspirations, that we deem  
our own,  
Are some divine foreshadowing  
and foreseeing  
Of things beyond our reason or  
control.

#### A SUMMER DAY BY THE SEA

THE sun is set ; and in his latest  
beams  
Yon little cloud of ashen gray  
and gold,  
Slowly upon the amber air un-  
rolled,  
The falling mantle of the Pro-  
phet seems.  
From the dim headlands many a  
light-house gleams,  
The street-lamps of the ocean ;  
and behold,  
O'erhead the banners of the  
night unfold ;  
The day hath passed into the  
land of dreams.  
O summer day beside the joyous  
sea !  
O summer day so wonderful and  
white,  
So full of gladness and so full of  
pain !  
Forever and forever shalt thou be  
To some the gravestone of a  
dead delight,  
To some the landmark of a new  
domain.

#### THE TIDES

I SAW the long line of the vacant  
shore,  
The sea-weed and the shells  
upon the sand,  
And the brown rocks left bare  
on every hand,  
As if the ebbing tide would flow  
no more.  
Then heard I, more distinctly than  
before,  
The ocean breathe and its great  
breast expand,  
And hurrying came on the de-  
fenceless land  
The insurgent waters with tu-  
multuous roar.  
All thought and feeling and desire,  
I said,

Love, laughter, and the exultant  
joy of song  
Have ebbed from me forever!  
Suddenly o'er me  
They swept again from their deep  
ocean bed,  
And in a tumult of delight, and  
strong  
As youth, and beautiful as youth,  
upbore me.

## A SHADOW

I SAID unto myself, if I were dead,  
What would befall these chil-  
dren? What would be  
Their fate, who now are looking  
up to me  
For help and furtherance? Their  
lives, I said,  
Would be a volume wherein I have  
read  
But the first chapters, and no  
longer see  
To read the rest of their dear  
history,  
So full of beauty and so full of  
dread.  
Be comforted; the world is very  
old,  
And generations pass, as they  
have passed,  
A troop of shadows moving with  
the sun;  
Thousands of times has the old  
tale been told;  
The world belongs to those who  
come the last,  
They will find hope and strength  
as we have done.

## A NAMELESS GRAVE

'A SOLDIER of the Union mus-  
tered out,'  
Is the inscription on an unknown  
grave  
At Newport News, beside the  
salt-sea wave,  
Nameless and dateless; sentinel  
or scout

Shot down in skirmish, or disas-  
trous rout  
Of battle, when the loud artillery  
drave  
Its iron wedges through the  
ranks of brave  
And doomed battalions, storm-  
ing the redoubt.  
Thou unknown hero sleeping by  
the sea  
In thy forgotten grave! with se-  
cret shame  
I feel my pulses beat, my fore  
head burn,  
When I remember thou hast given  
for me  
All that thou hadst, thy life, thy  
very name,  
And I can give thee nothing in  
return.

## SLEEP

LULL me to sleep, ye winds, whos  
fitful sound  
Seems from some faint Æolian  
harp-string caught;  
Seal up the hundred wakeful  
eyes of thought  
As Hermes with his lyre in sleep  
profound  
The hundred wakeful eyes of Ar-  
gus bound;  
For I am weary, and am over-  
wrought  
With too much toil, with too  
much care distraught,  
And with the iron crown of an-  
guish crowned.  
Lay thy soft hand upon my brow  
and cheek,  
O peaceful Sleep! until from pain  
released  
I breathe again uninterrupted  
breath!  
Ah, with what subtle meaning did  
the Greek  
Call thee the lesser mystery at  
the feast  
Whereof the greater mystery is  
death!



### THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE

TADDEO GADDI built me. I am  
old,  
Five centuries old. I plant my  
foot of stone  
Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's  
own  
Was planted on the dragon.  
Fold by fold  
Beneath me as it struggles, I be-  
hold  
Its glistening scales. Twice  
hath it overthrown  
My kindred and companions. Me  
alone  
It moveth not, but is by me con-  
trolled.  
I can remember when the Med-  
ici  
Were driven from Florence ;  
longer still ago  
The final wars of Ghibelline and  
Guef.  
Florence adorns me with her jew-  
elry;  
And when I think that Michael  
Angelo  
Hath leaned on me, I glory in  
myself.

### IL PONTE VECCHIO DI FIRENZE

GADDI mi fece ; il Ponte Vecchio  
sono ;  
Cinquecent' anni già sull' Arno  
pianto  
Il piede, come il suo Michele  
Santo  
Piantò sul draco. Mentre ch' io  
ragiono  
Lo vedo forcere con flebil suono  
Le rilucenti scaglie. Ha questi  
affranto  
Due volte i miei maggior. Me  
solo intanto  
Neppure muove, ed io non l'ab-  
bandono.

Io mi rammento quando fur cacci-  
ati

I Medici ; pur quando Ghibellino  
E Guelfo fecer pace mi ram-  
mento.

Fiorenza i suoi gioielli m' ha pres-  
tati ;

E quando penso ch' Agnolo il  
divino

Su me posava, insuperbir mi  
sento.

### NATURE

As a fond mother, when the day  
is o'er,

Leads by the hand her little child  
to bed,

Half willing, half reluctant to be  
led,

And leave his broken playthings  
on the floor,

Still gazing at them through the  
open door,

Nor wholly reassured and com-  
forted

By promises of others in their  
stead,

Which, though more splendid,  
may not please him more ;

So Nature deals with us, and takes  
away

Our playthings one by one, and  
by the hand

Leads us to rest so gently, that  
we go

Scarce knowing if we wish to go or  
stay,

Being too full of sleep to under-  
stand

How far the unknown tran-  
scends the what we know.

### IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRYTOWN

HERE lies the gentle humorist,  
who died

In the bright Indian Summer of  
his fame !

A simple stone, with but a date  
and name,  
Marks his secluded resting-place  
beside  
The river that he loved and glori-  
fied.  
Here in the autumn of his days  
he came,  
But the dry leaves of life were  
all aflame  
With tints that brightened and  
were multiplied.  
How sweet a life was his; how  
sweet a death!  
Living, to wing with mirth the  
weary hours,  
Or with romantic tales the heart  
to cheer;  
Dying, to leave a memory like the  
breath  
Of summers full of sunshine and  
of showers,  
A grief and gladness in the at-  
mosphere.

## ELIOT'S OAK

THOU ancient oak! whose myriad  
leaves are loud  
With sounds of unintelligible  
speech,  
Sounds as of surges on a shingly  
beach,  
Or multitudinous murmurs of a  
crowd;  
With some mysterious gift of  
tongues endowed,  
Thou speakest a different dialect  
to each;  
To me a language that no man  
can teach,  
Of a lost race, long vanished like  
a cloud.  
For underneath thy shade, in days  
remote,  
Seated like Abraham at even-  
tide  
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the  
unknown  
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote

His Bible in a language that hath  
died  
And is forgotten, save by thee  
alone.

THE DESCENT OF THE  
MUSES

NINE sisters, beautiful in form  
and face,  
Came from their convent on the  
shining heights  
Of Pierus, the mountain of de-  
lights,  
To dwell among the people at its  
base.  
Then seemed the world to change.  
All time and space,  
Splendor of cloudless days and,  
starry nights,  
And men and manners, and all  
sounds and sights,  
Had a new meaning, a diviner  
grace.  
Proud were these sisters, but were  
not too proud  
To teach in schools of little  
country towns  
Science and song, and all the  
arts that please;  
So that while housewives span,  
and farmers ploughed,  
Their comely daughters, clad in  
homespun gowns,  
Learned the sweet songs of the  
Pierides.

## VENICE

WHITE swan of cities, slumbering  
in thy nest  
So wonderfully built among the  
reeds  
Of the lagoon, that fences thee  
and feeds,  
As sayeth thy old historian and  
thy guest!  
White water-lily, cradled and ca-  
ressed

By ocean streams, and from the  
 silt and weeds  
 Lifting thy golden filaments and  
 seeds,  
 Thy sun-illumined spires, thy  
 crown and crest!  
 White phantom city, whose un-  
 trodden streets  
 Are rivers, and whose pave-  
 ments are the shifting  
 Shadows of palaces and strips of  
 sky;  
 I wait to see thee vanish like the  
 fleets  
 Seen in mirage, or towers of  
 cloud uplifting  
 In air their unsubstantial ma-  
 sonry.

### THE POETS

O YE dead Poets, who are living  
 still  
 Immortal in your verse, though  
 life be fled,  
 And ye, O living Poets, who are  
 dead  
 Though ye are living, if neglect  
 can kill,  
 Tell me if in the darkest hours of  
 ill,  
 With drops of anguish falling  
 fast and red  
 From the sharp crown of thorns  
 upon your head,  
 Ye were not glad your errand to  
 fulfil?  
 Yes; for the gift and ministry of  
 Song  
 Have something in them so di-  
 vinely sweet,  
 It can assuage the bitterness of  
 wrong;  
 Not in the clamor of the crowded  
 street,  
 Not in the shouts and plaudits  
 of the throng,  
 But in ourselves, are triumph  
 and defeat.

### PARKER CLEAVELAND

WRITTEN ON REVISITING  
 BRUNSWICK IN THE SUMMER  
 OF 1875

AMONG the many lives that I have  
 known,  
 None I remember more serene  
 and sweet,  
 More rounded in itself and more  
 complete,  
 Than his, who lies beneath this  
 funeral stone.  
 These pines, that murmur in low  
 monotone,  
 These walks frequented by scho-  
 lastic feet,  
 Were all his world; but in this  
 calm retreat  
 For him the Teacher's chair be-  
 came a throne.  
 With fond affection memory loves  
 to dwell  
 On the old days, when his ex-  
 ample made  
 A pastime of the toil of tongue  
 and pen;  
 And now, amid the groves he loved  
 so well  
 That naught could lure him from  
 their grateful shade,  
 He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere,  
 for God hath said, Amen!

### THE HARVEST MOON

It is the Harvest Moon! On  
 gilded vanes  
 And roofs of villages, on wood-  
 land crests  
 And their aerial neighborhoods  
 of nests  
 Deserted, on the curtained win-  
 dow-panes  
 Of rooms where children sleep, on  
 country lanes  
 And harvest-fields, its mystic  
 splendor rests!

Gone are the birds that were our  
summer guests ;  
With the last sheaves return the  
laboring wains !  
All things are symbols : the external shows  
Of Nature have their image in  
the mind,  
As flowers and fruits and falling  
of the leaves ;  
The song-birds leave us at the  
summer's close,  
Only the empty nests are left behind,  
And pipings of the quail among  
the sheaves.

## TO THE RIVER RHONE

THOU Royal River, born of sun  
and shower  
In chambers purple with the Alpine glow,  
Wrapped in the spotless ermine  
of the snow  
And rocked by tempests !—at  
the appointed hour  
Forth, like a steel-clad horseman  
from a tower,  
With clang and clink of harness  
dost thou go  
To meet thy vassal torrents,  
that below  
Rush to receive thee and obey  
thy power.  
And now thou movest in triumphal  
march,  
A king among the rivers ! On  
thy way  
A hundred towns await and welcome thee ;  
Bridges uplift for thee the stately  
arch,  
Vineyards encircle thee with  
garlands gay,  
And fleets attend thy progress  
to the sea !

THE THREE SILENCES OF  
MOLINOS

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THREE Silences there are: the  
first of speech,  
The second of desire, the third  
of thought ;  
This is the lore a Spanish monk,  
distraught  
With dreams and visions, was  
the first to teach.  
These Silences, commingling each  
with each,  
Made up the perfect Silence that  
he sought  
And prayed for, and wherein at  
times he caught  
Mysterious sounds from realms  
beyond our reach.  
O thou, whose daily life anticipates  
The life to come, and in whose  
thought and word  
The spiritual world preponderates,  
Hermit of Amesbury ! thou too  
hast heard  
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,  
And speakest only when thy  
soul is stirred !

## THE TWO RIVERS

## I

SLOWLY the hour-hand of the  
clock moves round ;  
So slowly that no human eye  
hath power  
To see it move ! Slowly in shine  
or shower  
The painted ship above it, homeward bound,  
Sails, but seems motionless, as if  
aground ;  
Yet both arrive at last ; and in  
his tower  
The slumberous watchman  
wakes and strikes the hour,

A mellow, measured, melancholy  
sound.

Midnight! the outpost of advancing  
day!

The frontier town and citadel of  
night!

The watershed of Time, from  
which the streams

Of Yesterday and To-morrow take  
their way,

One to the land of promise and  
of light,

One to the land of darkness and  
of dreams!

## II

O River of Yesterday, with current  
swift

Through chasms descending, and  
soon lost to sight,

I do not care to follow in their  
flight

The faded leaves, that on thy  
bosom drift!

O River of To-morrow, I uplift  
Mine eyes, and thee I follow, as  
the night-

Wanes into morning, and the  
dawning light

Broadens, and all the shadows  
fade and shift!

I follow, follow, where thy waters  
run

Through unfrequented, unfam-  
iliar fields,

Fragrant with flowers and musi-  
cal with song;

Still follow, follow; sure to meet  
the sun,

And confident, that what the  
future yields

Will be the right, unless myself  
be wrong.

## III

Yet not in vain, O River of Yester-  
day,

Through chasms of darkness to  
the deep descending,

I heard thee sobbing in the rain,  
and blending

Thy voice with other voices far  
away.

I called to thee, and yet thou  
wouldst not stay,

But turbulent, and with thyself  
contending,

And torrent-like thy force on  
pebbles spending,

Thou wouldst not listen to a  
poet's lay.

Thoughts, like a loud and sudden  
rush of wings,

Regrets and recollections of  
thing; past,

With hints and prophecies of  
things to be,

And inspirations, which, could  
they be things,

And stay with us, and we could  
hold them fast,

Were our good angels,— these I  
owe to thee.

## IV

And thou, O River of To-morrow,  
flowing

Between thy narrow adamantine  
walls,

But beautiful, and white with  
waterfalls,

And wreaths of mist, like hands  
the pathway showing;

I hear the trumpets of the morn-  
ing blowing,

I hear thy mighty voice, that  
calls and calls,

And see, as Ossian saw in Mor-  
ven's halls,

Mysterious phantoms, coming,  
beckoning, going!

It is the mystery of the unknown

That fascinates us; we are  
children still,

Wayward and wistful; with one  
hand we cling

To the familiar things we call our  
own,

And with the other, resolute of  
will,

Grope in the dark for what the  
day will bring.



## BOSTON

ST. BOTOLPH'S TOWN! Hither  
 across the plains  
 And fens of Lincolnshire, in garb  
 austere,  
 There came a Saxon monk, and  
 founded here  
 A Priory, pillaged by marauding  
 Danes,  
 So that thereof no vestige now  
 remains;  
 Only a name, that, spoken loud  
 and clear,  
 And echoed in another hemi-  
 sphere,  
 Survives the sculptured walls  
 and painted panes.  
 St. Botolph's Town! Far over  
 leagues of land  
 And leagues of sea looks forth  
 its noble tower,  
 And far around the chiming bells  
 are heard;  
 So may that sacred name forever  
 stand  
 A landmark, and a symbol of the  
 power,  
 That lies concentred in a single  
 word.

## ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE

I STAND beneath the tree, whose  
 branches shade  
 Thy western window, Chapel of  
 St. John!  
 And hear its leaves repeat their  
 benison  
 On him, whose hand thy stones  
 memorial laid;  
 Then I remember one of whom  
 was said  
 In the world's darkest hour,  
 'Behold thy son!'  
 And see him living still, and  
 wandering on  
 And waiting for the advent long  
 delayed.  
 Not only tongues of the apostles  
 teach

Lessons of love and light, but  
 these expanding  
 And sheltering boughs with all  
 their leaves implore,  
 And say in language clear as hu-  
 man speech,  
 'The peace of God, that passeth  
 understanding,  
 Be and abide with you forever-  
 more!'

## MOODS

OH that a Song would sing itself  
 to me  
 Out of the heart of Nature, or  
 the heart  
 Of man, the child of Nature, not  
 of Art,  
 Fresh as the morning, salt as  
 the salt sea,  
 With just enough of bitterness to  
 be  
 A medicine to this sluggish  
 mood, and start  
 The life-blood in my veins, and  
 so impart  
 Healing and help in this dull  
 lethargy!  
 Alas! not always doth the breath  
 of song  
 Breathe on us. It is like the  
 wind that bloweth  
 At its own will, not ours, nor  
 tarrieth long;  
 We hear the sound thereof, but no  
 man knoweth  
 From whence it comes, so sudden  
 and swift and strong,  
 Nor whither in its wayward  
 course it goeth.

## WOODSTOCK PARK

HERE in a little rustic hermitage  
 Alfred the Saxon King, Alfred  
 the Great,  
 Postponed the cares of king-craft  
 to translate  
 The Consolations of the Roman  
 sage.

Here Geoffrey Chaucer in his ripe  
 old age  
 Wrote the unrivalled Tales,  
 which soon or late  
 The venturous hand that strives  
 to imitate  
 Vanquished must fall on the un-  
 finished page.  
 Two kings were they, who ruled  
 by right divine,  
 And both supreme; one in the  
 realm of Truth,  
 One in the realm of Fiction and  
 of Song.  
 What prince hereditary of their  
 line,  
 Uprising in the strength and  
 flush of youth,  
 Their glory shall inherit and  
 prolong?

#### THE FOUR PRINCESSES AT WILNA

##### A PHOTOGRAPH

SWEET faces, that from pictured  
 casements lean  
 As from a castle window, look-  
 ing down  
 On some gay pageant passing  
 through a town,  
 Yourselves the fairest figures in  
 the scene;  
 With what a gentle grace, with  
 what serene  
 Unconsciousness ye wear the  
 triple crown  
 Of youth and beauty and the  
 fair renown  
 Of a great name, that ne'er hath  
 tarnished been!  
 From your soft eyes, so innocent  
 and sweet,  
 Four spirits, sweet and innocent  
 as they,  
 Gaze on the world below, the sky  
 above;  
 Hark! there is some one singing  
 in the street;

'Faith, Hope, and Love! these  
 three,' he seems to say;  
 'These three; and greatest of the  
 three is Love.'

#### HOLIDAYS

THE holiest of all holidays are  
 those  
 Kept by ourselves in silence and  
 apart;  
 The secret anniversaries of the  
 heart,  
 When the full river of feeling  
 overflows;—  
 The happy days unclouded to their  
 close;  
 The sudden joys that out of  
 darkness start  
 As flames from ashes; swift  
 desires that dart  
 Like swallows singing down  
 each wind that blows!  
 White as the gleam of a receding  
 sail,  
 White as a cloud that floats and  
 fades in air,  
 White as the whitest lily on a  
 stream,  
 These tender memories are;—a  
 fairy tale  
 Of some enchanted land we know  
 not where,  
 But lovely as a landscape in a  
 dream.

#### WAPENTAKE

TO ALFRED TENNYSON

POET! I come to touch thy lance  
 with mine;  
 Not as a knight, who, on the  
 listed field  
 Of tourney touched his adver-  
 sary's shield  
 In token of defiance, but in  
 sign

Of homage to the mastery, which  
 is thine,  
 In English song; nor will I keep  
 concealed,  
 And voiceless as a rivulet frost-  
 congealed,  
 My admiration for thy verse di-  
 vine.  
 Not of the howling dervishes of  
 song,  
 Who craze the brain with their  
 delirious dance,  
 Art thou, O sweet historian of  
 the heart !  
 Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves  
 belong,  
 To thee our love and our alle-  
 giance,  
 For thy allegiance to the poet's  
 art.

#### THE BROKEN OAR

ONCE upon Iceland's solitary  
 strand  
 A poet wandered with his book  
 and pen,  
 Seeking some final word, some  
 sweet Amen,  
 Wherewith to close the volume  
 in his hand.  
 The billows rolled and plunged  
 upon the sand,  
 The circling sea-gulls swept be-  
 yond his ken,  
 And from the parting cloud-rack  
 now and then  
 Flashed the red sunset over sea  
 and land.  
 Then by the billows at his feet  
 was tossed

A broken oar ; and carved there-  
 on he read :  
 ' Oft was I weary, when I toiled  
 at thee ; '  
 And like a man, who findeth what  
 was lost,  
 He wrote the words, then lifted  
 up his head,  
 And flung his useless pen into  
 the sea.

#### THE CROSS OF SNOW

IN the long, sleepless watches of  
 the night,  
 A gentle face — the face of one  
 long dead —  
 Looks at me from the wall,  
 where round its head  
 The night-lamp casts a halo of  
 pale light.  
 Here in this room she died ; and  
 soul more white  
 Never through martyrdom of fire  
 was led  
 To its repose ; nor can in books  
 be read  
 The legend of a life more bene-  
 dight.  
 There is a mountain in the distant  
 West  
 That, sun-defying, in its deep ra-  
 vines  
 Displays a cross of snow upon  
 its side.  
 Such is the cross I wear upon my  
 breast  
 These eighteen years, through  
 all the changing scenes  
 And seasons, changeless since  
 the day she died.

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

## FLIGHT THE FOURTH

CHARLES SUMNER

GARLANDS upon his grave  
And flowers upon his hearse,  
And to the tender heart and brave  
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,  
The conflict and the pain,  
The grief, the bitterness of strife,  
The honor without stain.

Like Winkelried, he took  
Into his manly breast  
The sheaf of hostile spears, and  
broke  
A path for the oppressed.

Then from the fatal field  
Upon a nation's heart  
Borne like a warrior on his  
shield!—  
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise,  
And stays our hurrying feet;  
The great design unfinished lies,  
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown  
Perfect their circles seem,  
Even as a bridge's arch of stone  
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,  
When life in death survives,  
And the uninterrupted breath  
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still travelling downward from the  
sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men.

## TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE

THE ceaseless rain is falling fast,  
And yonder gilded vane,  
Immovable for three days past,  
Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself  
And to the fireside gleams,  
To pleasant books that crowd my  
shelf,  
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung  
Of lands beyond the sea,  
And the bright days when I was  
young  
Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again  
The Alpine torrent's roar,  
The mule-bells on the hills of  
Spain,  
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall  
Rise from its groves of pine,  
And towers of old cathedrals tall,  
And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by park and spire,  
Beneath centennial trees,  
Through fields with poppies all on  
fire.  
And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,  
No more I feel fatigue,

While journeying with another's  
feet  
O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land,  
And toil through various climes,  
I turn the world round with my  
hand  
Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies  
Beneath each changing zone,  
And see, when looking with their  
eyes,  
Better than with mine own.

## CADENABBIA

## LAKE OF COMO

No sound of wheels or hoof-beat  
breaks  
The silence of the summer day,  
As by the loveliest of all lakes  
I while the idle hours away.

I pace the leafy colonnade,  
Where level branches of the  
plane  
Above me weave a roof of shade  
Impervious to the sun and rain.

At times a sudden rush of air  
Flutters the lazy leaves o'er-  
head,  
And gleams of sunshine toss and  
flare  
Like torches down the path I  
tread.

By Somariva's garden gate  
I make the marble stairs my  
seat,  
And hear the water, as I wait,  
Lapping the steps beneath my  
feet.

The undulation sinks and swells  
Along the stony parapets,  
And far away the floating bells  
Tinkle upon the fisher's nets.

Silent and slow, by tower and  
town  
The freighted barges come and  
go,  
Their pendent shadows gliding  
down  
By town and tower submerged  
below.

The hills sweep upward from the  
shore,  
With villas scattered one by  
one  
Upon their wooded spurs, and  
lower  
Bellaggio blazing in the sun.

And dimly seen, a tangled mass  
Of walls and woods, of light and  
shade,  
Stands, beckoning up the Stelvio  
Pass,  
Varenna with its white cascade.

I ask myself, Is this a dream?  
Will it all vanish into air?  
Is there a land of such supreme  
And perfect beauty anywhere?

Sweet vision! Do not fade away:  
Linger, until my heart shall take  
Into itself the summer day,  
And all the beauty of the lake;

Linger, until upon my brain  
Is stamped an image of the  
scene;  
Then fade into the air again,  
And be as if thou hadst not  
been.

## MONTE CASSINO

## TERRA DI LAVORO

BEAUTIFUL valley! through whose  
verdant meads  
Unheard the Garigliano glides  
along;—



The Liris, nurse of rushes and of  
reeds,  
The river taciturn of classic  
song.

The Land of Labor and the Land  
of Rest,

Where mediæval towns are white  
on all

The hillsides, and where every  
mountain's crest

Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall.

There is Alagna, where Pope Boni-  
face

Was dragged with contumely  
from his throne ; 10

Sciarra Colonna, was that day's  
disgrace

The Pontiff's only, or in part  
thine own ?

There is Ceprano, where a rene-  
gade

Was each Apulian, as great  
Dante saith,

When Manfred by his men-at-arms  
betrayed

Spurred on to Benevento and to  
death.

There is Aquinum, the old Vol-  
scian town,

Where Juvenal was born, whose  
lurid light

Still hovers o'er his birthplace like  
the crown

Of splendor seen o'er cities in  
the night. 20

Doubled the splendor is, that in  
its streets

The Angelic Doctor as a school-  
boy played,

And dreamed perhaps the dreams,  
that he repeats

In ponderous folios for scholas-  
tics made.

And there, uplifted, like a passing  
cloud

That pauses on a mountain sum-  
mit high,  
Monte Cassino's convent rears its  
proud

And venerable walls against the  
sky.

Well I remember how on foot I  
climbed

The stony pathway leading to  
its gate ; 30

Above, the convent bells for ves-  
pers chimed,

Below, the darkening town grew  
desolate.

Well I remember the low arch and  
dark,

The courtyard with its well, the  
terrace wide,

From which, far down, the valley  
like a park,

Veiled in the evening mists, was  
dim descried.

The day was dying, and with fee-  
ble hands

Caressed the mountain-tops ; the  
vales between

Darkened ; the river in the mea-  
dow-lands

Sheathed itself as a sword, and  
was not seen. 40

The silence of the place was like  
a sleep,

So full of rest it seemed ; each  
passing tread

Was a reverberation from the  
deep

Recesses of the ages that are  
dead.

For, more than thirteen centuries  
ago,

Benedict fleeing from the gates  
of Rome,

A youth disgusted with its vice  
and woe,

Sought in these mountain soli-  
tudes a home.

He founded here his Convent and  
his Rule

Of prayer and work, and counted  
work as prayer; 50

The pen became a clarion, and his  
school

Flamed like a beacon in the mid-  
night air.

What though Boccaccio, in his  
reckless way,

Mocking the lazy brotherhood,  
deplores

The illuminated manuscripts, that  
lay

Torn and neglected on the dusty  
floors?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child  
Of fancy and of fiction at the  
best!

This the urbane librarian said, and  
smiled

Incredulous, as at some idle  
jest. 60

Upon such themes as these, with  
one young friar

I sat conversing late into the  
night,

Till in its cavernous chimney the  
wood-fire

Had burnt its heart out like an  
anchorite.

And then translated, in my con-  
vent cell,

Myself yet not myself, in dreams  
I lay,

And, as a monk who hears the  
matin bell,

Started from sleep;—already it  
was day.

From the high window I beheld  
the scene

On which Saint Benedict so oft  
had gazed,— 70

The mountains and the valley in  
the sheen

Of the bright sun,—and stood  
as one amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising,  
vanishing;

The woodlands glistened with  
their jewelled crowns;

Far off the mellow bells began to  
ring

For matins in the half-awakened  
towns.

The conflict of the Present and the  
Past,

The ideal and the actual in our  
life,

As on a field of battle held me fast,  
Where this world and the next  
world were at strife. 80

For, as the valley from its sleep  
awoke,

I saw the iron horses of the  
steam

Toss to the morning air their  
plumes of smoke,

And woke, as one awaketh from  
a dream.

## AMALFI

SWEET the memory is to me

Of a land beyond the sea,

Where the waves and mountains  
meet,

Where amid her mulberry-trees

Sits Amalfi in the heat,

Bathing ever her white feet

In the tideless summer seas.

In the middle of the town,

From its fountains in the hills,

Tumbling through the narrow  
gorge, 10

The Canneto rushes down,

Turns the great wheels of the  
mills,

Lifts the hammers of the forge.

'T is a stairway, not a street,

That ascends the deep ravine,

Where the torrent leaps between

Rocky walls that almost meet.

Toiling up from stair to stair

Peasant girls their burdens bear ;  
 Sunburnt daughters of the soil, 20  
 Stately figures tall and straight,  
 What inexorable fate  
 Dooms them to this life of toil ?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,  
 Far above the convent stands.  
 On its terraced walk aloof  
 Leans a monk with folded hands.  
 Placid, satisfied, serene,  
 Looking down upon the scene  
 Over wall and red-tiled roof ; 30  
 Wondering unto what good end  
 All this toil and traffic tend,  
 And why all men cannot be  
 Free from care and free from pain,  
 And the sordid love of gain,  
 And as indolent as he.

Where are now the freighted barks  
 From the marts of east and west ?  
 Where the knights in iron sarks  
 Journeying to the Holy Land, 40  
 Glove of steel upon the hand,  
 Cross of crimson on the breast ?  
 Where the pomp of camp and  
 court ?

Where the pilgrims with their  
 prayers ?

Where the merchants with their  
 wares,

And their gallant brigantines  
 Sailing safely into port  
 Chased by corsair Algerines ?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud,  
 Like a passing trumpet-blast, 50  
 Are those splendors of the past,  
 And the commerce and the crowd !  
 Fathoms deep beneath the seas  
 Lie the ancient wharves and quays,  
 Swallowed by the engulfing waves ;  
 Silent streets and vacant halls,  
 Ruined roofs and towers and walls ;  
 Hidden from all mortal eyes  
 Deep the sunken city lies :  
 Even cities have their graves ! 60

This is an enchanted land !  
 Round the headlands far away

Sweeps the blue Salernian bay  
 With its sickle of white sand :  
 Further still and furthestmost  
 On the dim discovered coast  
 Pæstum with its ruins lies,  
 And its roses all in bloom  
 Seem to tinge the fatal skies  
 Of that lonely land of doom. 70

On his terrace, high in air,  
 Nothing doth the good monk care  
 For such worldly themes as these.  
 From the garden just below  
 Little puffs of perfume blow,  
 And a sound is in his ears  
 Of the murmur of the bees  
 In the shining chestnut trees ;  
 Nothing else he heeds or hears.  
 All the landscape seems to 80  
 swoon

In the happy afternoon ;  
 Slowly o'er his senses creep  
 The encroaching waves of sleep,  
 And he sinks as sank the town,  
 Unresisting, fathoms down,  
 Into caverns cool and deep !

Walled about with drifts of snow,  
 Hearing the fierce north-wind blow,  
 Seeing all the landscape white  
 And the river cased in ice, 90  
 Comes this memory of delight,  
 Comes this vision unto me  
 Of a long-lost Paradise  
 In the land beyond the sea.

#### THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS

Up soared the lark into the air,  
 A shaft of song, a wingèd prayer,  
 As if a soul released from pain  
 Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard : it was to him  
 An emblem of the Seraphim ;  
 The upward motion of the fire,  
 The light, the heat, the heart's de-  
 sire.

Around Assisi's convent gate  
The birds, God's poor who cannot  
wait,

From moor and mere and dark-  
some wood

Come flocking for their dole of  
food.

'O brother birds,' St. Francis said,  
'Ye come to me and ask for bread,  
But not with bread alone to-day  
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

'Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,  
With manna of celestial words;  
Not mine, though mine they seem  
to be,  
Not mine, though they be spoken  
through me.

'Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise  
The great Creator in your lays;  
He giveth you your plumes of  
down,  
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks  
of brown.

'He giveth you your wings to fly  
And breathe a purer air on high,  
And careth for you everywhere,  
Who for yourselves so little care!

With flutter of swift wings and  
songs

Together rose the feathered  
throngs,

And singing scattered far apart;  
Deep peace was in St. Francis'  
heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood  
His homily had understood;  
He only knew that to one ear  
The meaning of his words was  
clear.

#### BELISARIUS

I AM poor and old and blind;  
The sun burns me, and the wind  
Blows through the city gate,

And covers me with dust  
From the wheels of the august  
Justinian the Great.

It was for him I chased  
The Persians o'er wild and waste,  
As General of the East;  
Night after night I lay  
In their camps of yesterday;  
Their forage was my feast.

For him, with sails of red,  
And torches at mast-head,  
Piloting the great fleet,  
I swept the Afric coasts  
And scattered the Vandal hosts,  
Like dust in a windy street.

For him I won again  
The Ausonian realm and reign,  
Rome and Parthenope;  
And all the land was mine  
From the summits of Apennine  
To the shores of either sea.

For him, in my feeble age,  
I dared the battle's rage,  
To save Byzantium's state,  
When the tents of Zabergan  
Like snow-drifts overran  
The road to the Golden Gate.

And for this, for this, behold!  
Infirm and blind and old,  
With gray, uncovered head,  
Beneath the very arch  
Of my triumphal march,  
I stand and beg my bread!

Methinks I still can hear,  
Sounding distinct and near,  
The Vandal monarch's cry,  
As, captive and disgraced,  
With majestic step he paced, —  
'All, all is Vanity!'

Ah! vainest of all things  
Is the gratitude of kings;  
The plaudits of the crowd  
Are but the clatter of feet

At midnight in the street,  
Hollow and restless and loud.

But the bitterest disgrace  
Is to see forever the face  
Of the Monk of Ephesus!  
The unconquerable will  
This, too, can bear; — I still  
Am Belisarius!

### SONGO RIVER

NOWHERE such a devious stream,  
Save in fancy or in dream,  
Winding slow through bush and  
brake,  
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,  
Ever doubling on itself  
Flows the stream, so still and  
slow  
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old,  
Lost in woodland or on wold,  
Such a winding path pursued  
Through the sylvan solitude.

Never school-boy, in his quest  
After hazel-nut or nest,  
Through the forest in and out  
Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide  
Tangled thickets on each side  
Hang inverted, and between  
Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing  
Seems the only living thing,  
Or the loon, that laughs and flies  
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream! thy Indian name  
Unfamiliar is to fame;  
For thou hidest here alone,  
Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach  
Wisdom deep as human speech,  
Moving without haste or noise  
In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy mill,  
And art ever calm and still,  
Even thy silence seems to say  
To the traveller on his way:—

‘Traveller, hurrying from the heat  
Of the city, stay thy feet!  
Rest awhile, nor longer waste  
Life with inconsiderate haste!

‘Be not like a stream that brawls  
Loud with shallow waterfalls,  
But in quiet self-control  
Link together soul and soul.’

## KÉRAMOS

### KÈRAMOS

*Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn  
round and round*

*Without a pause, without a sound:  
So spins the flying world  
away!*

*This clay, well mixed with marl  
and sand,*

*Follows the motion of my hand;  
For some must follow, and some  
command,*

*Though all are made of clay!*

Thus sang the Potter at his task  
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-  
tree,

While o'er his features, like a  
mask, 10

The quilted sunshine and leaf-  
shade

Moved, as the boughs above him  
swayed,

And clothed him, till he seemed to  
be.

A figure woven in tapestry,  
So sumptuously was he arrayed



In that magnificent attire  
Of sable tissue flaked with fire.  
Like a magician he appeared,  
A conjurer without book or beard;  
And while he plied his magic  
art — 20

For it was magical to me —  
I stood in silence and apart,  
And wondered more and more to  
see

That shapeless, lifeless mass of  
clay

Rise up to meet the master's hand,  
And now contract and now ex-  
pand,

And even his slightest touch obey;  
While ever in a thoughtful mood  
He sang his ditty, and at times  
Whistled a tune between the  
rhymes, 30

As a melodious interlude.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! All things  
must change*

*To something new, to something  
strange;*

*Nothing that is can pause or  
stay;*

*The moon will wax, the moon will  
wane,*

*The mist and cloud will turn to  
rain,*

*The rain to mist and cloud again,  
To-morrow be to-day.*

Thus still the Potter sang, and still,  
By some unconscious act of will, 40  
The melody and even the words  
Were intermingled with my  
thought,  
As bits of colored thread are  
caught

And woven into nests of birds.  
And thus to regions far remote,  
Beyond the ocean's vast expanse,  
This wizard in the motley coat  
Transported me on wings of song,  
And by the northern shores of  
France

Bore me with restless speed  
along. 50

What land is this that seems to be  
A mingling of the land and sea?  
This land of sluices, dikes, and  
dunes?

This water-net, that tessellates  
The landscape? this unending  
maze

Of gardens, through whose latticed  
gates

The imprisoned pinks and tulips  
gaze;

Where in long summer afternoons  
The sunshine, softened by the haze,  
Comes streaming down as through  
a screen; 60

Where over fields and pastures  
green

The painted ships float high in air,  
And over all and everywhere

The sails of windmills sink and  
soar

Like wings of sea-gulls on the  
shore?

What land is this? Yon pretty  
town

Is Delft, with all its wares dis-  
played;

The pride, the market-place, the  
crown

And centre of the Potter's trade.  
See! every house and room is  
bright 70

With glimmers of reflected light  
From plates that on the dresser  
shine;

Flagons to foam with Flemish  
beer,

Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,  
And pilgrim flasks with fleurs-de-  
lis,

And ships upon a rolling sea,  
And tankards pewter topped, and  
queer

With comic mask and musketeer!  
Each hospitable chimney smiles

A welcome from its painted  
tiles; 80

The parlor walls, the chamber  
floors,

The stairways and the corridors,

The borders of the garden walks,  
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers.  
That never droop in winds or  
showers,  
And never wither on their stalks.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is  
brief;*

*What now is bud will soon be leaf,  
What now is leaf will soon de-  
cay;*

*The wind blows east, the wind  
blows west;* 90

*The blue eggs in the robin's nest  
Will soon have wings and beak  
and breast,  
And flutter and fly away.*

Now southward through the air I  
glide,

The song my only pursuivant,  
And see across the landscape wide  
The blue Charente, upon whose  
tide

The belfries and the spires of  
Saintes

Ripple and rock from side to side,  
As, when an earthquake rends its  
walls, 100

A crumbling city reels and falls.

Who is it in the suburbs here,  
This Potter, working with such  
cheer,

In this mean house, this mean at-  
tire,

His manly features bronzed with  
fire,

Whose figulines and rustic wares  
Scarce find him bread from day to  
day?

This madman, as the people say,  
Who breaks his tables and his  
chairs

To feed his furnace fires, nor  
cares 110

Who goes unfed if they are fed,  
Nor who may live if they are dead?  
This alchemist with hollow cheeks  
And sunken, searching eyes, who  
seeks,

By mingled earths and ores com-  
bined

With potency of fire, to find  
Some new enamel, hard and  
bright,

His dream, his passion, his de-  
light?

O Palissy! within thy breast  
Burned the hot fever of unrest; 120  
Thine was the prophet's vision,  
thine

The exultation, the divine  
Insanity of noble minds,  
That never falters nor abates,  
But labors and endures and waits,  
Till all that it foresees it finds,  
Or what it cannot find creates!

*Turn, turn, my wheel! This  
earthen jar*

*A touch can make, a touch can  
mar;*

*And shall it to the Potter  
say, 130*

*What makest thou? Thou hast no  
hand?*

*As men who think to understand  
A world by their Creator planned,  
Who wiser is than they.*

Still guided by the dreamy song,  
As in a trance I float along  
Above the Pyrenean chain,  
Above the fields and farms of  
Spain,

Above the bright Majorcan isle  
That lends its softened name to  
art, — 140

A spot, a dot upon the chart,  
Whose little towns, red-roofed  
with tile,

Are ruby-lusted with the light  
Of blazing furnaces by night,  
And crowned by day with wreaths  
of smoke.

Then eastward, wafted in my  
flight

On my enchanter's magic cloak,  
I sail across the Tyrrhene Sea  
Into the land of Italy,

And o'er the windy Apennines, <sup>150</sup>  
Mantled and musical with pines.

The palaces, the princely halls,  
The doors of houses and the walls  
Of churches and of belfry towers,  
Cloister and castle, street and  
mart,  
Are garlanded and gay with flow-  
ers

That blossom in the fields of art.  
Here Gubbio's workshops gleam  
and glow

With brilliant, iridescent dyes,  
The dazzling whiteness of the  
snow, <sup>160</sup>

The cobalt blue of summer skies;  
And vase and scutcheon, cup and  
plate,

In perfect finish emulate  
Faenza, Florence, Pesaro.

Forth from Urbino's gate there  
came

A youth with the angelic name  
Of Raphael, in form and face  
Himself angelic, and divine  
In arts of color and design.

From him Francesco Xanto  
caught <sup>170</sup>

Something of his transcendent  
grace,

And into fictile fabrics wrought  
Suggestions of the master's  
thought.

Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines  
With madre-perl and golden lines  
Of arabesques, and interweaves  
His birds and fruits and flowers  
and leaves

About some landscape, shaded  
brown,

With olive tints on rock and town.

Behold this cup within whose  
bowl, <sup>180</sup>

Upon a ground of deepest blue  
With yellow-lustred stars o'erlaid,  
Colors of every tint and hue  
Mingle in one harmonious whole!  
With large blue eyes and steadfast  
gaze,

Her yellow hair in net and braid,  
Necklace and ear-rings all ablaze  
With golden lustre o'er the glaze,  
A woman's portrait; on the scroll,  
Cana, the Beautiful! A name <sup>190</sup>  
Forgotten save for such brief fame  
As this memorial can bestow, —  
A gift some lover long ago  
Gave with his heart to this fair  
dame.

A nobler title to renown  
Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town,  
Seated beside the Arno's stream;  
For Luca della Robbia there  
Created forms so wondrous fair,  
They made thy sovereignty su-  
preme. <sup>200</sup>

These choristers with lips of stone,  
Whose music is not heard, but  
seen,

Still chant, as from their organ-  
screen,

Their Maker's praise; nor these  
alone,

But the more fragile forms of clay,  
Hardly less beautiful than they,  
These saints and angels that adorn  
The walls of hospitals, and tell  
The story of good deeds so well  
That poverty seems less forlorn,  
And life more like a holiday. <sup>211</sup>

Here in this old neglected church,  
That long eludes the traveller's  
search,

Lies the dead bishop on his tomb;  
Earth upon earth he slumbering  
lies,

Life-like and death-like in the  
gloom:

Garlands of fruit and flowers in  
bloom

And foliage deck his resting-place;  
A shadow in the sightless eyes,  
A pallor on the patient face, <sup>220</sup>

Made perfect by the furnace heat;  
All earthly passions and desires  
Burnt out by purgatorial fires;  
Seeming to say, 'Our years are  
fleet,

And to the weary death is sweet.'

But the most wonderful of all  
 The ornaments on tomb or wall  
 That grace the fair Ausonian  
     shores  
 Are those the faithful earth re-  
     stores,  
 Near some Apulian town con-  
     cealed, 230  
 In vineyard or in harvest field,—  
 Vases and urns and bas-reliefs,  
 Memorials of forgotten griefs,  
 Or records of heroic deeds  
 Of demigods and mighty chiefs:  
 Figures that almost move and  
     speak,  
 And, buried amid mould and  
     weeds,  
 Still in their attitudes attest  
 The presence of the graceful  
     Greek,—  
 Achilles in his armor dressed, 240  
 Alcides with the Cretan bull,  
 And Aphrodite with her boy,  
 Or lovely Helena of Troy,  
 Still living and still beautiful.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! 'Tis na-  
     ture's plan*

*The child should grow into the  
     man,*

*The man grow wrinkled, old,  
     and gray;*

*In youth the heart exults and  
     sings,*

*The pulses leap, the feet have  
     wings;*

*In age the cricket chirps, and  
     brings 250*

*The harvest-home of day.*

And now the winds that south-  
     ward blow,

And cool the hot Sicilian isle,  
 Bear me away. I see below  
 The long line of the Libyan Nile,  
 Flooding and feeding the parched  
     lands

With annual ebb and overflow,  
 A fallen palm whose branches lie  
 Beneath the Abyssinian sky,  
 Whose roots are in Egyptian  
     sands. 260

On either bank huge water-wheels,  
 Belted with jars and dripping  
     weeds,

Send forth their melancholy  
     moans,

As if, in their gray mantles hid,  
 Dead anchorites of the Thebaid  
 Knelt on the shore and told their  
     beads,

Beating their breasts with loud  
     appeals

And penitential tears and groans.

This city, walled and thickly set  
 With glittering mosque and mina-  
     ret, 270

Is Cairo, in whose gay bazaars  
 The dreaming traveller first in-  
     hales

The perfume of Arabian gales,  
 And sees the fabulous earthen  
     jars,

Huge as were those wherein the  
     maid

Morgiana found the Forty Thieves  
 Concealed in midnight ambuscade;  
 And seeing, more than half be-  
     lieves

The fascinating tales that run  
 Through all the Thousand Nights  
     and One, 280

Told by the fair Scheherezade.

More strange and wonderful than  
     these

Are the Egyptian deities,  
 Ammon, and Emeth, and the grand  
 Osiris, holding in his hand  
 The lotus; Isis, crowned and  
     veiled;

The sacred Ibis, and the Sphinx;  
 Bracelets with blue enamelled  
     links;

The Scarabee in emerald mailed,  
 Or spreading wide his funeral  
     wings; 290

Lamps that perchance their night-  
     watch kept

O'er Cleopatra while she slept,—  
 All plundered from the tombs of  
     kings.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! The hu-  
man race,  
Of every tongue, of every place,  
Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,  
All that inhabit this great earth,  
Whatever be their rank or worth,  
Are kindred and allied by birth,  
And made of the same clay.*

O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and  
bay, 301  
O'er Ganges and o'er Himalay,  
Bird-like I fly, and flying sing,  
To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,  
And bird-like poise on balanced  
wing  
Above the town of King-te-tching,  
A burning town, or seeming so, —  
Three thousand furnaces that glow  
Incessantly, and fill the air  
With smoke uprising, gyre on  
gyre, 310  
And painted by the lurid glare,  
Of jets and flashes of red fire.

As leaves that in the autumn fall,  
Spotted and veined with various  
hues,  
Are swept along the avenues,  
And lie in heaps by hedge and  
wall,  
So from this grove of chimneys  
whirled  
To all the markets of the world,  
These porcelain leaves are wafted  
on,  
Light yellow leaves with spots and  
stains 320  
Of violet and of crimson dye,  
Or tender azure of a sky  
Just washed by gentle April rains,  
And beautiful with celadon.

Nor less the coarser household  
wares,  
The willow pattern, that we knew  
In childhood, with its bridge of  
blue  
Leading to unknown thorough-  
fares;  
The solitary man who stares

At the white river flowing through  
Its arches, the fantastic trees 331  
And wild perspective of the view;  
And intermingled among these  
The tiles that in our nurseries  
Filled us with wonder and delight,  
Or haunted us in dreams at night.

And yonder by Nankin, behold!  
The Tower of Porcelain, strange  
and old,  
Uplifting to the astonished skies  
Its ninefold painted balconies, 340  
With balustrades of twining leaves,  
And roofs of tile, beneath whose  
eaves  
Hang porcelain bells that all the  
time  
Ring with a soft, melodious chime;  
While the whole fabric is ablaze  
With varied tints, all fused in  
one  
Great mass of color, like a maze  
Of flowers illumined by the sun.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! What is  
begun  
At daybreak must at dark be  
done, 350  
To-morrow will be another  
day;  
To-morrow the hot furnace flame  
Will search the heart and try the  
frame,  
And stamp with honor or with  
shame  
These vessels made of clay.*

Cradled and rocked in Eastern  
seas,  
The islands of the Japanese  
Beneath me lie; o'er lake and  
plain  
The stork, the heron, and the  
crane  
Through the clear realms of azure  
drift, 360  
And on the hillside I can see  
The villages of Imari,  
Whose thronged and flaming work-  
shops lift



Their twisted columns of smoke  
on high,  
Cloud cloisters that in ruins lie,  
With sunshine streaming through  
each rift,  
And broken arches of blue sky.

All the bright flowers that fill the  
land,

Ripple of waves on rock or sand,  
The snow on Fusi-yama's cone, 370  
The midnight heaven so thickly  
sown

With constellations of bright stars,  
The leaves that rustle, the reeds  
that make

A whisper by each stream and  
lake,

The saffron dawn, the sunset red,  
Are painted on these lovely jars;  
Again the skylark sings, again  
The stork, the heron, and the crane  
Float through the azure over-  
head,

The counterfeit and counter-  
part 380

Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Art is the child of Nature; yes,  
Her darling child, in whom we  
trace

The features of the mother's face,  
Her aspect and her attitude;  
All her majestic loveliness  
Chastened and softened and sub-  
dued

Into a more attractive grace,  
And with a human sense imbued.

He is the greatest artist, then, 390  
Whether of pencil or of pen,

Who follows Nature. Never man,  
As artist or as artisan,  
Pursuing his own fantasies,  
Can touch the human heart, or  
please,

Or satisfy our nobler needs,  
As he who sets his willing feet  
In Nature's footprints, light and  
fleet,  
And follows fearless where she  
leads.

Thus mused I on that morn in  
May, 400  
Wrapped in my visions like the  
Seer,

Whose eyes behold not what is  
near,

But only what is far away,  
When, suddenly sounding peal on  
peal,

The church-bell from the neighbor-  
ing town

Proclaimed the welcome hour of  
noon.

The Potter heard, and stopped his  
wheel,

His apron on the grass threw  
down,

Whistled his quiet little tune,  
Not overloud nor overlong, 410  
And ended thus his simple song:

*Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon,  
too soon*

*The noon will be the afternoon,  
Too soon to-day be yesterday;*

*Behind us in our path we cast  
The broken potsherds of the past,*

*And all are ground to dust at last,  
And trodden into clay!*

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

## FLIGHT THE FIFTH

## THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD

WARM and still is the summer  
night,

As here by the river's brink I  
wander;

White overhead are the stars, and  
white

The glimmering lamps on the  
hillside yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day;  
Nothing I hear but the chirp of  
crickets,

And the cry of the herons winging  
their way

O'er the poet's house in the Elm-  
wood thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you  
pass

To your roosts in the haunts of  
the exiled thrushes,

Sing him the song of the green  
morass,

And the tides that water the  
reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical Song of the  
Hern,

And the secret that baffles our  
utmost seeking;

For only a sound of lament we dis-  
cern,

And cannot interpret the words  
you are speaking.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight  
Of wings that uplift and winds  
that uphold you,

The joy of freedom, the rapture of  
flight

Through the drift of the floating  
mists that unfold you;

Of the landscape lying so far be-  
low,

With its towns and rivers and  
desert places;

And the splendor of light above,  
and the glow

Of the limitless, blue, ethereal  
spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Trouba-  
dours,

Or of Minnesingers in old black-  
letter,

Sound in his ears more sweet than  
yours,

And if yours are not sweeter and  
wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his  
gate,

Where the boughs of the stately  
elms are meeting,

Some one hath lingered to medi-  
tate,

And send him unseen this  
friendly greeting;

That many another hath done the  
same,

Though not by a sound was the  
silence broken;

The surest pledge of a deathless  
name

Is the silent homage of thoughts  
unspoken.

## A DUTCH PICTURE

SIMON DANZ has come home  
again,

From cruising about with hi.  
buccaneers;

He has singed the beard of the  
King of Spain.

And carried away the Dean of  
Jaen

And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with  
its roof of tiles,

And weathercocks flying aloft  
in air,

There are silver tankards of an-  
tique styles,

Plunder of convent and castle, and  
piles

Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the  
town,

Overlooking the sluggish stream,  
With his Moorish cap and dressing-  
gown,

The old sea-captain, hale and  
brown,

Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio  
lurks

Whenever he thinks of the King  
of Spain,

And the listed tulips look like  
Turks,

And the silent gardener as he  
works

Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost

Verge of the landscape in the  
haze,

To him are towers on the Spanish  
coast,

With whiskered sentinels at their  
post,

Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains be-  
gin,

He sits and smokes by the blaz-  
ing brands,

And old seafaring men come in,  
Goat-bearded, gray, and with

double chin,  
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and  
shine

Of the flickering fire of the  
winter night;

Figures in color and design

Like those by Rembrandt of the  
Rhine,

Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or  
won,

And their talk is ever and ever  
the same,

While they drink the red wine of  
Tarragon,

From the cellars of some Spanish  
Don,

Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy  
strides

He paces his parlor to and fro;

He is like a ship that at anchor  
rides,

And swings with the rising and  
falling tides,

And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,

Sound of the wind and sound of  
the sea,

Are calling and whispering in his  
ear,

'Simon Danz! Why stayest thou  
here?

Come forth and follow me!'

So he thinks he shall take to the  
sea again

For one more cruise with his  
buccaneers,

To sing the beard of the King of  
Spain,

And capture another Dean of Jaen  
And sell him in Algiers.

#### CASTLES IN SPAIN

How much of my young heart, O  
Spain,

Went out to thee in days of yore!

What dreams romantic filled my  
brain,  
And summoned back to life again  
The Paladins of Charlemagne,  
The Cid Campeador!

And shapes more shadowy than  
these,  
In the dim twilight half re-  
vealed;  
Phœnician galleys on the seas,  
The Roman camps like hives of  
bees, 10  
The Goth uplifting from his knees  
Pelayo on his shield.

It was these memories perchance,  
From annals of remotest eld,  
That lent the colors of romance  
To every trivial circumstance,  
And changed the form and counte-  
nance  
Of all that I beheld.

Old towns, whose history lies  
hid  
In monkish chronicle or  
rhyme, — 20  
Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,  
Zamora and Valladolid,  
Toledo, built and walled amid  
The wars of Wamba's time;

The long, straight line of the high-  
way,  
The distant town that seems so  
near,  
The peasants in the fields, that  
stay  
Their toil to cross themselves and  
pray,  
When from the belfry at midday  
The Angelus they hear; 30

White crosses in the mountain  
pass,  
Mules gay with tassels, the loud  
din  
Of muleteers, the tethered ass  
That crops the dusty wayside  
grass,

And cavaliers with spurs of brass  
Alighting at the inn;

White hamlets hidden in fields of  
wheat,  
White cities slumbering by the  
sea,  
White sunshine flooding square  
and street,  
Dark mountain ranges, at whose  
feet 40  
The river beds are dry with heat,—  
All was a dream to me.

Yet something sombre and severe  
O'er the enchanted landscape  
reigned;  
A terror in the atmosphere  
As if King Philip listened near,  
Or Torquemada, the austere,  
His ghostly sway maintained.

The softer Andalusian skies  
Dispelled the sadness and the  
gloom; 50  
There Cadiz by the seaside lies,  
And Seville's orange-orchards rise,  
Making the land a paradise  
Of beauty and of bloom.

There Cordova is hidden among  
The palm, the olive, and the  
vine;  
Gem of the South, by poets sung,  
And in whose mosque Almanzor  
hung  
As lamps the bells that once had  
rung  
At Compostella's shrine. 60

But over all the rest supreme,  
The star of stars, the cynosure,  
The artist's and the poet's theme,  
The young man's vision, the old  
man's dream,—  
Granada by its winding stream,  
The city of the Moor!

And there the Alhambra still re-  
calls  
Aladdin's palace of delight:

Allah il Allah! through its halls  
 Whispers the fountain as it falls,  
 The Darro darts beneath its  
     walls, 71  
 The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes, the hills are white with  
     snow,  
 And cold with blasts that bite  
     and freeze;  
 But in the happy vale below  
 The orange and pomegranate  
     grow,  
 And wafts of air toss to and fro  
 The blossoming almond trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,  
 The fascination and allure 80  
 Of the sweet landscape chains the  
     will;  
 The traveller lingers on the hill,  
 His parted lips are breathing still  
 The last sigh of the Moor.

How like a ruin overgrown  
 With flowers that hide the rents  
     of time,  
 Stands now the Past that I have  
     known;  
 Castles in Spain, not built of  
     stone  
 But of white summer clouds, and  
     blown  
 Into this little mist of rhyme! 90

### VITTORIA COLONNA

Vittoria Colonna, on the death of her husband, the Marchese di Pescara, retired to her castle at Ischia (Inarimé), and there wrote the Ode upon his death which gained her the title of Divine.

ONCE more, once more, Inarimé,  
 I see thy purple halls!—once  
     more  
 I hear the billows of the bay  
 Wash the white pebbles on thy  
     shore.

High o'er the sea-surge and the  
     sands,  
 Like a great galleon wrecked  
     and cast  
 Ashore by storms, thy castle  
     stands,  
 A mouldering landmark of the  
     Past.

Upon its terrace-walk I see  
 A phantom gliding to and fro;  
 It is Colonna,—it is she  
 Who lived and loved so long  
     ago.

Pescara's beautiful young wife,  
 The type of perfect womanhood,  
 Whose life was love, the life of  
     life,  
 That time and change and death  
     withstood.

For death, that breaks the mar-  
     riage band  
 In others, only closer pressed  
 The wedding-ring upon her hand  
 And closer locked and barred  
     her breast.

She knew the life-long martyr-  
     dom,  
 The weariness, the endless pain  
 Of waiting for some one to come  
 Who nevermore would come  
     again.

The shadows of the chestnut trees,  
 The odor of the orange blooms,  
 The song of birds, and, more than  
     these,  
 The silence of deserted rooms;

The respiration of the sea,  
 The soft caresses of the air.  
 All things in nature seemed to  
     be  
 But ministers of her despair;

Till the o'erburdened heart, so  
     long  
 Imprisoned in itself, found vent



And voice in one impassioned song  
Of inconsolable lament.

Then as the sun, though hidden  
from sight,  
Transmutes to gold the leaden  
mist,

Her life was interfused with light,  
From realms that, though un-  
seen, exist.

Inarimé ! Inarimé !

Thy castle on the crags above  
In dust shall crumble and decay,  
But not the memory of her  
love.

### THE REVENGE OF RAIN- IN-THE-FACE

IN that desolate land and lone,  
Where the Big Horn and Yellow-  
stone

Roar down their mountain path,  
By their fires the Sioux Chiefs  
Muttered their woes and griefs  
And the menace of their wrath.

'Revenge !' cried Rain-in-the-  
Face,

'Revenge upon all the race  
Of the White Chief with yellow  
hair !'

And the mountains dark and high  
From their crags reëchoed the cry  
Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide  
By woodland and river-side  
The Indian village stood ;  
All was silent as a dream,  
Save the rushing of the stream  
And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war paint and his beads,  
Like a bison among the reeds,  
In ambush the Sitting Bull  
Lay with three thousand braves  
Crouched in the clefts and caves  
Savage, unmerciful !

Into the fatal snare  
The White Chief with yellow hair  
And his three hundred men  
Dashed headlong, sword in hand ;  
But of that gallant band  
Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death  
Overwhelmed them like the breath  
And smoke of a furnace fire :  
By the river's bank, and between  
The rocks of the ravine,  
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foemen fled in the night,  
And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight,  
Uplifted high in air  
As a ghastly trophy, bore  
The brave heart, that beat no  
more,  
Of the White Chief with yellow  
hair.

Whose was the right and the  
wrong ?  
Sing it, O funeral song,  
With a voice that is full of tears,  
And say that our broken faith  
Wrought all this ruin and scathe,  
In the Year of a Hundred Years.

### TO THE RIVER YVETTE

O LOVELY river of Yvette !  
O darling river ! like a bride,  
Some dimpled, bashful, fair Li-  
sette,  
Thou goest to wed the Orge's  
tide.

Maincourt, and lordly Dampierre,  
See and salute thee on thy  
way,  
And, with a blessing and a prayer,  
Ring the sweet bells of St. For-  
get.

The valley of Chevreuse in vain  
Would hold thee in its fond em-  
brace ;

Thou glidest from its arms again  
And hurriest on with swifter  
pace.

Thou wilt not stay; with restless  
feet,  
Pursuing still thine onward  
flight,  
Thou goest as one in haste to meet  
Her sole desire, her heart's de-  
light.

O lovely river of Yvette!  
O darling stream! on balanced  
wings  
The wood-birds sang the chanson-  
nette  
That here a wandering poet  
sings.

### THE EMPEROR'S GLOVE

'Combien faudrait-il de peaux d'Es-  
pagne pour faire un gant de cette gran-  
deur?' A play upon the words *gant*, a  
glove, and *Gand*, the French for Ghent.

ON St. Bavon's tower, command-  
ing

Half of Flanders, his domain,  
Charles the Emperor once was  
standing,  
While beneath him on the landing  
Stood Duke Alva and his train.

Like a print in books of fables,  
Or a model made for show,  
With its pointed roofs and gables,  
Dormer windows, scrolls and  
labels,  
Lay the city far below.

Through its squares and streets  
and alleys  
Poured the populace of Ghent;  
As a routed army rallies,  
Or as rivers run through valleys,  
Hurrying to their homes they  
went.

'Nest of Lutheran misbelievers!'  
Cried Duke Alva as he gazed;

'Haunt of traitors and deceivers,  
Stronghold of insurgent weavers,  
Let it to the ground be razed!'

On the Emperor's cap the feather  
Nods, as laughing he replies:  
'How many skins of Spanish  
leather,  
Think you, would, if stitched to-  
gether,  
Make a glove of such a size?'

### A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET

OCTOBER, 1746

MR. THOMAS PRINCE *loquitur*

A FLEET with flags arrayed  
Sailed from the port of Brest,  
And the Admiral's ship displayed  
The signal: 'Steer southwest.'  
For this Admiral D'Anville  
Had sworn by cross and crown  
To ravage with fire and steel  
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,  
In the houses there was fear  
Of the coming of the fleet,  
And the danger hovering near.  
And while from mouth to mouth  
Spread the tidings of dismay,  
I stood in the Old South,  
Saying humbly: 'Let us pray!

'O Lord! we would not advise;  
But if in thy Providence  
A tempest should arise  
To drive the French Fleet hence,  
And scatter it far and wide,  
Or sink it in the sea,  
We should be satisfied,  
And thine the glory be.'

This was the prayer I made,  
For my soul was all on flame,  
And even as I prayed  
The answering tempest came;  
It came with a mighty power,

Shaking the windows and walls,  
And tolling the bell in the tower,  
As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly  
Unsheathed its flaming sword,  
And I cried: 'Stand still, and see  
The salvation of the Lord!'  
The heavens were black with  
cloud,  
The sea was white with hail,  
And ever more fierce and loud  
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,  
And the broad sails in the van  
Like the tents of Cushan shook,  
Or the curtains of Midian.  
Down on the reeling decks  
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;  
Ah, never were there wrecks  
So pitiful as these!

Like a potter's vessel broke  
The great ships of the line;  
They were carried away as a  
smoke,  
Or sank like lead in the brine.  
O Lord! before thy path  
They vanished and ceased to be,  
When thou didst walk in wrath  
With thine horses through the  
sea!

### THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and  
fleet,  
His chestnut steed with four white  
feet,  
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,  
Son of the road and bandit chief,  
Seeking refuge and relief,  
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,  
Never yet could any steed  
Reach the dust-cloud in his  
course.  
More than maiden, more than wife,

More than gold and next to life  
Roushan the Robber loved his  
horse.

In the land that lies beyond  
Erzeroum and Trebizond,  
Garden-girt his fortress stood;  
Plundered khan, or caravan  
Journeying north from Koordistan,  
Gave him wealth and wine and  
food.

Seven hundred and fourscore  
Men at arms his livery wore, 20  
Did his bidding night and day;  
Now, through regions all unknown,  
He was wandering, lost, alone,  
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,  
Sheer the precipice descends,  
Loud the torrent roars unseen;  
Thirty feet from side to side  
Yawns the chasm; on air must  
ride  
He who crosses this ravine. 30

Following close in his pursuit,  
At the precipice's foot  
Reyhan the Arab of Orfah  
Halted with his hundred men,  
Shouting upward from the glen,  
'La Illâh illâ Allâh!'

Gently Roushan Beg caressed  
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;  
Kissed him upon both his eyes,  
Sang to him in his wild way, 40  
As upon the topmost spray  
Sings a bird before it flies.

'O my Kyrat, O my steed,  
Round and slender as a reed,  
Carry me this peril through!  
Satin housings shall be thine,  
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,  
O thou soul of Kurroglou!

'Soft thy skin as silken skein,  
Soft as woman's hair thy mane, 50  
Tender are thine eyes and true:

All thy hoofs like ivory shine,  
Polished bright; O life of mine,  
Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,  
Drew together his four white feet,  
Paused a moment on the verge,  
Measured with his eye the space,  
And into the air's embrace  
Leaped as leaps the ocean  
surge. 60

As the ocean surge o'er sand  
Bears a swimmer safe to land,  
Kyrat safe his rider bore;  
Rattling down the deep abyss  
Fragments of the precipice  
Rolled like pebbles on a shore:

Roushan's tasselled cap of red  
Trembled not upon his head,  
Careless sat he and upright;  
Neither hand nor bridle shook, 70  
Nor his head he turned to look,  
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,  
Seen a moment like the glare  
Of a sword drawn from its  
sheath;  
Thus the phantom horseman  
passed,  
And the shadow that he cast  
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath  
While this vision of life and death  
Passed above him. 'Allahu!'  
Cried he. 'In all Koordistan 82  
Lives there not so brave a man  
As this Robber Kurroglou!'

#### HAROUN AL RASCHID

ONE day, Haroun Al Raschid read  
A book wherein the poet said:—

'Where are the kings, and where  
the rest  
Of those who once the world pos-  
sessed?

'They're gone with all their pomp  
and show,  
They're gone the way that thou  
shalt go.

'O thou who choosest for thy  
share  
The world, and what the world  
calls fair,

'Take all that it can give or lend,  
But know that death is at the end!'

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his  
head:  
Tears fell upon the page he read.

#### KING TRISANKU

VISWAMITRA the Magician,  
By his spells and incantations,  
Up to Indra's realms elysian  
Raised Trisanku, king of na-  
tions.

Indra and the gods offended  
Hurled him downward, and de-  
scending  
In the air he hung suspended,  
With these equal powers con-  
tending.

Thus by aspirations lifted,  
By misgivings downward driven,  
Human hearts are tossed and  
drifted  
Midway between earth and hea-  
ven.

#### A WRAITH IN THE MIST

'Sir, I should build me a fortifica-  
tion, if I came to live here.'— Bos-  
WELL'S *Johnson*.

ON the green little isle of Inch-  
kenneth,  
Who is it that walks by the  
shore,

So gay with his Highland blue  
bonnet,  
So brave with his targe and clay-  
more?

His form is the form of a giant,  
But his face wears an aspect of  
pain;  
Can this be the Laird of Inchken-  
neth?  
Can this be Sir Allan McLean?

Ah, no! It is only the Ram-  
bler,  
The Idler, who lives in Bolt  
Court,  
And who says, were he Laird of  
Inchkenneth,  
He would wall himself round  
with a fort.

### THE THREE KINGS

THREE Kings came riding from  
far away,  
Melchior and Gaspar and Balta-  
sar;  
Three Wise Men out of the East  
were they,  
And they travelled by night and  
they slept by day,  
For their guide was a beautiful,  
wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large,  
and clear,  
That all the other stars of the  
sky  
Became a white mist in the at-  
mosphere,  
And by this they knew that the  
coming was near  
Of the Prince foretold in the pro-  
phesy. 10

Three caskets they bore on their  
saddle-bows,  
Three caskets of gold with golden  
keys;

Their robes were of crimson silk  
with rows  
Of bells and pomegranates and fur-  
belows,  
Their turbans like blossoming  
almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into  
the West,  
Through the dusk of night, over  
hill and dell,  
And sometimes they nodded with  
beard on breast,  
And sometimes talked, as they  
paused to rest,  
With the people they met at  
some wayside well. 20

'Of the child that is born,' said  
Baltasar,  
'Good people, I pray you, tell  
us the news;  
For we in the East have seen his  
star,  
And have ridden fast, and have  
ridden far,  
To find and worship the King of  
the Jews.'

And the people answered, 'You  
ask in vain;  
We know of no king but Herod  
the Great!'  
They thought the Wise Men were  
men insane,  
As they spurred their horses  
across the plain,  
Like riders in haste, and who  
cannot wait. 30

And when they came to Jerusa-  
lem,  
Herod the Great, who had heard  
this thing,  
Sent for the Wise Men and ques-  
tioned them;  
And said, 'Go down unto Bethle-  
hem,  
And bring me tidings of this  
new king.'



So they rode away; and the star  
 stood still,  
 The only one in the gray of  
 morn;  
 Yes, it stopped,—it stood still of  
 its own free will,  
 Right over Bethlehem on the hill,  
 The city of David, where Christ  
 was born. 40

And the Three Kings rode through  
 the gate and the guard,  
 Through the silent street, till  
 their horses turned  
 And neighed as they entered the  
 great inn-yard;  
 But the windows were closed, and  
 the doors were barred,  
 And only a light in the stable  
 burned.

And cradled there in the scented  
 hay,  
 In the air made sweet by the  
 breath of kine,  
 The little child in the manger  
 lay,  
 The child, that would be king one  
 day  
 Of a kingdom not human but di-  
 vine. 50

His mother Mary of Nazareth  
 Sat watching beside his place of  
 rest,  
 Watching the even flow of his  
 breath,  
 For the joy of life and the terror  
 of death  
 Were mingled together in her  
 breast.

They laid their offerings at his  
 feet:  
 The gold was their tribute to a  
 King,  
 The frankincense, with its odor  
 sweet,  
 Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,  
 The myrrh for the body's bury-  
 ing. 60

And the mother wondered and  
 bowed her head,  
 And sat as still as a statue of  
 stone;  
 Her heart was troubled yet com-  
 forted,  
 Remembering what the Angel had  
 said  
 Of an endless reign and of Da-  
 vid's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the  
 city gate,  
 With a clatter of hoofs in proud  
 array;  
 But they went not back to Herod  
 the Great,  
 For they knew his malice and  
 feared his hate,  
 And returned to their homes by  
 another way. 70

### SONG

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and  
 rest;  
 Home-keeping hearts are hap-  
 piest,  
 For those that wander they know  
 not where  
 Are full of trouble and full of  
 care;  
 To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and dis-  
 tressed,  
 They wander east, they wander  
 west,  
 And are baffled and beaten and  
 blown about  
 By the winds of the wilderness of  
 doubt;  
 To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and  
 rest;  
 The bird is safest in its nest;  
 O'er all that flutter their wings and  
 fly

A hawk is hovering in the sky ;  
To stay at home is best.

### THE WHITE CZAR

The White Czar is Peter the Great. Batyushka, *Father dear*, and Gosudar, *Sovereign*, are titles the Russian people are fond of giving to the Czar in their popular songs.

Dost thou see on the rampart's  
height  
That wreath of mist, in the light  
Of the midnight moon? Oh, hist!  
It is not a wreath of mist;  
It is the Czar, the White Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard, among the dead,  
The artillery roll o'erhead;  
The drums and the tramp of feet  
Of his soldiery in the street;  
He is awake! the White Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard in the grave the  
cries  
Of his people: 'Awake! arise!'  
He has rent the gold brocade  
Whereof his shroud was made;  
He is risen! the White Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

From the Volga and the Don  
He has led his armies on,  
Over river and morass,  
Over desert and mountain pass:  
The Czar, the Orthodox Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He looks from the mountain-chain  
Toward the seas, that cleave in  
twain

The continents; his hand  
Points southward o'er the land  
Of Roumili! O Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

And the words break from his  
lips:  
'I am the builder of ships,  
And my ships shall sail these  
seas  
To the Pillars of Hercules!  
I say it; the White Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

'The Bosphorus shall be free;  
It shall make room for me;  
And the gates of its water-streets  
Be unbarred before my fleets.  
I say it; the White Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

'And the Christian shall no more  
Be crushed, as heretofore,  
Beneath thine iron rule,  
O Sultan of Istamboul!  
I swear it! I the Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!'

### DELIA

SWEET as the tender fragrance  
that survives,  
When martyred flowers breathe  
out their little lives,  
Sweet as a song that once consoled  
our pain,  
But never will be sung to us again,  
Is thy remembrance. Now the  
hour of rest  
Hath come to thee. Sleep, dar-  
ling; it is best.

## ULTIMA THULE

## DEDICATION

TO G. W. G.

WITH favoring winds, o'er sunlit  
seas,  
We sailed for the Hesperides,  
The land where golden apples  
grow;  
But that, ah! that was long ago.

How far since then the ocean  
streams  
Have swept us from the land of  
dreams,  
That land of fiction and of truth,  
The lost Atlantis of our youth!

Whither, ah, whither? Are not  
these  
The tempest-haunted Orcades,  
Where sea-gulls scream, and break-  
ers roar,  
And wreck and sea-weed line the  
shore?

Ultima Thule! Utmost Isle!  
Here in thy harbors for a while  
We lower our sails; a while we  
rest  
From the unending, endless quest.

## POEMS

BAYARD TAYLOR

DEAD he lay among his books!  
The peace of God was in his looks.

As the statues in the gloom  
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,

So those volumes from their  
shelves  
Watched him, silent as themselves.

Ah! his hand will nevermore  
Turn their storied pages o'er;

Nevermore his lips repeat  
Songs of theirs, however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest!  
He is gone, who was its guest;

Gone, as travellers haste to leave  
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller! in what realms afar,  
In what planet, in what star,

In what vast, aerial space,  
Shines the light upon thy face?

In what gardens of delight  
Rest thy weary feet to-night?

Poet! thou, whose latest verse  
Was a garland on thy hearse;

Thou hast sung, with organ tone,  
In Deukalion's life, thine own;

On the ruins of the Past  
Blooms the perfect flower at last.

Friend! but yesterday the bells  
Rang for thee their loud farewells;

And to-day they toll for thee,  
Lying dead beyond the sea;

Lying dead among thy books,  
The peace of God in all thy looks!

THE CHAMBER OVER THE  
GATE

Is it so far from thee  
Thou canst no longer see,  
In the Chamber over the Gate,  
That old man desolate,

Weeping and wailing sore  
 For his son, who is no more?  
 O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago  
 That cry of human woe  
 From the walled city came,  
 Calling on his dear name,  
 That it has died away  
 In the distance of to-day?  
 O Absalom, my son!

There is no far or near,  
 There is neither there nor here,  
 There is neither soon nor late,  
 In that Chamber over the Gate,  
 Nor any long ago  
 To that cry of human woe,  
 O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past  
 The voice sounds like a blast,  
 Over seas that wreck and drown,  
 Over tumult of traffic and town;  
 And from ages yet to be  
 Come the echoes back to me,  
 O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour  
 The watchman on the tower  
 Looks forth, and sees the fleet  
 Approach of the hurrying feet  
 Of messengers, that bear  
 The tidings of despair.  
 O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door,  
 Who shall return no more.  
 With him our joy departs;  
 The light goes out in our hearts;  
 In the Chamber over the Gate  
 We sit disconsolate.  
 O Absalom, my son!

That 't is a common grief  
 Bringeth but slight relief;  
 Ours is the bitterest loss,  
 Ours is the heaviest cross;  
 And forever the cry will be  
 'Would God I had died for thee,  
 O Absalom, my son!'

## FROM MY ARM-CHAIR

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAM-  
BRIDGE

WHO PRESENTED TO ME, ON MY  
 SEVENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY,  
 FEBRUARY 27, 1879, THIS CHAIR  
 MADE FROM THE WOOD OF  
 THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S  
 CHESTNUT TREE.

AM I a king, that I should call my  
 own  
 This splendid ebon throne?  
 Or by what reason, or what right  
 divine,  
 Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of  
 song  
 It may to me belong;  
 Only because the spreading chest-  
 nut tree  
 Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its  
 prime,  
 When in the summer-time  
 The affluent foliage of its branches  
 made  
 A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge,  
 beside the street,  
 Its blossoms white and sweet  
 Enticed the bees, until it seemed  
 alive,  
 And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn,  
 with a shout,  
 Tossed its great arms about,  
 The shining chestnuts, bursting  
 from the sheath,  
 Dropped to the ground be-  
 neath.

And now some fragments of its  
 branches bare,  
 Shaped as a stately chair,

Have by my hearthstone found a  
home at last,  
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all  
his pride  
Repel the ocean tide,  
But, seated in this chair, I can in  
rhyme  
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,  
The blossoms and the bees,  
And hear the children's voices  
shout and call,  
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires  
aglow,  
I hear the bellows blow,  
And the shrill hammers on the  
anvil beat  
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye  
made for me  
This day a jubilee,  
And to my more than threescore  
years and ten  
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory,  
like the mind,  
And in it are enshrined  
The precious keepsakes, into  
which is wrought  
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remem-  
brance could  
Give life to this dead wood,  
And make these branches, leafless  
now so long,  
Blossom again in song.

#### JUGURTHA

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!  
Cried the African monarch, the  
splendid,  
As down to his death in the hollow

Dark dungeons of Rome he de-  
scended,  
Uncrowned, unthroned, unat-  
tended;  
How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!  
Cried the Poet, unknown, unbe-  
friended,  
As the vision, that lured him to  
follow,  
With the mist and the darkness  
blended,  
And the dream of his life was  
ended;  
How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

#### THE IRON PEN

I THOUGHT this Pen would arise  
From the casket where it lies —  
Of itself would arise and write  
My thanks and my surprise.

When you gave it me under the  
pines,  
I dreamed these gems from the  
mines  
Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine  
Would glimmer as thoughts in the  
lines;

That this iron link from the chain  
Of Bonnivard might retain  
Some verse of the Poet who sang  
Of the prisoner and his pain;

That this wood from the frigate's  
mast  
Might write me a rhyme at last,  
As it used to write on the sky  
The song of the sea and the blast.

But motionless as I wait,  
Like a Bishop lying in state  
Lies the Pen, with its mitre of  
gold,  
And its jewels inviolate.

Then must I speak, and say  
That the light of that summer day



In the garden under the pines  
Shall not fade and pass away.

I shall see you standing there,  
Caressed by the fragrant air,  
With the shadow on your face,  
And the sunshine on your hair.

I shall hear the sweet low tone  
Of a voice before unknown,  
Saying, 'This is from me to  
you —  
From me, and to you alone.'

And in words not idle and vain  
I shall answer and thank you  
again

For the gift, and the grace of  
the gift,  
O beautiful Helen of Maine!

And forever this gift will be  
As a blessing from you to me,  
As a drop of the dew of your  
youth  
On the leaves of an aged tree.

## ROBERT BURNS

I SEE amid the fields of Ayr  
A ploughman, who, in foul and  
fair,  
Sings at his task  
So clear, we know not if it is  
The laverock's song we hear, or his,  
Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those  
fields  
A more ethereal harvest yields  
Than sheaves of grain;  
Songs flush with purple bloom the  
rye,  
The plover's call, the curlew's cry,  
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside  
weed  
Becomes a flower; the lowliest  
reed

Beside the stream  
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and  
grass  
And heather, where his footsteps  
pass,  
The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame il-  
lumes  
The darkness of lone cottage  
rooms;  
He feels the force,  
The treacherous undertow and  
stress  
Of wayward passions, and no less  
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his  
fate,  
His voice is harsh, but not with  
hate;  
The brush-wood, hung  
Above the tavern door, lets fall  
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall  
Upon his tongue.

But still the music of his song  
Rises o'er all, elate and strong;  
Its master-chords  
Are Manhood, Freedom, Brother-  
hood,  
Its discords but an interlude  
Between the words.

And then to die so young and  
leave  
Unfinished what he might achieve!  
Yet better sure  
Is this, than wandering up and  
down,  
An old man in a country town,  
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native  
land  
As an immortal youth; his hand  
Guides every plough;  
He sits beside each ingle-nook,  
His voice is in each rushing brook,  
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-  
 night,  
 A form of mingled mist and light  
 From that far coast.  
 Welcome beneath this roof of  
 mine!  
 Welcome! this vacant chair is  
 thine,  
 Dear guest and ghost!

### HELEN OF TYRE

WHAT phantom is this that ap-  
 pears  
 Through the purple mists of the  
 years,  
 Itself but a mist like these?  
 A woman of cloud and of fire;  
 It is she; it is Helen of Tyre,  
 The town in the midst of the  
 seas.

O Tyre! in thy crowded streets  
 The phantom appears and retreats,  
 And the Israelites that sell  
 Thy lilies and lions of brass,  
 Look up as they see her pass,  
 And murmur 'Jezebel!'

Then another phantom is seen  
 At her side, in a gray gabardine,  
 With beard that floats to his  
 waist;  
 It is Simon Magus, the Seer;  
 He speaks, and she pauses to hear  
 The words he utters in haste.

He says: 'From this evil fame,  
 From this life of sorrow and  
 shame,

I will lift thee and make thee  
 mine;  
 Thou hast been Queen Candace,  
 And Helen of Troy, and shalt be  
 The Intelligence Divine!'

Oh, sweet as the breath of morn,  
 To the fallen and forlorn  
 Are whispered words of praise;  
 For the famished heart believes

The falsehood that tempts and  
 deceives,  
 And the promise that betrays.

So she follows from land to land  
 The wizard's beckoning hand,  
 As a leaf is blown by the gust,  
 Till she vanishes into night.  
 O reader, stoop down and write  
 With thy finger in the dust.

O town in the midst of the seas,  
 With thy rafts of cedar trees,  
 Thy merchandise and thy  
 ships,  
 Thou, too, art become as naught,  
 A phantom, a shadow, a thought,  
 A name upon men's lips.

### ELEGIAC

DARK is the morning with mist;  
 in the narrow mouth of the  
 harbor  
 Motionless lies the sea, under its  
 curtain of cloud;  
 Dreamily glimmer the sails of  
 ships on the distant horizon,  
 Like to the towers of a town,  
 built on the verge of the sea.

Slowly and stately and still, they  
 sail forth into the ocean;  
 With them sail my thoughts over  
 the limitless deep,  
 Farther and farther away, borne  
 on by unsatisfied longings,  
 Unto Hesperian isles, unto Au-  
 sonian shores.

Now they have vanished away,  
 have disappeared in the  
 ocean;  
 Sunk are the towers of the town  
 into the depths of the sea!  
 All have vanished but those that,  
 moored in the neighboring  
 roadstead,  
 Sailless at anchor ride, looming  
 so large in the mist.

Vanished, too, are the thoughts,  
 the dim, unsatisfied longings;  
 Sunk are the turrets of cloud  
 into the ocean of dreams;  
 While in a haven of rest my heart  
 is riding at anchor,  
 Held by the chains of love, held  
 by the anchors of trust!

### OLD ST. DAVID'S AT RAD- NOR

WHAT an image of peace and rest  
 Is this little church among its  
 graves!  
 All is so quiet; the troubled  
 breast,  
 The wounded spirit, the heart  
 oppressed,  
 Here may find the repose it  
 craves.

See, how the ivy climbs and ex-  
 pands  
 Over this humble hermitage,  
 And seems to caress with its little  
 hands  
 The rough, gray stones, as a child  
 that stands  
 Caressing the wrinkled cheeks  
 of age!

You cross the threshold; and dim  
 and small  
 Is the space that serves for the  
 Shepherd's Fold;  
 The narrow aisle, the bare, white  
 wall,  
 The pews, and the pulpit quaint  
 and tall,  
 Whisper and say: 'Alas! we are  
 old.'

Herbert's chapel at Bemerton  
 Hardly more spacious is than  
 this;  
 But poet and pastor, blent in one,  
 Clothed with a splendor, as of the  
 sun,  
 That lowly and holy edifice.

It is not the wall of stone without  
 That makes the building small  
 or great,  
 But the soul's light shining round  
 about,  
 And the faith that overcometh  
 doubt,  
 And the love that stronger is  
 than hate.

Were I a pilgrim in search of  
 peace,  
 Were I a pastor of Holy Church,  
 More than a Bishop's diocese  
 Should I prize this place of rest  
 and release  
 From further longing and further  
 search.

Here would I stay, and let the  
 world  
 With its distant thunder roar  
 and roll;  
 Storms do not rend the sail that is  
 furled;  
 Nor like a dead leaf, tossed and  
 whirled  
 In an eddy of wind, is the  
 anchored soul.

### FOLK-SONGS

#### THE SIFTING OF PETER

IN St. Luke's Gospel we are told  
 How Peter in the days of old  
 Was sifted;  
 And now, though ages intervene,  
 Sin is the same, while time and  
 scene  
 Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,  
 As wheat to sift us, and we all  
 Are tempted;  
 Not one, however rich or great,  
 Is by his station or estate  
 Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is  
 But he, by some device of his,

Can enter;  
No heart hath armor so complete  
But he can pierce with arrows fleet  
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow,  
Who hear the warning voice, but  
go

Unheeding,  
Till thrice and more they have  
denied

The Man of Sorrows, crucified  
And bleeding.

One look of that pale, suffering  
face  
Will make us feel the deep dis-  
grace

Of weakness;  
We shall be sifted till the strength  
Of self-conceit be changed at  
length  
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though  
healed, will ache;  
The reddening scars remain, and  
make

Confession;  
Lost innocence returns no more;  
We are not what we were before  
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and  
heat,  
Rise from disaster and defeat  
The stronger;  
And conscious still of the divine  
Within them, lie on earth supine  
No longer.

### MAIDEN AND WEATHER- COCK

MAIDEN.

O WEATHERCOCK on the village  
spire,  
With your golden feathers all on  
fire,

Tell me, what can you see from  
your perch  
Above there over the tower of the  
church?

WEATHERCOCK.

I can see the roofs and the streets  
below,  
And the people moving to and  
fro,  
And beyond, without either roof  
or street,  
The great salt sea, and the fisher-  
men's fleet.

I can see a ship come sailing in  
Beyond the headlands and harbor  
of Lynn,  
And a young man standing on the  
deck,  
With a silken kerchief round his  
neck.

Now he is pressing it to his lips,  
And now he is kissing his finger-  
tips,  
And now he is lifting and waving  
his hand,  
And blowing the kisses toward the  
land.

MAIDEN.

Ah, that is the ship from over the  
sea,  
That is bringing my lover back to  
me,  
Bringing my lover so fond and  
true,  
Who does not change with the  
wind like you.

WEATHERCOCK.

If I change with all the winds that  
blow,  
It is only because they made me  
so,  
And people would think it won-  
drous strange,  
If I, a Weathercock, should not  
change.

O pretty Maiden, so fine and fair,  
With your dreamy eyes and your  
golden hair,

When you and your lover meet to-  
day

You will thank me for looking  
some other way.

### THE WINDMILL

BEHOLD! a giant am I!

Aloft here in my tower,

With my granite jaws I devour  
The maize, and the wheat, and the  
rye,  
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;

In the fields of grain I see

The harvest that is to be,

And I fling to the air my arms,  
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails

Far off, from the threshing-  
floors

In barns, with their open  
doors,

And the wind, the wind in my sails,  
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,

With my foot on the rock be-  
low,

And whichever way it may  
blow,

I meet it face to face

As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,

My master, the miller, stands

And feeds me with his hands;

For he knows who makes him  
thrive,

Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;

Church-going bells begin

Their low, melodious din;

I cross my arms on my breast,  
And all is peace within.

### THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS

THE tide rises, the tide falls,

The twilight darkens, the curlew  
calls;

Along the sea-sands damp and  
brown

The traveller hastens toward the  
town,

And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and  
walls,

But the sea, the sea in the dark-  
ness calls;

The little waves, with their soft,  
white hands,

Efface the footprints in the sands,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds  
in their stalls

Stamp and neigh, as the hostler  
calls;

The day returns, but nevermore

Returns the traveller to the shore,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

### SONNETS

#### MY CATHEDRAL

LIKE two cathedral towers these  
stately pines

Uplift their fretted summits  
tipped with cones;

The arch beneath them is not  
built with stones,

Not Art but Nature traced these  
lovely lines,

And carved this graceful ara-  
besque of vines;

No organ but the wind here  
sighs and moans,

No sepulchre conceals a mar-  
tyr's bones,

No marble bishop on his tomb  
reclines.

Enter! the pavement, carpeted  
with leaves,



Gives back a softened echo to  
thy tread !  
Listen ! the choir is singing ; all  
the birds,  
In leafy galleries beneath the  
eaves,  
Are singing ! listen, ere the  
sound be fled,  
And learn there may be worship  
without words.

### THE BURIAL OF THE POET

RICHARD HENRY DANA

IN the old churchyard of his na-  
tive town,  
And in the ancestral tomb be-  
side the wall,  
We laid him in the sleep that  
comes to all,  
And left him to his rest and his  
renown.  
The snow was falling, as if Hea-  
ven dropped down  
White flowers of Paradise to  
strew his pall ; —  
The dead around him seemed to  
wake, and call  
His name, as worthy of so white  
a crown.  
And now the moon is shining on  
the scene,  
And the broad sheet of snow is  
written o'er  
With shadows cruciform of leaf-  
less trees,  
As once the winding-sheet of Sala-  
din  
With chapters of the Koran ;  
but, ah ! more  
Mysterious and triumphant signs  
are these.

### NIGHT

INTO the darkness and the hush  
of night  
Slowly the landscape sinks, and  
fades away,

And with it fade the phantoms of  
the day,  
The ghosts of men and things,  
that haunt the light.  
The crowd, the clamor, the pur-  
suit, the flight,  
The unprofitable splendor and  
display,  
The agitations, and the cares  
that prey  
Upon our hearts, all vanish out  
of sight.  
The better life begins ; the world  
no more  
Molests us ; all its records we  
erase  
From the dull commonplace  
book of our lives,  
That like a palimpsest is written  
o'er  
With trivial incidents of time  
and place,  
And lo ! the ideal, hidden be-  
neath, revives.

### L'ENVOI

### THE POET AND HIS SONGS

As the birds come in the Spring,  
We know not from where ;  
As the stars come at evening  
From depths of the air ;  
As the rain comes from the cloud,  
And the brook from the ground ;  
As suddenly, low or loud,  
Out of silence a sound ;  
As the grape comes to the vine,  
The fruit to the tree ;  
As the wind comes to the pine,  
And the tide to the sea ;  
As come the white sails of ships  
O'er the ocean's verge ;  
As comes the smile to the lips,  
The foam to the surge ;

So come to the Poet his songs,  
 All hitherward blown  
 From the misty realm, that be-  
 longs  
 To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays  
 He sings; and their fame

Is his, and not his; and the praise  
 And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,  
 And haunt him by night,  
 And he listens, and needs must  
 obey,  
 When the Angel says, 'Write!'

## IN THE HARBOR

### BECALMED

BECALMED upon the sea of  
 Thought,  
 Still unattained the land it sought,  
 My mind, with loosely-hanging  
 sails,  
 Lies waiting the auspicious gales.

On either side, behind, before,  
 The ocean stretches like a floor,—  
 A level floor of amethyst.  
 Crowned by a golden dome of mist.

Blow, breath of inspiration, blow!  
 Shake and uplift this golden glow!  
 And fill the canvas of the mind  
 With wafts of thy celestial wind.

Blow, breath of song! until I feel  
 The straining sail, the lifting keel,  
 The life of the awakening sea,  
 Its motion and its mystery!

### THE POET'S CALENDAR

#### JANUARY

JANUS am I; oldest of potentates;  
 Forward I look, and backward,  
 and below  
 I count, as god of avenues and  
 gates,  
 The years that through my por-  
 tals come and go.  
 I block the roads, and drift the  
 fields with snow;

I chase the wild-fowl from the  
 frozen fen;  
 My frosts congeal the rivers in  
 their flow,  
 My fires light up the hearths and  
 hearts of men.

#### FEBRUARY

I am lustration; and the sea is  
 mine!  
 I wash the sands and headlands  
 with my tide;  
 My brow is crowned with branches  
 of the pine;  
 Before my chariot-wheels the  
 fishes glide.  
 By me all things unclean are puri-  
 fied,  
 By me the souls of men washed  
 white again;  
 E'en the unlovely tombs of those  
 who died  
 Without a dirge, I cleanse from  
 every stain.

#### MARCH

I Martius am! Once first, and  
 now the third!  
 To lead the Year was my ap-  
 pointed place;  
 A mortal dispossessed me by a  
 word,  
 And set there Janus with the  
 double face.  
 Hence I make war on all the  
 human race;

I shake the cities with my hurri-  
cane;  
I flood the rivers and their banks  
efface,  
And drown the farms and ham-  
lets with my rains.

## APRIL

I open wide the portals of the  
Spring  
To welcome the procession of  
the flowers,  
With their gay banners, and the  
birds that sing  
Their song of songs from their  
aerial towers.  
I soften with my sunshine and my  
showers  
The heart of earth; with  
thoughts of love I glide  
Into the hearts of men; and with  
the Hours  
Upon the Bull with wreathèd  
horns I ride.

## MAY

Hark! The sea-faring wild-fowl  
loud proclaim  
My coming, and the swarming  
of the bees.  
These are my heralds, and be-  
hold! my name  
Is written in blossoms on the  
hawthorn-trees.  
I tell the mariner when to sail the  
seas;  
I waft o'er all the land from far  
away  
The breath and bloom of the Hes-  
perides,  
My birthplace. I am Maia. I  
am May.

## JUNE

Mine is the Month of Roses; yes,  
and mine  
The Month of Marriages! All  
pleasant sights

And scents, the fragrance of the  
blossoming vine,  
The foliage of the valleys and  
the heights.  
Mine are the longest days, the  
loveliest nights;  
The mower's scythe makes mu-  
sic to my ear;  
I am the mother of all dear de-  
lights;  
I am the fairest daughter of the  
year.

## JULY

My emblem is the Lion, and I  
breathe  
The breath of Libyan deserts  
o'er the land;  
My sickle as a sabre I unsheathe,  
And bent before me the pale  
harvests stand.  
The lakes and rivers shrink at my  
command,  
And there is thirst and fever in  
the air;  
The sky is changed to brass, the  
earth to sand;  
I am the Emperor whose name  
I bear.

## AUGUST

The Emperor Octavian, called the  
August,  
I being his favorite, bestowed  
his name  
Upon me, and I hold it still in  
trust,  
In memory of him and of his  
fame.  
I am the Virgin, and my vestal  
flame  
Burns less intensely than the  
Lion's rage;  
Sheaves are my only garlands, and  
I claim  
The golden Harvests as my heri-  
tage.

## SEPTEMBER

I bear the Scales, where hang in  
 equipoise  
 The night and day; and when  
 unto my lips  
 I put my trumpet, with its stress  
 and noise  
 Fly the white clouds like tat-  
 tered sails of ships;  
 The tree-tops lash the air with  
 sounding whips;  
 Southward the clamorous sea-  
 fowl wing their flight;  
 The hedges are all red with haws  
 and hips,  
 The Hunter's Moon reigns em-  
 press of the night.

## OCTOBER

My ornaments are fruits; my gar-  
 ments leaves,  
 Woven like cloth of gold, and  
 crimson dyed;  
 I do not boast the harvesting of  
 sheaves,  
 O'er orchards and o'er vineyards  
 I preside.  
 Though on the frigid Scorpion I  
 ride,  
 The dreamy air is full, and over-  
 flows  
 With tender memories of the sum-  
 mer-tide,  
 And mingled voices of the doves  
 and crows.

## NOVEMBER

The Centaur, Sagittarius, am I,  
 Born of Ixion's and the cloud's  
 embrace;  
 With sounding hoofs across the  
 earth I fly,  
 A steed Thessalian with a hu-  
 man face.  
 Sharp winds the arrows are with  
 which I chase  
 The leaves, half dead already  
 with affright;

I shroud myself in gloom; and to  
 the race  
 Of mortals bring nor comfort nor  
 delight.

## DECEMBER

Riding upon the Goat, with snow-  
 white hair,  
 I come, the last of all. This  
 crown of mine  
 Is of the holly; in my hand I bear  
 Thy thyrsus, tipped with fra-  
 grant cones of pine.  
 I celebrate the birth of the Divine,  
 And the return of the Saturnian  
 reign;  
 My songs are carols sung at every  
 shrine,  
 Proclaiming 'Peace on earth,  
 good will to men.'

## AUTUMN WITHIN

It is autumn; not without,  
 But within me is the cold.  
 Youth and spring are all about;  
 It is I that have grown old.

Birds are darting through the  
 air,  
 Singing, building without rest;  
 Life is stirring everywhere,  
 Save within my lonely breast.

There is silence: the dead leaves  
 Fall and rustle and are still;  
 Beats no flail upon the sheaves,  
 Comes no murmur from the mill.

THE FOUR LAKES OF MADI-  
SON

FOUR limpid lakes,—four Naiades  
 Or sylvan deities are these,  
 In flowing robes of azure  
 dressed;  
 Four lovely handmaids, that up-  
 hold

Their shining mirrors, rimmed  
with gold,  
To the fair city in the West.

By day the coursers of the sun  
Drink of these waters as they run  
Their swift diurnal round on  
high;

By night the constellations glow  
Far down the hollow deeps below,  
And glimmer in another sky.

Fair lakes, serene and full of light,  
Fair town, arrayed in robes of  
white,

How visionary ye appear!  
All like a floating landscape seems  
In cloud-land or the land of dreams,  
Bathed in a golden atmosphere!

#### VICTOR AND VANQUISHED

As one who long hath fled with  
panting breath  
Before his foe, bleeding and near  
to fall,

I turn and set my back against  
the wall,  
And look thee in the face, trium-  
phant Death.

I call for aid, and no one answer-  
eth;

I am alone with thee, who con-  
querest all;

Yet me thy threatening form  
doth not appall,

For thou art but a phantom and  
a wraith.

Wounded and weak, sword broken  
at the hilt,

With armor shattered, and with-  
out a shield,

I stand unmoved; do with me  
what thou wilt;

I can resist no more, but will not  
yield.

This is no tournament where  
cowards tilt;

The vanquished here is victor of  
the field.

#### MOONLIGHT

As a pale phantom with a lamp  
Ascends some ruin's haunted  
stair,  
So glides the moon along the damp  
Mysterious chambers of the air.

Now hidden in cloud, and now re-  
vealed,

As if this phantom, full of pain,  
Were by the crumbling walls con-  
cealed,

And at the windows seen again.

Until at last, serene and proud  
In all the splendor of her light,  
She walks the terraces of cloud,  
Supreme as Empress of the  
Night.

I look, but recognize no more  
Objects familiar to my view;  
The very pathway to my door  
Is an enchanted avenue.

All things are changed. One mass  
of shade,

The elm-trees drop their cur-  
tains down;

By palace, park, and colonnade  
I walk as in a foreign town.

The very ground beneath my feet  
Is clothed with a diviner air;  
While marble paves the silent  
street

And glimmers in the empty  
square.

Illusion! Underneath there lies  
The common life of every day;  
Only the spirit glorifies  
With its own tints the sober gray.

In vain we look, in vain uplift  
Our eyes to heaven, if we are  
blind;

We see but what we have the gift  
Of seeing; what we bring we  
find.



## THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

## [A FRAGMENT]

## I

WHAT is this I read in history,  
Full of marvel, full of mystery,  
Difficult to understand?  
Is it fiction, is it truth?  
Children in the flower of youth,  
Heart in heart, and hand in hand,  
Ignorant of what helps or harms,  
Without armor, without arms,  
Journeying to the Holy Land!

Who shall answer or divine? 10  
Never since the world was made  
Such a wonderful crusade  
Started forth for Palestine.  
Never while the world shall last  
Will it reproduce the past;  
Never will it see again  
Such an army, such a band,  
Over mountain, over main,  
Journeying to the Holy Land. 19

Like a shower of blossoms blown  
From the parent trees were they;  
Like a flock of birds that fly  
Through the unfrequented sky,  
Holding nothing as their own,  
Passed they into lands unknown,  
Passed to suffer and to die.

O the simple, child-like trust!  
O the faith that could believe  
What the harnessed, iron-mailed  
Knights of Christendom had  
failed, 30  
By their prowess, to achieve,  
They, the children, could and  
must!

Little thought the Hermit, preach-  
ing  
Holy Wars to knight and baron,  
That the words dropped in his  
teaching,  
His entreaty, his beseeching,  
Would by children's hands be  
gleaned,

And the staff on which he leaned  
Blossom like the rod of Aaron.

As a summer wind upheaves 40  
The innumerable leaves  
In the bosom of a wood,—  
Not as separate leaves, but massed  
All together by the blast,—  
So for evil or for good  
His resistless breath upheaved  
All at once the many-leaved,  
Many-thoughted multitude.

In the tumult of the air  
Rock the boughs with all the  
nests 50  
Cradled on their tossing crests;  
By the fervor of his prayer  
Troubled hearts were everywhere  
Rocked and tossed in human  
breasts.

For a century, at least,  
His prophetic voice had ceased;  
But the air was heated still  
By his lurid words and will,  
As from fires in far-off woods,  
In the autumn of the year, 60  
An unwonted fever broods  
In the sultry atmosphere.

## II

In Cologne the bells were ringing,  
In Cologne the nuns were singing  
Hymns and canticles divine;  
Loud the monks sang in their  
stalls,  
And the thronging streets were  
loud  
With the voices of the crowd;—  
Underneath the city walls  
Silent flowed the river Rhine. 70

From the gates, that summer  
day,  
Clad in robes of hoddenn gray,  
With the red cross on the breast,  
Azure-eyed and golden-haired,  
Forth the young crusaders fared;  
While above the band devoted  
Consecrated banners floated,

Fluttered many a flag and  
streamer,

And the cross o'er all the rest !  
Singing lowly, meekly, slowly, 80  
'Give us, give us back the holy  
Sepulchre of the Redeemer !'  
On the vast procession pressed,  
Youths and maidens. . . .

### III

Ah ! what master hand shall paint  
How they journeyed on their way,  
How the days grew long and  
dreary,  
How their little feet grew weary,  
How their little hearts grew faint !

Ever swifter day by day 90  
Flowed the homeward river ; ever  
More and more its whitening cur-  
rent

Broke and scattered into spray,  
Till the calmly-flowing river  
Changed into a mountain torrent,  
Rushing from its glacier green  
Down through chasm and black  
ravine.

Like a phoenix in its nest,  
Burned the red sun in the West,  
Sinking in an ashen cloud ; 100  
In the East, above the crest  
Of the sea-like mountain chain,  
Like a phoenix from its shroud,  
Came the red sun back again.

Now around them, white with  
snow,  
Closed the mountain peaks. Be-  
low,  
Headlong from the precipice  
Down into the dark abyss,  
Plunged the cataract, white with  
foam ;

And it said, or seemed to say : 110  
'Oh return, while yet you may,  
Foolish children, to your home,  
There the Holy City is !'

But the dauntless leader said :  
'Faint not, though your bleeding  
feet

O'er these slippery paths of sleet  
Move but painfully and slowly ;  
Other feet than yours have bled ;  
Other tears than yours been shed.  
Courage ! lose not heart or hope ;  
On the mountains' southern slope  
Lies Jerusalem the Holy !' 122  
As a white rose in its pride,  
By the wind in summer-tide  
Tossed and loosened from the  
branch,

Showers its petals o'er the ground,  
From the distant mountain's side,  
Scattering all its snows around,  
With mysterious, muffled sound,  
Loosened, fell the avalanche. 130  
Voices, echoes far and near,  
Roar of winds and waters blend-  
ing,  
Mists uprising, clouds impending,  
Filled them with a sense of fear,  
Formless, nameless, never end-  
ing.

. . . . .

### SUNDOWN

THE summer sun is sinking low ;  
Only the tree-tops redden and  
glow :  
Only the weathercock on the spire  
Of the neighboring church is a  
flame of fire ;  
All is in shadow below.

O beautiful, awful summer day,  
What hast thou given, what taken  
away ?  
Life and death, and love and hate,  
Homes made happy or desolate,  
Hearts made sad or gay !

On the road of life one mile-stone  
more !

In the book of life one leaf turned  
o'er !

Like a red seal is the setting  
sun

On the good and the evil men have  
done, —

Naught can to-day restore !

CHIMES

SWEET chimes! that in the loneliness of night  
 Salute the passing hour, and in the dark  
 And silent chambers of the household mark  
 The movements of the myriad orbs of light!  
 Through my closed eyelids, by the inner sight,  
 I see the constellations in the arc  
 Of their great circles moving on, and hark!  
 I almost hear them singing in their flight.  
 Better than sleep it is to lie awake,  
 O'er-canopied by the vast starry dome  
 Of the immeasurable sky; to feel  
 The slumbering world sink under us, and make  
 Hardly an eddy,—a mere rush of foam  
 On the great sea beneath a sinking keel.

FOUR BY THE CLOCK

'Nahant, September 8, 1880, four o'clock in the morning.'

FOUR by the clock! and yet not day;  
 But the great world rolls and wheels away,  
 With its cities on land, and its ships at sea,  
 Into the dawn that is to be!

Only the lamp in the anchored bark  
 Sends its glimmer across the dark,  
 And the heavy breathing of the sea  
 Is the only sound that comes to me.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

IN MEMORY OF J. T. F.

UNTIL we meet again! That is the meaning  
 Of the familiar words, that men repeat  
 At parting in the street.  
 Ah yes, till then! but when death intervening  
 Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain  
 We wait for the Again!

The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow  
 Of parting, as we feel it, who must stay  
 Lamenting day by day,  
 And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow,  
 We shall not find in its accustomed place  
 The one beloved face.

It were a double grief, if the departed,  
 Being released from earth, should still retain  
 A sense of earthly pain;  
 It were a double grief, if the true-hearted,  
 Who loved us here, should on the farther shore  
 Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our afflictions,  
 That death is a beginning, not an end,  
 We cry to them, and send Farewells, that better might be called predictions,  
 Being fore-shadowings of the future, thrown  
 Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason,  
 And if by faith, as in old times was said,

Women received their dead  
 Raised up to life, then only for a  
 season

Our partings are, nor shall we  
 wait in vain  
 Until we meet again !

### ELEGIAC VERSE

#### I

PERADVENTURE of old, some bard in Ionian Islands,  
 Walking alone by the sea, hearing the wash of the waves,  
 Learned the secret from them of the beautiful verse elegiac,  
 Breathing into his song motion and sound of the sea.

For as the wave of the sea, upheaving in long undulations,  
 Plunges loud on the sands, pauses, and turns, and retreats,  
 So the Hexameter, rising and singing, with cadence sonorous,  
 Falls; and in reflux rhythm back the Pentameter flows.

#### II

Not in his youth alone, but in age, may the heart of the poet  
 Bloom into song, as the gorse blossoms in autumn and spring.

#### III

Not in tenderness wanting, yet rough are the rhymes of our poet;  
 Though it be Jacob's voice, Esau's, alas! are the hands.

#### IV

Let us be grateful to writers for what is left in the inkstand;  
 When to leave off is an art only attained by the few.

#### V

How can the Three be One? you ask me; I answer by asking,  
 Hail and snow and rain, are they not three, and yet one?

#### VI

By the mirage uplifted, the land floats vague in the ether,  
 Ships and the shadows of ships hang in the motionless air;  
 So by the art of the poet our common life is uplifted,  
 So, transfigured, the world floats in a luminous haze.

#### VII

Like a French poem is Life; being only perfect in structure  
 When with the masculine rhymes mingled the feminine are.

#### VIII

Down from the mountain descends the brooklet, rejoicing in free  
 dom;  
 Little it dreams of the mill hid in the valley below;  
 Glad with the joy of existence, the child goes singing and laughing,  
 Little dreaming what toils lie in the future concealed.

## IX

As the ink from our pen, so flow our thoughts and our feelings  
When we begin to write, however sluggish before.

## X

Like the Kingdom of Heaven, the Fountain of Youth is within us;  
If we seek it elsewhere, old shall we grow in the search.

## XI

If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it;  
Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.

## XII

Wisely the Hebrews admit no Present tense in their language;  
While we are speaking the word, it is already the Past.

## XIII

In the twilight of age all things seem strange and phantasmal,  
As between daylight and dark ghost-like the landscape appears.

## XIV

Great is the art of beginning, but greater the art is of ending;  
Many a poem is marred by a superfluous verse.

## THE CITY AND THE SEA

THE panting City cried to the Sea,  
'I am faint with heat,—Oh breathe  
on me!'

And the Sea said, 'Lo, I breathe!  
but my breath  
To some will be life, to others  
death!'

As to Prometheus, bringing ease  
In pain, come the Oceanides,

So to the City, hot with the flame  
Of the pitiless sun, the east wind  
came.

It came from the heaving breast  
of the deep,  
Silent as dreams are, and sudden  
as sleep.

Life-giving, death-giving, which  
will it be;

O breath of the merciful, merciless  
Sea?

## MEMORIES

OF I remember those whom I  
have known

In other days, to whom my heart  
was led

As by a magnet, and who are  
not dead,

But absent, and their memories  
overgrown

With other thoughts and troubles  
of my own,

As graves with grasses are, and  
at their head

The stone with moss and lichens  
so o'er-spread,

Nothing is legible but the name  
alone.

And is it so with them? After  
long years,

Do they remember me in the  
same way,

And is the memory pleasant as  
to me?

I fear to ask; yet wherefore are  
my fears?



Pleasures, like flowers, may  
wither and decay,  
And yet the root perennial may  
be.

### HERMES TRISMEGISTUS

As Seleucus narrates, Hermes describes the principles that rank as wholes in two myriads of books; or, as we are informed by Manetho, he perfectly unfolded these principles in three myriads six thousand five hundred and twenty-five volumes. . . .

. . . Our ancestors dedicated the inventions of their wisdom to this deity, inscribing all their own writings with the name of Hermes. — IAMBELICUS.

STILL through Egypt's desert  
places

Flows the lordly Nile,  
From its banks the great stone  
faces

Gaze with patient smile.  
Still the pyramids imperious  
Pierce the cloudless skies,  
And the Sphinx stares with mysterious,  
Solemn, stony eyes.

But where are the old Egyptian  
Demi-gods and kings? 10  
Nothing left but an inscription  
Graven on stones and rings.  
Where are Helios and Hephæstus,  
Gods of eldest eld?  
Where is Hermes Trismegistus,  
Who their secrets held?

Where are now the many hundred  
Thousand books he wrote?  
By the Thaumaturgists plundered,  
Lost in lands remote; 20  
In oblivion sunk forever,  
As when o'er the land  
Blows a storm-wind, in the river  
Sinks the scattered sand.

Something unsubstantial, ghostly,  
Seems this Theurgist,

In deep meditation mostly  
Wrapped, as in a mist.  
Vague, phantasmal, and unreal  
To our thought he seems, 30  
Walking in a world ideal,  
In a land of dreams.

Was he one, or many, merging  
Name and fame in one,  
Like a stream, to which, converging,  
Many streamlets run?  
Till, with gathered power proceeding,  
Ampler sweep it takes,  
Downward the sweet waters leading  
From unnumbered lakes. 40

By the Nile I see him wandering,  
Pausing now and then,  
On the mystic union pondering  
Between gods and men;  
Half believing, wholly feeling,  
With supreme delight,  
How the gods, themselves concealing,  
Lift men to their height.

Or in Thebes, the hundred-gated,  
In the thoroughfare 50  
Breathing, as if consecrated,  
A diviner air;  
And amid discordant noises,  
In the jostling throng,  
Hearing far, celestial voices  
Of Olympian song.

Who shall call his dreams fallacious?  
Who has searched or sought  
All the unexplored and spacious  
Universe of thought? 60  
Who, in his own skill confiding,  
Shall with rule and line  
Mark the border-land dividing  
Human and divine?

Trismegistus! three times greatest!  
How thy name sublime

Has descended to this latest  
 Progeny of time!  
 Happy they whose written pages  
 Perish with their lives, 70  
 If amid the crumbling ages  
 Still their name survives!

Thine, O priest of Egypt, lately  
 Found I in the vast,  
 Weed-encumbered, sombre, state-  
 ly,  
 Grave-yard of the Past;  
 And a presence moved before me  
 On that gloomy shore,  
 As a waft of wind, that o'er me  
 Breathed, and was no more. 80

### TO THE AVON

FLOW on, sweet river! like his  
 verse  
 Who lies beneath this sculptured  
 hearse;  
 Nor wait beside the churchyard  
 wall  
 For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmate once; I see him now  
 A boy with sunshine on his brow,  
 And hear in Stratford's quiet  
 street  
 The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge  
 Wading knee-deep amid the  
 sedge;  
 And lost in thought, as if thy  
 stream  
 Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows;  
 And fain would follow where it  
 goes,  
 To the wide world, that shall ere-  
 long  
 Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream! That dream  
 is o'er;  
 He stands upon another shore;

A vaster river near him flows,  
 And still he follows where it  
 goes.

### PRESIDENT GARFIELD

'E venni dal martirio a questa pace.'  
*Paradiso, XV. 148.*

THESE words the poet heard in  
 Paradise,  
 Uttered by one who, bravely dy-  
 ing here,  
 In the true faith was living in  
 that sphere  
 Where the celestial cross of sac-  
 rifice  
 Spread its protecting arms athwart  
 the skies;  
 And set thereon, like jewels crys-  
 tal clear,  
 The souls magnanimous, that  
 knew not fear,  
 Flashed their effulgence on his  
 dazzled eyes.  
 Ah me! how dark the discipline of  
 pain,  
 Were not the suffering followed  
 'by the sense  
 Of infinite rest and infinite re-  
 lease!  
 This is our consolation; and again  
 A great soul cries to us in our  
 suspense,  
 'I came from martyrdom unto  
 this peace!'

### MY BOOKS

SADLY as some old mediæval  
 knight  
 Gazed at the arms he could no  
 longer wield,  
 The sword two-handed and the  
 shining shield  
 Suspended in the hall, and full in  
 sight,  
 While secret longings for the lost  
 delight

Of tourney or adventure in the  
field  
Came over him, and tears but  
half concealed  
Trembled and fell upon his  
beard of white,  
So I behold these books upon their  
shelf,  
My ornaments and arms of other  
days;  
Not wholly useless, though no  
longer used,  
For they remind me of my other  
self,  
Younger and stronger, and the  
pleasant ways  
In which I walked, now clouded  
and confused.

### MAD RIVER

#### IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

##### TRAVELLER.

WHY dost thou wildly rush and  
roar,  
Mad River, O Mad River?  
Wilt thou not pause and cease to  
pour  
Thy hurrying, headlong waters  
o'er  
This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy  
breast?  
Why all this fret and flurry?  
Dost thou not know that what is  
best  
In this too restless world is rest  
From over-work and worry?

##### THE RIVER.

What wouldst thou in these moun-  
tains seek,  
O stranger from the city?  
Is it perhaps some foolish freak  
Of thine, to put the words I speak  
Into a plaintive ditty?

##### TRAVELLER.

Yes; I would learn of thee thy  
song,  
With all its flowing numbers,  
And in a voice as fresh and strong  
As thine is, sing it all day long,  
And hear it in my slumbers.

##### THE RIVER.

A brooklet nameless and unknown  
Was I at first, resembling  
A little child, that all alone  
Comes venturing down the stairs  
of stone,  
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,  
For the wide world I panted;  
Out of the forest, dark and dread,  
Across the open fields I fled,  
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,  
My voice exultant blending  
With thunder from the passing  
cloud,  
The wind, the forest bent and  
bowed,  
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,  
Imploring and entreating;  
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky  
wall  
I plunged, and the loud water-  
fall  
Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,  
A toilsome life I follow;  
Compelled to carry from the hills  
These logs to the impatient mills  
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and  
charms  
The rudeness of my labors;  
Daily I water with these arms  
The cattle of a hundred farms,  
And have the birds for neigh-  
bors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,

When, full of rage and trouble,  
I burst my banks of sand and clay,  
And sweep their wooden bridge away,  
Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,  
As of thine own creating.

Thou seest the day is past its prime ;

I can no longer waste my time ;  
The mills are tired of waiting.

### POSSIBILITIES

WHERE are the Poets, unto whom belong

The Olympian heights ; whose  
singing shafts were sent  
Straight to the mark, and not  
from bows half bent,  
But with the utmost tension of  
the thong ?

Where are the stately argosies of song,

Whose rushing keels made music as they went

Sailing in search of some new continent,

With all sail set, and steady winds and strong ?

Perhaps there lives some dreamy boy, untaught

In schools, some graduate of the field or street,

Who shall become a master of the art,

An admiral sailing the high seas of thought,

Fearless at first, and steering with his fleet

For lands not yet laid down in any chart.

### DECORATION DAY

SLEEP, comrades, sleep and rest  
On this Field of the Grounded Arms,

Where foes no more molest,  
Nor sentry's shot alarms !

Ye have slept on the ground before,

And started to your feet  
At the cannon's sudden roar,  
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death  
No sound your slumber breaks ;  
Here is no fevered breath,  
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,  
Untrampled lies the sod ;  
The shouts of battle cease,  
It is the truce of God !

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep !  
The thoughts of men shall be  
As sentinels to keep  
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green  
We deck with fragrant flowers ;  
Yours has the suffering been,  
The memory shall be ours.

### A FRAGMENT

AWAKE ! arise ! the hour is late !  
Angels are knocking at thy door !  
They are in haste and cannot wait,  
And once departed come no more.

Awake ! arise ! the athlete's arm  
Loses its strength by too much rest ;  
The fallow land, the untilled farm  
Produces only weeds at best.

### LOSS AND GAIN

WHEN I compare  
What I have lost with what I have gained,

What I have missed with what  
attained,  
Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware  
How many days have been idly  
spent ;  
How like an arrow the good intent  
Has fallen short or been turned  
aside.

But who shall dare  
To measure loss and gain in this  
wise ?  
Defeat may be victory in disguise ;  
The lowest ebb is the turn of the  
tide.

#### INSCRIPTION ON THE SHANKLIN FOUNTAIN

O TRAVELLER, stay thy weary  
feet ;  
Drink of this fountain, pure and  
sweet ;  
It flows for rich and poor the  
same.  
Then go thy way, remembering still  
The wayside well beneath the hill,  
The cup of water in his name.

#### THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS

WHAT say the Bells of San Blas  
To the ships that southward pass  
From the harbor of Mazatlan ?  
To them it is nothing more  
Than the sound of surf on the  
shore,—

Nothing more to master or  
man.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,  
To whom what is and what seems  
Are often one and the same,—  
The Bells of San Blas to me  
Have a strange, wild melody,  
And are something more than  
a name.

For bells are the voice of the  
church ;  
They have tones that touch and  
search

The hearts of young and old ;  
One sound to all, yet each  
Lends a meaning to their speech,  
And the meaning is manifold.

They are a voice of the Past,  
Of an age that is fading fast,  
Of a power austere and grand ;  
When the flag of Spain unfurled  
Its folds o'er this western world,  
And the Priest was lord of the  
land.

The chapel that once looked down  
On the little seaport town  
Has crumbled into the dust ;  
And on oaken beams below  
The bells swing to and fro,  
And are green with mould and  
rust.

'Is, then, the old faith dead,'  
They say, 'and in its stead  
Is some new faith proclaimed,  
That we are forced to remain  
Naked to sun and rain,  
Unsheltered and ashamed ?

'Once in our tower aloof  
We rang over wall and roof  
Our warnings and our com-  
plaints ;  
And round about us there  
The white doves filled the air,  
Like the white souls of the  
saints.

'The saints ! Ah, have they grown  
Forgetful of their own ?  
Are they asleep, or dead,  
That open to the sky  
Their ruined Missions lie,  
No longer tenanted ?

'Oh, bring us back once more  
The vanished days of yore,



When the world with faith was  
filled;  
Bring back the fervid zeal,  
The hearts of fire and steel,  
The hands that believe and  
build.

'Then from our tower again  
We will send over land and main  
Our voices of command,  
Like exiled kings who return  
To their thrones, and the people  
learn  
That the Priest is lord of the  
land!'

O Bells of San Blas, in vain  
Ye call back the Past again!  
The Past is deaf to your  
prayer;  
Out of the shadows of night  
The world rolls into light;  
It is daybreak everywhere.

FRAGMENTS

October 22, 1838.

NEGLECTED record of a mind  
neglected,  
Unto what 'lets and stops' art  
thou subjected!  
The day with all its toils and occu-  
pations,  
The night with its reflections and  
sensations,  
The future, and the present, and  
the past, —  
All I remember, feel, and hope at  
last,  
All shapes of joy and sorrow, as  
they pass, —  
Find but a dusty image in this  
glass.

August 18, 1847.

O faithful, indefatigable tides,  
That evermore upon God's errands  
go, —

Now seaward bearing tidings of  
the land, —  
Now landward bearing tidings of  
the sea, —  
And filling every frith and estuary,  
Each arm of the great sea, each  
little creek,  
Each thread and filament of wa-  
ter-courses,  
Full with your ministration of de-  
light!  
Under the rafters of this wooden  
bridge  
I see you come and go; sometimes  
in haste  
To reach your journey's end, which  
being done  
With feet unrested ye return again  
And recommence the never-ending  
task;  
Patient, whatever burdens ye may  
bear,  
And fretted only by the impeding  
rocks.

December 18, 1847.

Soft through the silent air descend  
the feathery snow-flakes;  
White are the distant hills, white  
are the neighboring fields;  
Only the marshes are brown, and  
the river rolling among them  
Weareth the leaden hue seen in the  
eyes of the blind.

August 4, 1856.

A lovely morning, without the  
glare of the sun, the sea in great  
commotion, chafing and foaming.

So from the bosom of darkness  
our days come roaring and  
gleaming,  
Chafe and break into foam, sink  
into darkness again.  
But on the shores of Time each  
leaves some trace of its pas-  
sage,  
Though the succeeding wave  
washes it out from the sand.

## CHRISTUS: A MYSTERY

## INTROITUS

*The ANGEL bearing the PROPHET  
HABAKKUK through the air.*

## PROPHET.

WHY dost thou bear me aloft,  
O Angel of God, on thy pinions  
O'er realms and dominions?  
Softly I float as a cloud  
In air, for thy right hand upholds  
me,  
Thy garment enfolds me!

## ANGEL.

Lo! as I passed on my way  
In the harvest-field I beheld thee,  
When no man compelled thee,  
Bearing with thine own hands 10  
This food to the famishing reapers,  
A flock without keepers!

The fragrant sheaves of the wheat  
Made the air above them sweet;  
Sweeter and more divine  
Was the scent of the scattered  
grain,  
That the reaper's hand let fall  
To be gathered again  
By the hand of the gleaner!  
Sweetest, divinest of all, 20  
Was the humble deed of thine,  
And the meekness of thy de-  
meanor!

## PROPHET.

Angel of Light,  
I cannot gainsay thee,  
I can but obey thee!

## ANGEL.

Beautiful was it in the Lord's  
sight,  
To behold his Prophet  
Feeding those that toil,  
The tillers of the soil.

But why should the reapers eat of  
it 30

And not the Prophet of Zion  
In the den of the lion?  
The Prophet should feed the  
Prophet!

Therefore I thee have uplifted,  
And bear thee aloft by the hair  
Of thy head, like a cloud that is  
drifted  
Through the vast unknown of the  
air!

Five days hath the Prophet been  
lying

In Babylon, in the den  
Of the lions, death-defying, 40  
Defying hunger and thirst;  
But the worst

Is the mockery of men!  
Alas! how full of fear  
Is the fate of Prophet and Seer!  
Forevermore, forevermore,  
It shall be as it hath been hereto-  
fore;

The age in which they live  
Will not forgive  
The splendor of the everlasting  
light, 50  
That makes their foreheads bright,  
Nor the sublime  
Fore-running of their time!

## PROPHET.

Oh tell me, for thou knowest,  
Wherefore and by what grace,  
Have I, who am least and lowest,  
Been chosen to this place,  
To this exalted part?

## ANGEL.

Because thou art 59  
The Struggler; and from thy youth  
Thy humble and patient life  
Hath been a strife  
And battle for the Truth;

Nor hast thou paused nor halted,  
Nor ever in thy pride  
Turned from the poor aside,  
But with deed and word and pen  
Hast served thy fellow-men;  
Therefore art thou exalted!

## PROPHET.

By thine arrow's light 70  
Thou goest onward through the  
night,  
And by the clear  
Sheen of thy glittering spear!  
When will our journey end?

## ANGEL.

Lo, it is ended!  
Yon silver gleam  
Is the Euphrates' stream.  
Let us descend  
Into the city splendid,  
Into the City of Gold! 80

## PROPHET.

Behold!  
As if the stars had fallen from  
their places  
Into the firmament below,  
The streets, the gardens, and the  
vacant spaces  
With light are all aglow;  
And hark!  
As we draw near,  
What sound is it I hear  
Ascending through the dark?

## ANGEL.

The tumultuous noise of the na-  
tions, 90  
Their rejoicings and lamentations,  
The pleadings of their prayer,  
The groans of their despair,  
The cry of their imprecations.  
Their wrath, their love, their hate!

## PROPHET.

Surely the world doth wait  
The coming of its Redeemer!

## ANGEL.

Awake from thy sleep, O dreamer!  
The hour is near, though late; 99

Awake! write the vision sublime,  
The vision, that is for a time,  
Though it tarry, wait; it is nigh;  
In the end it will speak and not  
lie.

## PART ONE

## THE DIVINE TRAGEDY

## THE FIRST PASSOVER

## I

## VOX CLAMANTIS

## JOHN THE BAPTIST.

REPENT! repent! repent!  
For the kingdom of God is at hand,  
And all the land  
Full of the knowledge of the Lord  
shall be  
As the waters cover the sea,  
And encircle the continent!

Repent! repent! repent!  
For lo, the hour appointed,  
The hour so long foretold  
By the Prophets of old, 10  
Of the coming of the Anointed,  
The Messiah, the Paraclete,  
The Desire of the Nations, is nigh!  
He shall not strive nor cry,  
Nor his voice be heard in the  
street;  
Nor the bruised reed shall He  
break,  
Nor quench the smoking flax;  
And many of them that sleep  
In the dust of earth shall awake,  
On that great and terrible day, 20  
And the wicked shall wail and  
weep,  
And be blown like a smoke away,  
And be melted away like wax.  
Repent! repent! repent!  
O Priest, and Pharisee,  
Who hath warned you to flee  
From the wrath that is to be?  
From the coming anguish and ire?  
The axe is laid at the root

Of the trees, and every tree 30  
That bringeth not forth good fruit  
Is hewn down and cast into the  
fire!

Ye Scribes, why come ye hither?  
In the hour that is uncertain,  
In the day of anguish and trouble,

He that stretcheth the heavens as  
a curtain

And spreadeth them out as a  
tent,

Shall blow upon you, and ye shall  
wither,

And the whirlwind shall take you  
away as stubble!

Repent! repent! repent! 40

PRIEST.

Who art thou, O man of prayer!

In raiment of camel's hair,

Begirt with leathern thong,

That here in the wilderness,

With a cry as of one in distress,

Preachest unto this throng?

Art thou the Christ?

JOHN.

Priest of Jerusalem,

In meekness and humbleness,

I deny not, I confess 50

I am not the Christ!

PRIEST.

What shall we say unto them

That sent us here? Reveal

Thy name, and naught conceal!

Art thou Elias?

JOHN.

No!

PRIEST.

Art thou that Prophet, then,

Of lamentation and woe,

Who, as a symbol and sign

Of impending wrath divine

Upon unbelieving men, 60

Shattered the vessel of clay

In the Valley of Slaughter?

JOHN.

Nay.

I am not he thou namest!

PRIEST.

Who art thou, and what is the word

That here thou proclaimest?

JOHN.

I am the voice of one

Crying in the wilderness alone:

Prepare ye the way of the Lord;

Make his paths straight

In the land that is desolate! 70

PRIEST.

If thou be not the Christ,

Nor yet Elias, nor he

That, in sign of the things to be,

Shattered the vessel of clay

In the Valley of Slaughter,

Then declare unto us, and say

By what authority now

Baptizeth thou?

JOHN.

I indeed baptize you with water

Unto repentance; but He, 80

That cometh after me,

Is mightier than I and higher;

The latchet of whose shoes

I am not worthy to unloose;

He shall baptize you with fire,

And with the Holy Ghost!

Whose fan is in his hand;

He will purge to the uttermost

His floor, and garner his wheat, 89

But will burn the chaff in the brand

And fire of unquenchable heat!

Repent! repent! repent!

II

MOUNT QUARANTANIA

I

LUCIFER.

Not in the lightning's flash, nor in  
the thunder,

Not in the tempest, nor the cloudy  
storm,

Will I array my form ;

But part invisible these boughs  
asunder,

And move and murmur, as the wind  
upheaves

And whispers in the leaves.

Not as a terror and a desolation,  
Not in my natural shape, inspiring  
fear 100

And dread, will I appear ;

But in soft tones of sweetness and  
persuasion,

A sound as of the fall of mountain  
streams,

Or voices heard in dreams.

He sitteth there in silence, worn  
and wasted

With famine, and uplifts his hol-  
low eyes

To the un pitying skies ;

For forty days and nights he hath  
not tasted

Of food or drink, his parted lips  
are pale,

Surely his strength must  
fail. 110

Wherefore dost thou in penitential  
fasting

Waste and consume the beauty of  
thy youth ?

Ah, if thou be in truth

The Son of the Unnamed, the  
Everlasting,

Command these stones beneath  
thy feet to be

Changed into bread for thee !

CHRISTUS.

'T is written : Man shall not live  
by bread alone,

But by each word that from God's  
mouth proceedeth !

II

LUCIFER.

Too weak, alas ! too weak is the  
temptation

For one whose soul to nobler  
things aspires 120

Than sensual desires !

Ah, could I, by some sudden aber-  
ration,

Lead and delude to suicidal death  
This Christ of Nazareth !

Unto the holy Temple on Moriah,  
With its resplendent domes, and  
manifold

Bright pinnacles of gold,

Where they await thy coming, O  
Messiah !

Lo, I have brought thee ! Let thy  
glory here

Be manifest and clear. 130

Reveal thyself by royal act and  
gesture

Descending with the bright tri-  
umphant host

Of all the highest

Archangels, and about thee as a  
vesture

The shining clouds, and all thy  
splendors show

Unto the world below !

Cast thyself down, it is the hour  
appointed ;

And God hath given his angels  
charge and care

To keep thee and upbear

Upon their hands his only Son, the  
Anointed, 140

Lest he should dash his foot  
against a stone

And die, and be unknown.

CHRISTUS.

'T is written : Thou shalt not tempt  
the Lord thy God !

III

LUCIFER.

I cannot thus delude him to perdi-  
tion !

But one temptation still remains  
untried.



The trial of his pride,  
The thirst of power, the fever of  
ambition!  
Surely by these a humble peasant's  
son  
At last may be undone!

Above the yawning chasms and  
deep abysses, <sup>150</sup>  
Across the headlong torrents, I  
have brought  
Thy footsteps, swift as  
thought;  
And from the highest of these pre-  
cipices,  
The Kingdoms of the world thine  
eyes behold,  
Like a great map unrolled.

From far-off Lebanon, with cedars  
crested,  
To where the waters of the As-  
phalt Lake  
On its white pebbles break,  
And the vast desert, silent, sand-  
invested,  
These kingdoms all are mine, and  
thine shall be, <sup>160</sup>  
If thou wilt worship me!

#### CHRISTUS.

Get thee behind me, Satan! thou  
shalt worship  
The Lord thy God; Him only shalt  
thou serve!

#### ANGELS MINISTRANT.

The sun goes down; the evening  
shadows lengthen,  
The fever and the struggle of the  
day  
Abate and pass away;  
Thine Angels Ministrant, we come  
to strengthen  
And comfort thee, and crown thee  
with the palm,  
The silence and the calm.

### III

#### THE MARRIAGE IN CANA

##### THE MUSICIANS.

Rise up, my love, my fair one, <sup>170</sup>  
Rise up, and come away,  
For lo! the winter is past,  
The rain is over and gone,  
The flowers appear on the earth,  
The time of the singing of birds is  
come,  
And the voice of the turtle is heard  
in our land.

##### THE BRIDEGROOM.

Sweetly the minstrels sing the  
Song of Songs!  
My heart runs forward with it,  
and I say:  
Oh set me as a seal upon thine  
heart,  
And set me as a seal upon thine  
arm; <sup>180</sup>  
For love is strong as life, and  
strong as death,  
And cruel as the grave is jealousy!

##### THE MUSICIANS.

I sleep, but my heart awaketh;  
'T is the voice of my beloved  
Who knocketh, saying: Open to  
me,  
My sister, my love, my dove,  
For my head is filled with dew,  
My locks with the drops of the  
night!

##### THE BRIDE.

Ah yes, I sleep, and yet my heart  
awaketh.  
It is the voice of my beloved who  
knocks. <sup>190</sup>

##### THE BRIDEGROOM.

O beautiful as Rebecca at the  
fountain,  
O beautiful as Ruth among the  
sheaves!

O fairest among women! O undefiled!  
 Thou art all fair, my love, there's  
 no spot in thee!

## THE MUSICIANS.

My beloved is white and ruddy,  
 The chiefest among ten thousand;  
 His locks are black as a raven,  
 His eyes are the eyes of doves,  
 Of doves by the rivers of water,  
 His lips are like unto lilies, <sup>200</sup>  
 Dropping sweet-smelling myrrh.

## ARCHITRICLINUS.

Who is that youth with the dark  
 azure eyes,  
 And hair, in color like unto the wine,  
 Parted upon his forehead, and be-  
 hind  
 Falling in flowing locks?

## PARANYMPHUS.

The Nazarene  
 Who preacheth to the poor in field  
 and village  
 The coming of God's Kingdom.

## ARCHITRICLINUS.

How serene  
 His aspect is! manly yet womanly.

## PARANYMPHUS.

Most beautiful among the sons of  
 men!  
 Oft known to weep, but never  
 known to laugh. <sup>210</sup>

## ARCHITRICLINUS.

And tell me, she with eyes of olive  
 tint,  
 And skin as fair as wheat, and pale  
 brown hair,  
 The woman at his side?

## PARANYMPHUS.

His mother, Mary.

## ARCHITRICLINUS.

And the tall figure standing close  
 behind them,

Clad all in white, with face and  
 beard like ashes,  
 As if he were Elias, the White  
 Witness,  
 Come from his cave on Carmel to  
 foretell  
 The end of all things?

## PARANYMPHUS.

That is Manahem  
 The Essenian, he who dwells  
 among the palms <sup>219</sup>  
 Near the Dead Sea.

## ARCHITRICLINUS.

He who foretold to Herod  
 He should one day be King?

## PARANYMPHUS.

The same.

## ARCHITRICLINUS.

Then why  
 Doth he come here to sadden with  
 his presence  
 Our marriage feast, belonging to a  
 sect  
 Haters of women, and that taste  
 not wine?

## THE MUSICIANS.

My undefiled is but one,  
 The only one of her mother,  
 The choice of her that bare her;  
 The daughters saw her and blessed  
 her;  
 The queens and the concubines  
 praised her;  
 Saying, Lo! who is this <sup>230</sup>  
 That looketh forth as the morn-  
 ing?

MANAHEM, *aside*.

The Ruler of the Feast is gazing  
 at me,  
 As if he asked, why is that old  
 man here  
 Among the revellers? And thou,  
 the Anointed!  
 Why art thou here? I see as in a  
 vision

A figure clothed in purple, crowned  
with thorns;  
I see a cross uplifted in the dark-  
ness,  
And hear a cry of agony, that shall  
echo  
Forever and forever through the  
world!

ARCHITRICLINUS.

Give us more wine. These gob-  
lets are all empty. 240

MARY to CHRISTUS.

They have no wine!

CHRISTUS.

O woman, what have I  
To do with thee? Mine hour is  
not yet come.

MARY to the servants.

Whatever he shall say to you, that  
do.

CHRISTUS.

Fill up these pots with water.

THE MUSICIANS.

Come, my beloved,  
Let us go forth into the field,  
Let us lodge in the villages;  
Let us get up early to the vine-  
yards,  
Let us see if the vine flourish, 249  
Whether the tender grape appear,  
And the pomegranates bud forth.

CHRISTUS.

Draw out now  
And bear unto the Ruler of the  
Feast.

MANAHEM, *aside*.

O thou, brought up among the Es-  
senians,  
Nurtured in abstinence, taste not  
the wine!  
It is the poison of dragons from  
the vineyards  
Of Sodom, and the taste of death is  
in it!

ARCHITRICLINUS to the BRIDE-  
GROOM.

All men set forth good wine at the  
beginning,  
And when men have well drunk,  
that which is worse;  
But thou hast kept the good wine  
until now.

MANAHEM, *aside*.

The things that have been and  
shall be no more, 260  
The things that are, and that  
hereafter shall be,  
The things that might have been,  
and yet were not,  
The fading twilight of great joys  
departed,  
The daybreak of great truths as  
yet unrisen,  
The intuition and the expectation  
Of something, which, when come,  
is not the same,  
But only like its forecast in men's  
dreams,  
The longing, the delay, and the  
delight,  
Sweeter for the delay; youth,  
hope, love, death;  
And disappointment which is also  
death, 270  
All these make up the sum of hu-  
man life;  
A dream within a dream, a wind  
at night  
Howling across the desert in de-  
spair,  
Seeking for something lost it can-  
not find.  
Fate or foreseeing, or whatever  
name  
Men call it, matters not; what is  
to be  
Hath been fore-written in the  
thought divine  
From the beginning. None can  
hide from it,  
But it will find him out; nor run  
from it,  
But it o'ertaketh him! The Lord  
hath said it. 280

THE BRIDEGROOM *to the BRIDE,*  
*on the balcony.*

When Abraham went with Sarah  
into Egypt,  
The land was all illumined with  
her beauty;  
But thou dost make the very night  
itself  
Brighter than day! Behold, in  
glad procession,  
Crowding the threshold of the sky  
above us,  
The stars come forth to meet thee  
with their lamps;  
And the soft winds, the ambassa-  
dors of flowers,  
From neighboring gardens and  
from fields unseen,  
Come laden with odors unto thee,  
my Queen!

THE MUSICIANS.

Awake, O north-wind, 290  
And come, thou wind of the South.  
Blow, blow upon my garden,  
That the spices thereof may flow  
out.

#### IV

#### IN THE CORNFIELDS

PHILIP.

Onward through leagues of sun-  
illumined corn,  
As if through parted seas, the  
pathway runs,  
And crowned with sunshine as the  
Prince of Peace  
Walks the beloved Master, lead-  
ing us,  
As Moses led our fathers in old  
times  
Out of the land of bondage! We  
have found  
Him of whom Moses and the Pro-  
phets wrote, 300  
Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Jo-  
seph.

NATHANAEL.

Can any good come out of Naza-  
reth?  
Can this be the Messiah?

PHILIP.

Come and see.

NATHANAEL.

The summer sun grows hot: I am  
anhungered.  
How cheerily the Sabbath-break-  
ing quail  
Pipes in the corn, and bids us to  
his Feast  
Of Wheat Sheaves! How the  
bearded, ripening ears  
Toss in the roofless temple of the  
air;  
As if the unseen hand of some  
High-Priest  
Waved them before Mount Tabor  
as an altar! 310  
It were no harm, if we should  
pluck and eat.

PHILIP.

How wonderful it is to walk  
abroad  
With the Good Master! Since the  
miracle  
He wrought at Cana, at the mar-  
riage feast,  
His fame hath gone abroad through  
all the land,  
And when we come to Nazareth,  
thou shalt see  
How his own people will receive  
their Prophet,  
And hail him as Messiah! See, he  
turns  
And looks at thee.

CHRISTUS.

Behold an Israelite  
In whom there is no guile.

NATHANAEL.

Whence knowest thou me?

CHRISTUS.

Before that Philip called thee,  
when thou wast <sup>321</sup>  
Under the fig-tree, I beheld thee.

NATHANAEL.

Rabbi!

Thou art the Son of God, thou art  
the King  
Of Israel!

CHRISTUS.

Because I said I saw thee  
Under the fig-tree, before Philip  
called thee,  
Believest thou? Thou shalt see  
greater things.  
Hereafter thou shalt see the hea-  
vens unclosed,  
The angels of God ascending and  
descending  
Upon the Son of Man!

PHARISEES, *passing*.

Hail, Rabbi!

CHRISTUS.

Hail!

PHARISEES.

Behold how thy disciples do a  
thing <sup>330</sup>  
Which is not lawful on the Sab-  
bath-day,  
And thou forbiddest them not!

CHRISTUS.

Have ye not read  
What David did when he an hun-  
gered was,  
And all they that were with him?  
How he entered  
Into the house of God, and ate the  
shew-bread,  
Which was not lawful, saving for  
the priests?  
Have ye not read, how on the Sab-  
bath-days  
The priests profane the Sabbath  
in the Temple,  
And yet are blameless? But I say  
to you,

One in this place is greater than  
the Temple! <sup>340</sup>

And had ye known the meaning  
of the words,

I will have mercy and not sacri-  
fice,

The guiltless ye would not con-  
demn. The Sabbath

Was made for man, and not man  
for the Sabbath.

*Passes on with the disciples.*

PHARISEES.

This is, alas! some poor demo-  
niac

Wandering about the fields, and  
uttering

His unintelligible blasphemies  
Among the common people, who

receive

As prophecies the words they com-  
prehend not!

Deluded folk! The incomprehen-  
sible <sup>350</sup>

Alone excites their wonder. There  
is none

So visionary, or so void of sense,  
But he will find a crowd to follow  
him!

## V

## NAZARETH

CHRISTUS, *reading in the Syna-  
gogue.*

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon  
me.

He hath anointed me to preach  
good tidings

Unto the poor; to heal the broken-  
hearted;

To comfort those that mourn, and  
to throw open

The prison doors of captives, and  
proclaim

The Year Acceptable of the Lord,  
our God!

*He closes the book and sits down.*



A PHARISEE.

Who is this youth? He hath taken  
the Teacher's seat! 360  
Will he instruct the Elders?

A PRIEST.

Fifty years  
Have I been Priest here in the  
Synagogue,  
And never have I seen so young  
a man  
Sit in the Teacher's seat!

CHRISTUS.

Behold, to-day  
This scripture is fulfilled. One is  
appointed  
And hath been sent to them that  
mourn in Zion,  
To give them beauty for ashes, and  
the oil  
Of joy for mourning! They shall  
build again  
The old waste-places; and again  
raise up  
The former desolations, and re-  
pair 370  
The cities that are wasted! As a  
bridegroom  
Decketh himself with ornaments;  
as a bride  
Adorneth herself with jewels, so  
the Lord  
Hath clothed me with a robe of  
righteousness!

A PRIEST.

He spake the Prophet's words;  
but with an air  
As if himself had been foreshad-  
owed in them!

CHRISTUS.

For Zion's sake I will not hold my  
peace,  
And for Jerusalem's sake I will  
not rest  
Until its righteousness be as a  
brightness,  
And its salvation as a lamp that  
burneth! 380

Thou shalt be called no longer the  
Forsaken,  
Nor any more thy land the Deso-  
late.

The Lord hath sworn, by his right  
hand hath sworn,  
And by his arm of strength: I will  
no more

Give to thine enemies thy corn as  
meat;

The sons of strangers shall not  
drink thy wine.

Go through, go through the gates!  
Prepare a way

Unto the people! Gather out the  
stones!

Lift up a standard for the people!

A PRIEST.

Ah!

These are seditious words!

CHRISTUS.

And they shall call them  
The holy people; the redeemed of  
God! 391  
And thou, Jerusalem, shalt be  
called Sought out,  
A city not forsaken!

A PHARISEE.

Is not this  
The carpenter Joseph's son? Is  
not his mother  
Called Mary? and his brethren and  
his sisters,  
Are they not with us? Doth he  
make himself  
To be a Prophet?

CHRISTUS.

No man is a Prophet  
In his own country, and among his  
kin.

In his own house no Prophet is  
accepted.

I say to you, in the land of Israel  
Were many widows in Elijah's  
day, 401

When for three years and more  
the heavens were shut,

And a great famine was through-  
out the land ;

But unto no one was Elijah sent  
Save to Sarepta, to a city of Sidon,  
And to a woman there that was a  
widow.

And many lepers were there in the  
land

Of Israel, in the time of Eliseus  
The Prophet, and yet none of them  
was cleansed, 409  
Save Naaman the Syrian !

A PRIEST.

Say no more !

Thou comest here into our Syna-  
gogue

And speakest to the Elders and  
the Priests,

As if the very mantle of Elijah  
Had fallen upon thee ! Art thou  
not ashamed ?

A PHARISEE.

We want no Prophets here ! Let  
him be driven

From Synagogue and city ! Let  
him go

And prophesy to the Samaritans !

AN ELDER.

The world is changed. We Elders  
are as nothing !

We are but yesterdays, that have  
no part

Or portion in to-day ! Dry leaves  
that rustle, 420

That make a little sound, and then  
are dust !

A PHARISEE.

A carpenter's apprentice ! a me-  
chanic,

Whom we have seen at work here  
in the town

Day after day ; a stripling without  
learning,

Shall he pretend to unfold the  
Word of God

To men grown old in study of the  
Law ?

CHRISTUS is thrust out.

## VI

### THE SEA OF GALILEE

PETER and ANDREW *mending  
their nets.*

PETER.

Never was such a marvellous  
draught of fishes

Heard of in Galilee ! The market-  
places

Both of Bethsaida and Capernaum  
Are full of them ! Yet we had  
toiled all night 430

And taken nothing, when the Mas-  
ter said :

Launch out into the deep, and cast  
your nets ;

And doing this, we caught such  
multitudes,

Our nets like spiders' webs were  
snapped asunder,

And with the draught we filled two  
ships so full

That they began to sink. Then I  
knelt down

Amazed, and said : O Lord, depart  
from me,

I am a sinful man. And he made  
answer :

Simon, fear not ; henceforth thou  
shalt catch men !

What was the meaning of those  
words ?

ANDREW.

I know not.

But here is Philip, come from  
Nazareth, 441

He hath been with the Master.  
Tell us, Philip,

What tidings dost thou bring ?

PHILIP.

Most wonderful !

As we drew near to Nain, out of  
the gate

Upon a bier was carried the dead  
body

Of a young man, his mother's only  
son,

And she a widow, who with lamentation

Bewailed her loss, and the much people with her;

And when the Master saw her he was filled

With pity; and he said to her: Weep not! 450

And came and touched the bier, and they that bare it

Stood still; and then he said: Young man, arise!

And he that had been dead sat up, and soon

Began to speak; and he delivered him

Unto his mother. And there came a fear

On all the people, and they glorified The Lord, and said, rejoicing: A great Prophet

Is risen up among us! and the Lord

Hath visited his people!

PETER.

A great Prophet?

Ay, greater than a Prophet: greater even 460

Than John the Baptist!

PHILIP.

Yet the Nazarenes

Rejected him.

PETER.

The Nazarenes are dogs!

As natural brute beasts, they growl at things

They do not understand; and they shall perish,

Utterly perish in their own corruption.

The Nazarenes are dogs!

PHILIP.

They drave him forth

Out of their Synagogue, out of their city,

And would have cast him down a precipice,

But, passing through the midst of them, he vanished

Out of their hands.

PETER.

Wells are they without water,

Clouds carried with a tempest, unto whom 471

The mist of darkness is reserved forever!

PHILIP.

Behold he cometh. There is one man with him

I am amazed to see!

ANDREW.

What man is that?

PHILIP.

Judas Iscariot; he that cometh last,

Girt with a leathern apron. No one knoweth

His history; but the rumor of him is He had an unclean spirit in his youth.

It hath not left him yet.

CHRISTUS, *passing*.

Come unto me,

All ye that labor and are heavy laden, 480

And I will give you rest! Come unto me,

And take my yoke upon you and learn of me,

For I am meek, and I am lowly in heart,

And ye shall all find rest unto your souls!

PHILIP.

Oh, there is something in that voice that reaches

The innermost recesses of my spirit!

I feel that it might say unto the blind:

Receive your sight! and straightway they would see!

I feel that it might say unto the  
dead,  
Arise! and they would hear it and  
obey! 490  
Behold, he beckons to us!

CHRISTUS, *to* PETER *and* AN-  
DREW.

Follow me!

PETER.

Master, I will leave all and follow  
thee.

## VII

### THE DEMONIAK OF GADARA

A GADARENE.

He hath escaped, hath plucked his  
chains asunder,  
And broken his fetters; always  
night and day  
Is in the mountains here, and in  
the tombs,  
Crying aloud, and cutting himself  
with stones,  
Exceeding fierce, so that no man  
can tame him!

THE DEMONIAK *from above, un-  
seen.*

O Aschmedai! O Aschmedai,  
have pity!

A GADARENE.

Listen! It is his voice! Go warn  
the people  
Just landing from the lake!

THE DEMONIAK.

O Aschmedai!

Thou angel of the bottomless pit,  
have pity! 501  
It was enough to hurl King Solo-  
mon,  
On whom be peace! two hundred  
leagues away  
Into the country, and to make him  
scullion

In the kitchen of the King of  
Maschkemen!

Why dost thou hurl me here  
among these rocks,  
And cut me with these stones?

A GADARENE.

He raves and mutters  
He knows not what.

THE DEMONIAK, *appearing from  
a tomb among the rocks.*

The wild cock Tarnegal  
Singeth to me and bids me to the  
banquet,

Where all the Jews shall come;  
for they have slain 510

Behemoth the great ox, who daily  
cropped

A thousand hills for food, and at a  
draught

Drank up the river Jordan, and  
have slain

The huge Leviathan, and stretched  
his skin

Upon the high walls of Jerusalem,  
And made them shine from one end  
of the world

Unto the other; and the fowl  
Barjuchne,

Whose outspread wings eclipse  
the sun, and make

Midnight at noon o'er all the con-  
tinents!

And we shall drink the wine of  
Paradise 520

From Adam's cellars.

A GADARENE.

O thou unclean spirit!

THE DEMONIAK, *hurling down a  
stone.*

This is the wonderful Barjuchne's  
egg,

That fell out of her nest, and broke  
to pieces

And swept away three hundred  
cedar-trees,

And threescore villages! — Rabbi  
Eliezer,

How thou didst sin there in that  
seaport town  
When thou hadst carried safe thy  
chest of silver

Over the seven rivers for her sake!  
I too have sinned beyond the reach  
of pardon.

Ye hills and mountains, pray for  
mercy on me! 530

Ye stars and planets, pray for  
mercy on me!

Ye sun and moon, oh pray for  
mercy on me!

CHRISTUS *and his disciples pass.*

A GADARENE.

There is a man here of Decapolis,  
Who hath an unclean spirit; so  
that none

Can pass this way. He lives  
among the tombs

Up there upon the cliffs, and hurls  
down stones

On those who pass beneath.

CHRISTUS.

Come out of him,  
Thou unclean spirit!

THE DEMONIAC.

What have I to do  
With thee, thou Son of God? Do  
not torment us.

CHRISTUS.

What is thy name?

THE DEMONIAC.

Legion; for we are many.  
Cain, the first murderer; and the  
King Belshazzar, 541

And Evil Merodach of Babylon,  
And Admatha, the death-cloud,  
prince of Persia;

And Aschmedai, the angel of the  
pit,

And many other devils. We are  
Legion.

Send us not forth beyond Decap-  
olis;

Command us not to go into the  
deep!

There is a herd of swine here in  
the pastures,  
Let us go into them.

CHRISTUS.

Come out of him,  
Thou unclean spirit!

A GADARENE.

See, how stupefied,  
How motionless he stands! He  
cries no more; 551

He seems bewildered and in  
silence stares

As one who, walking in his sleep,  
awakes

And knows not where he is, and  
looks about him,

And at his nakedness, and is  
ashamed.

THE DEMONIAC.

Why am I here alone among the  
tombs?

What have they done to me, that  
I am naked?

Ah, woe is me!

CHRISTUS.

Go home unto thy friends  
And tell them how great things  
the Lord hath done

For thee, and how He had com-  
passion on thee! 560

A SWINEHERD, *running.*

The herds! the herds! O most  
unlucky day!

They were all feeding quiet in the  
sun,

When suddenly they started, and  
grew savage

As the wild boars of Tabor, and  
together

Rushed down a precipice into the  
sea!

They are all drowned!

PETER.

Thus righteously are punished  
The apostate Jews, that eat the  
flesh of swine,



And broth of such abominable things!

GREEKS OF GADARA.

We sacrifice a sow unto Demeter  
At the beginning of harvest, and  
another 570  
To Dionysus at the vintage-time.  
Therefore we prize our herds of  
swine, and count them  
Not as unclean, but as things con-  
secrate  
To the immortal gods. O great  
magician,  
Depart out of our coasts; let us  
alone,  
We are afraid of thee.

PETER.

Let us depart;  
For they that sanctify and purify  
Themselves in gardens, eating  
flesh of swine,  
And the abomination, and the  
mouse,  
Shall be consumed together, saith  
the Lord! 580

## VIII

TALITHA CUMI

JAIRUS *at the feet of* CHRISTUS.

O Master! I entreat thee! I im-  
plore thee!  
My daughter lieth at the point of  
death;  
I pray thee come and lay thy  
hands upon her,  
And she shall live!

CHRISTUS.

Who was it touched my garments?

SIMON PETER.

Thou seest the multitude that  
throng and press thee,  
And sayest thou: Who touched  
me? 'T was not I.

CHRISTUS.

Some one hath touched my gar-  
ments; I perceive  
That virtue is gone out of me.

A WOMAN.

O Master!  
Forgive me! For I said within  
myself,  
If I so much as touch his gar-  
ment's hem, 590  
I shall be whole.

CHRISTUS.

Be of good comfort, daughter!  
Thy faith hath made thee whole.  
Depart in peace.

A MESSENGER *from the house.*

Why troublest thou the Master?  
Hearest thou not  
The flute-players, and the voices  
of the women  
Singing their lamentation? She is  
dead!

THE MINSTRELS AND MOURN-  
ERS.

We have girded ourselves with  
sackcloth!  
We have covered our heads with  
ashes!  
For our young men die, and our  
maidens  
Swoon in the streets of the city;  
And into their mother's bosom 600  
They pour out their souls like  
water!

CHRISTUS, *going in.*

Give place. Why make ye this  
ado, and weep?  
She is not dead, but sleepeth.

THE MOTHER, *from within.*

Cruel Death!  
To take away from me this tender  
blossom!  
To take away my dove, my lamb  
my darling!

## THE MINSTRELS AND MOURNERS.

He hath led me and brought into  
darkness,  
Like the dead of old in dark  
places!  
He hath bent his bow, and hath set  
me  
Apart as a mark for his arrow!  
He hath covered himself with a  
cloud, 610  
That our prayer should not pass  
through and reach him!

## THE CROWD.

He stands beside her bed! He  
takes her hand!  
Listen, he speaks to her!

CHRISTUS, *within*.

Maiden, arise!

## THE CROWD.

See, she obeys his voice! She  
stirs! She lives!  
Her mother holds her folded in her  
arms!  
O miracle of miracles! O marvel!

## IX

## THE TOWER OF MAGDALA

## MARY MAGDALENE.

Companionless, unsatisfied, for-  
lorn,  
I sit here in this lonely tower, and  
look  
Upon the lake below me, and the  
hills  
That swoon with heat, and see as  
in a vision 620  
All my past life unroll itself be-  
fore me.  
The princes and the merchants  
come to me,  
Merchants of Tyre and Princes of  
Damascus,  
And pass, and disappear, and are  
no more:

But leave behind their merchan-  
dise and jewels,  
Their perfumes, and their gold, and  
their disgust.  
I loathe them, and the very mem-  
ory of them  
Is unto me as thought of food to  
one  
Cloyed with the luscious figs of  
Dalmanutha!  
What if hereafter, in the long here-  
after 630  
Of endless joy or pain, or joy in  
pain,  
It were my punishment to be with  
them  
Grown hideous and decrepit in  
their sins,  
And hear them say: Thou that  
hast brought us here,  
Be unto us as thou hast been of  
old!

I look upon this raiment that I  
wear,  
These silks, and these embroider-  
ies, and they seem  
Only as cerements wrapped about  
my limbs!  
I look upon these rings thick set  
with pearls,  
And emerald and amethyst and  
jasper, 640  
And they are burning coals upon  
my flesh!  
This serpent on my wrist becomes  
alive!  
Away, thou viper! and away, ye  
garlands,  
Whose odors bring the swift re-  
membrance back  
Of the unhallowed revels in these  
chambers!  
But yesterday, — and yet it seems  
to me  
Something remote, like a pathetic  
song  
Sung long ago by minstrels in the  
street, —  
But yesterday, as from this tower  
I gazed,

Over the olive and the walnut  
trees 650

Upon the lake and the white ships,  
and wondered

Whither and whence they steered,  
and who was in them,

A fisher's boat drew near the land-  
ing-place

Under the oleanders, and the peo-  
ple

Came up from it, and passed be-  
neath the tower,

Close under me. In front of them,  
as leader,

Walked one of royal aspect,  
clothed in white,

Who lifted up his eyes, and looked  
at me,

And all at once the air seemed  
filled and living

With a mysterious power, that  
streamed from him, 660

And overflowed me with an at-  
mosphere

Of light and love. As one en-  
tranced I stood,

And when I woke again, lo! he  
was gone;

So that I said: Perhaps it is a  
dream.

But from that very hour the seven  
demons

That had their habitation in this  
body

Which men call beautiful, de-  
parted from me!

This morning, when the first gleam  
of the dawn

Made Lebanon a glory in the air,  
And all below was darkness, I be-  
held 670

An angel, or a spirit glorified,  
With wind-tossed garments walk-  
ing on the lake.

The face I could not see, but I dis-  
tinguished

The attitude and gesture, and I  
knew

'T was he that healed me. And  
the gusty wind

Brought to mine ears a voice,  
which seemed to say:

Be of good cheer! 'T is I! Be not  
afraid!

And from the darkness, scarcely  
heard, the answer:

If it be thou, bid me come unto  
thee

Upon the water! And the voice  
said: Come! 680

And then I heard a cry of fear:  
Lord, save me!

As of a drowning man. And then  
the voice:

Why didst thou doubt, O thou of  
little faith!

At this all vanished, and the wind  
was hushed,

And the great sun came up above  
the hills,

And the swift-flying vapors hid  
themselves

In caverns among the rocks! Oh,  
I must find him

And follow him, and be with him  
forever!

Thou box of alabaster, in whose  
walls

The souls of flowers lie pent, the  
precious balm 690

And spikenard of Arabian farms,  
the spirits

Of aromatic herbs, ethereal na-  
tures

Nursed by the sun and dew, not  
all unworthy

To bathe his consecrated feet,  
whose step

Makes every threshold holy that  
he crosses;

Let us go forth upon our pilgrim-  
age,

Thou and I only! Let us search  
for him

Until we find him, and pour out  
our souls

Before his feet, till all that's left  
of us

Shall be the broken caskets that  
once held us! 700

## X

THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE  
PHARISEEA GUEST *at table.*

Are ye deceived? Have any of  
the Rulers  
Believed on him? or do they know  
indeed  
This man to be the very Christ?  
Howbeit  
We know whence this man is, but  
when the Christ  
Shall come, none knoweth whence  
he is.

CHRISTUS.

Whereunto shall I liken, then, the  
men  
Of this generation? and what are  
they like?  
They are like children sitting in  
the markets,  
And calling unto one another, say-  
ing:  
We have piped unto you, and ye  
have not danced; 710  
We have mourned unto you, and  
ye have not wept!  
This say I unto you, for John the  
Baptist  
Came neither eating bread nor  
drinking wine;  
Ye say he hath a devil. The Son  
of Man  
Eating and drinking cometh, and  
ye say:  
Behold a gluttonous man, and a  
wine-bibber;  
Behold a friend of publicans and  
sinners!

A GUEST *aside to SIMON.*

Who is that woman yonder, glid-  
ing in  
So silently behind him?

SIMON.

It is Mary,

Who dwelleth in the Tower of  
Magdala. 720

THE GUEST.

See, how she kneels there weep-  
ing, and her tears  
Fall on his feet; and her long,  
golden hair  
Waves to and fro and wipes them  
dry again.  
And now she kisses them, and  
from a box  
Of alabaster is anointing them  
With precious ointment, filling all  
the house  
With its sweet odor!

SIMON, *aside.*

Oh, this man, forsooth,  
Were he indeed a Prophet, would  
have known  
Who and what manner of woman  
this may be  
That toucheth him! would know  
she is a sinner! 730

CHRISTUS.

Simon, somewhat have I to say to  
thee.

SIMON.

Master, say on.

CHRISTUS.

A certain creditor  
Had once two debtors; and the  
one of them  
Owed him five hundred pence; the  
other, fifty.  
They having naught to pay withal,  
he frankly  
Forgave them both. Now tell me  
which of them  
Will love him most?

SIMON.

He, I suppose, to whom  
He most forgave.

CHRISTUS.

Yea, thou hast rightly judged.  
Seest thou this woman? When  
thine house I entered,  
Thou gavest me no water for my  
feet, 740

But she hath washed them with  
her tears, and wiped them  
With her own hair. Thou gavest  
me no kiss;  
This woman hath not ceased, since  
I came in,  
To kiss my feet. My head with  
oil didst thou  
Anoint not; but this woman hath  
anointed  
My feet with ointment. Hence I  
say to thee,  
Her sins, which have been many,  
are forgiven,  
For she loved much.

#### THE GUESTS.

Oh, who, then, is this man  
That pardoneth also sins without  
atonement?

#### CHRISTUS.

Woman, thy faith hath saved thee!  
Go in peace! 750

### THE SECOND PASSOVER

#### I

#### BEFORE THE GATES OF MACHÆRUS

#### MANAHEM.

WELCOME, O wilderness, and wel-  
come, night  
And solitude, and ye swift-flying  
stars  
That drift with golden sands the  
barren heavens,  
Welcome once more! The Angels  
of the Wind  
Hasten across the desert to re-  
ceive me;  
And sweeter than men's voices are  
to me  
The voices of these solitudes; the  
sound  
Of unseen rivulets, and the far-off  
cry  
Of bitterns in the reeds of water-  
pools.

And lo! above me, like the Pro-  
phet's arrow 10  
Shot from the eastern window,  
high in air  
The clamorous cranes go singing  
through the night.  
O ye mysterious pilgrims of the  
air,  
Would I had wings that I might  
follow you!

I look forth from these mountains,  
and behold  
The omnipotent and omnipresent  
night,  
Mysterious as the future and the  
fate  
That hangs o'er all men's lives! I  
see beneath me  
The desert stretching to the Dead  
Sea shore,  
And westward, faint and far away,  
the glimmer 20  
Of torches on Mount Olivet, an-  
nouncing  
The rising of the Moon of Pass-  
over.  
Like a great cross it seems, on  
which suspended,  
With head bowed down in agony,  
I see  
A human figure! Hide, O merci-  
ful heaven,  
The awful apparition from my  
sight!

And thou, Machærus, lifting high  
and black  
Thy dreadful walls against the  
rising moon,  
Haunted by demons and by ap-  
paritions,  
Lilith, and Jezerhara, and Bedar-  
gon, 30  
How grim thou showest in the un-  
certain light,  
A palace and a prison, where King  
Herod  
Feasts with Herodias, while the  
Baptist John  
Fasts, and consumes his unavail-  
ing life!



And in thy court-yard grows the  
untithed rue,  
Huge as the olives of Gethsem-  
ane,  
And ancient as the terebinth of  
Hebron,  
Coeval with the world. Would  
that its leaves  
Medicinal could purge thee of the  
demons  
That now possess thee, and the  
cunning fox 40  
That burrows in thy walls, con-  
triving mischief!

*Music is heard from within.*

Angels of God! Sandalphon, thou  
that weavest  
The prayers of men into immortal  
garlands,  
And thou, Metatron, who dost  
gather up  
Their songs, and bear them to the  
gates of heaven,  
Now gather up together in your  
hands  
The prayers that fill this prison,  
and the songs  
That echo from the ceiling of this  
palace,  
And lay them side by side before  
God's feet!

*He enters the castle.*

## II

### HEROD'S BANQUET-HALL

MANAHAM.

Thou hast sent for me, O King,  
and I am here. 50

HEROD.

Who art thou?

MANAHAM.

Manahem, the Essenian.

HEROD.

I recognize thy features, but what  
mean

These torn and faded garments?  
On thy road  
Have demons crowded thee, and  
rubbed against thee,  
And given thee weary knees? A  
cup of wine!

MANAHAM.

The Essenians drink no wine.

HEROD.

What wilt thou, then?

MANAHAM.

Nothing.

HEROD.

Not even a cup of water?

MANAHAM.

Nothing.

Why hast thou sent for me?

HEROD.

Dost thou remember  
One day when I, a schoolboy in  
the streets  
Of the great city, met thee on my  
way 60  
To school, and thou didst say to  
me: Hereafter  
Thou shalt be king?

MANAHAM.

Yea, I remember it.

HEROD.

Thinking thou didst not know me,  
I replied:  
I am of humble birth; whereat  
thou, smiling,  
Didst smite me with thy hand, and  
saidst again:  
Thou shalt be King; and let the  
friendly blows  
That Manahem hath given thee on  
this day  
Remind thee of the fickleness of  
fortune.

MANAHAM.

What more?

HEROD.

No more.

MANAHAM.

Yea, for I said to thee:  
It shall be well with thee if thou  
love justice 70  
And clemency towards thy fellow-  
men.  
Hast thou done this, O King?

HEROD.

Go, ask my people.

MANAHAM.

And then, foreseeing all thy life, I  
added:  
But these thou wilt forget; and at  
the end  
Of life the Lord will punish thee.

HEROD.

The end!

When will that come? For this I  
sent to thee.  
How long shall I still reign?  
Thou dost not answer!  
Speak! shall I reign ten years?

MANAHAM.

Thou shalt reign twenty,  
Nay, thirty years. I cannot name  
the end.

HEROD.

Thirty? I thank thee, good Es-  
senian! 80  
This is my birthday, and a happier  
one  
Was never mine. We hold a ban-  
quet here.  
See, yonder are Herodias and her  
daughter.

MANAHAM, *aside*.

'T is said that devils sometimes  
take the shape  
Of ministering angels, clothed with  
air,

That they may be inhabitants of  
earth,  
And lead man to destruction. Such  
are these.

HEROD.

Knowest thou John the Baptist?

MANAHAM.

Yea, I know him;  
Who knows him not?

HEROD.

Know, then, this John the Bap-  
tist  
Said that it was not lawful I should  
marry 90  
My brother Philip's wife, and John  
the Baptist  
Is here in prison. In my father's  
time  
Matthias Margaloth was put to  
death  
For tearing the golden eagle from  
its station  
Above the Temple Gate, — a  
slighter crime  
Than John is guilty of. These  
things are warnings  
To intermeddlers not to play with  
eagles,  
Living or dead. I think the Es-  
senians  
Are wiser, or more wary, are they  
not?

MANAHAM.

The Essenians do not marry.

HEROD.

Thou hast given  
My words a meaning foreign to  
my thought. 101

MANAHAM.

Let me go hence, O King!

HEROD.

Stay yet awhile,  
And see the daughter of Herodias  
dance.

Cleopatra of Jerusalem, my mother,  
In her best days, was not more beautiful.

*Music.* THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS dances.

HEROD.

Oh, what was Miriam dancing with her timbrel,  
Compared to this one ?

MANAHEM, *aside*.

O thou Angel of Death,  
Dancing at funerals among the women,  
When men bear out the dead !  
The air is hot  
And stifles me ! Oh for a breath of air ! 110  
Bid me depart, O King !

HEROD.

Not yet. Come hither,  
Salome, thou enchantress ! Ask of me  
Whate'er thou wilt ; and even unto the half  
Of all my kingdom, I will give it thee,  
As the Lord liveth !

DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS, *kneeling*.

Give me here the head  
Of John the Baptist on this silver charger !

HEROD.

Not that, dear child ! I dare not ;  
for the people  
Regard John as a prophet.

DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

Thou hast sworn it.

HEROD.

For mine oath's sake, then. Send  
unto the prison ;  
Let him die quickly. Oh, accursed oath ! 120

MANAHEM.

Bid me depart, O King !

HEROD.

Good Manahem,  
Give me thy hand. I love the Es-senians.  
He 's gone and hears me not ! The guests are dumb,  
Awaiting the pale face, the silent witness.  
The lamps flare ; and the curtains of the doorways  
Wave to and fro as if a ghost were passing !  
Strengthen my heart, red wine of Ascalon !

### III

#### UNDER THE WALLS OF MACHÆRUS

MANAHEM, *rushing out*.

Away from this Palace of sin !  
The demons, the terrible powers  
Of the air, that haunt its towers  
And hide in its water-spouts, 131  
Deafen me with the din  
Of their laughter and their shouts  
For the crimes that are done within !

Sink back into the earth,  
Or vanish into the air,  
Thou castle of despair !  
Let it all be but a dream  
Of the things of monstrous birth,  
Of the things that only seem ! 140  
White Angel of the Moon,  
Onafiel ! be my guide  
Out of this hateful place  
Of sin and death, nor hide  
In yon black cloud too soon  
Thy pale and tranquil face !

*A trumpet is blown from the walls.*

Hark ! hark ! It is the breath  
Of the trump of doom and death,  
From the battlements overhead

Like a burden of sorrow cast 150  
 On the midnight and the blast,  
 A wailing for the dead,  
 That the gusts drop and uplift!  
 O Herod, thy vengeance is swift!  
 O Herodias, thou hast been  
 The demon, the evil thing,  
 That in place of Esther the Queen,  
 In place of the lawful bride,  
 Hast lain at night by the side  
 Of Ahasuerus the king! 160

*The trumpet again.*

The Prophet of God is dead!  
 At a drunken monarch's call,  
 At a dancing-woman's beck,  
 They have severed that stubborn  
 neck

And into the banquet-hall  
 Are bearing the ghastly head!

*A body is thrown from the  
 tower.*

A torch of lurid red  
 Lights the window with its glow;  
 And a white mass as of snow  
 Is hurled into the abyss 170

Of the black precipice,  
 That yawns for it below!  
 O hand of the Most High,  
 O hand of Adonai!

Bury it, hide it away  
 From the birds and beasts of prey,  
 And the eyes of the homicide,  
 More pitiless than they,  
 As thou didst bury of yore  
 The body of him that died 180

On the mountain of Peor!  
 Even now I behold a sign,  
 A threatening of wrath divine,  
 A watery, wandering star,  
 Through whose streaming hair,  
 and the white

Unfolding garments of light,  
 That trail behind it afar,  
 The constellations shine!  
 And the whiteness and brightness  
 appear

Like the Angel bearing the Seer  
 By the hair of his head, in the  
 might 191

And rush of his vehement flight.  
 And I listen until I hear

From fathomless depths of the sky  
 The voice of his prophecy  
 Sounding louder and more near!

Malediction! malediction!  
 May the lightnings of heaven fall  
 On palace and prison wall,  
 And their desolation be 200  
 As the day of fear and affliction,  
 As the day of anguish and ire,  
 With the burning and fuel of fire,  
 In the Valley of the Sea!

#### IV

#### NICODEMUS AT NIGHT

##### NICODEMUS.

The streets are silent. The dark  
 houses seem

Like sepulchres, in which the  
 sleepers lie

Wrapped in their shrouds, and for  
 the moment dead.

The lamps are all extinguished;  
 only one

Burns steadily, and from the door  
 its light

Lies like a shining gate across the  
 street. 210

He waits for me. Ah, should this  
 be at last

The long-expected Christ! I see  
 him there

Sitting alone, deep-buried in his  
 thought,

As if the weight of all the world  
 were resting

Upon him, and thus bowed him  
 down. O Rabbi,

We know thou art a Teacher come  
 from God,

For no man can perform the mira-  
 cles

Thou dost perform, except the  
 Lord be with him.

Thou art a Prophet, sent here to  
 proclaim

The Kingdom of the Lord. Be-  
 hold in me 220

A Ruler of the Jews, who long  
have waited  
The coming of that kingdom. Tell  
me of it.

CHRISTUS.

Verily, verily I say unto thee,  
Except a man be born again, he  
cannot  
Behold the Kingdom of God!

NICODEMUS.

Be born again?  
How can a man be born when he  
is old?  
Say, can he enter for a second  
time  
Into his mother's womb, and so  
be born?

CHRISTUS.

Verily I say unto thee, except  
A man be born of water and the  
spirit, <sup>230</sup>  
He cannot enter into the Kingdom  
of God.  
For that which of the flesh is born,  
is flesh;  
And that which of the spirit is  
born, is spirit.

NICODEMUS.

We Israelites from the Primeval  
Man  
Adam Ahelion derive our bod-  
ies;  
Our souls are breathings of the  
Holy Ghost.  
No more than this we know, or  
need to know.

CHRISTUS.

Then marvel not, that I said unto  
thee  
Ye must be born again.

NICODEMUS.

The mystery  
Of birth and death we cannot com-  
prehend. <sup>240</sup>

CHRISTUS.

The wind bloweth where it listeth,  
and we hear  
The sound thereof, but know not  
whence it cometh,  
Nor whither it goeth. So is every  
one  
Born of the spirit!

NICODEMUS, *aside*.

How can these things be?  
He seems to speak of some vague  
realm of shadows,  
Some unsubstantial kingdom of  
the air!  
It is not this the Jews are waiting  
for,  
Nor can this be the Christ, the Son  
of David,  
Who shall deliver us!

CHRISTUS.

Art thou a master  
Of Israel, and knowest not these  
things? <sup>250</sup>  
We speak that we do know, and  
testify  
That we have seen, and ye will  
not receive  
Our witness. If I tell you earthly  
things,  
And ye believe not, how shall ye  
believe,  
If I should tell you of things hea-  
venly?  
And no man hath ascended up to  
heaven,  
But He alone that first came down  
from heaven,  
Even the Son of Man which is in  
heaven!

NICODEMUS, *aside*.

This is a dreamer of dreams; a  
visionary,  
Whose brain is overtaken, until  
he deems <sup>260</sup>  
The unseen world to be a thing  
substantial,  
And this we live in, an unreal  
vision!



And yet his presence fascinates  
and fills me  
With wonder, and I feel myself  
exalted  
Into a higher region, and become  
Myself in part a dreamer of his  
dreams,  
A seer of his visions!

CHRISTUS.

And as Moses  
Uplifted the serpent in the wilder-  
ness,  
So must the Son of Man be lifted  
up;  
That whosoever shall believe in  
Him <sup>270</sup>  
Shall perish not, but have eternal  
life.  
He that believes in Him is not  
condemned;  
He that believes not, is condemned  
already.

NICODEMUS, *aside*.

He speaketh like a Prophet of the  
Lord!

CHRISTUS.

This is the condemnation; that  
the light  
Is come into the world, and men  
loved darkness  
Rather than light, because their  
deeds are evil!

NICODEMUS, *aside*.

Of me he speaketh! He reprov-  
eth me,  
Because I come by night to ques-  
tion him!

CHRISTUS.

For every one that doeth evil  
deeds <sup>280</sup>  
Hateth the light, nor cometh to  
the light,  
Lest he should be reproved.

NICODEMUS, *aside*.

Alas, how truly

He readeth what is passing in my  
heart!

CHRISTUS.

But he that doeth truth comes to  
the light,  
So that his deeds may be made  
manifest,  
That they are wrought in God.

NICODEMUS.

Alas! alas!

## V

### BLIND BARTIMEUS

BARTIMEUS.

Be not impatient, Chilion; it is  
pleasant  
To sit here in the shadow of the  
walls  
Under the palms, and hear the  
hum of bees,  
And rumor of voices passing to  
and fro, <sup>290</sup>  
And drowsy bells of caravans on  
their way  
To Sidon or Damascus. This is  
still  
The City of Palms, and yet the  
walls thou seest  
Are not the old walls, not the  
walls where Rahab  
Hid the two spies, and let them  
down by cords  
Out of the window, when the gates  
were shut,  
And it was dark. Those walls  
were overthrown  
When Joshua's army shouted, and  
the priests  
Blew with their seven trumpets.

CHILION.

When was that?

BARTIMEUS.

O my sweet rose of Jericho, I  
know not. <sup>300</sup>

Hundreds of years ago. And over there  
 Beyond the river, the great prophet Elijah  
 Was taken by a whirlwind up to heaven  
 In chariot of fire, with fiery horses.  
 That is the plain of Moab; and beyond it  
 Rise the blue summits of Mount Abarim,  
 Nebo and Pisgah and Peor, where Moses  
 Died, whom the Lord knew face to face, and whom  
 He buried in a valley, and no man  
 Knows of his sepulchre unto this day. 310

CHILION.

Would thou couldst see these places, as I see them.

BARTIMEUS.

I have not seen a glimmer of the light  
 Since thou wast born. I never saw thy face,  
 And yet I seem to see it; and one day  
 Perhaps shall see it; for there is a Prophet  
 In Galilee, the Messiah, the Son of David,  
 Who heals the blind, if I could only find him.  
 I hear the sound of many feet approaching,  
 And voices, like the murmur of a crowd!  
 What seest thou?

CHILION.

A young man clad in white  
 Is coming through the gateway,  
 and a crowd 321  
 Of people follow.

BARTIMEUS.

Can it be the Prophet!  
 O neighbors, tell me who it is that passes?

ONE OF THE CROWD.

Jesus of Nazareth.

BARTIMEUS, *crying*.

O Son of David!

Have mercy on me!

MANY OF THE CROWD.

Peace, Blind Bartimeus!

Do not disturb the Master.

BARTIMEUS, *crying more vehemently*.

Son of David,

Have mercy on me!

ONE OF THE CROWD.

See, the Master stops.

Be of good comfort; rise, He calleth thee! 328

BARTIMEUS, *casting away his cloak*.

Chilion! good neighbors! lead me on.

CHRISTUS.

What wilt thou

That I should do to thee?

BARTIMEUS.

Good Lord! my sight—

That I receive my sight!

CHRISTUS.

Receive thy sight!

Thy faith hath made thee whole!

THE CROWD.

He sees again!

CHRISTUS *passes on. The crowd gathers round* BARTIMEUS.

BARTIMEUS.

I see again; but sight bewilders me!

Like a remembered dream, familiar things

Come back to me. I see the tender sky

Above me, see the trees, the city  
walls,  
And the old gateway, through  
whose echoing arch  
I groped so many years; and you,  
my neighbors;  
But know you by your friendly  
voices only.  
How beautiful the world is! and  
how wide! <sup>340</sup>  
Oh, I am miles away, if I but look!  
Where art thou, Chilion?

CHILION.

Father, I am here.

BARTIMEUS.

Oh let me gaze upon thy face, dear  
child!  
For I have only seen thee with my  
hands!  
How beautiful thou art! I should  
have known thee;  
Thou hast her eyes whom we shall  
see hereafter!  
O God of Abraham! Elion! Ado-  
nai!  
Who art thyself a Father, pardon  
me  
If for a moment I have thee post-  
poned  
To the affections and the thoughts  
of earth, <sup>350</sup>  
Thee, and the adoration that I  
owe thee,  
When by thy power alone these  
darkened eyes  
Have been unsealed again to see  
thy light!

## VI

### JACOB'S WELL

#### A SAMARITAN WOMAN.

The sun is hot; and the dry east-  
wind blowing  
Fills all the air with dust. The  
birds are silent;  
Even the little fieldfares in the  
corn

No longer twitter; only the grass-  
hoppers  
Sing their incessant song of sun  
and summer.  
I wonder who those strangers  
were I met  
Going into the city? Galileans  
They seemed to me in speaking,  
when they asked <sup>361</sup>  
The short way to the market-  
place. Perhaps  
They are fishermen from the lake;  
or travellers,  
Looking to find the inn. And here  
is some one  
Sitting beside the well; another  
stranger;  
A Galilean also by his looks.  
What can so many Jews be doing  
here  
Together in Samaria? Are they  
going  
Up to Jerusalem to the Passover?  
Our Passover is better here at  
Sychem, <sup>370</sup>  
For here is Ebal; here is Geri-  
zim,  
The mountain where our father  
Abraham  
Went up to offer Isaac; here the  
tomb  
Of Joseph,—for they brought his  
bones from Egypt  
And buried them in this land, and  
it is holy.

CHRISTUS.

Give me to drink.

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

How can it be that thou,  
Being a Jew, askest to drink of  
me  
Which am a woman of Samaria?  
You Jews despise us; have no  
dealings with us;  
Make us a byword; call us in de-  
rision <sup>380</sup>  
The silly folk of Sychar. Sir, how  
is it  
Thou askest drink of me?

CHRISTUS.

If thou hadst known

The gift of God, and who it is that  
sayethGive me to drink, thou wouldst  
have asked of Him;He would have given thee the liv-  
ing water.

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

Sir, thou hast naught to draw with,  
and the wellIs deep! Whence hast thou liv-  
ing water?Say, art thou greater than our fa-  
ther Jacob,Which gave this well to us, and  
drank thereofHimself, and all his children and  
his cattle? 390

CHRISTUS.

Ah, whosoever drinketh of this  
waterShall thirst again; but whosoever  
drinkethThe water I shall give him shall  
not thirstForevermore, for it shall be within  
himA well of living water, springing up  
Into life everlasting.

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

Every day

I must go to and fro, in heat and  
cold,And I am weary. Give me of this  
water,That I may thirst not, nor come  
here to draw.

CHRISTUS.

Go call thy husband, woman, and  
come hither. 400

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

I have no husband, Sir.

CHRISTUS.

Thou hast well said

I have no husband. Thou hast  
had five husbands;And he whom now thou hast is not  
thy husband.

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

Surely thou art a Prophet, for thou  
readestThe hidden things of life! Our  
fathers worshippedUpon this mountain Gerizim; and  
ye sayThe only place in which men  
ought to worship

Is at Jerusalem.

CHRISTUS.

Believe me, woman,

The hour is coming, when ye  
neither shall 409Upon this mount, nor at Jerusalem,  
Worship the Father; for the hour

is coming,

And is now come, when the true  
worshippersShall worship the Father in spirit  
and in truth!The Father seeketh such to wor-  
ship Him.God is a spirit: and they that wor-  
ship HimMust worship Him in spirit and in  
truth.

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

Master, I know that the Messiah  
cometh,Which is called Christ; and He  
will tell us all things.

CHRISTUS.

I that speak unto thee am He!

THE DISCIPLES, *returning*.

Behold,

The Master sitting by the well,  
and talking 420With a Samaritan woman! With  
a womanOf Sychar, the silly people, always  
boasting

Of their Mount Ebal, and Mount  
Gerizim,  
Their Everlasting Mountain, which  
they think  
Higher and holier than our Mount  
Moriah!  
Why, once upon the Feast of the  
New Moon,  
When our great Sanhedrim of  
Jerusalem  
Had all its watch-fires kindled on  
the hills  
To warn the distant villages, these  
people  
Lighted up others to mislead the  
Jews, <sup>430</sup>  
And make a mockery of their  
festival!  
See, she has left the Master; and  
is running  
Back to the city!

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

Oh, come see a man  
Who hath told me all things that  
I ever did!  
Say, is not this the Christ?

THE DISCIPLES.

Lo, Master, here  
Is food, that we have brought thee  
from the city.  
We pray thee eat it.

CHRISTUS.

I have food to eat  
Ye know not of.

THE DISCIPLES, *to each other.*

Hath any man been here,  
And brought Him aught to eat,  
while we were gone?

CHRISTUS.

The food I speak of is to do the  
will <sup>440</sup>  
Of Him that sent me, and to finish  
his work.  
Do ye not say, Lo! there are yet  
four months  
And cometh harvest? I say unto  
you,

Lift up your eyes, and look upon  
the fields,  
For they are white already unto  
harvest!

## VII

### THE COASTS OF CÆSAREA PHILIPPI

CHRISTUS, *going up the mountain.*  
Who do the people say I am?

JOHN.

Some say  
That thou art John the Baptist;  
some, Elias;  
And others Jeremiah.

JAMES.

Or that one  
Of the old Prophets is arisen again.

CHRISTUS.

But who say ye I am?

PETER.

Thou art the Christ!  
Thou art the Son of God!

CHRISTUS.

Blessed art thou,  
Simon Barjona! Flesh and blood  
hath not <sup>452</sup>  
Revealed it unto thee, but even  
my Father,  
Which is in Heaven. And I say  
unto thee  
That thou art Peter; and upon  
this rock  
I build my Church, and all the  
gates of Hell  
Shall not prevail against it. But  
take heed  
Ye tell to no man that I am the  
Christ.  
For I must go up to Jerusalem,  
And suffer many things, and be  
rejected <sup>460</sup>  
Of the Chief Priests, and of the  
Scribes and Elders,



And must be crucified, and the  
third day  
Shall rise again!

PETER.

Be it far from thee, Lord!  
This shall not be!

CHRISTUS.

Get thee behind me, Satan!  
Thou savorest not the things that  
be of God,  
But those that be of men! If any  
will  
Come after me, let him deny him-  
self,  
And daily take his cross, and  
follow me.  
For whosoever will save his life  
shall lose it,  
And whosoever will lose his life  
shall find it. <sup>47°</sup>  
For wherein shall a man be profit-  
ed  
If he shall gain the whole world,  
and shall lose  
Himself or be a castaway?

JAMES, *after a long pause.*

Why doth  
The Master lead us up into this  
mountain?

PETER.

He goeth up to pray.

JOHN.

See, where He standeth  
Above us on the summit of the  
hill!  
His face shines as the sun! and  
all his raiment  
Exceeding white as snow, so as no  
fuller  
On earth can white them! He is  
not alone;  
There are two with Him there;  
two men of eld, <sup>48°</sup>  
Their white beards blowing on the  
mountain air,  
Are talking with him.

JAMES.

I am sore afraid!

PETER.

Who and whence are they?

JOHN.

Moses and Elias!

PETER.

O Master! it is good for us to be  
here!  
If thou wilt, let us make three  
tabernacles;  
For thee one, and for Moses and  
Elias!

JOHN.

Behold a bright cloud sailing in  
the sun!  
It overshadows us. A golden mist  
Now hides them from us, and en-  
velops us  
And all the mountain in a luminous  
shadow! <sup>49°</sup>  
I see no more. The nearest rocks  
are hidden.

VOICE *from the cloud.*

Lo! this is my beloved Son! Hear  
Him!

PETER.

It is the voice of God. He speak-  
eth to us,  
As from the burning bush He  
spake to Moses!

JOHN.

The cloud-wreaths roll away. The  
veil is lifted;  
We see again. Behold! He is  
alone.  
It was a vision that our eyes be-  
held,  
And it hath vanished into the un-  
seen.

CHRISTUS, *coming down from the  
mountain.*

I charge ye, tell the vision unto no  
one,

Till the Son of Man be risen from  
the dead ! 500

PETER, *aside*.

Again He speaks of it ! What can  
it mean,  
This rising from the dead ?

JAMES.

Why say the Scribes  
Elias must first come ?

CHRISTUS.

He cometh first,  
Restoring all things. But I say to  
you,  
That this Elias is already come.  
They knew him not, but have done  
unto him  
Whate'er they listed, as is written  
of him.

PETER, *aside*.

It is of John the Baptist He is  
speaking.

JAMES.

As we descend, see, at the moun-  
tain's foot,  
A crowd of people ; coming, going,  
thronging 510  
Round the disciples, that we left  
behind us,  
Seeming impatient, that we stay so  
long.

PETER.

It is some blind man, or some par-  
alytic  
That waits the Master's coming  
to be healed.

JAMES.

I see a boy, who struggles and de-  
means him  
As if an unclean spirit tormented  
him !

A CERTAIN MAN, *running for-  
ward*.

Lord ! I beseech thee, look upon  
my son.

He is mine only child ; a lunatic,  
And sorely vexed ; for oftentimes  
he falleth

Into the fire and oft into the water.  
Wherever the dumb spirit taketh  
him 521

He teareth him. He gnasheth  
with his teeth,  
And pines away. I spake to thy  
disciples  
That they should cast him out, and  
they could not.

CHRISTUS.

O faithless generation and per-  
verse !  
How long shall I be with you, and  
suffer you ?  
Bring thy son hither.

BYSTANDERS.

How the unclean spirit  
Seizes the boy, and tortures him  
with pain !  
He falleth to the ground and wal-  
lows, foaming ! 529  
He cannot live.

CHRISTUS.

How long is it ago  
Since this came unto him ?

THE FATHER.

Even of a child.  
Oh, have compassion on us, Lord,  
and help us,  
If thou canst help us.

CHRISTUS.

If thou canst believe.  
For unto him that verily believeth,  
All things are possible.

THE FATHER.

Lord, I believe !  
Help thou mine unbelief !

CHRISTUS.

Dumb and deaf spirit,  
Come out of him, I charge thee,  
and no more  
Enter thou into him !

*The boy utters a loud cry of pain,  
and then lies still.*

## BYSTANDERS.

How motionless  
He lieth there. No life is left in  
him.  
His eyes are like a blind man's,  
that see not. 540  
The boy is dead!

## OTHERS.

Behold! the Master stoops,  
And takes him by the hand, and  
lifts him up.  
He is not dead.

## DISCIPLES.

But one word from those lips,  
But one touch of that hand, and  
he is healed!  
Ah, why could we not do it?

## THE FATHER.

My poor child!  
Now thou art mine again. The  
unclean spirit  
Shall never more torment thee!  
Look at me!  
Speak unto me! Say that thou  
knowest me!

DISCIPLES to CHRISTUS, *depart-  
ing.*

Good Master, tell us, for what rea-  
son was it 549  
We could not cast him out?

## CHRISTUS.

Because of your unbelief!

## VIII

## THE YOUNG RULER

## CHRISTUS.

Two men went up into the temple  
to pray.  
The one was a self-righteous Phar-  
isee,

The other a Publican. And the  
Pharisee

Stood and prayed thus within him-  
self! O God,

I thank thee I am not as other  
men,

Extortioners, unjust, adulterers,  
Or even as this Publican. I fast  
Twice in the week, and also I give  
tithes

Of all that I possess! The Publi-  
can,

Standing afar off, would not lift so  
much 560

Even as his eyes to heaven, but  
smote his breast,

Saying: God be merciful to me a  
sinner!

I tell you that this man went to  
his house

More justified than the other.  
Every one

That doth exalt himself shall be  
abased,

And he that humbleth himself  
shall be exalted!

CHILDREN, *among themselves.*

Let us go nearer! He is telling  
stories!

Let us go listen to them.

## AN OLD JEW.

Children, children!

What are ye doing here? Why do  
ye crowd us?

It was such little vagabonds as  
you, 570

That followed Elisha, mocking  
him and crying:

Go up, thou bald-head! But the  
bears—the bears

Came out of the wood, and tare  
them!

## A MOTHER.

Speak not thus!

We brought them here, that He  
might lay his hands

On them, and bless them.

CHRISTUS.

Suffer little children  
To come unto me, and forbid them  
not;

Of such is the kingdom of heaven;  
and their angels

Look always on my Father's face.

*Takes them in his arms and  
blesses them.*

A YOUNG RULER, *running.*

Good Master!

What good thing shall I do, that I  
may have

Eternal life? 579

CHRISTUS.

Why callest thou me good?  
There is none good but one, and  
that is God.

If thou wilt enter into life eternal,  
Keep the commandments.

YOUNG RULER.

Which of them?

CHRISTUS.

Thou shalt not  
Commit adultery; thou shalt not  
kill;

Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt  
not bear false witness;

Honor thy father and thy mother;  
and love

Thy neighbor as thyself.

YOUNG RULER.

From my youth up  
All these things have I kept.  
What lack I yet?

JOHN.

With what divine compassion in  
his eyes

The Master looks upon this eager  
youth, 590

As if He loved him!

CHRISTUS.

Wouldst thou perfect be,

Sell all thou hast, and give it to  
the poor,

And come, take up thy cross, and  
follow me,

And thou shalt have thy treasure  
in the heavens.

JOHN.

Behold, how sorrowful he turns  
away!

CHRISTUS.

Children! how hard it is for them  
that trust

In riches to enter into the kingdom  
of God!

'Tis easier for a camel to go  
through

A needle's eye, than for the rich to  
enter 599

The kingdom of God!

JOHN.

Ah, who then can be saved?

CHRISTUS.

With men this is indeed impossi-  
ble,

But unto God all things are possi-  
ble!

PETER.

Behold, we have left all, and fol-  
lowed thee.

What shall we have therefor?

CHRISTUS.

Eternal life.

## IX

## AT BETHANY

MARTHA *busy about household  
affairs.* MARY *sitting at the feet  
of CHRISTUS.*

MARTHA.

She sitteth idly at the Master's feet,  
And troubles not herself with  
household cares.

'Tis the old story. When a guest  
arrives  
She gives up all to be with him;  
while I  
Must be the drudge, make ready  
the guest-chamber,  
Prepare the food, set everything in  
order, 610  
And see that naught is wanting in  
the house.  
She shows her love by words, and  
I by works.

## MARY.

O Master! when thou comest, it is  
always  
A Sabbath in the house. I cannot  
work;  
I must sit at thy feet; must see  
thee, hear thee!  
I have a feeble, wayward, doubt-  
ing heart,  
Incapable of endurance or great  
thoughts,  
Striving for something that it can-  
not reach,  
Baffled and disappointed, wound-  
ed, hungry;  
And only when I hear thee am I  
happy, 620  
And only when I see thee am at  
peace!  
Stronger than I, and wiser, and far  
better  
In every manner, is my sister  
Martha.  
Thou seest how well she orders  
everything  
To make thee welcome; how she  
comes and goes,  
Careful and cumbered ever with  
much serving,  
While I but welcome thee with  
foolish words!  
Whene'er thou speakest to me, I  
am happy;  
When thou art silent, I am satis-  
fied.  
Thy presence is enough. I ask  
no more. 630

Only to be with thee, only to see  
thee,  
Sufficeth me. My heart is then at  
rest.  
I wonder I am worthy of so  
much.

## MARTHA.

Lord, dost thou care not that my  
sister Mary  
Hath left me thus to wait on thee  
alone?  
I pray thee, bid her help me.

## CHRISTUS.

Martha, Martha,  
Careful and troubled about many  
things  
Art thou, and yet one thing alone  
is needful!  
Thy sister Mary hath chosen that  
good part,  
Which never shall be taken away  
from her! 640

## X

## BORN BLIND

## A JEW.

Who is this beggar blinking in the  
sun?  
Is it not he who used to sit and  
beg  
By the Gate Beautiful?

## ANOTHER.

It is the same.

## A THIRD.

It is not he, but like him, for that  
beggar  
Was blind from birth. It cannot  
be the same.

## THE BEGGAR.

Yea, I am he.

## A JEW.

How have thine eyes been opened?



THE BEGGAR.

A man that is called Jesus made  
a clay

And put it on mine eyes, and said  
to me :

Go to Siloam's Pool and wash thy-  
self.

I went and washed, and I received  
my sight. 650

A JEW.

Where is He ?

THE BEGGAR.

I know not.

PHARISEES.

What is this crowd  
Gathered about a beggar ? What  
has happened ?

A JEW.

Here is a man who hath been  
blind from birth,

And now he sees. He says a man  
called Jesus

Hath healed him.

PHARISEES.

As God liveth, the Nazarene !  
How was this done ?

THE BEGGAR.

Rabboni, he put clay  
Upon mine eyes ; I washed, and  
now I see.

PHARISEES.

When did he this ?

THE BEGGAR.

Rabboni, yesterday.

PHARISEES.

The Sabbath day. This man is  
not of God  
Because he keepeth not the Sab-  
bath day ! 660

A JEW.

How can a man that is a sinner do  
Such miracles ?

PHARISEES.

What dost thou say of him  
That hath restored thy sight ?

THE BEGGAR.

He is a Prophet.

A JEW.

This is a wonderful story, but not  
true.

A beggar's fiction. He was not  
born blind,

And never has been blind !

OTHERS.

Here are his parents.

Ask them.

PHARISEES.

Is this your son ?

THE PARENTS.

Rabboni, yea ;  
We know this is our son.

PHARISEES.

Was he born blind ?

THE PARENTS.

He was born blind.

PHARISEES.

Then how doth he now see ?

THE PARENTS, *aside*.

What answer shall we make ? If  
we confess 670

It was the Christ, we shall be  
driven forth

Out of the Synagogue ! We know,  
Rabboni,

This is our son, and that he was  
born blind ;

But by what means he seeth, we  
know not,

Or who his eyes hath opened, we  
know not.

He is of age ; ask him ; we cannot  
say ;

He shall speak for himself.

## PHARISEES.

Give God the praise!  
We know the man that healed  
thee is a sinner!

## THE BEGGAR.

Whether He be a sinner, I know  
not;  
One thing I know; that whereas I  
was blind, 680  
I now do see.

## PHARISEES.

How opened he thine eyes?  
What did he do?

## THE BEGGAR.

I have already told you.  
Ye did not hear: why would ye  
hear again?  
Will ye be his disciples?

## PHARISEES.

God of Moses!  
Are we demoniacs, are we halt or  
blind,  
Or palsy-stricken, or lepers, or the  
like,  
That we should join the Syna-  
gogue of Satan,  
And follow jugglers? Thou art  
his disciple,  
But we are disciples of Moses;  
and we know  
That God spake unto Moses; but  
this fellow, 690  
We know not whence he is!

## THE BEGGAR.

Why, herein is  
A marvellous thing! Ye know not  
whence He is,  
Yet He hath opened mine eyes!  
We know that God  
Heareth not sinners; but if any  
man  
Doeth God's will, and is his wor-  
shipper,  
Him doth He hear. Oh, since the  
world began

It was not heard that any man  
hath opened  
The eyes of one that was born  
blind. If He  
Were not of God, surely He could  
do nothing!

## PHARISEES.

Thou, who wast altogether born in  
sins 700  
And in iniquities, dost thou teach  
us?  
Away with thee out of the holy  
places,  
Thou reprobate, thou beggar, thou  
blasphemer!

THE BEGGAR *is cast out.*

## XI

SIMON MAGUS AND HELEN OF  
TYRE

*On the house-top at Endor. Night.  
A lighted lantern on a table.*

## SIMON.

Swift are the blessed Immortals to  
the mortal  
That perseveres! So doth it stand  
recorded .  
In the divine Chaldæan Oracles  
Of Zoroaster, once Ezekiel's slave,  
Who in his native East betook  
himself  
To lonely meditation, and the  
writing 710  
On the dried skins of oxen the  
Twelve Books  
Of the Avesta and the Oracles!  
Therefore I persevere; and I have  
brought thee  
From the great city of Tyre, where  
men deride  
The things they comprehend not,  
to this plain  
Of Esdraelon, in the Hebrew  
tongue  
Called Armageddon, and this town  
of Endor,

Where men believe; where all the  
 air is full  
 Of marvellous traditions, and the  
 Enchantress  
 That summoned up the ghost of  
 Samuel 720  
 Is still remembered. Thou hast  
 seen the land;  
 Is it not fair to look on?

HELEN.

It is fair,  
 Yet not so fair as Tyre.

SIMON.

Is not Mount Tabor  
 As beautiful as Carmel by the  
 Sea?

HELEN.

It is too silent and too solitary;  
 I miss the tumult of the streets;  
 the sounds  
 Of traffic, and the going to and fro  
 Of people in gay attire, with cloaks  
 of purple,  
 And gold and silver jewelry!

SIMON.

Inventions  
 Of Ahriman, the spirit of the  
 dark, 730  
 The Evil Spirit!

HELEN.

I regret the gossip  
 Of friends and neighbors at the  
 open door  
 On summer nights.

SIMON.

An idle waste of time.

HELEN.

The singing and the dancing, the  
 delight  
 Of music and of motion. Woe is  
 me,  
 To give up all these pleasures, and  
 to lead!  
 The life we lead!

SIMON.

Thou canst not raise thyself  
 Up to the level of my higher  
 thought,  
 And though possessing thee, I still  
 remain  
 Apart from thee, and with thee,  
 am alone 740  
 In my high dreams.

HELEN.

Happier was I in Tyre.  
 Oh, I remember how the gallant  
 ships  
 Came sailing in, with ivory, gold,  
 and silver,  
 And apes and peacocks; and the  
 singing sailors,  
 And the gay captains with their  
 silken dresses,  
 Smelling of aloes, myrrh, and cin-  
 namon!

SIMON.

But the dishonor, Helen! Let the  
 ships  
 Of Tarshish howl for that!

HELEN.

And what dishonor?  
 Remember Rahab, and how she  
 became  
 The ancestress of the great Psalm-  
 ist David; 750  
 And wherefore should not I, Helen  
 of Tyre,  
 Attain like honor?

SIMON.

Thou art Helen of Tyre,  
 And hast been Helen of Troy, and  
 hast been Rahab,  
 The Queen of Sheba, and Semira-  
 mis,  
 And Sara of seven husbands, and  
 Jezebel,  
 And other women of the like al-  
 lurements;  
 And now thou art Minerva, the  
 first Æon,  
 The Mother of Angels!

HELEN.

And the concubine  
Of Simon the Magician! Is it  
honor  
For one who has been all these  
noble dames, 760  
To tramp about the dirty vil-  
lages  
And cities of Samaria with a jug-  
gler?  
A charmer of serpents?

SIMON.

He who knows himself  
Knows all things in himself. I  
have charmed thee,  
Thou beautiful asp: yet am I no  
magician.  
I am the Power of God, and the  
Beauty of God!  
I am the Paraclete, the Comfort-  
er!

HELEN.

Illusions! Thou deceiver, self-de-  
ceived!  
Thou dost usurp the titles of  
another;  
Thou art not what thou sayest.

SIMON.

Am I not?  
Then feel my power.

HELEN.

Would I had ne'er left Tyre!  
*He looks at her, and she sinks in-  
to a deep sleep.*

SIMON.

Go, see it in thy dreams, fair un-  
believer! 772  
And leave me unto mine, if they  
be dreams,  
That take such shapes before me,  
that I see them;  
These effable and ineffable im-  
pressions  
Of the mysterious world, that come  
to me

From the elements of Fire and  
Earth and Water,  
And the all-nourishing Ether! It  
is written,  
Look not on Nature, for her name  
is fatal!  
Yet there are Principles, that make  
apparent 780  
The images of unapparent things,  
And the impression of vague char-  
acters  
And visions most divine appear in  
ether.  
So speak the Oracles; then where-  
fore fatal?  
I take this orange-bough, with its  
five leaves,  
Each equidistant on the upright  
stem;  
And I project them on a plane be-  
low,  
In the circumference of a circle  
drawn  
About a centre where the stem is  
planted,  
And each still equidistant from  
the other; 790  
As if a thread of gossamer were  
drawn  
Down from each leaf, and fastened  
with a pin.  
Now if from these five points a  
line be traced  
To each alternate point, we shall  
obtain  
The Pentagram, or Solomon's Pen-  
tangle,  
A charm against all witchcraft,  
and a sign,  
Which on the banner of Anti-  
ochus  
Drove back the fierce barbarians  
of the North,  
Demons esteemed, and gave the  
Syrian King  
The sacred name of Soter, or of  
Savior. 800  
Thus Nature works mysteriously  
with man;  
And from the Eternal One, as from  
a centre,

All things proceed, in fire, air,  
earth, and water,  
And all are subject to one law,  
which broken  
Even in a single point, is broken  
in all;  
Demons rush in, and chaos comes  
again.

By this will I compel the stubborn  
spirits,  
That guard the treasures, hid in  
caverns deep  
On Gerizim, by Uzzi the High-  
Priest,  
The ark and holy vessels, to re-  
veal 810  
Their secret unto me, and to re-  
store  
These precious things to the Sa-  
maritans.  
A mist is rising from the plain be-  
low me,  
And as I look, the vapors shape  
themselves  
Into strange figures, as if una-  
wares  
My lips had breathed the Tetra-  
grammaton,  
And from their graves, o'er all the  
battle-fields  
Of Armageddon, the long-buried  
captains  
Had started, with their thousands,  
and ten thousands,  
And rushed together to renew  
their wars, 820  
Powerless, and weaponless, and  
without a sound!  
Wake, Helen, from thy sleep! The  
air grows cold;  
Let us go down.

HELEN, *awaking*.

Oh, would I were at home!

SIMON.

Thou sayest that I usurp another's  
titles.

In youth I saw the Wise Men of  
the East,  
Magalath and Pangalath and Sar-  
acen,  
Who followed the bright star, but  
home returned  
For fear of Herod by another  
way.  
Oh shining worlds above me! in  
what deep  
Recesses of your realms of mys-  
tery 830  
Lies hidden now that star? and  
where are they  
That brought the gifts of frankin-  
cense and myrrh?

HELEN.

The Nazarene still liveth.

SIMON.

We have heard

His name in many towns, but have  
not seen Him.  
He flits before us; tarries not; is  
gone  
When we approach, like something  
unsubstantial,  
Made of the air, and fading into  
air.  
He is at Nazareth, He is at Nain,  
Or at the Lovely Village on the  
Lake,  
Or sailing on its waters.

HELEN.

So say those

Who do not wish to find Him.

SIMON.

Can this be

The King of Israel, whom the Wise  
Men worshipped? 842  
Or does He fear to meet me? It  
would seem so.  
We should soon learn which of us  
twain usurps  
The titles of the other, as thou  
sayest.

*They go down.*



## THE THIRD PASSOVER

## I

## THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

THE SYRO-PHœNICIAN WOMAN  
and her DAUGHTER on the  
house-top at Jerusalem.

THE DAUGHTER, *singing*.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates  
Of Jericho in darkness waits;  
He hears the crowd;— he hears a  
breath  
Say, It is Christ of Nazareth!  
And calls, in tones of agony,  
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

The thronging multitudes in-  
crease:

Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!  
But still, above the noisy crowd,  
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;  
Until they say, He calleth thee! 11  
Θάρσει · ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε!

Then saith the Christ, as silent  
stands

The crowd, What wilt thou at my  
hands?

And he replies, Oh, give me light!  
Rabbi, restore the blind man's  
sight!

And Jesus answers, Ὑπάγε ·  
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,  
In darkness and in misery, 20  
Recall those mighty voices three,  
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

Θάρσει · ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε!

Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

THE MOTHER.

Thy faith hath saved thee! Ah,  
how true that is!

For I had faith; and when the  
Master came

Into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon,  
fleeing

From those who sought to slay  
Him, I went forth

And cried unto Him, saying: Have  
mercy on me,

O Lord, thou Son of David! for  
my daughter 30

Is grievously tormented with a  
devil.

But He passed on, and answered  
not a word.

And his disciples said, beseeching  
Him:

Send her away! She crieth after  
us!

And then the Master answered  
them and said:

I am not sent but unto the lost  
sheep

Of the House of Israel! Then I  
worshipped Him,

Saying: Lord, help me! And He  
answered me,

It is not meet to take the children's  
bread

And cast it unto dogs! Truth,  
Lord, I said; 40

And yet the dogs may eat the  
crumbs which fall

From off their master's table; and  
He turned,

And answered me; and said to  
me: O woman,

Great is thy faith; then be it unto  
thee

Even as thou wilt. And from that  
very hour

Thou wast made whole, my dar-  
ling! my delight!

THE DAUGHTER.

There came upon my dark and  
troubled mind

A calm, as when the tumult of the  
city

Suddenly ceases, and I lie and hear  
The silver trumpets of the Temple  
blowing 50

Their welcome to the Sabbath.  
Still I wonder,

That one who was so far away  
from me,

And could not see me, by his  
thought alone  
Had power to heal me. Oh that I  
could see Him!

THE MOTHER.

Perhaps thou wilt; for I have  
brought thee here  
To keep the holy Passover, and  
lay  
Thine offering of thanksgiving on  
the altar.  
Thou mayst both see and hear  
Him. Hark!

VOICES *afar off*.

Hosanna!

THE DAUGHTER.

A crowd comes pouring through  
the city gate! 59  
O mother, look!

VOICES *in the street*.

Hosanna to the Son  
Of David!

THE DAUGHTER.

A great multitude of people  
Fills all the street; and riding on  
an ass  
Comes one of noble aspect, like a  
king!  
The people spread their garments  
in the way,  
And scatter branches of the palm-  
trees!

VOICES.

Blessed  
Is He that cometh in the name of  
the Lord;  
Hosanna in the highest!

OTHER VOICES.

Who is this?

VOICES.

Jesus of Nazareth!

THE DAUGHTER.

Mother, it is He!

VOICES.

He hath called Lazarus of Beth-  
any  
Out of his grave, and raised him  
from the dead! 70  
Hosanna in the highest!

PHARISEES.

Ye perceive  
That nothing we prevail. Behold,  
the world  
Is all gone after him!

THE DAUGHTER.

What majesty,  
What power is in that careworn  
countenance!  
What sweetness, what compas-  
sion! I no longer  
Wonder that He hath healed me!

VOICES.

Peace in heaven,  
And glory in the highest!

PHARISEES.

Rabbi! Rabbi!  
Rebuke thy followers!

CHRISTUS.

Should they hold their peace  
The very stones beneath us would  
cry out!

THE DAUGHTER.

All hath passed by me like a dream  
of wonder! 80  
But I have seen Him, and have  
heard his voice,  
And I am satisfied! I ask no  
more!

## II

### SOLOMON'S PORCH

GAMALIEL THE SCRIBE.

When Rabban Simeon, upon whom  
be peace!  
Taught in these Schools, he  
boasted that his pen

Had written no word that he  
 could call his own,  
 But wholly and always had been  
 consecrated  
 To the transcribing of the Law  
 and Prophets.  
 He used to say, and never tired of  
 saying,  
 The world itself was built upon  
 the Law.  
 And ancient Hillel said, that who-  
 soever 90  
 Gains a good name, gains some-  
 thing for himself,  
 But he who gains a knowledge of  
 the Law  
 Gains everlasting life. And they  
 spake truly.  
 Great is the Written Law; but  
 greater still  
 The Unwritten, the Traditions of  
 the Elders,  
 The lovely words of Levites, spo-  
 ken first  
 To Moses on the Mount, and  
 handed down  
 From mouth to mouth, in one un-  
 broken sound  
 And sequence of divine author-  
 ity,  
 The voice of God resounding  
 through the ages. 100  
 The Written Law is water; the  
 Unwritten  
 Is precious wine; the Written  
 Law is salt,  
 The Unwritten costly spice; the  
 Written Law  
 Is but the body; the Unwritten,  
 the soul  
 That quickens it and makes it  
 breathe and live.  
 I can remember, many years ago,  
 A little bright-eyed school-boy, a  
 mere stripling,  
 Son of a Galilean carpenter,  
 From Nazareth, I think, who  
 came one day  
 And sat here in the Temple with  
 the Scribes, 110

Hearing us speak, and asking  
 many questions,  
 And we were all astonished at his  
 quickness.  
 And when his mother came, and  
 said: Behold  
 Thy father and I have sought  
 thee, sorrowing;  
 He looked as one astonished, and  
 made answer,  
 How is it that ye sought me?  
 Wist ye not  
 That I must be about my Father's  
 business?  
 Often since then I see him here  
 among us,  
 Or dream I see him, with his up-  
 raised face  
 Intent and eager, and I often  
 wonder 120  
 Unto what manner of manhood  
 he hath grown!  
 Perhaps a poor mechanic like his  
 father,  
 Lost in his little Galilean village  
 And toiling at his craft, to die un-  
 known  
 And be no more remembered  
 among men.

*CHRISTUS in the outer court.*

The Scribes and Pharisees sit in  
 Moses' seat;  
 All, therefore, whatsoever they  
 command you,  
 Observe and do; but follow not  
 their works;  
 They say and do not. They bind  
 heavy burdens  
 And very grievous to be borne,  
 and lay them 130  
 Upon men's shoulders, but they  
 move them not  
 With so much as a finger!

*GAMALIEL, looking forth.*

Who is this  
 Exhorting in the outer courts so  
 loudly?

CHRISTUS.

Their works they do for to be seen  
of men.

They make broad their phylacter-  
ies, and enlarge

The borders of their garments,  
and they love

The uppermost rooms at feasts,  
and the chief seats

In Synagogues, and greetings in  
the markets,

And to be called of all men Rabbi,  
Rabbi!

GAMALIEL.

It is that loud and turbulent Gali-  
lean, 140

That came here at the Feast of  
Dedication,

And stirred the people up to  
break the Law!

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and  
Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites! for ye shut up the  
kingdom

Of heaven, and neither go ye in  
yourselves

Nor suffer them that are entering  
to go in!

GAMALIEL.

How eagerly the people throng  
and listen,

As if his ribald words were words  
of wisdom!

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and  
Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites! for ye devour the  
houses 150

Of widows, and for pretence ye  
make long prayers;

Therefore shall ye receive the  
more damnation.

GAMALIEL.

This brawler is no Jew,— he is a  
vile

Samaritan, and hath an unclean  
spirit!

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and  
Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites! ye compass sea  
and land

To make one proselyte, and when  
he is made

Ye make him twofold more the  
child of hell

Than you yourselves are!

GAMALIEL.

O my father's father!  
Hillel of blessed memory, hear and  
judge! 160

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and  
Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites! for ye pay tithe  
of mint,

Of anise, and of cumin, and omit  
The weightier matters of the law  
of God,

Judgment and faith and mercy;  
and all these

Ye ought to have done, nor leave  
undone the others!

GAMALIEL.

O Rabban Simeon! how must thy  
bones

Stir in their grave to hear such  
blasphemies!

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and  
Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites! for ye make clean  
and sweet 170

The outside of the cup and of the  
platter,

But they within are full of all ex-  
cess!

GAMALIEL.

Patience of God! canst thou en-  
dure so long?

Or art thou deaf, or gone upon a journey?

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,  
Ye hypocrites! for ye are very like  
To whited sepulchres, which indeed appear  
Beautiful outwardly, but are within  
Filled full of dead men's bones  
and all uncleanness!

GAMALIEL.

Am I awake? Is this Jerusalem? 180  
And are these Jews that throng  
and stare and listen?

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,  
Ye hypocrites! because ye build the tombs  
Of prophets, and adorn the sepulchres  
Of righteous men, and say: If we had lived  
When lived our fathers, we would not have been  
Partakers with them in the blood of Prophets.  
So ye be witnesses unto yourselves,  
That ye are children of them that killed the Prophets!  
Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers. 190  
I send unto you Prophets and Wise Men,  
And Scribes, and some ye crucify, and some  
Scourge in your Synagogues, and persecute  
From city to city; that on you may come  
The righteous blood that hath been shed on earth,  
From the blood of righteous Abel to the blood

Of Zacharias, son of Barachias,  
Ye slew between the Temple and the altar!

GAMALIEL.

Oh, had I here my subtle dialectician,  
My little Saul of Tarsus, the tent-maker, 200  
Whose wit is sharper than his needle's point,  
He would delight to foil this noisy wrangler!

CHRISTUS.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! O thou  
That killest the Prophets, and that stonest them  
Which are sent unto thee, how often would I  
Have gathered together thy children, as a hen  
Gathereth her chickens underneath her wing,  
And ye would not! Behold, your house is left  
Unto you desolate!

THE PEOPLE.

This is a Prophet!  
This is the Christ that was to come! 210

GAMALIEL.

Ye fools!  
Think ye, shall Christ come out of Galilee?

### III

LORD, IS IT I?

CHRISTUS.

One of you shall betray me.

THE DISCIPLES.

Is it I?  
Lord, is it I?

CHRISTUS.

One of the Twelve it is



That dippeth with me in this dish  
his hand;  
He shall betray me. Lo, the Son  
of Man  
Goeth indeed as it is written of  
Him;  
But woe shall be unto that man by  
whom  
He is betrayed! Good were it for  
that man  
If he had ne'er been born!

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

Lord, is it I?

CHRISTUS.

Ay, thou hast said. And that thou  
doest, do quickly. 220

JUDAS ISCARIOT, *going out*,

Ah, woe is me!

CHRISTUS.

All ye shall be offended  
Because of me this night; for it is  
written:  
Awake, O sword against my shep-  
herd! Smite  
The shepherd, saith the Lord of  
hosts, and scattered  
Shall be the sheep! — But after I  
am risen  
I go before you into Galilee.

PETER.

O Master! though all men shall  
be offended  
Because of thee, yet will not I be!

CHRISTUS.

Simon,

Behold how Satan hath desired to  
have you,  
That he may sift you as one sift-  
eth wheat! 230  
Whither I go thou canst not follow  
me —  
Not now; but thou shalt follow  
me hereafter.

PETER.

Wherefore can I not follow thee?  
I am ready  
To go with thee to prison and to  
death.

CHRISTUS.

Verily say I unto thee, this night,  
Ere the cock crow, thou shalt deny  
me thrice!

PETER.

Though I should die, yet will I not  
deny thee.

CHRISTUS.

When first I sent you forth with-  
out a purse,  
Or scrip, or shoes, did ye lack any-  
thing? 239

THE DISCIPLES.

Not anything.

CHRISTUS.

But he that hath a purse,  
Now let him take it, and likewise  
his scrip;  
And he that hath no sword, let  
him go sell  
His clothes and buy one. That  
which hath been written  
Must be accomplished now: He  
hath poured out  
His soul even unto death; he hath  
been numbered  
With the transgressors, and him-  
self hath borne  
The sin of many, and made inter-  
cession  
For the transgressors. And here  
have an end  
The things concerning me.

PETER.

Behold, O Lord,  
Behold, here are two swords!

CHRISTUS.

It is enough.

## IV

## THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

CHRISTUS.

My spirit is exceeding sorrowful  
Even unto death! Tarry ye here  
and watch. 252

*He goes apart.*

PETER.

Under this ancient olive-tree, that  
spreads  
Its broad centennial branches like  
a tent,  
Let us lie down and rest.

JOHN.

What are those torches,  
That glimmer on Brook Kedron  
there below us?

JAMES.

It is some marriage feast; the joy-  
ful maidens  
Go out to meet the bridegroom.

PETER.

I am weary.  
The struggles of this day have  
overcome me.

*They sleep.*CHRISTUS, *falling on his face.*

Father! all things are possible to  
thee, — 260

Oh let this cup pass from me!

Nevertheless

Not as I will, but as thou wilt, be  
done!

*Returning to the Disciples.*

What! could ye not watch with me  
for one hour?

Oh watch and pray, that ye may  
enter not

Into temptation. For the spirit  
indeed

Is willing, but the flesh is weak!

JOHN.

Alas!

It is for sorrow that our eyes are  
heavy. —

I see again the glimmer of those  
torches

Among the olives; they are com-  
ing hither.

JAMES.

Outside the garden wall the path  
divides; 270

Surely they come not hither.

*They sleep again.*CHRISTUS, *as before.*

O my Father!

If this cup may not pass away  
from me,

Except I drink of it, thy will be  
done.

*Returning to the Disciples.*

Sleep on; and take your rest!

JOHN.

Beloved Master,

Alas! we know not what to an-  
swer thee!

It is for sorrow that our eyes are  
heavy. —

Behold, the torches now encom-  
pass us.

JAMES.

They do but go about the garden  
wall,

Seeking for some one, or for some-  
thing lost.

*They sleep again.*CHRISTUS, *as before.*

If this cup may not pass away  
from me, 280

Except I drink of it, thy will be  
done.

*Returning to the Disciples.*

It is enough! Behold, the Son of  
Man

Hath been betrayed into the hands  
of sinners!

The hour is come. Rise up, let us  
be going;

For he that shall betray me is at  
hand.

JOHN.

Ah me! See, from his forehead,  
in the torchlight,  
Great drops of blood are falling to  
the ground!

PETER.

What lights are these? What  
torches glare and glisten  
Upon the swords and armor of  
these men?

And there among them Judas Is-  
cariot! 290

*He smites the servant of the High-  
Priest with his sword.*

CHRISTUS.

Put up thy sword into its sheath;  
for they

That take the sword shall perish  
with the sword.

The cup my Father hath given me  
to drink,

Shall I not drink it? Think'st thou  
that I cannot

Pray to my Father, and that He  
shall give me

More than twelve legions of angels  
presently?

JUDAS to CHRISTUS, *kissing him.*

Hail, Master! hail!

CHRISTUS.

Friend, wherefore art thou come?  
Whom seek ye?

CAPTAIN OF THE TEMPLE.

Jesus of Nazareth.

CHRISTUS.

I am he.

Are ye come hither as against a  
thief,

With swords and staves to take  
me? When I daily 300

Was with you in the Temple, ye  
stretched forth

No hands to take me! But this is  
your hour,

And this the power of darkness.  
If ye seek

Me only, let these others go their  
way.

*The Disciples depart.* CHRISTUS  
*is bound and led away. A cer-  
tain young man follows Him,  
having a linen cloth cast about  
his body. They lay hold of him,  
and the young man flees from  
them naked.*

## V

## THE PALACE OF CAIAPHAS

PHARISEES.

What do we? Clearly something  
must we do,

For this man worketh many mira-  
cles.

CAIAPHAS.

I am informed that he is a me-  
chanic;

A carpenter's son; a Galilean  
peasant,

Keeping disreputable company.

PHARISEES.

The people say that here in Beth-  
any 310

He hath raised up a certain Laz-  
arus,

Who had been dead three days.

CAIAPHAS.

Impossible!

There is no resurrection of the  
dead;

This Lazarus should be taken, and  
put to death

As an impostor. If this Galilean  
Would be content to stay in Gali-  
lee,

And preach in country towns, I  
should not heed him.

But when he comes up to Jerusa-  
lem

Riding in triumph, as I am in-  
formed,

And drives the money-changers  
from the Temple, 320

That is another matter.

PHARISEES.

If we thus  
Let him alone, all will believe on  
him,  
And then the Romans come and  
take away  
Our place and nation.

CAIAPHAS.

Ye know nothing at all.  
Simon Ben Camith, my great pre-  
decessor,  
On whom be peace! would have  
dealt presently  
With such a demagogue. I shall  
no less.  
The man must die. Do ye con-  
sider not

It is expedient that one man should  
die,  
Not the whole nation perish?  
What is death? 330  
It differeth from sleep but in dura-  
tion.

We sleep and wake again; an hour  
or two

Later or earlier, and it matters  
not,  
And if we never wake it matters  
not;

When we are in our graves we are  
at peace,

Nothing can wake us or disturb  
us more.

There is no resurrection.

PHARISEES, *aside*.

O most faithful  
Disciple of Hircanus Maccabæus,  
Will nothing but complete anni-  
hilation  
Comfort and satisfy thee?

CAIAPHAS.

While ye are talking  
And plotting, and contriving how  
to take him, 341

Fearing the people, and so doing  
naught,

I, who fear not the people, have  
been acting;

Have taken this Prophet, this  
young Nazarene,  
Who by Beelzebub the Prince of  
devils

Casteth out devils, and doth raise  
the dead,

That might as well be dead, and  
left in peace.

Annas my father-in-law hath sent  
him hither.

I hear the guard. Behold your  
Galilean!

CHRISTUS *is brought in bound.*

SERVANT, *in the vestibule.*

Why art thou up so late, my pretty  
damsel? 350

DAMSEL.

Why art thou up so early, pretty  
man?

It is not cock-crow yet, and art  
thou stirring?

SERVANT.

What brings thee here?

DAMSEL.

What brings the rest of you?

SERVANT.

Come here and warm thy hands.

DAMSEL *to PETER.*

Art thou not also  
One of this man's disciples?

PETER.

I am not.

DAMSEL.

Now surely thou art also one of  
them;

Thou art a Galilean, and thy  
speech

Bewrayeth thee.

PETER.

Woman, I know him not!

CAIAPHAS *to CHRISTUS in the Hall.*

Who art thou? Tell us plainly of thyself  
And of thy doctrines, and of thy disciples. 360

CHRISTUS.

Lo, I have spoken openly to the world,  
I have taught ever in the Synagogue,  
And in the Temple, where the Jews resort;  
In secret have said nothing.  
Wherefore then  
Askest thou me of this? Ask them that heard me  
What I have said to them. Behold, they know.  
What I have said!

OFFICER, *striking him.*

What, fellow! answerest thou  
The High-Priest so?

CHRISTUS.

If I have spoken evil,  
Bear witness of the evil; but if well,  
Why smitest thou me?

CAIAPHAS.

Where are the witnesses?  
Let them say what they know.

THE TWO FALSE WITNESSES.

We heard him say:  
I will destroy this Temple made with hands, 372  
And will within three days build up another  
Made without hands.

SCRIBES *and* PHARISEES.

He is o'erwhelmed with shame  
And cannot answer!

CAIAPHAS.

Dost thou answer nothing?  
What is this thing they witness here against thee?

SCRIBES *and* PHARISEES.

He holds his peace.

CAIAPHAS.

Tell us, art thou the Christ?  
I do adjure thee by the living God,  
Tell us, art thou indeed the Christ?

CHRISTUS.

I am.

Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man 380  
Sit on the right hand of the power of God,  
And come in clouds of heaven!

CAIAPHAS, *rending his clothes.*

It is enough.

He hath spoken blasphemy! What further need  
Have we of witnesses? Now ye have heard  
His blasphemy. What think ye?  
Is he guilty?

SCRIBES *and* PHARISEES.

Guilty of death!

KINSMAN OF MALCHUS *to PETER, in the vestibule.*

Surely I know thy face,  
Did I not see thee in the garden with him?

PETER.

How couldst thou see me? I swear unto thee  
I do not know this man of whom ye speak!

*The cock crows.*

Hark! the cock crows! That sorrowful, pale face 390  
Seeks for me in the crowd, and looks at me,  
As if He would remind me of those words:  
Ere the cock crow thou shalt deny me thrice!

*Goes out weeping.* CHRISTUS *is blindfolded and buffeted.*



AN OFFICER, *striking him with his palm.*

Prophecy unto us, thou Christ,  
thou Prophet!  
Who is it smote thee?

CAIAPHAS.

Lead him unto Pilate!

## VI

### PONTIUS PILATE

PILATE.

Wholly incomprehensible to me,  
Vainglorious, obstinate, and given  
up

To unintelligible old traditions,  
And proud, and self-conceited are  
these Jews!

Not long ago, I marched the legions  
down 400

From Cæsarea to their winter-  
quarters

Here in Jerusalem, with the effi-  
gies

Of Cæsar on their ensigns, and a  
tumult

Arose among these Jews, because  
their Law

Forbids the making of all images!  
They threw themselves upon the  
ground with wild

Expostulations, bared their necks,  
and cried

That they would sooner die than  
have their Law

Infringed in any manner; as if  
Numa

Were not as great as Moses, and  
the Laws 410

Of the Twelve Tables as their  
Pentateuch!

And then, again, when I desired to  
span

Their valley with an aqueduct,  
and bring

A rushing river in to wash the city  
And its inhabitants,— they all re-  
belled

As if they had been herds of un-  
washed swine!

Thousands and thousands of them  
got together

And raised so great a clamor  
round my doors,

That, fearing violent outbreak, I  
desisted,

And left them to their wallowing  
in the mire. 420

And now here comes the reverend  
Sanhedrim

Of lawyers, priests, and Scribes  
and Pharisees,

Like old and toothless mastiffs,  
that can bark

But cannot bite, howling their  
accusations

Against a mild enthusiast, who  
hath preached

I know not what new doctrine,  
being King

Of some vague kingdom in the  
other world,

That hath no more to do with  
Rome and Cæsar

Than I have with the patriarch  
Abraham! 429

Finding this man to be a Galilean  
I sent him straight to Herod, and

I hope  
That is the last of it; but if it be not,

I still have power to pardon and  
release him,

As is the custom at the Passover,  
And so accommodate the matter

smoothly,  
Seeming to yield to them, yet sav-  
ing him;

A prudent and sagacious policy  
For Roman Governors in the Pro-  
vinces.

Incomprehensible, fanatic people!  
Ye have a God, who seemeth like  
yourselves 440

Incomprehensible, dwelling apart,  
Majestic, cloud - encompassed,

clothed in darkness!

One whom ye fear, but love not;  
yet ye have

No Goddesses to soften your stern  
lives,  
And make you tender unto human  
weakness,  
While we of Rome have every-  
where around us  
Our amiable divinities, that haunt  
The woodlands, and the waters,  
and frequent  
Our households, with their sweet  
and gracious presence !  
I will go in, and while these Jews  
are wrangling, 450  
Read my Ovidius on the Art of  
Love.

## VII

## BARABBAS IN PRISON

*BARABBAS, to his fellow-prisoners.*  
Barabbas is my name,  
Barabbas, the Son of Shame,  
Is the meaning I suppose ;  
I'm no better than the best,  
And whether worse than the rest  
Of my fellow-men, who knows ?

I was once, to say it in brief,  
A highwayman, a robber-chief,  
In the open light of day. 460  
So much I am free to confess ;  
But all men, more or less,  
Are robbers in their way.

From my cavern in the crags,  
From my lair of leaves and flags,  
I could see, like ants, below,  
The camels with their load  
Of merchandise, on the road  
That leadeth to Jericho.

And I struck them unaware, 470  
As an eagle from the air  
Drops down upon bird or beast ;  
And I had my heart's desire  
Of the merchants of Sidon and  
Tyre,  
And Damascus and the East.

But it is not for that I fear ;  
It is not for that I am here  
In these iron fetters bound ;  
Sedition ! that is the word  
That Pontius Pilate heard, 480  
And he liketh not the sound.

What think ye, would he care  
For a Jew slain here or there,  
Or a plundered caravan ?  
But Cæsar ! — ah, that is a crime,  
To the uttermost end of time  
Shall not be forgiven to man.

Therefore was Herod wroth  
With Matthias Margaloth,  
And burned him for a show ! 490  
Therefore his wrath did smite  
Judas the Gaulonite,  
And his followers, as ye know.

For that cause and no more,  
Am I here, as I said before ;  
For one unlucky night,  
Jucundus, the captain of horse,  
Was upon us with all his force,  
And I was caught in the fight.

I might have fled with the rest,  
But my dagger was in the breast  
Of a Roman equerry ; 500  
As we rolled there in the street,  
They bound me, hands and feet ;  
And this is the end of me.

Who cares for death ? Not I !  
A thousand times I would die,  
Rather than suffer wrong !  
Already those women of mine  
Are mixing the myrrh and the  
wine ; 510  
I shall not be with you long.

## VIII

## ECCE HOMO

*PILATE, on the tessellated pave-  
ment in front of his palace.*  
Ye have brought unto me this man,  
as one

Who doth pervert the people; and behold!

I have examined him, and found no fault

Touching the things whereof ye do accuse him.

No, nor yet Herod; for I sent you to him,

And nothing worthy of death he findeth in him.

Ye have a custom at the Pass-over,

That one condemned to death shall be released.

Whom will ye, then, that I release to you? 520

Jesus Barabbas, called the Son of Shame,

Or Jesus, Son of Joseph, called the Christ?

THE PEOPLE, *shouting*.

Not this man, but Barabbas!

PILATE.

What then will ye  
That I should do with him that is called Christ?

THE PEOPLE.

Crucify him!

PILATE.

Why, what evil hath he done?  
Lo, I have found no cause of death in him;  
I will chastise him, and then let him go.

THE PEOPLE, *more vehemently*.  
Crucify him! crucify him!

A MESSENGER, *to* PILATE.

Thy wife sends  
This message to thee, — Have thou naught to do  
With that just man; for I this day in dreams 530  
Have suffered many things because of him.

PILATE, *aside*.

The Gods speak to us in our dreams! I tremble  
At what I have to do! O Claudia,  
How shall I save him? Yet one effort more,  
Or he must perish!

*Washes his hands before them.*

I am innocent  
Of the blood of this just person;  
see ye to it!

THE PEOPLE.

Let his blood be on us and on our children!

VOICES, *within the palace*.

Put on thy royal robes; put on thy crown,  
And take thy sceptre! Hail, thou King of the Jews!

PILATE.

I bring him forth to you, that ye may know 540  
I find no fault in him. Behold the man!

CHRISTUS *is led in with the purple robe and crown of thorns.*

CHIEF PRIESTS *and* OFFICERS.  
Crucify him! crucify him!

PILATE.

Take ye him;  
I find no fault in him.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

We have a Law,  
And by our Law he ought to die;  
because  
He made himself to be the Son of God.

PILATE, *aside*.

Ah! there are Sons of God, and demi-gods  
More than ye know, ye ignorant High-Priests!

To CHRISTUS.

Whence art thou?

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Crucify him! crucify him!

PILATE, to CHRISTUS.

Dost thou not answer me? Dost thou not know

That I have power enough to crucify thee? 550

That I have also power to set thee free?

CHRISTUS.

Thou couldst have no power at all against me

Except that it were given thee from above;

Therefore hath he that sent me unto thee

The greater sin.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

If thou let this man go, Thou art not Cæsar's friend. For whosoever

Maketh himself a King, speaks against Cæsar.

PILATE.

Ye Jews, behold your King!

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Away with him!

Crucify him!

PILATE.

Shall I crucify your King?

CHIEF PRIESTS.

We have no King but Cæsar!

PILATE.

Take him, then, Take him, ye cruel and blood-thirsty Priests, 561

More merciless than the plebeian mob,

Who pity and spare the fainting gladiator

Blood-stained in Roman amphitheatres, —

Take him, and crucify him if ye will;

But if the immortal Gods do ever mingle

With the affairs of mortals, which I doubt not,

And hold the attribute of justice dear,

They will commission the Eumenides

To scatter you to the four winds of heaven, 570

Exacting tear for tear, and blood for blood.

Here, take ye this inscription, Priests, and nail it

Upon the cross, above your victim's head:

Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Nay, we entreat! write not, the King of the Jews;

But that he said: I am the King of the Jews!

PILATE.

Enough. What I have written, I have written.

## IX

### ACELDAMA

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

Lost! lost! Forever lost! I have betrayed

The innocent blood! O God! if thou art love,

Why didst thou leave me naked to the tempter? 580

Why didst thou not commission thy swift lightning

To strike me dead? or why did I not perish

With those by Herod slain, the innocent children

Who went with playthings in their  
little hands  
Into the darkness of the other  
world,  
As if to bed? Or wherefore was I  
born,  
If thou in thy foreknowledge didst  
perceive  
All that I am, and all that I must  
be?  
I know I am not generous, am not  
gentle,  
Like other men; but I have tried  
to be, 590  
And I have failed. I thought by  
following Him  
I should grow like Him; but the  
unclean spirit  
That from my childhood up hath  
tortured me  
Hath been too cunning and too  
strong for me.  
Am I to blame for this? Am I to  
blame  
Because I cannot love, and ne'er  
have known  
The love of woman or the love of  
children?  
It is a curse and a fatality,  
A mark, that hath been set upon  
my forehead,  
That none shall slay me, for it  
were a mercy 600  
That I were dead, or never had  
been born.  
Too late! too late! I shall not see  
Him more  
Among the living. That sweet,  
patient face  
Will never more rebuke me, nor  
those lips  
Repeat the words: One of you  
shall betray me!  
It stung me into madness. How  
I loved,  
Yet hated Him! But in the other  
world!  
I will be there before Him, and  
will wait

Until he comes, and fall down on  
my knees  
And kiss his feet, imploring par-  
don, pardon! 610

I heard Him say: All sins shall  
be forgiven,  
Except the sin against the Holy  
Ghost.  
That shall not be forgiven in this  
world,  
Nor in the world to come. Is that  
my sin?  
Have I offended so there is no  
hope  
Here nor hereafter? That I soon  
shall know.  
O God, have mercy! Christ have  
mercy on me!  
*Throws himself headlong from  
the cliff.*

## X

## THE THREE CROSSES

## MANAHEM, THE ESSENIAN.

Three crosses in this noonday  
night uplifted,  
Three human figures that in mor-  
tal pain  
Gleam white against the super-  
natural darkness; 620  
Two thieves, that writhe in torture,  
and between them  
The Suffering Messiah, the Son of  
Joseph,  
Ay, the Messiah Triumphant, Son  
of David!  
A crown of thorns on that dishon-  
ored head!  
Those hands that healed the sick  
now pierced with nails,  
Those feet that wandered home-  
less through the world  
Now crossed and bleeding, and at  
rest forever!  
And the three faithful Maries,  
overwhelmed



By this great sorrow, kneeling,  
praying, weeping!  
O Joseph Caiaphas, thou great  
High-Priest, 630  
How wilt thou answer for this  
deed of blood?

SCRIBES *and* ELDERS.

Thou that destroyest the Temple,  
and dost build it  
In three days, save thyself; and if  
thou be  
The Son of God, come down now  
from the cross.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Others he saved, himself he cannot  
save!  
Let Christ the King of Israel de-  
scend  
That we may see and believe!

SCRIBES *and* ELDERS.

In God he trusted;  
Let Him deliver him, if He will  
have him,  
And we will then believe.

CHRISTUS.

Father! forgive them;  
They know not what they do.

THE IMPENITENT THIEF.

If thou be Christ,  
Oh save thyself and us!

THE PENITENT THIEF.

Remember me,  
Lord, when thou comest into thine  
own kingdom. 642

CHRISTUS.

This day shalt thou be with me in  
Paradise.

MANAHEM.

Golgotha! Golgotha! Oh the pain  
and darkness!  
Oh the uplifted cross, that shall  
forever

Shine through the darkness, and  
shall conquer pain  
By the triumphant memory of this  
hour!

SIMON MAGUS.

O Nazarene! I find thee here at  
last!

Thou art no more a phantom unto  
me!

This is the end of one who called  
himself 650

The Son of God! Such is the fate  
of those

Who preach new doctrines. 'Tis  
not what he did,

But what he said, hath brought  
him unto this.

I will speak evil of no dignitaries.  
This is my hour of triumph, Naza-  
rene!

THE YOUNG RULER.

This is the end of him who said to  
me:

Sell that thou hast, and give unto  
the poor!

This is the treasure in heaven he  
promised me!

CHRISTUS.

*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacethani!*

A SOLDIER, *preparing the hyssop.*  
He calleth for Elias!

ANOTHER.

Nay, let be!  
See if Elias now will come to save  
him! 661

CHRISTUS.

I thirst.

A SOLDIER.

Give him the wormwood!

CHRISTUS, *with a loud cry, bow-  
ing his head.*

It is finished!

## XI

## THE TWO MARIES

MARY MAGDALENE.

We have arisen early, yet the sun  
Overtakes us ere we reach the sepul-  
chre,  
To wrap the body of our blessed  
Lord  
With our sweet spices.

MARY, MOTHER OF JAMES.

Lo, this is the garden,  
And yonder is the sepulchre. But  
who  
Shall roll away the stone for us to  
enter?

MARY MAGDALENE.

It hath been rolled away! The  
sepulchre  
Is open! Ah, who hath been here  
before us, 670  
When we rose early, wishing to be  
first?

MARY, MOTHER OF JAMES.

I am affrighted!

MARY MAGDALENE.

Hush! I will stoop down  
And look within. There is a young  
man sitting  
On the right side, clothed in a long  
white garment!  
It is an angel!

THE ANGEL.

Fear not; ye are seeking  
Jesus of Nazareth, which was cru-  
cified.  
Why do ye seek the living among  
the dead?  
He is no longer here; He is arisen!  
Come see the place where the  
Lord lay! Remember  
How He spake unto you in Gali-  
lee, 680  
Saying: The Son of Man must be  
delivered

Into the hands of sinful men; by  
them

Be crucified, and the third day rise  
again!

But go your way, and say to his  
disciples,

He goeth before you into Galilee;  
There shall ye see Him as He said  
to you.

MARY, MOTHER OF JAMES.

I will go swiftly for them.

MARY MAGDALENE, *alone, weep-  
ing.*

They have taken  
My Lord away from me, and now  
I know not

Where they have laid Him! Who  
is there to tell me?

This is the gardener. Surely he  
must know.

CHRISTUS.

Woman, why weepest thou? Whom  
seekest thou? 690

MARY MAGDALENE.

They have taken my Lord away;  
I cannot find Him.

O Sir, if thou have borne him hence,  
I pray thee  
Tell me where thou hast laid Him.

CHRISTUS.

Mary!

MARY MAGDALENE.

Rabboni!

## XII

## THE SEA OF GALILEE

NATHANAEL, *in the ship.*

All is now ended.

JOHN.

Nay, He is arisen,  
I ran unto the tomb, and stooping  
down

Looked in, and saw the linen grave-  
clothes lying,  
Yet dared not enter.

PETER.

I went in, and saw  
The napkin that had been about  
his head,  
Not lying with the other linen  
clothes,  
But wrapped together in a sepa-  
rate place. 700

THOMAS.

And I have seen Him. I have  
seen the print  
Of nails upon his hands, and thrust  
my hands  
Into his side. I know He is arisen ;  
But where are now the kingdom  
and the glory  
He promised unto us? We have  
all dreamed  
That we were princes, and we  
wake to find  
We are but fishermen.

PETER.

Who should have been  
Fishers of men!

JOHN.

We have come back again  
To the old life, the peaceful life,  
among  
The white towns of the Galilean  
lake. 710

PETER.

They seem to me like silent sepul-  
chres  
In the gray light of morning! The  
old life,  
Yea, the old life! for we have  
toiled all night  
And have caught nothing.

JOHN.

Do ye see a man  
Standing upon the beach and  
beckoning?

'T is like an apparition. He hath  
kindled  
A fire of coals, and seems to wait  
for us.  
He calleth.

CHRISTUS, *from the shore.*

Children, have ye any meat?

PETER.

Alas! We have caught nothing.

CHRISTUS.

Cast the net  
On the right side of the ship, and  
ye shall find. 720

PETER.

How that reminds me of the days  
gone by,  
And one who said: Launch out  
into the deep,  
And cast your nets!

NATHANAEL.

We have but let them down  
And they are filled, so that we  
cannot draw them!

JOHN.

It is the Lord!

PETER, *girding his fisher's coat  
about him.*

He said: When I am risen  
I will go before you into Galilee!  
*He casts himself into the lake.*

JOHN.

There is no fear in love; for per-  
fect love  
Casteth out fear. Now then, if ye  
are men,  
Put forth your strength; we are  
not far from shore;  
The net is heavy, but breaks not.  
All is safe. 730

PETER, *on the shore.*

Dear Lord! I heard thy voice and  
could not wait.

Let me behold thy face, and kiss  
thy feet!  
Thou art not dead, thou livest!  
Again I see thee.  
Pardon, dear Lord! I am a sinful  
man;  
I have denied thee thrice. Have  
mercy on me!

THE OTHERS, *coming to land.*

Dear Lord! stay with us! cheer  
us! comfort us!  
Lo! we again have found thee!  
Leave us not!

CHRISTUS.

Bring hither of the fish that ye  
have caught,  
And come and eat!

JOHN.

Behold! He breaketh bread  
As He was wont. From his own  
blessed hands 740  
Again we take it.

CHRISTUS.

Simon, son of Jonas,  
Lovest thou me, more than these  
others?

PETER.

Yea,

More, Lord, than all men; even  
more than these.  
Thou knowest that I love thee.

CHRISTUS.

Feed my lambs.

THOMAS, *aside.*

How more than we do? He re-  
maineth ever  
Self-confident and boastful as be-  
fore.  
Nothing will cure him.

CHRISTUS.

Simon, son of Jonas,  
Lovest thou me?

PETER.

Yea, dearest Lord, I love thee.  
Thou knowest that I love thee.

CHRISTUS.

Feed my sheep.

THOMAS, *aside.*

Again, the selfsame question, and  
the answer 750  
Repeated with more vehemence.  
Can the Master  
Doubt if we love Him?

CHRISTUS.

Simon, son of Jonas,  
Lovest thou me?

PETER, *grieved.*

Dear Lord! thou knowest all  
things.  
Thou knowest that I love thee.

CHRISTUS.

Feed my sheep.  
When thou wast young thou gird-  
edst thyself, and walkedst  
Whither thou wouldst; but when  
thou shalt be old,  
Thou shalt stretch forth thy hands,  
and other men  
Shall gird and carry thee whither  
thou wouldst not.  
Follow thou me!

JOHN, *aside.*

It is a prophecy  
Of what death he shall die.

PETER, *pointing to JOHN.*

Tell me, O Lord,  
And what shall this man do?

CHRISTUS.

And if I will  
He tarry till I come, what is it to  
thee? 762  
Follow thou me!

PETER.

Yea, I will follow thee, dear Lord  
and Master!

Will follow thee through fasting  
and temptation,  
Through all thine agony and  
bloody sweat,  
Thy cross and passion, even unto  
death!

## EPILOGUE

## SYMBOLUM APOSTOLORUM

PETER.

I BELIEVE in God the Father  
Almighty;

JOHN.

Maker of Heaven and Earth;

JAMES.

And in Jesus Christ his only Son,  
our Lord;

ANDREW.

Who was conceived by the Holy  
Ghost, born of the Virgin  
Mary;

PHILIP.

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was  
crucified, dead, and buried;

THOMAS.

And the third day He rose again  
from the dead;

BARTHOLOMEW.

He ascended into Heaven, and sit-  
teth on the right hand of  
God, the Father Almighty;

MATTHEW.

From thence He shall come to  
judge the quick and the dead.

JAMES, THE SON OF ALPHEUS.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the  
holy Catholic Church;

SIMON ZELOTES.

The communion of Saints; the for-  
giveness of sins;

JUDE.

The resurrection of the body;

MATTHIAS.

And the Life Everlasting.

## FIRST INTERLUDE

## THE ABBOT JOACHIM

A ROOM IN THE CONVENT OF  
FLORA IN CALABRIA. NIGHT

JOACHIM.

THE wind is rising; it seizes and  
shakes

The doors and window-blinds and  
makes

Mysterious moanings in the halls;  
The convent-chimneys seem al-  
most

The trumpets of some heavenly  
host,

Setting its watch upon our walls!  
Where it listeth, there it blow-  
eth;

We hear the sound, but no man  
knoweth

Whence it cometh or whither it  
goeth,

And thus it is with the Holy  
Ghost. <sup>10</sup>

O breath of God! O my delight  
In many a vigil of the night,  
Like the great voice in Patmos  
heard

By John, the Evangelist of the  
Word,

I hear thee behind me saying:  
Write

In a book the things that thou  
hast seen,

The things that are, and that have  
been,

And the things that shall here-  
after be!

This convent, on the rocky crest  
Of the Calabrian hills, to me <sup>20</sup>  
A Patmos is wherein I rest;



While round about me like a sea  
The white mists roll, and over-  
flow

The world that lies unseen below  
In darkness and in mystery.  
Here in the Spirit, in the vast  
Embrace of God's encircling arm,  
Am I uplifted from all harm;  
The world seems something far  
away,

Something belonging to the Past,  
A hostelry, a peasant's farm, <sup>31</sup>  
That lodged me for a night or  
day,  
In which I care not to remain,  
Nor having left, to see again.

Thus, in the hollow of God's hand  
I dwelt on sacred Tabor's height,  
When as a simple acolyte  
I journeyed to the Holy Land,  
A pilgrim for my master's sake,  
And saw the Galilean Lake, <sup>40</sup>  
And walked through many a vil-  
lage street

That once had echoed to his feet.  
There first I heard the great com-  
mand,  
The voice behind me saying:  
Write!

And suddenly my soul became  
Illumined by a flash of flame,  
That left imprinted on my thought  
The image I in vain had sought,  
And which forever shall remain;  
As sometimes from these windows  
high, <sup>50</sup>

Gazing at midnight on the sky  
Black with a storm of wind and  
rain,

I have beheld a sudden glare  
Of lightning lay the landscape  
bare,

With tower and town and hill and  
plain

Distinct, and burnt into my brain,  
Never to be effaced again!

And I have written. These vol-  
umes three,

The Apocalypse, the Harmony

Of the Sacred Scriptures, new and  
old, <sup>60</sup>

And the Psalter with Ten Strings,  
enfold

Within their pages, all and each,  
The Eternal Gospel that I teach.  
Well I remember the Kingdom of  
Heaven

Hath been likened to a little lea-  
ven

Hidden in two measures of meal,  
Until it leavened the whole mass;  
So likewise will it come to pass  
With the doctrines that I here  
conceal.

Open and manifest to me <sup>70</sup>  
The truth appears, and must be  
told;

All sacred mysteries are three-  
fold;

Three Persons in the Trinity,  
Three ages of Humanity,  
And Holy Scriptures likewise  
three,

Of Fear, of Wisdom, and of Love;  
For Wisdom that begins in Fear  
Endeth in Love; the atmosphere  
In which the soul delights to  
be,

And finds that perfect liberty <sup>80</sup>  
Which cometh only from above.

In the first Age, the early prime  
And dawn of all historic time,  
The Father reigned; and face to  
face

He spake with the primeval race.  
Bright Angels, on his errands sent,  
Sat with the patriarch in his tent;  
His prophets thundered in the  
street;

His lightnings flashed, his hail-  
storms beat;

In earthquake and in flood and  
flame, <sup>90</sup>

In tempest and in cloud He came!

The fear of God is in his Book;  
The pages of the Pentateuch

Are full of the terror of his name.

Then reigned the Son; his Cove-  
nant  
Was peace on earth, good-will to  
man;  
With Him the reign of Law be-  
gan.  
He was the Wisdom and the  
Word,  
And sent his Angels Ministrant,  
Unterrified and undeterred, <sup>100</sup>  
To rescue souls forlorn and lost,  
The troubled, tempted, tempest-  
tost,  
To heal, to comfort, and to teach.  
The fiery tongues of Pentecost  
His symbols were, that they should  
preach  
In every form of human speech,  
From continent to continent.  
He is the Light Divine, whose  
rays  
Across the thousand years un-  
spent  
Shine through the darkness of our  
days, <sup>110</sup>  
And touch with their celestial fires  
Our churches and our convent  
spires.  
His Book is the New Testament.

These Ages now are of the Past;  
And the Third Age begins at last.  
The coming of the Holy Ghost,  
The reign of Grace, the reign of  
Love

Brightens the mountain-tops above,  
And the dark outline of the coast.  
Already the whole land is white  
With convent walls, as if by night  
A snow had fallen on hill and  
height! <sup>122</sup>

Already from the streets and  
marts

Of town and traffic, and low cares,  
Men climb the consecrated stairs  
With weary feet, and bleeding  
hearts;

And leave the world, and its de-  
lights,

Its passions, struggles, and de-  
spairs,  
For contemplation and for prayers  
In cloister-cells of cœnobites. <sup>130</sup>

Eternal benedictions rest  
Upon thy name, Saint Benedict!  
Founder of convents in the West,  
Who built on Mount Cassino's  
crest

In the Land of Labor, thine eagle's  
nest!

May I be found not derelict  
In aught of faith or godly fear,  
If I have written, in many a page,  
The Gospel of the coming age,  
The Eternal Gospel men shall  
hear. <sup>140</sup>

Oh may I live resembling thee,  
And die at last as thou hast  
died;

So that hereafter men may see,  
Within the choir, a form of air,  
Standing with arms outstretched  
in prayer,

As one that hath been crucified!

My work is finished; I am strong  
In faith and hope and charity;  
For I have written the things I  
see,

The things that have been and  
shall be, <sup>150</sup>

Conscious of right, nor fearing  
wrong;

Because I am in love with Love,  
And the sole thing I hate is Hate;  
For Hate is death; and Love is  
life,

A peace, a splendor from above;  
And Hate, a never-ending strife,  
A smoke, a blackness from the  
abyss

Where unclean serpents coil and  
hiss!

Love is the Holy Ghost within;  
Hate the unpardonable sin! <sup>160</sup>

Who preaches otherwise than this,  
Betrays his Master with a kiss!

## PART TWO

## THE GOLDEN LEGEND

## PROLOGUE

THE SPIRE OF STRASBURG  
CATHEDRAL

*Night and storm. LUCIFER, with  
the Powers of the Air, trying to  
tear down the cross.*

## LUCIFER.

HASTEN! hasten!  
O ye spirits!  
From its station drag the ponder-  
ous  
Cross of iron, that to mock us  
Is uplifted high in air!

## VOICES.

Oh, we cannot!  
For around it  
All the Saints and Guardian An-  
gels  
Throng in legions to protect it;  
They defeat us everywhere!

## THE BELLS.

Laudo Deum verum!  
Plebem voco!  
Congrego clerum!

## LUCIFER.

Lower! lower!  
Hover downward!  
Seize the loud, vociferous bells,  
and  
Clashing, clanging, to the pave-  
ment  
Hurl them from their windy tower!

## VOICES.

All thy thunders  
Here are harmless!  
For these bells have been anointed,  
And baptized with holy water!  
They defy our utmost power.

## THE BELLS.

Defunctos ploro!

Pestem fugo!  
Festa decoro!

## LUCIFER.

Shake the casements!  
Break the painted  
Panels, that flame with gold and  
crimson;  
Scatter them like leaves of Au-  
tumn,  
Swept away before the blast!

## VOICES.

Oh, we cannot!  
The Archangel  
Michael flames from every win-  
dow,  
With the sword of fire that drove us  
Headlong, out of heaven, aghast!

## THE BELLS.

Funera plango!  
Fulgura frango!  
Sabbata plango!

## LUCIFER.

Aim your lightnings  
At the oaken,  
Massive, iron-studded portals!  
Sack the house of God, and scatter  
Wide the ashes of the dead!

## VOICES.

Oh, we cannot!  
The Apostles  
And the Martyrs, wrapped in man-  
tles,  
Stand as warders at the entrance,  
Stand as sentinels o'erhead!

## THE BELLS.

Excito lentos!  
Dissipo ventos!  
Paco cruentos!

## LUCIFER.

Baffled! baffled!  
Inefficient,  
Craven spirits! leave this labor  
Unto Time, the great Destroyer!  
Come away, ere night is gone!

## VOICES.

Onward! onward!  
 With the night-wind,  
 Over field and farm and forest,  
 Lonely homestead, darksome ham-  
 let,  
 Blighting all we breathe upon!  
*They sweep away. Organ and  
 Gregorian Chant.*

## CHOIR.

Nocte surgentes  
 Vigilemus omnes!

## I

THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON  
 THE RHINE

*A chamber in a tower. PRINCE  
 HENRY, sitting alone, ill and  
 restless. Midnight.*

## PRINCE HENRY.

I cannot sleep! my fervid brain  
 Calls up the vanished Past again,  
 And throws its misty splendors  
 deep  
 Into the pallid realms of sleep!  
 A breath from that far-distant  
 shore  
 Comes freshening ever more and  
 more,  
 And wafts o'er intervening seas  
 Sweet odors from the Hesperides!  
 A wind, that through the corridor  
 Just stirs the curtain, and no more,  
 And, touching the æolian strings,  
 Faints with the burden that it  
 brings! 12  
 Come back! ye friendships long  
 departed!  
 That like o'erflowing streamlets  
 started,  
 And now are dwindled, one by one,  
 To stony channels in the sun!  
 Come back! ye friends, whose lives  
 are ended,  
 Come back, with all that light at-  
 tended,

Which seemed to darken and decay  
 When ye arose and went away! 20

They come, the shapes of joy and  
 woe,  
 The airy crowds of long ago,  
 The dreams and fancies known of  
 yore,  
 That have been, and shall be no  
 more.

They change the cloisters of the  
 night  
 Into a garden of delight;  
 They make the dark and dreary  
 hours

Open and blossom into flowers!  
 I would not sleep! I love to be  
 Again in their fair company; 30  
 But ere my lips can bid them stay,  
 They pass and vanish quite away!  
 Alas! our memories may retrace  
 Each circumstance of time and  
 place,

Season and scene come back again,  
 And outward things unchanged re-  
 main;

The rest we cannot reinstate;  
 Ourselves we cannot re-create,  
 Nor set our souls to the same key  
 Of the remembered harmony! 40

Rest! rest! Oh, give me rest and  
 peace!

The thought of life that ne'er shall  
 cease

Has something in it like despair,  
 A weight I am too weak to bear!  
 Sweeter to this afflicted breast  
 The thought of never-ending rest!  
 Sweeter the undisturbed and deep  
 Tranquillity of endless sleep!

*A flash of lightning, out of which  
 LUCIFER appears, in the garb  
 of a travelling Physician.*

## LUCIFER.

All hail, Prince Henry!

PRINCE HENRY, *starting.*

Who is it speaks?  
 Who and what are you?

LUCIFER.

One who seeks

A moment's audience with the  
Prince. 51

PRINCE HENRY.

When came you in ?

LUCIFER.

A moment since.

I found your study door unlocked,  
And thought you answered when  
I knocked.

PRINCE HENRY.

I did not hear you.

LUCIFER.

You heard the thunder ;

It was loud enough to waken the  
dead.

And it is not a matter of special  
wonder

That, when God is walking over-  
head,

You should not hear my feeble  
tread.

PRINCE HENRY.

What may your wish or purpose  
be ? 60

LUCIFER.

Nothing or everything, as it  
pleases

Your Highness. You behold in me  
Only a travelling Physician ;

One of the few who have a mission  
To cure incurable diseases,  
Or those that are called so.

PRINCE HENRY.

Can you bring

The dead to life ?

LUCIFER.

Yes ; very nearly.

And, what is a wiser and better  
thing,

Can keep the living from ever  
needing

Such an unnatural, strange pro-  
ceeding, 70

By showing conclusively and  
clearly

That death is a stupid blunder  
merely,

And not a necessity of our lives.

My being here is accidental ;

The storm, that against your case-  
ment drives,

In the little village below waylaid  
me.

And there I heard with a secret  
delight,

Of your maladies physical and  
mental,

Which neither astonished nor dis-  
mayed me.

And I hastened hither, though late  
in the night, 80

To proffer my aid !

PRINCE HENRY, *ironically*.

For this you came !

Ah, how can I ever hope to requite  
This honor from one so erudite ?

LUCIFER.

The honor is mine, or will be when  
I have cured your disease.

PRINCE HENRY.

But not till then.

LUCIFER.

What is your illness ?

PRINCE HENRY.

It has no name.

A smouldering, dull, perpetual  
flame,

As in a kiln, burns in my veins,

Sending up vapors to the head ;

My heart has become a dull la-  
goon, 90

Which a kind of leprosy drinks  
and drains ;

I am accounted as one who is  
dead,

And, indeed, I think that I shall  
be soon.



LUCIFER.

And has Gordonius the Divine,  
In his famous Lily of Medicine,—  
I see the book lies open before  
you,—  
No remedy potent enough to re-  
store you?

PRINCE HENRY.

None whatever!

LUCIFER.

The dead are dead,  
And their oracles dumb, when  
questioned  
Of the new diseases that human  
life 100  
Evolves in its progress, rank and  
rife.  
Consult the dead upon things that  
were,  
But the living only on things that  
are.  
Have you done this, by the appli-  
ance  
And aid of doctors?

PRINCE HENRY.

Ay, whole schools  
Of doctors, with their learned  
rules;  
But the case is quite beyond their  
science.  
Even the doctors of Salern  
Send me back word they can discern  
No cure for a malady like this, 110  
Save one which in its nature is  
Impossible and cannot be!

LUCIFER.

That sounds oracular!

PRINCE HENRY.

Unendurable!

LUCIFER.

What is their remedy?

PRINCE HENRY.

You shall see;  
Writ in this scroll is the mystery.

LUCIFER, *reading*.

'Not to be cured, yet not incur-  
able!

The only remedy that remains  
Is the blood that flows from a  
maiden's veins,

Who of her own free will shall die,  
And give her life as the price of  
yours!' 120

That is the strangest of all cures,  
And one, I think, you will never  
try;

The prescription you may well  
put by,

As something impossible to find  
Before the world itself shall end!  
And yet who knows? One cannot  
say

That into some maiden's brain  
that kind

Of madness will not find its way.  
Meanwhile permit me to recom-  
mend,

As the matter admits of no delay,  
My wonderful Catholicon, 131  
Of very subtile and magical pow-  
ers!

PRINCE HENRY.

Purge with your nostrums and  
drugs infernal

The spouts and gargoyles of these  
towers,

Not me! My faith is utterly gone  
In every power but the Power  
Supernal!

Pray tell me, of what school are  
you?

LUCIFER.

Both of the Old and of the New!  
The school of Hermes Trismegis-  
tus,

Who uttered his oracles sub-  
lime 140

Before the Olympiads, in the dew  
Of the early dusk and dawn of  
time,

The reign of dateless old Hephæ-  
tus!

As northward, from its Nubian  
springs,

The Nile, forever new and old,  
Among the living and the dead,  
Its mighty, mystic stream has  
rolled;

So, starting from its fountain-  
head

Under the lotus-leaves of Isis,  
From the dead demigods of eld, <sup>150</sup>  
Through long, unbroken lines of  
kings

Its course the sacred art has held,  
Unchecked, unchanged by man's  
devices.

This art the Arabian Geber taught,  
And in alembics, finely wrought,  
Distilling herbs and flowers, dis-  
covered

The secret that so long had hov-  
ered

Upon the misty verge of Truth,  
The Elixir of Perpetual Youth,  
Called Alcohol, in the Arab  
speech! <sup>160</sup>

Like him, this wondrous lore I  
teach!

PRINCE HENRY.

What! an adept?

LUCIFER.

Nor less, nor more!

PRINCE HENRY.

I am a reader of your books,  
A lover of that mystic lore!  
With such a piercing glance it  
looks

Into great Nature's open eye,  
And sees within it trembling lie  
The portrait of the Deity!  
And yet, alas! with all my pains,  
The secret and the mystery <sup>170</sup>  
Have baffled and eluded me,  
Unseen the grand result remains!

LUCIFER, *showing a flask.*

Behold it here! this little flask  
Contains the wonderful quintes-  
sence,

The perfect flower and efflores-  
cence,

Of all the knowledge man can ask!  
Hold it up thus against the light!

PRINCE HENRY.

How limpid, pure, and crystalline,  
How quick, and tremulous, and  
bright

The little wavelets dance and  
shine, <sup>180</sup>

As were it the Water of Life in  
sooth!

LUCIFER.

It is! It assuages every pain,  
Cures all disease, and gives again  
To age the swift delights of youth.  
Inhale its fragrance

PRINCE HENRY.

It is sweet.

A thousand different odors meet  
And mingle in its rare perfume,  
Such as the winds of summer waft  
At open windows through a room!

LUCIFER.

Will you not taste it?

PRINCE HENRY.

Will one draught

Suffice?

LUCIFER.

If not, you can drink more.

PRINCE HENRY.

Into this crystal goblet pour <sup>192</sup>  
So much as safely I may drink.

LUCIFER, *pouring.*

Let not the quantity alarm you;  
You may drink all; it will not  
harm you.

PRINCE HENRY.

I am as one who on the brink  
Of a dark river stands and sees  
The waters flow, the landscape  
dim

Around him waver, wheel, and  
swim,

And, ere he plunges, stops to  
think 200

Into what whirlpools he may  
sink;

One moment pauses, and no more,  
Then madly plunges from the  
shore!

Headlong into the mysteries  
Of life and death I boldly leap,  
Nor fear the fateful current's  
sweep,

Nor what in ambush lurks below!  
For death is better than disease!

*An ANGEL with an æolian harp  
hovers in the air.*

#### ANGEL.

Woe! woe! eternal woe!  
Not only the whispered prayer 210  
Of love,

But the imprecations of hate,  
Reverberate  
For ever and ever through the air  
Above!

This fearful curse  
Shakes the great universe!

#### LUCIFER, *disappearing*.

Drink! drink!  
And thy soul shall sink  
Down into the dark abyss, 220  
Into the infinite abyss,  
From which no plummet nor rope  
Ever drew up the silver sand of  
hope!

#### PRINCE HENRY, *drinking*.

It is like a draught of fire!  
Through every vein  
I feel again  
The fever of youth, the soft desire;  
A rapture that is almost pain  
Throbs in my heart and fills my  
brain!  
O joy! O joy! I feel 230  
The band of steel  
That so long and heavily has  
pressed  
Upon my breast

Uplifted, and the malediction  
Of my affliction  
Is taken from me, and my weary  
breast  
At length finds rest.

#### THE ANGEL.

It is but the rest of the fire, from  
which the air has been taken!  
It is but the rest of the sand, when  
the hour-glass is not shaken!  
It is but the rest of the tide be-  
tween the ebb and the  
flow! 240  
It is but the rest of the wind be-  
tween the flaws that blow!

With fiendish laughter,  
Hereafter,  
This false physician  
Will mock thee in thy perdition.

#### PRINCE HENRY.

Speak! speak!  
Who says that I am ill?  
I am not ill! I am not weak!  
The trance, the swoon, the dream,  
is o'er! 249  
I feel the chill of death no more!  
At length,  
I stand renewed in all my strength!  
Beneath me I can feel  
The great earth stagger and reel,  
As if the feet of a descending God  
Upon its surface trod,  
And like a pebble it rolled beneath  
his heel!

This, O brave physician! this  
Is thy great Palingenesis!  
*Drinks again.*

#### THE ANGEL.

Touch the goblet no more! 260  
It will make thy heart sore  
To its very core!  
Its perfume is the breath  
Of the Angel of Death,  
And the light that within it lies  
Is the flash of his evil eyes.  
Beware! Oh, beware!  
For sickness, sorrow, and care  
All are there!

PRINCE HENRY, *sinking back.*

O thou voice within my breast! 270  
Why entreat me, why upbraid me,  
When the steadfast tongues of  
truth

And the flattering hopes of youth  
Have all deceived me and be-  
trayed me?

Give me, give me rest, oh rest!  
Golden visions wave and hover,  
Golden vapors, waters streaming,  
Landscapes moving, changing,  
gleaming!

I am like a happy lover, 279  
Who illumines life with dreaming!  
Brave physician! Rare physician!  
Well hast thou fulfilled thy mis-  
sion!

*His head falls on his book.*

THE ANGEL, *receding.*

Alas! alas!  
Like a vapor the golden vision  
Shall fade and pass,  
And thou wilt find in thy heart  
again  
Only the blight of pain,  
And bitter, bitter, bitter contrition!

COURT-YARD OF THE CASTLE.

HUBERT *standing by the gateway.*

HUBERT.

How sad the grand old castle  
looks! 289  
O'erhead, the unmolested rooks  
Upon the turret's windy top  
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop;  
Here in the court-yard springs the  
grass,  
So few are now the feet that pass;  
The stately peacocks, bolder  
grown,  
Come hopping down the steps of  
stone,  
As if the castle were their own;  
And I, the poor old seneschal,  
Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-  
hall. 299

Alas! the merry guests no more  
Crowd through the hospitable  
door;

No eyes with youth and passion  
shine,

No cheeks glow redder than the  
wine;

No song, no laugh, no jovial din  
Of drinking wassail to the pin;  
But all is silent, sad, and drear,  
And now the only sounds I hear  
Are the hoarse rooks upon the  
walls,

And horses stamping in their  
stalls!

*A horn sounds.*

What ho! that merry, sudden  
blast 310

Reminds me of the days long past!  
And, as of old resounding, grate  
The heavy hinges of the gate,  
And, clattering loud, with iron  
clank,

Down goes the sounding bridge of  
plank,

As if it were in haste to greet  
The pressure of a traveller's feet!

*Enter WALTER the Minnesinger.*

WALTER.

How now, my friend! This looks  
quite lonely!

No banner flying from the walls,  
No pages and no seneschals, 320  
No warders, and one porter only!  
Is it you, Hubert?

HUBERT.

Ah! Master Walter!

WALTER.

Alas! how forms and faces alter!  
I did not know you. You look  
older!

Your hair has grown much grayer  
and thinner,

And you stoop a little in the  
shoulder!

HUBERT.

Alack! I am a poor old sinner,

And, like these towers, begin to  
moulder;  
And you have been absent many a  
year!

329

WALTER.

How is the Prince?

HUBERT.

He is not here;  
He has been ill: and now has  
fled.

WALTER.

Speak it out frankly: say he's  
dead!  
Is it not so?

HUBERT.

No; if you please,  
A strange, mysterious disease  
Fell on him with a sudden blight.  
Whole hours together he would  
stand

Upon the terrace, in a dream,  
Resting his head upon his hand,  
Best pleased when he was most  
alone,

Like Saint John Nepomuck in  
stone,

340

Looking down into a stream.

In the Round Tower, night after  
night,

He sat and bleared his eyes with  
books;

Until one morning we found him  
there

Stretched on the floor, as if in a  
swoon

He had fallen from his chair.

We hardly recognized his sweet  
looks!

WALTER.

Poor Prince!

HUBERT.

I think he might have mended;  
And he did mend; but very soon  
The priests came flocking in, like  
rooks,

350

With all their crosiers and their  
crooks,  
And so at last the matter ended.

WALTER.

How did it end?

HUBERT.

Why, in Saint Rochus  
They made him stand, and wait his  
doom;

And, as if he were condemned to  
the tomb,

Began to mutter their hocus-pocus.  
First, the Mass for the Dead they  
chanted,

Then three times laid upon his  
head

A shovelful of churchyard clay,  
Saying to him, as he stood un-  
daunted,

360

'This is a sign that thou art  
dead,

So in thy heart be penitent!'

And forth from the chapel door he  
went

Into disgrace and banishment,  
Clothed in a cloak of hoddin gray,  
And bearing a wallet, and a bell,  
Whose sound should be a perpet-  
ual knell

To keep all travellers away.

WALTER.

Oh, horrible fate! Outcast, re-  
jected,

369

As one with pestilence infected!

HUBERT.

Then was the family tomb un-  
sealed,

And broken helmet, sword, and  
shield,

Buried together, in common wreck,  
As is the custom, when the last

Of any princely house has passed,  
And thrice, as with a trumpet-blast,

A herald shouted down the stair  
The words of warning and de-  
spair,—

'O Hoheneck! O Hoheneck!'



WALTER.

Still in my soul that cry goes  
on, — 380

Forever gone! forever gone!

Ah, what a cruel sense of loss,

Like a black shadow, would fall  
across

The hearts of all, if he should  
die!

His gracious presence upon earth

Was as a fire upon a hearth;

As pleasant songs, at morning  
sung,

The words that dropped from his  
sweet tongue

Strengthened our hearts; or heard  
at night,

Made all our slumbers soft and  
light. 390

Where is he?

HUBERT.

In the Odenwald.

Some of his tenants, unappalled  
By fear of death, or priestly  
word, —

A holy family, that make

Each meal a Supper of the Lord, —

Have him beneath their watch and  
ward,

For love of him, and Jesus' sake!

Pray you come in. For why  
should I

With out-door hospitality 399

My prince's friend thus entertain?

WALTER.

I would a moment here remain.

But you, good Hubert, go before,

Fill me a goblet of May-drink,

As aromatic as the May

From which it steals the breath  
away,

And which he loved so well of  
yore;

It is of him that I would think.

You shall attend me, when I call,

In the ancestral banquet-hall. 409

Unseen companions, guests of  
air,

You cannot wait on, will be there;

They taste not food, they drink not  
wine,

But their soft eyes look into mine,  
And their lips speak to me, and  
all

The vast and shadowy banquet-  
hall

Is full of looks and words di-  
vine!

*Leaning over the parapet.*

The day is done; and slowly from  
the scene

The stooping sun up-gathers his  
spent shafts,

And puts them back into his golden  
quiver!

Below me in the valley, deep and  
green 420

As goblets are, from which in  
thirsty draughts

We drink its wine, the swift and  
mantling river

Flows on triumphant through  
these lovely regions,

Etched with the shadows of its  
sombre margent,

And soft, reflected clouds of gold  
and argent!

Yes, there it flows, forever, broad  
and still

As when the vanguard of the Ro-  
man legions

First saw it from the top of yonder  
hill!

How beautiful it is! Fresh fields  
of wheat,

Vineyard, and town, and tower  
with fluttering flag, 430

The consecrated chapel on the  
crag,

And the white hamlet gathered  
round its base,

Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's  
feet,

And looking up at his beloved  
face!

O friend! O best of friends! Thy  
absence more

Than the impending night darkens  
the landscape o'er!

## II

## A FARM IN THE ODENWALD

*A garden; morning; PRINCE  
HENRY seated, with a book.  
ELSIE at a distance gathering  
flowers.*

PRINCE HENRY, *reading.*

One morning, all alone,  
Out of his convent of gray stone,  
Into the forest older, darker,  
grayer,

His lips moving as if in prayer,  
His head sunken upon his breast  
As in a dream of rest,  
Walked the Monk Felix. All about  
The broad, sweet sunshine lay  
without,

Filling the summer air;  
And within the woodlands as he  
trod, 10  
The dusk was like the Truce of  
God

With worldly woe and care;  
Under him lay the golden moss;  
And above him the boughs of  
hoary trees

Waved, and made the sign of the  
cross,  
And whispered their Benedic-  
tes;

And from the ground  
Rose an odor sweet and fragrant  
Of the wild-flowers and the va-  
grant

Vines that wandered, 20  
Seeking the sunshine, round and  
round.

These he heeded not, but pon-  
dered

On the volume in his hand,  
Wherein amazed he read:  
'A thousand years in thy sight  
Are but as yesterday when it is  
past,

And as a watch in the night!'

And with his eyes downcast  
In humility he said:

'I believe, O Lord, 30  
What is written in thy Word,  
But alas! I do not understand!'

And lo! he heard  
The sudden singing of a bird,  
A snow-white bird, that from a  
cloud

Dropped down,  
And among the branches brown  
Sat singing,  
So sweet, and clear, and loud,  
It seemed a thousand harp-strings  
ringing. 40

And the Monk Felix closed his  
book,

And long, long,  
With rapturous look,  
He listened to the song,  
And hardly breathed or stirred,  
Until he saw, as in a vision,  
The land Elysian,  
And in the heavenly city heard  
Angelic feet

Fall on the golden flagging of the  
street. 50

And he would fain  
Have caught the wondrous bird,  
But strove in vain;  
For it flew away, away,  
Far over hill and dell,  
And instead of its sweet singing  
He heard the convent bell  
Suddenly in the silence ringing  
For the service of noonday.

And he retraced 60  
His pathway homeward sadly and  
in haste.

In the convent there was a change!  
He looked for each well-known  
face,

But the faces were new and  
strange;

New figures sat in the oaken stalls,  
New voices chanted in the choir;  
Yet the place was the same place,  
The same dusky walls  
Of cold, gray stone,

The same cloisters and belfry and  
spire. 70

A stranger and alone  
 Among that brotherhood  
 The Monk Felix stood.  
 'Forty years,' said a Friar,  
 'Have I been Prior  
 Of this convent in the wood,  
 But for that space  
 Never have I beheld thy face!'

The heart of the Monk Felix fell:  
 And he answered, with submissive  
 tone, 80

'This morning, after the hour of  
 Prime,

I left my cell,  
 And wandered forth alone,  
 Listening all the time  
 To the melodious singing  
 Of a beautiful white bird,  
 Until I heard  
 The bells of the convent ringing  
 Noon from their noisy towers.  
 It was as if I dreamed; 90  
 For what to me had seemed  
 Moments only, had been hours!'

'Years!' said a voice close by.  
 It was an aged monk who spoke,  
 From a bench of oak  
 Fastened against the wall; —  
 He was the oldest monk of all.  
 For a whole century  
 Had he been there,  
 Serving God in prayer, 100  
 The meekest and humblest of his  
 creatures.

He remembered well the features  
 Of Felix, and he said,  
 Speaking distinct and slow:  
 'One hundred years ago,  
 When I was a novice in this place,  
 There was here a monk, full of  
 God's grace,  
 Who bore the name  
 Of Felix, and this man must be  
 the same.'

And straightway 110  
 They brought forth to the light of  
 day  
 A volume old and brown,

A huge tome, bound  
 In brass and wild-boar's hide,  
 Wherein were written down  
 The names of all who had died  
 In the convent, since it was edi-  
 fied.

And there they found,  
 Just as the old monk said,  
 That on a certain day and date,  
 One hundred years before, 121  
 Had gone forth from the convent  
 gate

The Monk Felix, and never more  
 Had entered that sacred door.  
 He had been counted among the  
 dead!

And they knew, at last,  
 That, such had been the power  
 Of that celestial and immortal  
 song,

A hundred years had passed,  
 And had not seemed so long 130  
 As a single hour!

*ELSIE comes in with flowers.*

ELSIE.

Here are flowers for you,  
 But they are not all for you.  
 Some of them are for the Virgin  
 And for Saint Cecilia.

PRINCE HENRY.

As thou standest there,  
 Thou seemest to me like the ange,  
 That brought the immortal roses  
 To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber.

ELSIE.

But these will fade. 140

PRINCE HENRY.

Themselves will fade,  
 But not their memory,  
 And memory has the power  
 To re-create them from the dust.  
 They remind me, too,  
 Of martyred Dorothea,  
 Who from celestial gardens sent  
 Flowers as her witnesses  
 To him who scoffed and doubted.

ELSIE.

Do you know the story 150  
 Of Christ and the Sultan's daughter?  
 That is the prettiest legend of them  
 all.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then tell it to me.  
 But first come hither.  
 Lay the flowers down beside me,  
 And put both thy hands in mine.  
 Now tell me the story.

ELSIE.

Early in the morning  
 The Sultan's daughter  
 Walked in her father's garden, 160  
 Gathering the bright flowers,  
 All full of dew.

PRINCE HENRY.

Just as thou hast been doing  
 This morning, dearest Elsie.

ELSIE.

And as she gathered them  
 She wondered more and more  
 Who was the Master of the Flow-  
 ers,  
 And made them grow  
 Out of the cold, dark earth.  
 'In my heart,' she said, 170  
 'I love him; and for him  
 Would leave my father's palace,  
 To labor in his garden.'

PRINCE HENRY.

Dear, innocent child!  
 How sweetly thou recallest  
 The long-forgotten legend,  
 That in my early childhood  
 My mother told me!  
 Upon my brain  
 It reappears once more, 180  
 As a birth-mark on the forehead  
 When a hand suddenly  
 Is laid upon it, and removed!

ELSIE.

And at midnight,

As she lay upon her bed,  
 She heard a voice  
 Call to her from the garden,  
 And, looking forth from her win-  
 dow,

She saw a beautiful youth  
 Standing among the flowers. 190

It was the Lord Jesus;  
 And she went down to Him,  
 And opened the door for Him;  
 And He said to her, 'O maiden!  
 Thou hast thought of me with love,  
 And for thy sake

Out of my Father's kingdom  
 Have I come hither:

I am the Master of the Flowers.

My garden is in Paradise, 200

And if thou wilt go with me,

Thy bridal garland

Shall be of bright red flowers.'

And then He took from his finger

A golden ring,

And asked the Sultan's daughter

If she would be his bride.

And when she answered Him with  
 love,

His wounds began to bleed,

And she said to Him, 210

'O Love! how red thy heart is,

And thy hands are full of roses.'

'For thy sake,' answered He,

'For thy sake is my heart so red,

For thee I bring these roses;

I gathered them at the cross

Whereon I died for thee!

Come, for my Father calls.

Thou art my elected bride!'

And the Sultan's daughter 220

Followed Him to his Father's gar-  
 den.

PRINCE HENRY.

Wouldst thou have done so, Elsie?

ELSIE.

Yes, very gladly.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then the Celestial Bridegroom

Will come for thee also.

Upon thy forehead He will place,

Not his crown of thorns,  
But a crown of roses.  
In thy bridal chamber,  
Like Saint Cecilia, 230  
Thou shalt hear sweet music,  
And breathe the fragrance  
Of flowers immortal!  
Go now and place these flowers  
Before her picture.

## A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

*Twilight.* URSULA *spinning.*  
GOTTLIEB *asleep in his chair.*

URSULA.

Darker and darker! Hardly a  
glimmer  
Of light comes in at the window-  
pane;  
Or is it my eyes are growing dim-  
mer?

I cannot disentangle this skein,  
Nor wind it rightly upon the  
reel. 240

Elsie!

GOTTLIEB, *starting.*

The stopping of thy wheel  
Has awakened me out of a plea-  
sant dream.

I thought I was sitting beside a  
stream,

And heard the grinding of a mill,  
When suddenly the wheels stood  
still,

And a voice cried 'Elsie' in my  
ear!

It startled me, it seemed so near.

URSULA.

I was calling her: I want a light.  
I cannot see to spin my flax.  
Bring the lamp, Elsie. Dost thou  
hear? 250

ELSIE, *within.*

In a moment!

GOTTLIEB.

Where are Bertha and Max?

URSULA.

They are sitting with Elsie at the  
door.

She is telling them stories of the  
wood,

And the Wolf, and little Red Rid-  
inghood.

GOTTLIEB.

And where is the Prince?

URSULA.

In his room overhead;  
I heard him walking across the  
floor,  
As he always does, with a heavy  
tread.

ELSIE *comes in with a lamp.* MAX  
and BERTHA *follow her; and*  
*they all sing the Evening Song*  
*on the lighting of the lamps.*

## EVENING SONG.

O gladsome light  
Of the Father Immortal,  
And of the celestial 260  
Sacred and blessed  
Jesus, our Saviour!

Now to the sunset  
Again hast thou brought us;  
And, seeing the evening  
Twilight, we bless thee,  
Praise thee, adore thee!

Father omnipotent!  
Son, the Life-giver!  
Spirit, the Comforter! 270  
Worthy at all times  
Of worship and wonder!

PRINCE HENRY, *at the door.*

Amen!

URSULA.

Who was it said Amen?

ELSIE.

It was the Prince: he stood at the  
door,



And listened a moment, as we  
 chanted  
 The evening song. He is gone  
 again.  
 I have often seen him there before.

URSULA.

Poor Prince!

GOTTLIEB.

I thought the house was haunted !  
 Poor Prince, alas ! and yet as mild  
 And patient as the gentlest  
 child ! 280

MAX.

I love him because he is so good,  
 And makes me such fine bows and  
 arrows,  
 To shoot at the robins and the  
 sparrows,  
 And the red squirrels in the wood !

BERTHA.

I love him, too !

GOTTLIEB.

Ah, yes ! we all  
 Love him, from the bottom of our  
 hearts ;  
 He gave us the farm, the house,  
 and the grange,  
 He gave us the horses and the  
 carts,  
 And the great oxen in the stall,  
 The vineyard, and the forest  
 range ! 290  
 We have nothing to give him but  
 our love !

BERTHA.

Did he give us the beautiful stork  
 above  
 On the chimney-top, with its large,  
 round nest ?

GOTTLIEB.

No, not the stork ; by God in  
 heaven,  
 As a blessing, the dear white stork  
 was given,

But the Prince has given us all the  
 rest.  
 God bless him, and make him well  
 again.

ELSIE.

Would I could do something for  
 his sake,  
 Something to cure his sorrow and  
 pain ! 299

GOTTLIEB.

That no one can ; neither thou nor I,  
 Nor any one else.

ELSIE.

And must he die ?

URSULA.

Yes ; if the dear God does not take  
 Pity upon him, in his distress,  
 And work a miracle !

GOTTLIEB.

Or unless  
 Some maiden, of her own accord,  
 Offers her life for that of her lord,  
 And is willing to die in his stead.

ELSIE.

I will !

URSULA.

Prithee, thou foolish child, be still !  
 Thou shouldst not say what thou  
 dost not mean ! 309

ELSIE.

I mean it truly !

MAX.

O father ! this morning,  
 Down by the mill, in the ravine,  
 Hans killed a wolf, the very same  
 That in the night to the sheepfold  
 came,  
 And ate up my lamb, that was left  
 outside.

GOTTLIEB.

I am glad he is dead. It will be a  
 warning

To the wolves in the forest, far  
and wide.

MAX.

And I am going to have his hide!

BERTHA.

I wonder if this is the wolf that ate  
Little Red Ridinghood!

URSULA.

Oh, no!

That wolf was killed a long while  
ago. 320

Come, children, it is growing late.

MAX.

Ah, how I wish I were a man,  
As stout as Hans is, and as strong!  
I would do nothing else, the whole  
day long,  
But just kill wolves.

GOTTLIEB.

Then go to bed,

And grow as fast as a little boy  
can.

Bertha is half asleep already.  
See how she nods her heavy head,  
And her sleepy feet are so un-  
steady

She will hardly be able to creep  
upstairs. 330

URSULA.

Good night, my children. Here's  
the light.

And do not forget to say your  
prayers

Before you sleep.

GOTTLIEB.

Good night!

MAX and BERTHA.

Good night!

*They go out with ELSIE.*

URSULA, *spinning.*

She is a strange and wayward  
child,

That Elsie of ours. She looks so  
old,

And thoughts and fancies weird  
and wild

Seem of late to have taken hold  
Of her heart, that was once so do-  
cile and mild!

GOTTLIEB.

She is like all girls.

URSULA.

Ah no, forsooth!

Unlike all I have ever seen. 340  
For she has visions and strange  
dreams,

And in all her words and ways, she  
seems

Much older than she is in truth.  
Who would think her but fifteen?  
And there has been of late such a  
change!

My heart is heavy with fear and  
doubt

That she may not live till the year  
is out.

She is so strange, — so strange, —  
so strange!

GOTTLIEB.

I am not troubled with any such  
fear;

She will live and thrive for many  
a year. 350

ELSIE'S CHAMBER.

*Night. ELSIE praying.*

ELSIE.

My Redeemer and my Lord,  
I beseech thee, I entreat thee,  
Guide me in each act and word,  
That hereafter I may meet thee,  
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearn-  
ing,

With my lamp well trimmed and  
burning!

Interceding  
With these bleeding  
Wounds upon thy hands and side,

For all who have lived and errèd,  
 Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,  
 Scourged, and mocked, and cruci-  
 fied, 362  
 And in the grave hast thou been  
 buried!

If my feeble prayer can reach thee,  
 O my Saviour, I beseech thee,  
 Even as thou hast died for me,  
 More sincerely  
 Let me follow where thou leadest,  
 Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,  
 Die, if dying I may give 370  
 Life to one who asks to live,  
 And more nearly,  
 Dying thus, resemble thee!

THE CHAMBER OF GOTTLIEB  
 AND URSULA.

*Midnight. ELSIE standing by  
 their bedside, weeping.*

GOTTLIEB.

The wind is roaring; the rushing  
 rain  
 Is loud upon roof and window-  
 pane,  
 As if the Wild Huntsman of Ro-  
 denstein,  
 Boding evil to me and mine,  
 Were abroad to - night with his  
 ghostly train!  
 In the brief lulls of the tempest  
 wild,  
 The dogs howl in the yard; and  
 hark! 380  
 Some one is sobbing in the dark,  
 Here in the chamber!

ELSIE.

It is I.

URSULA.

Elsie! what ails thee, my poor  
 child?

ELSIE.

I am disturbed and much dis-  
 tressed,

In thinking our dear Prince must  
 die;  
 I cannot close mine eyes, nor rest.

GOTTLIEB.

What wouldst thou? In the  
 Power Divine  
 His healing lies, not in our own;  
 It is in the hand of God alone.

ELSIE.

Nay, He has put it into mine, 390  
 And into my heart!

GOTTLIEB.

Thy words are wild!

URSULA.

What dost thou mean? my child!  
 my child!

ELSIE.

That for our dear Prince Henry's  
 sake  
 I will myself the offering make,  
 And give my life to purchase his.

URSULA.

Am I still dreaming, or awake?  
 Thou speakest carelessly of death,  
 And yet thou knowest not what  
 it is.

ELSIE.

'T is the cessation of our breath.  
 Silent and motionless we lie; 400  
 And no one knoweth more than  
 this.

I saw our little Gertrude die;  
 She left off breathing, and no  
 more

I smoothed the pillow beneath her  
 head.

She was more beautiful than be-  
 fore.

Like violets faded were her eyes;  
 By this we knew that she was  
 dead.

Through the open window looked  
 the skies

Into the chamber where she lay,

And the wind was like the sound  
of wings, 410  
As if angels came to bear her  
away.

Ah! when I saw and felt these  
things,

I found it difficult to stay;  
I longed to die, as she had died,  
And go forth with her, side by side.  
The Saints are dead, the Martyrs  
dead,

And Mary, and our Lord; and I  
Would follow in humility  
The way by them illuminèd!

URSULA.

My child! my child! thou must not  
die! 420

ELSIE.

Why should I live? Do I not  
know

The life of woman is full of woe?

Toiling on and on and on,

With breaking heart, and tearful  
eyes,

And silent lips, and in the soul

The secret longings that arise,

Which this world never satisfies!  
Some more, some less, but of the  
whole

Not one quite happy, no, not one!

URSULA.

It is the malediction of Eve! 430

ELSIE.

In place of it, let me receive

The benediction of Mary, then.

GOTTLIEB.

Ah, woe is me! Ah, woe is me!  
Most wretched am I among men!

URSULA.

Alas! that I should live to see

Thy death, beloved, and to stand

Above thy grave! Ah, woe the  
day!

ELSIE.

Thou wilt not see it. I shall lie

Beneath the flowers of another  
land,

For at Salerno, far away 440

Over the mountains, over the sea,

It is appointed me to die!

And it will seem no more to thee

Than if at the village on market-  
day

I should a little longer stay

Than I am wont.

URSULA.

Even as thou sayest!

And how my heart beats, when  
thou stayest!

I cannot rest until my sight

Is satisfied with seeing thee. 449

What then, if thou wert dead?

GOTTLIEB.

Ah me!

Of our old eyes thou art the light!

The joy of our old hearts art thou!

And wilt thou die?

URSULA.

Not now! not now!

ELSIE.

Christ died for me, and shall not I

Be willing for my Prince to die?

You both are silent; you cannot  
speak.

This said I at our Saviour's feast

After confession, to the priest,

And even he made no reply. 459

Does he not warn us all to seek

The happier, better land on high,

Where flowers immortal never  
wither;

And could he forbid me to go  
thither?

GOTTLIEB.

In God's own time, my heart's  
delight!

When He shall call thee, not be-  
fore!

ELSIE.

I heard Him call. When Christ  
ascended

Triumphantly, from star to star,  
 He left the gates of heaven ajar.  
 I had a vision in the night, 469  
 And saw Him standing at the door  
 Of his Father's mansion, vast and  
 splendid,  
 And beckoning to me from afar.  
 I cannot stay !

GOTTLIEB.

She speaks almost  
 As if it were the Holy Ghost  
 Spake through her lips, and in her  
 stead !  
 What if this were of God ?

URSULA.

Ah, then  
 Gainsay it dare we not.

GOTTLIEB.

Amen !  
 Elsie ! the words that thou hast  
 said  
 Are strange and new for us to  
 hear,  
 And fill our hearts with doubt and  
 fear. 480  
 Whether it be a dark temptation  
 Of the Evil One, or God's inspira-  
 tion,  
 We in our blindness cannot say.  
 We must think upon it, and pray ;  
 For evil and good it both re-  
 sembles.  
 If it be of God, his will be done !  
 May He guard us from the Evil  
 One !  
 How hot thy hand is ! how it  
 trembles !  
 Go to thy bed, and try to sleep.

URSULA.

Kiss me. Good night ; and do not  
 weep ! 490

ELSIE goes out.

Ah, what an awful thing is this !  
 I almost shuddered at her kiss,  
 As if a ghost had touched my  
 cheek,

I am so childish and so weak !  
 As soon as I see the earliest gray  
 Of morning glimmer in the east,  
 I will go over to the priest,  
 And hear what the good man has  
 to say !

A VILLAGE CHURCH.

*A woman kneeling at the confes-  
 sional.*

THE PARISH PRIEST, *from within.*

Go, sin no more ! Thy penance  
 o'er,

A new and better life begin ! 500  
 God maketh thee forever free

From the dominion of thy sin !

Go, sin no more ! He will re-  
 store

The peace that filled thy heart be-  
 fore,

And pardon thine iniquity !

*The woman goes out. The Priest  
 comes forth, and walks slowly up  
 and down the church.*

O blessed Lord ! how much I  
 need

Thy light to guide me on my  
 way !

So many hands, that, without heed,  
 Still touch thy wounds, and make  
 them bleed ! 509

So many feet, that, day by day,  
 Still wander from thy fold astray !  
 Unless thou fill me with thy light,  
 I cannot lead thy flock aright ;  
 Nor, without thy support, can bear  
 The burden of so great a care,  
 But am myself a castaway !

*A pause.*

The day is drawing to its close ;  
 And what good deeds, since first  
 it rose,

Have I presented, Lord, to thee,  
 As offerings of my ministry ? 520

What wrong repressed, what right  
 maintained,

What struggle passed, what vic-  
 tory gained,



What good attempted and attained?

Feeble, at best, is my endeavor!  
I see, but cannot reach, the height  
That lies forever in the light,  
And yet forever and forever,  
When seeming just within my grasp,  
I feel my feeble hands unclasp, 529  
And sink discouraged into night!  
For thine own purpose, thou hast sent  
The strife and the discouragement!

*A pause.*

Why stayest thou, Prince of Hohenneck?

Why keep me pacing to and fro  
Amid these aisles of sacred gloom,  
Counting my footsteps as I go,  
And marking with each step a tomb?

Why should the world for thee make room, 538  
And wait thy leisure and thy beck?  
Thou comest in the hope to hear  
Some word of comfort and of cheer.

What can I say? I cannot give  
The counsel to do this and live;  
But rather, firmly to deny  
The tempter, though his power be strong,

And, inaccessible to wrong,  
Still like a martyr live and die!

*A pause.*

The evening air grows dusk and brown;

I must go forth into the town, 549  
To visit beds of pain and death,  
Of restless limbs, and quivering breath,

And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes

That see, through tears, the sun go down,

But never more shall see it rise.  
The poor in body and estate,  
The sick and the disconsolate,  
Must not on man's convenience wait.

*Goes out.*

*Enter LUCIFER, as a Priest.*

LUCIFER, *with a genuflection, mocking.*

This is the Black Pater-noster.

God was my foster,  
He fostered me 560

Under the book of the Palm-tree!

St. Michael was my dame.

He was born at Bethlehem,

He was made of flesh and blood.

God send me my right food,

My right food, and shelter too,

That I may to yon kirk go,

To read upon yon sweet book

Which the mighty God of heaven shook.

Open, open, hell's gates! 570

Shut, shut, heaven's gates!

All the devils in the air

The stronger be, that hear the  
Black Prayer!

*Looking round the church.*

What a darksome and dismal place!

I wonder that any man has the face

To call such a hole the House of the Lord,

And the Gate of Heaven,—yet such is the word.

Ceiling, and walls, and windows old,

Covered with cobwebs, blackened with mould;

Dust on the pulpit, dust on the stairs, 580

Dust on the benches, and stalls, and chairs!

The pulpit, from which such ponderous sermons

Have fallen down on the brains of the Germans,

With about as much real edification

As if a great Bible, bound in lead,  
Had fallen, and struck them on the head;

And I ought to remember that sensation!

Here stands the holy-water stoup!

Holy-water it may be to many;  
But to me, the veriest Liquor  
Gehennæ! 590

It smells like a filthy fast-day  
soup!

Near it stands the box for the  
poor,

With its iron padlock, safe and  
sure.

I and the priest of the parish know  
Whither all these charities go;

Therefore, to keep up the institu-  
tion,

I will add my little contribution!

*He puts in money.*

Underneath this mouldering tomb,  
With statue of stone, and scutcheon  
of brass,

Slumbers a great lord of the vil-  
lage. 600

All his life was riot and pillage,  
But at length to escape the threat-  
ened doom

Of the everlasting penal fire,  
He died in the dress of a mendi-  
cant friar,

And bartered his wealth for a  
daily mass.

But all that afterwards came to  
pass,

And whether he finds it dull or  
pleasant,

Is kept a secret for the present,  
At his own particular desire. 609

And here, in a corner of the wall,  
Shadowy, silent, apart from all,  
With its awful portal open wide,  
And its latticed windows on either  
side,

And its step well worn by the  
bended knees

Of one or two pious centuries,  
Stands the village confessional!  
Within it, as an honored guest,  
I will sit down awhile and rest!

*Sits himself in the confessional.*  
Here sits the priest; and faint and  
low,

Like the sighing of an evening  
breeze, 620

Comes through these painted lat-  
tices

The ceaseless sound of human  
woe;

Here, while her bosom aches and  
throbs

With deep and agonizing sobs,  
That half are passion, half contri-  
tion,

The luckless daughter of perdi-  
tion

Slowly confesses her secret  
shame!

The time, the place, the lover's  
name!

Here the grim murderer, with a  
groan,

From his bruised conscience rolls  
the stone, 630

Thinking that thus he can atone  
For ravages of sword and flame!

Indeed, I marvel, and marvel  
greatly,

How a priest can sit here so se-  
dately,

Reading, the whole year out and  
in,

Naught but the catalogue of sin,  
And still keep any faith whatever  
In human virtue! Never! never!

I cannot repeat a thousandth  
part

Of the horrors and crimes and sins  
and woes 640

That arise, when with palpitating  
throes

The graveyard in the human heart  
Gives up its dead, at the voice of  
the priest,

As if he were an archangel, at  
least.

It makes a peculiar atmosphere,  
This odor of earthly passions and  
crimes,

Such as I like to breathe, at times,  
And such as often brings me here  
In the hottest and most pestilen-  
tial season. 649

To-day, I come for another reason;

To foster and ripen an evil thought  
 In a heart that is almost to mad-  
 ness wrought,  
 And to make a murderer out of a  
 prince,  
 A sleight of hand I learned long  
 since!  
 He comes. In the twilight he will  
 not see  
 The difference between his priest  
 and me!  
 In the same net was the mother  
 caught!

PRINCE HENRY, *entering and  
 kneeling at the confessional.*

Remorseful, penitent, and lowly,  
 I come to crave, O Father holy,  
 'Thy benediction on my head. 660

LUCIFER.

The benediction shall be said  
 After confession, not before!  
 'Tis a God-speed to the parting  
 guest,  
 Who stands already at the door,  
 Sandalled with holiness, and  
 dressed  
 In garments pure from earthly  
 stain.  
 Meanwhile, hast thou searched  
 well thy breast?  
 Does the same madness fill thy  
 brain?  
 Or have thy passion and unrest 669  
 Vanished forever from thy mind?

PRINCE HENRY.

By the same madness still made  
 blind,  
 By the same passion still pos-  
 sessed,  
 I come again to the house of  
 prayer,  
 A man afflicted and distressed!  
 As in a cloudy atmosphere,  
 Through unseen sluices of the  
 air,  
 A sudden and impetuous wind  
 Strikes the great forest white with  
 fear,

And every branch, and bough, and  
 spray  
 Points all its quivering leaves one  
 way, 680  
 And meadows of grass, and fields  
 of grain,  
 And the clouds above, and the  
 slanting rain,  
 And smoke from chimneys of the  
 town,  
 Yield themselves to it, and bow  
 down,  
 So does this dreadful purpose  
 press  
 Onward, with irresistible stress,  
 And all my thoughts and faculties,  
 Struck level by the strength of  
 this,  
 From their true inclination turn,  
 And all stream forward to Sa-  
 lern! 690

LUCIFER.

Alas! we are but eddies of dust,  
 Uplifted by the blast, and whirled  
 Along the highway of the world  
 A moment only, then to fall  
 Back to a common level all,  
 At the subsiding of the gust!

PRINCE HENRY.

O holy Father! pardon in me  
 The oscillation of a mind  
 Unsteadfast, and that cannot  
 find 699  
 Its centre of rest and harmony!  
 For evermore before mine eyes  
 This ghastly phantom flits and  
 flies,  
 And as a madman through a  
 crowd,  
 With frantic gestures and wild  
 cries,  
 It hurries onward, and aloud  
 Repeats its awful prophecies!  
 Weakness is wretchedness! To  
 be strong  
 Is to be happy! I am weak,  
 And cannot find the good I  
 seek, 709  
 Because I feel and fear the wrong!

## LUCIFER.

Be not alarmed! The Church is  
kind,  
And in her mercy and her meek-  
ness  
She meets half-way her children's  
weakness,  
Writes their transgressions in the  
dust!  
Though in the Decalogue we find  
The mandate written, 'Thou shalt  
not kill!'  
Yet there are cases when we must.  
In war, for instance, or from  
scathe  
To guard and keep the one true  
Faith,  
We must look at the Decalogue in  
the light 720  
Of an ancient statute, that was  
meant  
For a mild and general application,  
To be understood with the reser-  
vation  
That in certain instances the Right  
Must yield to the Expedient!  
Thou art a Prince. If thou  
shouldst die,  
What hearts and hopes would  
prostrate lie!  
What noble deeds, what fair re-  
nown,  
Into the grave with thee go  
down! 729  
What acts of valor and courtesy  
Remain undone, and die with  
thee!  
Thou art the last of all thy race!  
With thee a noble name expires,  
And vanishes from the earth's face  
The glorious memory of thy sires!  
She is a peasant. In her veins  
Flows common and plebeian blood;  
It is such as daily and hourly  
stains  
The dust and the turf of battle  
plains,  
By vassals shed, in a crimson  
flood, 740  
Without reserve, and without re-  
ward,

At the slightest summons of their  
lord!  
But thine is precious; the fore-ap-  
pointed  
Blood of kings, of God's anoint-  
ed!  
Moreover, what has the world in  
store  
For one like her, but tears and  
toil?  
Daughter of sorrow, serf of the  
soil,  
A peasant's child and a peasant's  
wife,  
And her soul within her sick and  
sore  
With the roughness and barren-  
ness of life! 750  
I marvel not at the heart's recoil  
From a fate like this, in one so  
tender,  
Nor at its eagerness to surrender  
All the wretchedness, want, and  
woe  
That await it in this world below,  
For the unutterable splendor  
Of the world of rest beyond the  
skies.  
So the Church sanctions the sacri-  
fice:  
Therefore inhale this healing  
balm,  
And breathe this fresh life into  
thine; 760  
Accept the comfort and the calm  
She offers, as a gift divine;  
Let her fall down and anoint thy  
feet  
With the ointment costly and most  
sweet  
Of her young blood, and thou shalt  
live.

## PRINCE HENRY.

And will the righteous Heaven for-  
give?  
No action, whether foul or fair,  
Is ever done, but it leaves some-  
where  
A record, written by fingers  
ghostly,

As a blessing or a curse, and  
mostly 770  
In the greater weakness or greater  
strength  
Of the acts which follow it, till at  
length  
The wrongs of ages are redressed,  
And the justice of God made mani-  
fest!

LUCIFER.

In ancient records it is stated  
That, whenever an evil deed is  
done,  
Another devil is created  
To scourge and torment the offend-  
ing one!  
But evil is only good perverted,  
And Lucifer, the bearer of Light,  
But an angel fallen and deserted,  
Thrust from his Father's house  
with a curse 782  
Into the black and endless night.

PRINCE HENRY.

If justice rules the universe,  
From the good actions of good men  
Angels of light should be begotten,  
And thus the balance restored  
again.

LUCIFER.

Yes; if the world were not so rot-  
ten,  
And so given over to the Devil!

PRINCE HENRY.

But this deed, is it good or evil?  
Have I thine absolution free 791  
To do it, and without restriction?

LUCIFER.

Ay; and from whatsoever sin  
Lieth around it and within,  
From all crimes in which it may  
involve thee,  
I now release thee and absolve  
thee!

PRINCE HENRY.

Give me thy holy benediction.

LUCIFER, *stretching forth his  
hand and muttering.*  
Maledictione perpetua  
Maledicat vos  
Pater eternus! 800

THE ANGEL, *with the æolian harp.*  
Take heed! take heed!  
Noble art thou in thy birth,  
By the good and the great of earth  
Hast thou been taught!  
Be noble in every thought  
And in every deed!  
Let not the illusion of thy senses  
Betray thee to deadly offences.  
Be strong! be good! be pure!  
The right only shall endure, 810  
All things else are but false pre-  
tences.  
I entreat thee, I implore,  
Listen no more  
To the suggestions of an evil spirit,  
That even now is there,  
Making the foul seem fair,  
And selfishness itself a virtue and  
a merit!

A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

GOTTLIEB.

It is decided! For many days,  
And nights as many, we have had  
A nameless terror in our breast,  
Making us timid, and afraid 821  
Of God, and his mysterious ways!  
We have been sorrowful and sad;  
Much have we suffered, much have  
prayed  
That He would lead us as is best,  
And show us what his will re-  
quired.

It is decided; and we give  
Our child, O Prince, that you may  
live!

URSULA.

It is of God. He has inspired  
This purpose in her; and through  
pain, 830  
Out of a world of sin and woe,  
He takes her to Himself again.



The mother's heart resists no  
longer;  
With the Angel of the Lord in vain  
It wrestled, for he was the  
stronger.

GOTTLIEB.

As Abraham offered long ago  
His son unto the Lord, and even  
The Everlasting Father in heaven  
Gave his, as a lamb unto the  
slaughter,

So do I offer up my daughter! 840

URSULA *hides her face.*

ELSIE.

My life is little,  
Only a cup of water,  
But pure and limpid.  
Take it, O my Prince!  
Let it refresh you,  
Let it restore you.  
It is given willingly,  
It is given freely;  
May God bless the gift!

PRINCE HENRY.

And the giver! 850

GOTTLIEB.

Amen!

PRINCE HENRY.

I accept it!

GOTTLIEB.

Where are the children?

URSULA.

They are already asleep.

GOTTLIEB.

What if they were dead?

IN THE GARDEN.

ELSIE.

I have one thing to ask of you.

PRINCE HENRY.

What is it?

It is already granted.

ELSIE.

Promise me,

When we are gone from here, and  
on our way

Are journeying to Salerno, you  
will not,

By word or deed, endeavor to dis-  
suade me 860

And turn me from my purpose;  
but remember

That as a pilgrim to the Holy City  
Walks unmolested, and with  
thoughts of pardon

Occupied wholly, so would I ap-  
proach

The gates of Heaven, in this great  
jubilee,

With my petition, putting off from  
me

All thoughts of earth, as shoes  
from off my feet.

Promise me this.

PRINCE HENRY.

Thy words fall from thy lips  
Like roses from the lips of Angelo:  
and angels 869

Might stoop to pick them up!

ELSIE.

Will you not promise?

PRINCE HENRY.

If ever we depart upon this jour-  
ney,

So long to one or both of us, I  
promise.

ELSIE.

Shall we not go, then? Have you  
lifted me

Into the air, only to hurl me back  
Wounded upon the ground? and  
offered me

The waters of eternal life, to bid me  
Drink the polluted puddles of this  
world?

PRINCE HENRY.

O Elsie! what a lesson thou dost  
teach me!

The life which is, and that which  
is to come,  
Suspended hang in such nice equi-  
poise 88o

A breath disturbs the balance;  
and that scale

In which we throw our hearts pre-  
ponderates,

And the other, like an empty one,  
flies up,

And is accounted vanity and air!  
To me the thought of death is  
terrible,

Having such hold on life. To thee  
it is not

So much even as the lifting of a  
latch;

Only a step into the open air  
Out of a tent already luminous

With light that shines through its  
transparent walls! 89o

O pure in heart! from thy sweet  
dust shall grow

Lilies, upon whose petals will be  
written

'Ave Maria' in characters of gold!

### III

#### A STREET IN STRASBURG

*Night. PRINCE HENRY wandering alone, wrapped in a cloak.*

#### PRINCE HENRY.

Still is the night. The sound of feet  
Has died away from the empty  
street,

And like an artisan, bending down  
His head on his anvil, the dark  
town

Sleeps, with a slumber deep and  
sweet.

Sleepless and restless, I alone,  
In the dusk and damp of these  
walls of stone,

Wander and weep in my remorse!

CRIER OF THE DEAD, *ringing a bell.*

Wake! wake!

All ye that sleep! 10

Pray for the Dead!

Pray for the Dead!

#### PRINCE HENRY.

Hark! with what accents loud  
and hoarse

This warder on the walls of  
death

Sends forth the challenge of his  
breath!

I see the dead that sleep in the  
grave!

They rise up and their garments  
wave,

Dimly and spectral, as they rise,  
With the light of another world in  
their eyes!

#### CRIER OF THE DEAD.

Wake! wake! 20

All ye that sleep!

Pray for the Dead!

Pray for the Dead!

#### PRINCE HENRY.

Why for the dead, who are at rest?  
Pray for the living, in whose breast  
The struggle between right and  
wrong

Is raging terrible and strong,  
As when good angels war with  
devils!

This is the Master of the Revels,  
Who, at Life's flowing feast, pro-  
poses 30

The health of absent friends, and  
pledges,

Not in bright goblets crowned with  
roses,

And tinkling as we touch their  
edges,

But with his dismal, tinkling bell,  
That mocks and mimics their fu-  
neral knell!

#### CRIER OF THE DEAD.

Wake! wake!

All ye that sleep!

Pray for the Dead!

Pray for the Dead!

PRINCE HENRY.

Wake not, beloved! be thy sleep 40  
 Silent as night is, and as deep!  
 There walks a sentinel at thy gate  
 Whose heart is heavy and desolate,  
 And the heavings of whose bosom  
 number  
 The respirations of thy slumber,  
 As if some strange, mysterious  
 fate  
 Had linked two hearts in one, and  
 mine  
 Went madly wheeling about thine,  
 Only with wider and wilder sweep!

CRIER OF THE DEAD, *at a distance.*

Wake! wake! 50  
 All ye that sleep!  
 Pray for the Dead!  
 Pray for the Dead!

PRINCE HENRY.

Lo! with what depth of blackness  
 thrown  
 Against the clouds, far up the  
 skies  
 The walls of the cathedral rise,  
 Like a mysterious grove of stone,  
 With fitful lights and shadows  
 blending,  
 As from behind, the moon, ascend-  
 ing,  
 Lights its dim aisles and paths un-  
 known! 60  
 The wind is rising; but the boughs  
 Rise not and fall not with the  
 wind,  
 That through their foliage sobs  
 and soughs;  
 Only the cloudy rack behind,  
 Drifting onward, wild and ragged,  
 Gives to each spire and buttress  
 jagged  
 A seeming motion undefined.  
 Below on the square, an armed  
 knight,  
 Still as a statue and as white,  
 Sits on his steed, and the moon-  
 beams quiver 70

Upon the points of his armor  
 bright  
 As on the ripples of a river.  
 He lifts the visor from his cheek,  
 And beckons, and makes as he  
 would speak.

WALTER *the Minnesinger.*

Friend! can you tell me where  
 alight  
 Thuringia's horsemen for the  
 night?  
 For I have lingered in the rear,  
 And wander vainly up and down.

PRINCE HENRY.

I am a stranger in the town,  
 As thou art; but the voice I  
 hear 80  
 Is not a stranger to mine ear.  
 Thou art Walter of the Vogel-  
 weid!

WALTER.

Thou hast guessed rightly; and  
 thy name  
 Is Henry of Hoheneck!

PRINCE HENRY.

Ay, the same.

WALTER, *embracing him.*

Come closer, closer to my side!  
 What brings thee hither? What  
 potent charm  
 Has drawn thee from thy German  
 farm  
 Into the old Alsatian city?

PRINCE HENRY.

A tale of wonder and of pity!  
 A wretched man, almost by  
 stealth 90  
 Dragging my body to Salern,  
 In the vain hope and search for  
 health,  
 And destined never to return.  
 Already thou hast heard the rest.  
 But what brings thee, thus armed  
 and light  
 In the equipments of a knight?

WALTER.

Dost thou not see upon my breast  
The cross of the Crusaders shine?  
My pathway leads to Palestine.

PRINCE HENRY.

Ah, would that way were also  
mine! 100  
O noble poet! thou whose heart  
Is like a nest of singing-birds  
Rocked on the topmost bough of  
life,

Wilt thou, too, from our sky depart,  
And in the clangor of the strife  
Mingle the music of thy words?

WALTER.

My hopes are high, my heart is  
proud,  
And like a trumpet long and loud,  
Thither my thoughts all clang and  
ring!

My life is in my hand, and lo! 110  
I grasp and bend it as a bow,  
And shoot forth from its trembling  
string

An arrow, that shall be, perchance,  
Like the arrow of the Israelite  
king  
Shot from the window toward the  
east,  
That of the Lord's deliverance!

PRINCE HENRY.

My life, alas! is what thou seest!  
O enviable fate! to be  
Strong, beautiful, and armed like  
thee

With lyre and sword, with song  
and steel; 120

A hand to smite, a heart to feel!  
Thy heart, thy hand, thy lyre, thy  
sword,

Thou givest all unto thy Lord;  
While I, so mean and abject  
grown,  
Am thinking of myself alone.

WALTER.

Be patient: Time will reinstate  
Thy health and fortunes.

PRINCE HENRY.

'T is too late!  
I cannot strive against my fate!

WALTER.

Come with me; for my steed is  
weary;  
Our journey has been long and  
dreary, 130  
And, dreaming of his stall, he dints  
With his impatient hoofs the  
flints.

PRINCE HENRY, *aside*.

I am ashamed, in my disgrace,  
To look into that noble face!  
To-morrow, Walter, let it be.

WALTER.

To-morrow, at the dawn of day,  
I shall again be on my way.  
Come with me to the hostelry,  
For I have many things to say.  
Our journey into Italy 140  
Perchance together we may make;  
Wilt thou not do it for my sake?

PRINCE HENRY.

A sick man's pace would but im-  
pede  
Thine eager and impatient speed.  
Besides, my pathway leads me  
round  
To Hirschau, in the forest's bound,  
Where I assemble man and steed,  
And all things for my journey's  
need.

*They go out.*LUCIFER, *flying over the city*.

Sleep, sleep, O city! till the light  
Wake you to sin and crime  
again, 150  
Whilst on your dreams, like dis-  
mal rain,  
I scatter downward through the  
night  
My maledictions dark and deep.  
I have more martyrs in your walls  
Than God has; and they cannot  
sleep;

They are my bondsmen and my  
thralls;

Their wretched lives are full of  
pain,

Wild agonies of nerve and brain;

And every heart-beat, every  
breath, 159

Is a convulsion worse than death!

Sleep, sleep, O city! though within

The circuit of your walls there be

No habitation free from sin,

And all its nameless misery;

The aching heart, the aching head,

Grief for the living and the dead,

And foul corruption of the time,

Disease, distress, and want, and  
woe,

And crimes, and passions that may  
grow

Until they ripen into crime! 170

SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE  
CATHEDRAL.

*Easter Sunday. FRIAR CUTHBERT preaching to the crowd from a pulpit in the open air. PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE crossing the square.*

PRINCE HENRY.

This is the day, when from the  
dead

Our Lord arose; and everywhere,

Out of their darkness and despair,

Triumphant over fears and foes,

The hearts of his disciples rose,

When to the women, standing near,

The Angel in shining vesture said,

'The Lord is risen; He is not  
here!'

And, mindful that the day is come,  
On all the hearths in Christen-  
dom 180

The fires are quenched, to be again

Rekindled from the sun, that high

Is dancing in the cloudless sky.

The churches are all decked with  
flowers,

The salutations among men

Are but the Angel's words divine,

'Christ is arisen!' and the bells  
Catch the glad murmur, as it  
swells,

And chant together in their tow-  
ers.

All hearts are glad; and free from  
care 190

The faces of the people shine.

See what a crowd is in the square,

Gayly and gallantly arrayed!

ELSIE.

Let us go back; I am afraid!

PRINCE HENRY.

Nay, let us mount the church-steps  
here,

Under the doorway's sacred shad-  
ow;

We can see all things, and be freer  
From the crowd that madly heaves  
and presses!

ELSIE.

What a gay pageant! what bright  
dresses!

It looks like a flower-besprinkled  
meadow. 200

What is that yonder on the square?

PRINCE HENRY.

A pulpit in the open air,

And a Friar, who is preaching to  
the crowd

In a voice so deep and clear and  
loud,

That, if we listen, and give heed,

His lowest words will reach the  
ear.

FRIAR CUTHBERT, *gesticulating  
and cracking a postilion's whip.*

What ho! good people! do you not  
hear?

Dashing along at the top of his  
speed,

Booted and spurred, on his jaded  
steed,

A courier comes with words of  
cheer. 210

Courier! what is the news, I pray?



'Christ is arisen!' Whence come you? 'From court.'

Then I do not believe it; you say it in sport.

*Cracks his whip again.*

Ah, here comes another, riding this way;

We soon shall know what he has to say.

Courier! what are the tidings to-day?

'Christ is arisen!' Whence come you? 'From town.'

Then I do not believe it; away with you, clown.

*Cracks his whip more violently.*

And here comes a third, who is spurring amain;

What news do you bring, with your loose-hanging rein, 220

Your spurs wet with blood, and your bridle with foam?

'Christ is arisen!' Whence come you? 'From Rome.'

Ah, now I believe. He is risen, indeed.

Ride on with the news, at the top of your speed!

*Great applause among the crowd.*

To come back to my text! When the news was first spread

That Christ was arisen indeed from the dead,

Very great was the joy of the angels in heaven;

And as great the dispute as to who should carry

The tidings thereof to the Virgin Mary,

Pierced to the heart with sorrows seven. 230

Old Father Adam was first to propose,

As being the author of all our woes;

But he was refused, for fear, said they,

He would stop to eat apples on the way!

Abel came next, but petitioned in vain,

Because he might meet with his brother Cain!

Noah, too, was refused, lest his weakness for wine

Should delay him at every tavern-sign;

And John the Baptist could not get a vote,

On account of his old-fashioned camel's-hair coat; 240

And the Penitent Thief, who died on the cross,

Was reminded that all his bones were broken!

Till at last, when each in turn had spoken,

The company being still at loss, The Angel, who rolled away the

stone, Was sent to the sepulchre, all alone.

And filled with glory that gloomy prison,

And said to the Virgin, 'The Lord is arisen!'

*The Cathedral bells ring.*

But hark! the bells are beginning to chime;

And I feel that I am growing hoarse. 250

I will put an end to my discourse, And leave the rest for some other

time.

For the bells themselves are the best of preachers;

Their brazen lips are learned teachers,

From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air,

Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,

Shriller than trumpets under the Law,

Now a sermon, and now a prayer. The clangorous hammer is the

tongue, This way, that way, beaten and swung, 260

That from mouth of brass, as from mouth of Gold,

May be taught the Testaments,  
New and Old.

And above it the great cross-beam  
of wood

Representeth the Holy Rood,  
Upon which, like the bell, our  
hopes are hung.

And the wheel wherewith it is  
swayed and rung

Is the mind of man, that round  
and round

Sways, and maketh the tongue to  
sound!

And the rope, with its twisted cor-  
dage three,

Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity  
Of Morals, and Symbols, and His-  
tory; 271

And the upward and downward  
motion show

That we touch upon matters high  
and low;

And the constant change and  
transmutation

Of action and of contemplation,  
Downward, the Scripture brought  
from on high,

Upward, exalted again to the  
sky;

Downward, the literal interpreta-  
tion,

Upward, the Vision and Mystery!

And now, my hearers, to make an  
end, 280

I have only one word more to  
say;

In the church, in honor of Easter  
day

Will be presented a Miracle Play;  
And I hope you will all have the  
grace to attend.

Christ bring us at last to his fel-  
icity!

Pax vobiscum! et Benedicite!

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

CHANT.

Kyrie Eleison!

Christe Eleison!

ELSIE.

I am at home here in my Father's  
house!

These paintings of the Saints upon  
the walls 290

Have all familiar and benignant  
faces.

PRINCE HENRY.

The portraits of the family of  
God!

Thine own hereafter shall be  
placed among them.

ELSIE.

How very grand it is and wonder-  
ful!

Never have I beheld a church so  
splendid!

Such columns, and such arches,  
and such windows,

So many tombs and statues in the  
chapels,

And under them so many confes-  
sionals.

They must be for the rich. I  
should not like

To tell my sins in such a church  
as this. 300

Who built it?

PRINCE HENRY.

A great master of his craft,  
Erwin von Steinbach; but not ne  
alone,

For many generations labored with  
him.

Children that came to see these  
Saints in stone,

As day by day out of the blocks  
they rose,

Grew old and died, and still the  
work went on,

And on, and on, and is not yet  
completed.

The generation that succeeds our  
own

Perhaps may finish it. The archi-  
tect

Built his great heart into these  
sculptured stones, 310

And with him toiled his children,  
and their lives  
Were builded, with his own, into  
the walls,  
As offerings unto God. You see  
that statue  
Fixing its joyous, but deep-wrinkled eyes  
Upon the Pillars of the Angels  
yonder.  
That is the image of the master,  
carved  
By the fair hand of his own child,  
Sabina.

ELSIE.

How beautiful is the column that  
he looks at!

PRINCE HENRY.

That, too, she sculptured. At the  
base of it  
Stand the Evangelists; above their  
heads <sup>320</sup>  
Four Angels blowing upon marble  
trumpets,  
And over them the blessed Christ,  
surrounded  
By his attendant ministers, uphold-  
ing  
The instruments of his passion.

ELSIE.

O my Lord!  
Would I could leave behind me  
upon earth  
Some monument to thy glory, such  
as this!

PRINCE HENRY.

A greater monument than this  
thou leavest  
In thine own life, all purity and  
love!  
See, too, the Rose, above the west-  
ern portal  
Resplendent with a thousand gor-  
geous colors, <sup>330</sup>  
The perfect flower of Gothic love-  
liness!

ELSIE.

And, in the gallery, the long line  
of statues,  
Christ with his twelve Apostles  
watching us!

*A BISHOP in armor, booted and  
spurred, passes with his train.*

PRINCE HENRY.

But come away; we have not time  
to look.  
The crowd already fills the church,  
and yonder  
Upon a stage, a herald with a trum-  
pet,  
Clad like the Angel Gabriel, pro-  
claims  
The Mystery that will now be re-  
presented.

## THE NATIVITY

### A MIRACLE-PLAY

#### INTROITUS

PRÆCO.

Come, good people, all and each,  
Come and listen to our speech!  
In your presence here I stand, <sup>341</sup>  
With a trumpet in my hand,  
To announce the Easter Play,  
Which we represent to-day!  
First of all we shall rehearse,  
In our action and our verse,  
The Nativity of our Lord,  
As written in the old record  
Of the Protevangelion,  
So that he who reads may run!  
*Blows his trumpet.*

I. HEAVEN.

MERCY, *at the feet of God.*

Have pity, Lord! be not afraid  
To save mankind, whom thou hast  
made, <sup>352</sup>  
Nor let the souls that were be-  
trayed  
Perish eternally!

## JUSTICE.

It cannot be, it must not be!  
 When in the garden placed by  
     thee,  
 The fruit of the forbidden tree  
     He ate, and he must die!

## MERCY.

Have pity, Lord! let penitence  
 Atone for disobedience, 360  
 Nor let the fruit of man's offence  
     Be endless misery!

## JUSTICE.

What penitence proportionate  
 Can e'er be felt for sin so great?  
 Of the forbidden fruit he ate,  
     And damned must he be!

## GOD.

He shall be saved, if that within  
 The bounds of earth one free from  
     sin  
 Be found, who for his kith and  
     kin  
 Will suffer martyrdom. 370

## THE FOUR VIRTUES.

Lord! we have searched the world  
     around,  
 From centre to the utmost bound,  
 But no such mortal can be found;  
     Despairing, back we come.

## WISDOM.

No mortal, but a God made man,  
 Can ever carry out this plan,  
 Achieving what none other can,  
     Salvation unto all!

## GOD.

Go, then, O my beloved Son!  
 It can by thee alone be done; 380  
 By thee the victory shall be won  
     O'er Satan and the Fall!

*Here the ANGEL GABRIEL shall  
 leave Paradise and fly towards  
 the earth; the jaws of Hell open  
 below, and the Devils walk about,  
 making a great noise.*

## II. MARY AT THE WELL.

## MARY.

Along the garden walk, and  
     thence  
 Through the wicket in the garden  
     fence,  
 I steal with quiet pace,  
 My pitcher at the well to fill,  
 That lies so deep and cool and  
     still  
 In this sequestered place.

These sycamores keep guard  
     around;  
 I see no face, I hear no sound, 390  
 Save bubblings of the spring,  
 And my companions, who, within,  
 The threads of gold and scarlet  
     spin,  
 And at their labor sing.

## THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

Hail, Virgin Mary, full of grace!  
*Here MARY looketh around her,  
 trembling, and then saith:*

## MARY.

Who is it speaketh in this place,  
 With such a gentle voice?

## GABRIEL.

The Lord of heaven is with thee  
     now!  
 Blessed among all women thou,  
 Who art his holy choice! 400

MARY, *setting down the pitcher.*

What can this mean? No one is  
     near,  
 And yet, such sacred words I hear,  
 I almost fear to stay.

*Here the ANGEL, appearing to her,  
 shall say:*

## GABRIEL.

Fear not, O Mary! but believe!  
 For thou, a Virgin, shalt conceive  
     A child this very day.  
 Fear not, O Mary! from the sky

The majesty of the Most High  
Shall overshadow thee!

MARY.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord!  
According to thy holy word, 411  
So be it unto me!

*Here the Devils shall again make  
a great noise, under the stage.*

### III. THE ANGELS OF THE SEVEN PLANETS, BEARING THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

THE ANGELS.

The Angels of the Planets Seven,  
Across the shining fields of heaven  
The natal star we bring!  
Dropping our sevenfold virtues  
down

As priceless jewels in the crown  
Of Christ, our new-born King.

RAPHAEL.

I am the Angel of the Sun,  
Whose flaming wheels began to  
run 420

When God's almighty breath  
Said to the darkness and the Night,  
Let there be light! and there was  
light!

I bring the gift of Faith.

ONAFIEL.

I am the Angel of the Moon,  
Darkened to be rekindled soon  
Beneath the azure cope!  
Nearest to earth, it is my ray  
That best illumines the midnight  
way;

I bring the gift of Hope! 430

ANAEL.

The Angel of the Star of Love,  
The Evening Star, that shines  
above

The place where lovers be,  
Above all happy hearths and  
homes,

On roofs of thatch, or golden  
domes,

I give him Charity!

ZOBIACHEL.

The Planet Jupiter is mine!  
The mightiest star of all that shine,  
Except the sun alone!  
He is the High Priest of the Dove,  
And sends, from his great throne  
above, 441

Justice, that shall atone!

MICHAEL.

The Planet Mercury, whose place  
Is nearest to the sun in space,  
Is my allotted sphere!  
And with celestial ardor swift  
I bear upon my hands the gift  
Of heavenly Prudence here!

URIEL.

I am the Minister of Mars,  
The strongest star among the  
stars! 450

My songs of power prelude  
The march and battle of man's  
life,  
And for the suffering and the strife,  
I give him Fortitude!

ORIFEL.

The Angel of the uttermost  
Of all the shining, heavenly host,  
From the far-off expanse  
Of the Saturnian, endless space  
I bring the last, the crowning  
grace,  
The gift of Temperance! 460

*A sudden light shines from the  
windows of the stable in the vil-  
lage below.*

### IV. THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

*The stable of the Inn. The VIR-  
GIN and CHILD. Three Gypsy  
Kings, GASPAR, MELCHIOR,  
and BELSHAZZAR, shall come  
in.*



GASPAR.

Hail to thee, Jesus of Nazareth !  
 Though in a manger thou draw  
 breath,  
 Thou art greater than Life and  
 Death,

Greater than Joy or Woe!  
 This cross upon the line of life  
 Portendeth struggle, toil, and  
 strife,  
 And through a region with peril  
 rife

In darkness shalt thou go !

MELCHIOR.

Hail to thee, King of Jerusa-  
 lem !

Though humbly born in Bethle-  
 hem, 470

A sceptre and a diadem

Await thy brow and hand !  
 The sceptre is a simple reed,  
 The crown will make thy temples  
 bleed,

And in thine hour of greatest need,  
 Abashed thy subjects stand !

BELSHAZZAR.

Hail to thee, Christ of Christen-  
 dom !

O'er all the earth thy kingdom  
 come !

From distant Trebizond to Rome  
 Thy name shall men adore ! 480

Peace and good-will among all  
 men,

The Virgin has returned again,  
 Returned the old Saturnian reign  
 And Golden Age once more.

THE CHILD CHRIST.

Jesus, the Son of God, am I,  
 Born here to suffer and to die  
 According to the prophecy,  
 That other men may live !

THE VIRGIN.

And now these clothes, that  
 wrapped Him, take  
 And keep them precious, for his  
 sake ; 490

Our benediction thus we make,  
 Naught else have we to give.  
*She gives them swaddling-clothes,  
 and they depart.*

V. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

*Here JOSEPH shall come in, lead-  
 ing an ass, on which are seated  
 MARY and the CHILD.*

MARY.

Here will we rest us, under these  
 O'erhanging branches of the trees,  
 Where robins chant their Lita-  
 nies  
 And canticles of joy.

JOSEPH.

My saddle-girths have given way  
 With trudging through the heat  
 to-day ;

To you I think it is but play  
 To ride and hold the boy. 500

MARY.

Hark ! how the robins shout and  
 sing,  
 As if to hail their infant King !  
 I will alight at yonder spring  
 To wash his little coat.

JOSEPH.

And I will hobble well the ass,  
 Lest, being loose upon the grass,  
 He should escape ; for, by the  
 mass,  
 He's nimble as a goat.

*Here MARY shall alight and go to  
 the spring.*

MARY.

O Joseph ! I am much afraid,  
 For men are sleeping in the shade ;  
 I fear that we shall be waylaid, 511  
 And robbed and beaten sore !

*Here a band of robbers shall be  
 seen sleeping, two of whom shall  
 rise and come forward.*

DUMACHUS.

Cock's soul! deliver up your gold!

JOSEPH.

I pray you, Sirs, let go your hold!  
 You see that I am weak and old,  
 Of wealth I have no store.

DUMACHUS.

Give up your money!

TITUS.

Prithee cease.  
 Let these people go in peace.

DUMACHUS.

First let them pay for their release,  
 And then go on their way. 520

TITUS.

These forty groats I give in fee,  
 If thou wilt only silent be.

MARY.

May God be merciful to thee  
 Upon the Judgment Day!

JESUS.

When thirty years shall have gone  
 by,  
 I at Jerusalem shall die.  
 By Jewish hands exalted high  
 On the accursed tree,  
 Then on my right and my left side,  
 These thieves shall both be cruci-  
 fied, 530  
 And Titus thenceforth shall abide  
 In paradise with me.

*Here a great rumor of trumpets  
 and horses, like the noise of a  
 king with his army, and the  
 robbers shall take flight.*

## VI. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

KING HEROD.

Potz-tausend! Himmel-sacrament!  
 Filled am I with great wonderment

At this unwelcome news!  
 Am I not Herod? Who shall dare  
 My crown to take, my sceptre  
 bear,

As king among the Jews?

*Here he shall stride up and down  
 and flourish his sword.*

What ho! I fain would drink a  
 can

Of the strong wine of Canaan!

The wine of Helbon bring 541  
 I purchased at the Fair of Tyre,  
 As red as blood, as hot as fire,  
 And fit for any king!

*He quaffs great goblets of wine.*

Now at the window will I stand,  
 While in the street the armed  
 band

The little children slay;  
 The babe just born in Bethlehem  
 Will surely slaughtered be with  
 them,

Nor live another day! 550

*Here a voice of lamentation shall  
 be heard in the street.*

RACHEL.

O wicked king! O cruel speed!  
 To do this most unrighteous deed!  
 My children all are slain!

HEROD.

Ho seneschal! another cup!  
 With wine of Sorek fill it up!  
 I would a bumper drain!

RAHAB.

May maledictions fall and blast  
 Thyself and lineage, to the last  
 Of all thy kith and kin!

HEROD.

Another goblet! quick! and stir  
 Pomegranate juice and drops of  
 myrrh 561  
 And calamus therein!

SOLDIERS, in the street.

Give up thy child into our hands!

It is King Herod who commands  
That he should thus be slain!

THE NURSE MEDUSA.

O monstrous men! What have ye  
done!

It is King Herod's only son  
That ye have cleft in twain!

HEROD.

Ah, luckless day! What words of  
fear

Are these that smite upon my ear  
With such a doleful sound! 571  
What torments rack my heart and  
head!

Would I were dead! would I were  
dead,

And buried in the ground!

*He falls down and writhes as  
though eaten by worms. Hell  
opens, and SATAN and ASTA-  
ROTH come forth, and drag him  
down.*

VIL JESUS AT PLAY WITH HIS  
SCHOOLMATES.

JESUS.

The shower is over. Let us play,  
And make some sparrows out of  
clay,

Down by the river's side.

JUDAS.

See, how the stream has over-  
flowed

Its banks, and o'er the meadow  
road

Is spreading far and wide! 580

*They draw water out of the river  
by channels, and form little  
pools. JESUS makes twelve  
sparrows of clay, and the other  
boys do the same.*

JESUS.

Look! look how prettily I make  
These little sparrows by the lake

Bend down their necks and  
drink!

Now will I make them sing and  
soar

So far, they shall return no more  
Unto this river's brink.

JUDAS.

That canst thou not! They are  
but clay,

They cannot sing, nor fly away  
Above the meadow lands!

JESUS.

Fly, fly! ye sparrows! you are  
free! 590

And while you live, remember  
me,

Who made you with my hands.

*Here JESUS shall clap his hands,  
and the sparrows shall fly away,  
chirruping.*

JUDAS.

Thou art a sorcerer, I know;  
Oft has my mother told me so,  
I will not play with thee!

*He strikes JESUS in the right side.*

JESUS.

Ah, Judas! thou hast smote my  
side,

And when I shall be crucified,  
There shall I pierced be!

*Here JOSEPH shall come in and  
say:*

JOSEPH.

Ye wicked boys! why do ye  
play,

And break the holy Sabbath day?  
What, think ye, will your mothers  
say 601

To see you in such plight!

In such a sweat and such a heat,  
With all that mud upon your  
feet!

There's not a beggar in the street  
Makes such a sorry sight!

## VIII. THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

*The RABBI BEN ISRAEL, sitting  
on a high stool, with a long  
beard, and a rod in his hand.*

RABBI.

I am the Rabbi Ben Israel,  
Throughout this village known full  
well,  
And, as my scholars all will tell,  
Learned in things divine; <sup>610</sup>  
The Cabala and Talmud hoar  
Than all the prophets prize I  
more,  
For water is all Bible lore,  
But Mishna is strong wine.

My fame extends from West to  
East,  
And always, at the Purim feast,  
I am as drunk as any beast  
That wallows in his sty;  
The wine it so elateth me,  
That I no difference can see <sup>620</sup>  
Between 'Accursed Haman be!'  
And 'Blessed be Mordecai!'

Come hither, Judas Iscariot;  
Say, if thy lesson thou hast got  
From the Rabbinical Book or  
not.  
Why howl the dogs at night?

JUDAS.

In the Rabbinical Book, it saith  
The dogs howl, when with icy  
breath  
Great Sammael, the Angel of  
Death,  
Takes through the town his  
flight! <sup>630</sup>

RABBI.

Well, boy! now say, if thou art  
wise,  
When the Angel of Death, who is  
full of eyes,  
Comes where a sick man dying  
lies,  
What doth he to the wight?

JUDAS.

He stands beside him, dark and  
tall,  
Holding a sword, from which doth  
fall  
Into his mouth a drop of gall,  
And so he turneth white.

RABBI.

And now, my Judas, say to me  
What the great Voices Four may  
be, <sup>640</sup>  
That quite across the world do  
flee,  
And are not heard by men?

JUDAS.

The Voice of the Sun in heaven's  
dome,  
The Voice of the Murmuring of  
Rome,  
The Voice of a Soul that goeth  
home,  
And the Angel of the Rain!

RABBI.

Right are thine answers every one!  
Now little Jesus, the carpenter's  
son,  
Let us see how thy task is done;  
Canst thou thy letters say? <sup>650</sup>

JESUS.

Aleph.

RABBI.

What next? Do not stop yet!  
Go on with all the alphabet.  
Come, Aleph, Beth; dost thou for-  
get?  
Cock's soul! thou'dst rather  
play!

JESUS.

What Aleph means I fain would  
know,  
Before I any farther go!

RABBI.

Oh, by Saint Peter! wouldst thou  
so?

Come hither, boy, to me.  
 As surely as the letter Jod  
 Once cried aloud, and spake to  
     God, 660  
 So surely shalt thou feel this  
     rod,  
 And punished shalt thou be!

*Here RABBI BEN ISRAEL shall  
 lift up his rod to strike JESUS,  
 and his right arm shall be par-  
 alyzed.*

#### IX. CROWNED WITH FLOWERS.

*JESUS sitting among his play-  
 mates crowned with flowers as  
 their King.*

#### BOYS.

We spread our garments on the  
     ground!  
 With fragrant flowers thy head is  
     crowned  
 While like a guard we stand  
     around,  
 And hail thee as our King!  
 Thou art the new King of the  
     Jews!  
 Nor let the passers-by refuse  
 To bring that homage which men  
     use  
 To majesty to bring. 670

*Here a traveller shall go by, and  
 the boys shall lay hold of his  
 garments and say:*

#### BOYS.

Come hither! and all reverence  
     pay  
 Unto our monarch, crowned to-  
     day!  
 Then go rejoicing on your way,  
 In all prosperity!

#### TRAVELLER.

Hail to the King of Bethlehem,  
 Who weareth in his diadem

The yellow crocus for the gem  
     Of his authority!

*He passes by; and others come in,  
 bearing on a litter a sick child.*

#### BOYS.

Set down the litter and draw near!  
 The King of Bethlehem is here!  
 What ails the child, who seems to  
     fear 681  
 That we shall do him harm?

#### THE BEARERS.

He climbed up to the robin's nest,  
 And out there darted, from his  
     rest,  
 A serpent with a crimson crest,  
 And stung him in the arm.

#### JESUS.

Bring him to me, and let me  
     feel  
 The wounded place; my touch can  
     heal  
 The sting of serpents, and can  
     steal  
 The poison from the bite! 690

*He touches the wound, and the  
 boy begins to cry.*

Cease to lament! I can fore-  
     see  
 That thou hereafter known shalt  
     be,  
 Among the men who follow me,  
 As Simon the Canaanite!

#### EPILOGUE.

In the after part of the day  
 Will be represented another play,  
 Of the Passion of our Blessed  
     Lord,  
 Beginning directly after Nones!  
 At the close of which we shall ac-  
     cord,  
 By way of benison and reward,  
 The sight of a holy Martyr's  
     bones! 701



## IV

## THE ROAD TO HIRSCHAU

PRINCE HENRY *and* ELSIE, *with their attendants on horseback.*

ELSIE.

Onward and onward the highway runs to the distant city, impatiently  
bearing  
Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love and of hate, of doing and  
daring!

PRINCE HENRY.

This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,  
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.

ELSIE.

Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and bleeds with  
the stigma  
Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its dark  
enigma.

PRINCE HENRY.

Man is selfish, and seeketh pleasure with little care of what may be-  
tide,  
Else why am I travelling here beside thee, a demon that rides by an  
angel's side?

ELSIE.

All the hedges are white with dust, and the great dog under the creak-  
ing wain  
Hangs his head in the lazy heat, while onward the horses toil and  
strain.

10

PRINCE HENRY.

Now they stop at the wayside inn, and the wagoner laughs with the  
landlord's daughter,  
While out of the dripping trough the horses distend their leathern  
sides with water.

ELSIE.

All through life there are wayside inns, where man may refresh his  
soul with love;  
Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed by springs from  
above.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yonder, where rises the cross of stone, our journey along the highway  
ends,  
And over the fields, by a bridle path, down into the broad green valley  
descends.

ELSIE.

I am not sorry to leave behind the beaten road with its dust and heat;  
The air will be sweeter far, and the turf will be softer under our horses'  
feet.

*They turn down a green lane.*

ELSIE.

Sweet is the air with the budding haws, and the valley stretching for  
miles below  
Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just covered with lightest  
snow. 20

PRINCE HENRY.

Over our heads a white cascade is gleaming against the distant hill;  
We cannot hear it, nor see it move, but it hangs like a banner when  
winds are still.

ELSIE.

Damp and cool is this deep ravine, and cool the sound of the brook by  
our side!  
What is this castle that rises above us, and lords it over a land so wide?

PRINCE HENRY.

It is the home of the Counts of Calva; well have I known these scenes  
of old,  
Well I remember each tower and turret, remember the brooklet, the  
wood, and the wold.

ELSIE.

Hark! from the little village below us the bells of the church are ring-  
ing for rain!  
Priests and peasants in long procession come forth and kneel on the  
arid plain.

PRINCE HENRY.

They have not long to wait, for I see in the south uprising a little cloud,  
That before the sun shall be set will cover the sky above us as with a  
shroud. 30

*They pass on.*

THE CONVENT OF HIRSCHAU IN  
THE BLACK FOREST.

*The Convent cellar. FRIAR CLAUS  
comes in with a light and a bas-  
ket of empty flacons.*

FRIAR CLAUS.

I always enter this sacred place  
With a thoughtful, solemn, and  
reverent pace,  
Pausing long enough on each stair  
To breathe an ejaculatory prayer,  
And a benediction on the vines  
That produce these various sorts  
of wines!  
For my part, I am well con-  
tent  
That we have got through with the  
tedious Lent!

Fasting is all very well for those  
Who have to contend with invis-  
ble foes; 40  
But I am quite sure it does not  
agree  
With a quiet, peaceable man like  
me,  
Who am not of that nervous and  
meagre kind,  
That are always distressed in body  
and mind!  
And at times it really does me  
good  
To come down among this brother-  
hood,  
Dwelling forever underground,  
Silent, contemplative, round and  
sound;  
Each one old, and brown with  
mould,

But filled to the lips with the ardor  
 of youth, 50  
 With the latent power and love of  
 truth,  
 And with virtues fervent and mani-  
 fold.

I have heard it said, that at  
 Easter-tide

When buds are swelling on every  
 side,

And the sap begins to move in the  
 vine,

Then in all cellars, far and wide,  
 The oldest as well as the newest  
 wine

Begins to stir itself, and ferment,  
 With a kind of revolt and discon-  
 tent

At being so long in darkness pent,  
 And fain would burst from its  
 sombre tun 61

To bask on the hillside in the sun;  
 As in the bosom of us poor friars,  
 The tumult of half-subdued de-  
 sires

For the world that we have left  
 behind

Disturbs at times all peace of  
 mind!

And now that we have lived  
 through Lent,

My duty it is, as often before,  
 To open awhile the prison-door,  
 And give these restless spirits  
 vent. 70

Now here is a cask that stands  
 alone,

And has stood a hundred years or  
 more,

Its beard of cobwebs, long and  
 hoar,

Trailing and sweeping along the  
 floor,

Like Barbarossa, who sits in his  
 cave,

Taciturn, sombre, sedate, and  
 grave,

Till his beard has grown through  
 the table of stone!

It is of the quick and not of the  
 dead!

In its veins the blood is hot and  
 red,

And a heart still beats in those  
 ribs of oak 80

That time may have tamed, but  
 has not broke!

It comes from Bacharach on the  
 Rhine,

Is one of the three best kinds of  
 wine,

And costs some hundred florins  
 the ohm;

But that I do not consider dear,  
 When I remember that every year  
 Four butts are sent to the Pope of  
 Rome.

And whenever a goblet thereof I  
 drain,

The old rhyme keeps running in  
 my brain:

At Bacharach on the Rhine, 90

At Hochheim on the Main,

And at Würzburg on the Stein,

Grow the three best kinds of wine!

They are all good wines, and  
 better far

Than those of the Neckar, or those  
 of the Ahr.

In particular, Würzburg well may  
 boast

Of its blessed wine of the Holy  
 Ghost,

Which of all wines I like the most.

This I shall draw for the Abbot's  
 drinking,

Who seems to be much of my way  
 of thinking. 100

*Fills a flagon.*

Ah! how the streamlet laughs and  
 sings!

What a delicious fragrance springs

From the deep flagon, while it fills,

As of hyacinths and daffodils!

Between this cask and the Abbot's  
 lips

Many have been the sips and  
 slips;

Many have been the draughts of wine,  
 On their way to his, that have  
 stopped at mine;  
 And many a time my soul has  
 hankered  
 For a deep draught out of his  
 silver tankard, 110  
 When it should have been busy  
 with other affairs,  
 Less with its longings and more  
 with its prayers.  
 But now there is no such awkward  
 condition,  
 No danger of death and eternal  
 perdition;  
 So here 's to the Abbot and Bro-  
 thers all,  
 Who dwell in this convent of Peter  
 and Paul!

*He drinks.*

O cordial delicious! O soother of  
 pain!  
 It flashes like sunshine into my  
 brain!  
 A benison rest on the Bishop who  
 sends  
 Such a fudder of wine as this to  
 his friends! 120  
 And now a flagon for such as may  
 ask  
 A draught from the noble Bach-  
 arach cask,  
 And I will be gone, though I know  
 full well  
 The cellar 's a cheerfuller place  
 than the cell.  
 Behold where he stands, all sound  
 and good,  
 Brown and old in his oaken hood:  
 Silent he seems externally  
 As any Carthusian monk may be:  
 But within, what a spirit of deep  
 unrest!  
 What a seething and simmering  
 in his breast! 130  
 As if the heaving of his great  
 heart  
 Would burst his belt of oak apart!  
 Let me unloose this button of  
 wood,

And quiet a little his turbulent  
 mood.

*Sets it running.*

See! how its currents gleam and  
 shine,  
 As if they had caught the purple  
 hues  
 Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine,  
 Descending and mingling with the  
 dews;  
 Or as if the grapes were stained  
 with the blood  
 Of the innocent boy, who, some  
 years back, 140  
 Was taken and crucified by the  
 Jews,  
 In that ancient town of Bacha-  
 rach;  
 Perdition upon those infidel Jews,  
 In that ancient town of Bacha-  
 rach!  
 The beautiful town, that gives us  
 wine  
 With the fragrant odor of Musca-  
 dine!  
 I should deem it wrong to let this  
 pass  
 Without first touching my lips to  
 the glass,  
 For here in the midst of the cur-  
 rent I stand  
 Like the stone Pfalz in the midst  
 of the river, 150  
 Taking toll upon either hand,  
 And much more grateful to the  
 giver.

*He drinks.*

Here, now, is a very inferior kind,  
 Such as in any town you may find,  
 Such as one might imagine would  
 suit  
 The rascal who drank wine out of  
 a boot.  
 And, after all, it was not a crime,  
 For he won thereby Dorf Hüffel-  
 sheim.  
 A jolly old toper! who at a pull  
 Could drink a postilion's jack-boot  
 full, 160  
 And ask with a laugh, when that  
 was done,

If the fellow had left the other  
one!  
This wine is as good as we can  
afford  
To the friars, who sit at the lower  
board,  
And cannot distinguish bad from  
good,  
And are far better off than if they  
could,  
Being rather the rude disciples of  
beer  
Than of anything more refined and  
dear!  
*Fills the flagon and departs.*

## THE SCRIPTORIUM.

FRIAR PACIFICUS *transcribing  
and illuminating.*

## FRIAR PACIFICUS.

It is growing dark! Yet one line  
more,  
And then my work for to-day is  
o'er. <sup>170</sup>  
I come again to the name of the  
Lord!  
Ere I that awful name record,  
That is spoken so lightly among  
men,  
Let me pause awhile, and wash  
my pen;  
Pure from blemish and blot must  
it be  
When it writes that word of mys-  
tery!

Thus have I labored on and on,  
Nearly through the Gospel of  
John.  
Can it be that from the lips  
Of this same gentle Evangelist, <sup>180</sup>  
That Christ himself perhaps has  
kissed,  
Came the dread Apocalypse!  
It has a very awful look,  
As it stands there at the end of  
the book,  
Like the sun in an eclipse.

Ah me! when I think of that vi-  
sion divine,  
Think of writing it, line by line,  
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,  
Like the trump of doom, in the  
closing verse!  
God forgive me! if ever I <sup>190</sup>  
Take aught from the book of that  
Prophecy,  
Lest my part too should be taken  
away  
From the Book of Life on the  
Judgment Day.  
This is well written, though I say  
it!  
I should not be afraid to display  
it  
In open day, on the selfsame shelf  
With the writings of St. Thecla  
herself,  
Or of Theodosius, who of old  
Wrote the Gospels in letters of  
gold!  
That goodly folio standing yon-  
der, <sup>200</sup>  
Without a single blot or blunder,  
Would not bear away the palm  
from mine,  
If we should compare them line  
for line.

There, now, is an initial letter!  
Saint Ulric himself never made a  
better!  
Finished down to the leaf and the  
snail,  
Down to the eyes on the peacock's  
tail!  
And now, as I turn the volume  
over,  
And see what lies between cover  
and cover,  
What treasures of art these pages  
hold, <sup>210</sup>  
All ablaze with crimson and gold,  
God forgive me! I seem to feel  
A certain satisfaction steal  
Into my heart, and into my brain.  
As if my talent had not lain  
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in  
vain.



Yes, I might almost say to the  
Lord,

Here is a copy of thy Word,  
Written out with much toil and  
pain;

Take it, O Lord, and let it be 220  
As something I have done for  
thee!

*He looks from the window.*

How sweet the air is! How fair  
the scene!

I wish I had as lovely a green  
To paint my landscapes and my  
leaves!

How the swallows twitter under  
the eaves!

There, now, there is one in her nest:  
I can just catch a glimpse of her  
head and breast,

And will sketch her thus, in her  
quiet nook,

For the margin of my Gospel book.

*He makes a sketch.*

I can see no more. Through the  
valley yonder 230

A shower is passing; I hear the  
thunder

Mutter its curses in the air,  
The devil's own and only prayer!

The dusty road is brown with rain,  
And, speeding on with might and  
main,

Hitherward rides a gallant train.  
They do not parley, they cannot  
wait,

But hurry in at the convent gate.  
What a fair lady! and beside her  
What a handsome, graceful, noble  
rider! 240

Now she gives him her hand to  
alight;

They will beg a shelter for the  
night.

I will go down to the corridor,  
And try to see that face once  
more;

It will do for the face of some  
beautiful Saint,

Or for one of the Maries I shall  
paint.

*Goes out.*

## THE CLOISTERS.

*The ABBOT ERNESTUS pacing to  
and fro.*

ABBOT.

Slowly, slowly up the wall  
Steals the sunshine, steals the  
shade;

Evening damps begin to fall,  
Evening shadows are displayed.  
Round me, o'er me, everywhere, 251  
All the sky is grand with clouds,  
And athwart the evening air  
Wheel the swallows home in  
crowds.

Shafts of sunshine from the west  
Paint the dusky windows red;  
Darker shadows, deeper rest,  
Underneath and overhead.  
Darker, darker, and more wan,  
In my breast the shadows fall; 260  
Upward steals the life of man,  
As the sunshine from the wall.  
From the wall into the sky,  
From the roof along the spire;  
Ah, the souls of those that die  
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Christ is arisen!

ABBOT.

Amen! He is arisen!  
His peace be with you!

PRINCE HENRY.

Here it reigns forever!  
The peace of God, that passeth  
understanding,  
Reigns in these cloisters and these  
corridors. 270  
Are you Ernestus, Abbot of the  
convent?

ABBOT.

I am.

PRINCE HENRY.

And I Prince Henry of Hoheneck,

Who crave your hospitality to-  
night.

ABBOT.

You are thrice welcome to our  
humble walls.

You do us honor; and we shall re-  
quite it,

I fear, but poorly, entertaining  
you

With Paschal eggs, and our poor  
convent wine,

The remnants of our Easter holi-  
days.

PRINCE HENRY.

How fares it with the holy monks  
of Hirschau?

Are all things well with them?

ABBOT.

All things are well.

PRINCE HENRY.

A noble convent! I have known  
it long 281

By the report of travellers. I now  
see

Their commendations lag behind  
the truth.

You lie here in the valley of the  
Nagold

As in a nest: and the still river,  
gliding

Along its bed, is like an admonition  
How all things pass. Your lands

are rich and ample,  
And your revenues large. God's

benediction  
Rests on your convent.

ABBOT.

By our charities

We strive to merit it. Our Lord  
and Master, 290

When He departed, left us in his  
will,

As our best legacy on earth, the  
poor!

These we have always with us;  
had we not,

Our hearts would grow as hard as  
are these stones.

PRINCE HENRY.

If I remember right, the Counts of  
Calva

Founded your convent.

ABBOT.

Even as you say.

PRINCE HENRY.

And, if I err not, it is very old.

ABBOT.

Within these cloisters lie already  
buried

Twelve holy Abbots. Underneath  
the flags

On which we stand, the Abbot  
William lies, 300

Of blessed memory.

PRINCE HENRY.

And whose tomb is that,  
Which bears the brass escutch-  
eon?

ABBOT.

A benefactor's.

Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who  
stood

Godfather to our bells.

PRINCE HENRY.

Your monks are learned  
And holy men, I trust.

ABBOT.

There are among them  
Learned and holy men. Yet in  
this age

We need another Hildebrand, to  
shake

And purify us like a mighty wind.  
The world is wicked, and some-  
times I wonder

God does not lose his patience  
with it wholly, 310

And shatter it like glass! Even  
here, at times,

Within these walls, where all  
 should be at peace,  
 I have my trials. Time has laid  
 his hand  
 Upon my heart, gently, not smit-  
 ing it,  
 But as a harper lays his open  
 palm  
 Upon his harp, to deaden its vibra-  
 tions.  
 Ashes are on my head, and on my  
 lips  
 Sackcloth, and in my breast a  
 heaviness  
 And weariness of life, that makes  
 me ready  
 To say to the dead Abbots under  
 us, 320  
 'Make room for me!' Only I see  
 the dusk  
 Of evening twilight coming, and  
 have not  
 Completed half my task; and so  
 at times  
 The thought of my shortcomings  
 in this life  
 Falls like a shadow on the life to  
 come.

PRINCE HENRY.

We must all die, and not the old  
 alone;  
 The young have no exemption  
 from that doom.

ABBOT.

Ah, yes! the young may die, but  
 the old must!  
 That is the difference.

PRINCE HENRY.

I have heard much laud  
 Of your scribes. Your Scrip-  
 torium 330  
 Is famous among all; your manu-  
 scripts  
 Praised for their beauty and their  
 excellence.

ABBOT.

That is indeed our boast. If you  
 desire it,

You shall behold these treasures.  
 And meanwhile  
 Shall the Refectorarius bestow  
 Your horses and attendants for  
 the night.

*They go in. The Vesper-bell rings.*

#### THE CHAPEL.

*Vespers; after which the monks  
 retire, a chorister leading an old  
 monk who is blind.*

PRINCE HENRY.

They are all gone, save one who  
 lingers,  
 Absorbed in deep and silent  
 prayer.  
 As if his heart could find no rest,  
 At times he beats his heaving  
 breast 340  
 With clenched and convulsive fin-  
 gers,  
 Then lifts them trembling in the  
 air.

A chorister, with golden hair,  
 Guides hitherward his heavy pace.  
 Can it be so? Or does my sight  
 Deceive me in the uncertain light?  
 Ah no! I recognize that face,  
 Though Time has touched it in his  
 flight,  
 And changed the auburn hair to  
 white.

It is Count Hugo of the Rhine, 350  
 The deadliest foe of all our race,  
 And hateful unto me and mine!

THE BLIND MONK.

Who is it that doth stand so near  
 His whispered words I almost  
 hear?

PRINCE HENRY.

I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck,  
 And you, Count Hugo of the  
 Rhine!

I know you, and I see the scar,  
 The brand upon your forehead,  
 shine  
 And redden like a baleful star!

## THE BLIND MONK.

Count Hugo once, but now the  
wreck 360  
Of what I was. O Hoheneck!  
The passionate will, the pride, the  
wrath  
That bore me headlong on my  
path,  
Stumbled and staggered into fear,  
And failed me in my mad career,  
As a tired steed some evil-doer,  
Alone upon a desolate moor,  
Bewildered, lost, deserted, blind,  
And hearing loud and close be-  
hind  
The o'ertaking steps of his pur-  
suer. 370  
Then suddenly from the dark there  
came  
A voice that called me by my  
name,  
And said to me, 'Kneel down and  
pray!'  
And so my terror passed away,  
Passed utterly away forever.  
Contrition, penitence, remorse,  
Came on me, with o'erwhelming  
force;  
A hope, a longing, an endeavor,  
By days of penance and nights of  
prayer,  
To frustrate and defeat despair!  
Calm, deep, and still is now my  
heart, 381  
With tranquil waters overflowed;  
A lake whose unseen fountains  
start,  
Where once the hot volcano  
glowed.  
And you, O Prince of Hoheneck!  
Have known me in that earlier  
time,  
A man of violence and crime,  
Whose passions brooked no curb  
nor check.  
Behold me now, in gentler mood,  
One of this holy brotherhood. 390  
Give me your hand; here let me  
kneel;  
Make your reproaches sharp as  
steel;

Spurn me, and smite me on each  
cheek:

No violence can harm the meek,  
There is no wound Christ cannot  
heal!

Yes; lift your princely hand, and  
take

Revenge, if 't is revenge you seek;  
Then pardon me, for Jesus' sake!

## PRINCE HENRY.

Arise, Count Hugo! let there  
be

No further strife nor enmity 400  
Between us twain; we both have  
erred!

Too rash in act, too wroth in word,  
From the beginning have we stood  
In fierce, defiant attitude,  
Each thoughtless of the other's  
right,

And each reliant on his might.  
But now our souls are more sub-  
dued;

The hand of God, and not in  
vain,  
Has touched us with the fire of  
pain.

Let us kneel down and side by  
side 410

Pray, till our souls are purified,  
And pardon will not be denied!

*They kneel.*

## THE REFECTORY.

*Gaudiolum of Monks at midnight.*  
LUCIFER disguised as a Friar.

FRIAR PAUL sings.

Ave! color vini clari,  
Dulcis potus, non amari,  
Tua nos inebriari  
Digneris potentia!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Not so much noise, my worthy  
frères,  
You'll disturb the Abbot at his  
prayers.

FRIAR PAUL *sings*.

D! quam placens in colore!  
D! quam fragrans in odore! 420  
D! quam sapidum in ore!  
Dulce linguæ vinculum!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

I should think your tongue had  
broken its chain!

FRIAR PAUL *sings*.

Felix venter quem intrabis!  
Felix guttur quod rigabis!  
Felix os quod tu lavabis!  
Et beata labia!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Peace! I say, peace!  
Will you never cease!  
You will rouse up the Abbot, I tell  
you again! 430

FRIAR JOHN.

No danger! to-night he will let us  
alone,  
As I happen to know he has  
guests of his own.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Who are they?

FRIAR JOHN.

A German Prince and his train,  
Who arrived here just before the  
rain.

There is with him a damsel fair to  
see,

As slender and graceful as a reed!  
When she alighted from her steed,  
It seemed like a blossom blown  
from a tree.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

None of your pale-faced girls for  
me!

None of your damsels of high de-  
gree! 440

FRIAR JOHN.

Come, old fellow, drink down to  
your peg!

But do not drink any further, I  
beg!

FRIAR PAUL *sings*.

In the days of gold,  
The days of old,  
Crosier of wood  
And bishop of gold!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

What an infernal racket and riot!  
Can you not drink your wine in  
quiet?

Why fill the convent with such  
scandals,  
As if we were so many drunken  
Vandals? 450

FRIAR PAUL *continues*.

Now we have changed  
That law so good  
To crosier of gold  
And bishop of wood!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Well, then, since you are in the  
mood

To give your noisy humors vent,  
Sing and howl to your heart's con-  
tent!

CHORUS OF MONKS.

Funde vinum, funde!  
Tanquam sint fluminis undæ,  
Nec quæras unde, 460  
Sed fundas semper abunde!

FRIAR JOHN.

What is the name of yonder friar,  
With an eye that glows like a coal  
of fire,  
And such a black mass of tan-  
gled hair?

FRIAR PAUL.

He who is sitting there,  
With a rollicking,  
Devil may care,  
Free and easy look and air,  
As if he were used to such feasting  
and frolicking?



FRIAR JOHN.

The same.

FRIAR PAUL.

He's a stranger. You had better  
ask his name, 470  
And where he is going and whence  
he came.

FRIAR JOHN.

Hallo ! Sir Friar !

FRIAR PAUL.

You must raise your voice a little  
higher,  
He does not seem to hear what  
you say.  
Now, try again ! He is looking  
this way.

FRIAR JOHN.

Hallo ! Sir Friar,  
We wish to inquire  
Whence you came, and where you  
are going,  
And anything else that is worth  
the knowing.  
So be so good as to open your  
head. 480

LUCIFER.

I am a Frenchman born and bred,  
Going on a pilgrimage to Rome.  
My home  
Is the convent of St. Gildas de  
Rhuys,  
Of which, very like, you never  
have heard.

MONKS.

Never a word !

LUCIFER.

You must know, then, it is in the  
diocese  
Called the Diocese of Vannes,  
In the province of Brittany.  
From the gray rocks of Morbihan  
It overlooks the angry sea ; 491  
The very sea-shore where,  
In his great despair,

Abbot Abelard walked to and fro,  
Filling the night with woe,  
And wailing aloud to the merciless  
seas

The name of his sweet Heloise,  
Whilst overhead  
The convent windows gleamed as  
red

As the fiery eyes of the monks  
within, 500

Who with jovial din  
Gave themselves up to all kinds of  
sin !

Ha ! that is a convent ! that is an  
abbey !

Over the doors,  
None of your death-heads carved  
in wood,

None of your Saints looking pious  
and good,

None of your Patriarchs old and  
shabby !

But the heads and tusks of boars,  
And the cells

Hung all round with the fells 510  
Of the fallow-deer.

And then what cheer !

What jolly, fat friars,  
Sitting round the great, roaring  
fires,

Roaring louder than they,  
With their strong wines,  
And their concubines,  
And never a bell,  
With its swagger and swell,  
Calling you up with a start of af-  
fright 520

In the dead of night,  
To send you grumbling down dark  
stairs,

To mumble your prayers ;  
But the cheery crow  
Of cocks in the yard below,  
After daybreak, an hour or so,  
And the barking of deep-mouthed  
hounds,

These are the sounds  
That, instead of bells, salute the  
ear.

And then all day 530  
Up and away

Through the forest, hunting the deer!

Ah, my friends! I'm afraid that here

You are a little too pious, a little too tame,

And the more is the shame.

'T is the greatest folly

Not to be jolly;

That's what I think!

Come, drink, drink,

Drink, and die game! 540

MONKS.

And your Abbot What's-his-name?

LUCIFER.

Abelard!

MONKS.

Did he drink hard?

LUCIFER.

Oh, no! Not he!

He was a dry old fellow,

Without juice enough to get thoroughly mellow.

There he stood,

Lowering at us in sullen mood,

As if he had come into Brittany

Just to reform our brotherhood!

*A roar of laughter.*

But you see 551

It never would do!

For some of us knew a thing or two,

In the Abbey of St. Gildas de Rhuys!

For instance, the great ado

With old Fulbert's niece,

The young and lovely Heloise.

FRIAR JOHN.

Stop there, if you please,

Till we drink to the fair Heloise.

*ALL, drinking and shouting.*

Heloise! Heloise! 560

*The Chapel-bell tolls.*

LUCIFER, *starting.*

What is that bell for? Are you such asses

As to keep up the fashion of midnight masses?

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

It is only a poor, unfortunate brother,

Who is gifted with most miraculous powers

Of getting up at all sorts of hours, And, by way of penance and Christian meekness,

Of creeping silently out of his cell To take a pull at that hideous bell;

So that all the monks who are lying awake

May murmur some kind of prayer for his sake, 570

And adapted to his peculiar weakness!

FRIAR JOHN.

From frailty and fall—

ALL.

Good Lord, deliver us all!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

And before the bell for matins sounds,

He takes his lantern, and goes the rounds,

Flashing it into our sleepy eyes,

Merely to say it is time to arise.

But enough of that. Go on, if you please,

With your story about St. Gildas de Rhuys.

LUCIFER.

Well, it finally came to pass 580  
That, half in fun and half in malice,

One Sunday at Mass

We put some poison into the chalice.

But, either by accident or design, Peter Abelard kept away

From the chapel that day,  
 And a poor young friar, who in his  
 stead  
 Drank the sacramental wine,  
 Fell on the steps of the altar, dead !  
 But look ! do you see at the window  
 there 590  
 That face, with a look of grief and  
 despair,  
 That ghastly face, as of one in  
 pain ?

MONKS.

Who ? where ?

LUCIFER.

As I spoke, it vanished away  
 again.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

It is that nefarious  
 Siebald the Refectorarius.  
 That fellow is always playing the  
 scout,  
 Creeping and peeping and prowl-  
 ing about ;  
 And then he regales  
 The Abbot with scandalous tales.

LUCIFER.

A spy in the convent ? One of the  
 brothers 601  
 Telling scandalous tales of the  
 others ?  
 Out upon him, the lazy loon !  
 I would put a stop to that pretty  
 soon,  
 In a way he should rue it.

MONKS.

How shall we do it ?

LUCIFER.

Do you, brother Paul,  
 Creep under the window, close to  
 the wall,  
 And open it suddenly when I call.  
 Then seize the villain by the hair,  
 And hold him there, 611  
 And punish him soundly, once for  
 all.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

As St. Dunstan of old,  
 We are told,  
 Once caught the Devil by the nose !

LUCIFER.

Ha ! ha ! that story is very clever,  
 But has no foundation whatso-  
 ever.

Quick ! for I see his face again  
 Glaring in at the window-pane ;  
 Now ! now ! and do not spare your  
 blows. 620

FRIAR PAUL *opens the window  
 suddenly, and seizes SIEBALD.*

*They beat him.*

FRIAR SIEBALD.

Help ! help ! are you going to slay  
 me ?

FRIAR PAUL.

That will teach you again to be-  
 tray me !

FRIAR SIEBALD.

Mercy ! mercy !

FRIAR PAUL, *shouting and beat-  
 ing.*

Rumpas bellorum lorum  
 Vim confer amorum  
 Morum verorum rorum  
 Tu plena polorum !

LUCIFER.

Who stands in the doorway yon-  
 der,  
 Stretching out his trembling hand,  
 Just as Abelard used to stand,  
 The flash of his keen, black eyes  
 Forerunning the thunder ? 632

THE MONKS, *in confusion.*

The Abbot ! the Abbot !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

And what is the wonder !  
 He seems to have taken you by  
 surprise.

FRIAR FRANCIS.

Hide the great flagon  
From the eyes of the dragon!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Pull the brown hood over your  
face!  
This will bring us into disgrace!

ABBOT.

What means this revel and ca-  
rouse?  
Is this a tavern and drinking-  
house? 640  
Are you Christian monks, or  
heathen devils,  
To pollute this convent with your  
revels?  
Were Peter Damian still upon  
earth,  
To be shocked by such ungodly  
mirth,  
He would write your names, with  
pen of gall,  
In his Book of Gomorrah, one and  
all!  
Away, you drunkards! to your  
cells,  
And pray till you hear the matin-  
bells;  
You, Brother Francis, and you,  
Brother Paul!  
And as a penance mark each  
prayer 650  
With the scourge upon your  
shoulders bare;  
Nothing atones for such a sin  
But the blood that follows the dis-  
cipline.  
And you, Brother Cuthbert, come  
with me  
Alone into the sacristy;  
You, who should be a guide to  
your brothers,  
And are ten times worse than all  
the others,  
For you I've a draught that has  
long been brewing,  
You shall do a penance worth the  
doing!

Away to your prayers, then, one  
and all!

I wonder the very convent wall  
Does not crumble and crush you  
in its fall! 660

THE NEIGHBORING NUNNERY.

*The ABBESS IRMINGARD sitting  
with ELSIE in the moonlight.*

IRMINGARD.

The night is silent, the wind is  
still,  
The moon is looking from yonder  
hill  
Down upon convent, and grove,  
and garden;  
The clouds have passed away from  
her face,  
Leaving behind them no sorrowful  
trace,  
Only the tender and quiet grace  
Of one whose heart has been  
healed with pardon!

And such am I. My soul within  
Was dark with passion and soiled  
with sin. 671  
But now its wounds are healed  
again;  
Gone are the anguish, the terror,  
and pain;  
For across that desolate land of  
woe,  
O'er whose burning sands I was  
forced to go,  
A wind from heaven began to  
blow;  
And all my being trembled and  
shook,  
As the leaves of the tree, or the  
grass of the field,  
And I was healed, as the sick are  
healed,  
When fanned by the leaves of the  
Holy Book! 680

As thou sittest in the moonlight  
there,  
Its glory flooding thy golden hair,

And the only darkness that which  
lies

In the haunted chambers of thine  
eyes,

I feel my soul drawn unto thee,  
Strangely, and strongly, and more  
and more,

As to one I have known and loved  
before;

For every soul is akin to me  
That dwells in the land of mys-  
tery!

I am the Lady Irmingard, 690  
Born of a noble race and name!  
Many a wandering Suabian bard,  
Whose life was dreary, and bleak,  
and hard,

Has found through me the way to  
fame.

Brief and bright were those days,  
and the night

Which followed was full of a lurid  
light.

Love, that of every woman's heart  
Will have the whole, and not a  
part,

That is to her, in Nature's plan,  
More than ambition is to man, 700  
Her light, her life, her very breath,  
With no alternative but death,  
Found me a maiden soft and  
young,

Just from the convent's cloistered  
school,

And seated on my lowly stool,  
Attentive while the minstrels sung.

Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall,  
Fairest, noblest, best of all,  
Was Walter of the Vogelweid;  
And, whatsoever may betide, 710  
Still I think of him with pride!  
His song was of the summer-time,  
The very birds sang in his rhyme;  
The sunshine, the delicious air,  
The fragrance of the flowers, were  
there;

And I grew restless as I heard,  
Restless and buoyant as a bird,  
Down soft, aerial currents sailing,

O'er blossomed orchards, and fields  
in bloom,

And through the momentary gloom  
Of shadows o'er the landscape  
trailing, 721

Yielding and borne I knew not  
where,

But feeling resistance unavailing.

And thus, unnoticed and apart,  
And more by accident than choice,  
I listened to that single voice

Until the chambers of my heart  
Were filled with it by night and  
day.

One night, — it was a night in  
May, —

Within the garden, unawares, 730  
Under the blossoms in the gloom,  
I heard it utter my own name

With protestations and wild  
prayers;

And it rang through me, and be-  
came

Like the archangel's trump of  
doom,

Which the soul hears, and must  
obey;

And mine arose as from a tomb.  
My former life now seemed to  
me

Such as hereafter death may be,  
When in the great Eternity 740  
We shall awake and find it day.

It was a dream, and would not  
stay;

A dream, that in a single night  
Faded and vanished out of sight.  
My father's anger followed fast  
This passion, as a freshening blast  
Seeks out and fans the fire, whose  
rage

It may increase, but not assuage.  
And he exclaimed: 'No wander-  
ing bard

Shall win thy hand, O Irmin-  
gard!

For which Prince Henry of Hohe-  
neck 751

By messenger and letter sues.'



Gently, but firmly, I replied:  
 'Henry of Hoheneck I discard!  
 Never the hand of Irmingard  
 Shall lie in his as the hand of a  
 bride!'

This said I, Walter, for thy sake;  
 This said I, for I could not choose.  
 After a pause, my father spake  
 In that cold and deliberate tone  
 Which turns the hearer into stone,  
 And seems itself the act to be 762  
 That follows with such dread cer-  
 tainty:

'This or the cloister and the veil!'  
 No other words than these he said,  
 But they were like a funeral wail;  
 My life was ended, my heart was  
 dead.

That night from the castle-gate  
 went down,

With silent, slow, and stealthy  
 pace,

Two shadows, mounted on shad-  
 ovy steeds, 770

Taking the narrow path that leads  
 Into the forest dense and brown.

In the leafy darkness of the place,  
 One could not distinguish form nor  
 face,

Only a bulk without a shape,  
 A darker shadow in the shade;  
 One scarce could say it moved or  
 stayed.

Thus it was we made our escape!  
 A foaming brook, with many a  
 bound,

Followed us like a playful hound;  
 Then leaped before us, and in the  
 hollow 781

Paused, and waited for us to fol-  
 low,

And seemed impatient, and afraid  
 That our tardy flight should be be-  
 trayed

By the sound our horses' hoof-  
 beats made.

And when we reached the plain  
 below,

We paused a moment and drew  
 rein

To look back at the castle again;  
 And we saw the windows all aglow  
 With lights, that were passing to  
 and fro; 790

Our hearts with terror ceased to  
 beat:

The brook crept silent to our feet:  
 We knew what most we feared to  
 know.

Then suddenly horns began to  
 blow;

And we heard a shout, and a heavy  
 tramp,

And our horses snorted in the  
 damp

Night-air of the meadows green  
 and wide,

And in a moment, side by side,  
 So close, they must have seemed  
 but one,

The shadows across the moonlight  
 run, 800

And another came, and swept be-  
 hind,

Like the shadow of clouds before  
 the wind!

How I remember that breathless  
 flight

Across the moors, in the summer  
 night!

How under our feet the long, white  
 road

Backward like a river flowed,  
 Sweeping with it fences and  
 hedges,

Whilst farther away and over-  
 head,

Paler than I, with fear and dread,  
 The moon fled with us as we fled  
 Along the forest's jagged edges!

All this I can remember well; 812  
 But of what afterwards befell  
 I nothing further can recall

Than a blind, desperate, headlong  
 fall;

The rest is a blank and darkness  
 all.

When I awoke out of this swoon,  
 The sun was shining, not the moon,

Making a cross upon the wall  
 With the bars of my windows nar-  
 row and tall; 820  
 And I prayed to it, as I had been  
 wont to pray,  
 From early childhood, day by day,  
 Each morning, as in bed I lay!  
 I was lying again in my own room!  
 And I thanked God, in my fever  
 and pain,  
 That those shadows on the mid-  
 night plain  
 Were gone, and could not come  
 again!  
 I struggled no longer with my  
 doom!

This happened many years ago.  
 I left my father's home to come  
 Like Catherine to her martyrdom,  
 For blindly I esteemed it so. 832  
 And when I heard the convent  
 door  
 Behind me close, to ope no more,  
 I felt it smite me like a blow.  
 Through all my limbs a shudder  
 ran,  
 And on my bruised spirit fell  
 The dampness of my narrow cell  
 As night-air on a wounded man,  
 Giving intolerable pain. 840

But now a better life began.  
 I felt the agony decrease  
 By slow degrees, then wholly  
 cease,  
 Ending in perfect rest and peace!  
 It was not apathy, nor dulness,  
 That weighed and pressed upon  
 my brain,  
 But the same passion I had given  
 To earth before, now turned to  
 heaven  
 With all its overflowing fulness.

Alas! the world is full of peril!  
 The path that runs through the  
 fairest meads, 851  
 On the sunniest side of the valley,  
 leads  
 Into a region bleak and sterile!

Alike in the high-born and the  
 lowly,  
 The will is feeble, and passion  
 strong.  
 We cannot sever right from wrong;  
 Some falsehood mingles with all  
 truth;  
 Nor is it strange the heart of  
 youth  
 Should waver and comprehend but  
 slowly  
 The things that are holy and un-  
 holy! 860  
 But in this sacred, calm retreat,  
 We are all well and safely shield-  
 ed  
 From winds that blow and waves  
 that beat,  
 From the cold, and rain, and  
 blighting heat,  
 To which the strongest hearts  
 have yielded.  
 Here we stand as the Virgins  
 Seven,  
 For our celestial bridegroom yearn-  
 ing;  
 Our hearts are lamps forever burn-  
 ing,  
 With a steady and unwavering  
 flame, 869  
 Pointing upward, forever the same,  
 Steadily upward toward the hea-  
 ven!

The moon is hidden behind a cloud;  
 A sudden darkness fills the room,  
 And thy deep eyes, amid the gloom,  
 Shine like jewels in a shroud.  
 On the leaves is a sound of falling  
 rain;  
 A bird, awakened in its nest,  
 Gives a faint twitter of unrest,  
 Then smooths its plumes and  
 sleeps again. 879  
 No other sounds than these I hear;  
 The hour of midnight must be near.  
 Thou art o'erspent with the day's  
 fatigue  
 Of riding many a dusty league;  
 Sink, then, gently to thy slumber;  
 Me so many cares encumber,

So many ghosts, and forms of  
fright,  
Have started from their graves to-  
night,  
They have driven sleep from mine  
eyes away:  
I will go down to the chapel and  
pray.

## V

A COVERED BRIDGE AT LU-  
CERNE

PRINCE HENRY.

God's blessing on the architects  
who build  
The bridges o'er swift rivers and  
abysses  
Before impassable to human feet,  
No less than on the builders of  
cathedrals,  
Whose massive walls are bridges  
thrown across  
The dark and terrible abyss of  
Death.  
Well has the name of Pontifex  
been given  
Unto the Church's head, as the  
chief builder  
And architect of the invisible  
bridge  
That leads from earth to heaven.

ELSIE.

How dark it grows!  
What are these paintings on the  
walls around us? 11

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance Macaber!

ELSIE.

What?

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance of Death!  
All that go to and fro must look  
upon it,  
Mindful of what they shall be,  
while beneath,

Among the wooden piles, the tur-  
bulent river  
Rushes, impetuous as the river of  
life,  
With dimpling eddies, ever green  
and bright,  
Save where the shadow of this  
bridge falls on it.

ELSIE.

Oh yes! I see it now!

PRINCE HENRY.

The grim musician  
Leads all men through the mazes  
of that dance, 20  
To different sounds in different  
measures moving;  
Sometimes he plays a lute, some-  
times a drum,  
To tempt or terrify.

ELSIE.

What is this picture?

PRINCE HENRY.

It is a young man singing to a  
nun,  
Who kneels at her devotions, but  
in kneeling  
Turns round to look at him; and  
Death, meanwhile,  
Is putting out the candles on the  
altar!

ELSIE.

Ah, what a pity 't is that she should  
listen  
Unto such songs, when in her ori-  
sons  
She might have heard in heaven  
the angels singing! 30

PRINCE HENRY.

Here he has stolen a jester's cap  
and bells,  
And dances with the Queen.

ELSIE.

A foolish jest!

PRINCE HENRY.

And here the heart of the new-wedded wife,  
Coming from church with her beloved lord,  
He startles with the rattle of his drum.

ELSIE.

Ah, that is sad! And yet perhaps  
't is best  
That she should die, with all the  
sunshine on her,  
And all the benedictions of the  
morning,  
Before this affluence of golden  
light  
Shall fade into a cold and clouded  
gray, 40  
Then into darkness!

PRINCE HENRY.

Under it is written,  
'Nothing but death shall separate  
thee and me!'

ELSIE.

And what is this, that follows close  
upon it?

PRINCE HENRY.

Death, playing on a dulcimer. Behind him,  
A poor old woman, with a rosary,  
Follows the sound, and seems to  
wish her feet  
Were swifter to o'ertake him.  
Underneath,  
The inscription reads, 'Better is  
Death than Life.'

ELSIE.

Better is Death than Life! Ah  
yes! to thousands  
Death plays upon a dulcimer, and  
sings 50  
That song of consolation, till the  
air  
Rings with it, and they cannot  
choose but follow \*

Whither he leads. And not the  
old alone,  
But the young also hear it, and  
are still.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yes, in their sadder moments. 'T is  
the sound  
Of their own hearts they hear, half  
full of tears,  
Which are like crystal cups, half  
filled with water,  
Responding to the pressure of a  
finger  
With music sweet and low and  
melancholy.  
Let us go forward, and no longer  
stay 60  
In this great picture-gallery of  
Death!  
I hate it! ay, the very thought of  
it!

ELSIE.

Why is it hateful to you?

PRINCE HENRY.

For the reason  
That life, and all that speaks of  
life, is lovely,  
And death, and all that speaks of  
death, is hateful.

ELSIE.

The grave itself is but a covered  
bridge,  
Leading from light to light, through  
a brief darkness!

PRINCE HENRY, *emerging from  
the bridge.*

I breathe again more freely! Ah,  
how pleasant  
To come once more into the light  
of day,  
Out of that shadow of death! To  
hear again 70  
The hoof-beats of our horses on  
firm ground,  
And not upon those hollow planks,  
resounding

With a sepulchral echo, like the  
 clods  
 On coffins in a churchyard! Yonder lies  
 The Lake of the Four Forest-Towns, appavelled  
 In light, and lingering, like a village maiden,  
 Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,  
 Then pouring all her life into another's,  
 Changing her name and being! Overhead,  
 Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air, <sup>80</sup>  
 Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines.

*They pass on.*

#### THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE *crossing with attendants.*

#### GUIDE.

This bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.  
 With a single arch. from ridge to ridge,  
 It leaps across the terrible chasm  
 Yawning beneath us, black and deep,  
 As if, in some convulsive spasm,  
 The summits of the hills had cracked,  
 And made a road for the cataract  
 That raves and rages down the steep!

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha!

90

#### GUIDE.

Never any bridge but this  
 Could stand across the wild abyss;  
 All the rest, of wood or stone,  
 By the Devil's hand were overthrown.  
 He toppled crags from the precipice,

And whatsoe'er was built by day  
 In the night was swept away;  
 None could stand but this alone.

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha!

#### GUIDE.

I showed you in the valley a bowl-  
 der <sup>100</sup>  
 Marked with the imprint of his  
 shoulder;  
 As he was bearing it up this  
 way,  
 A peasant, passing, cried, 'Herr  
 Jé!'  
 And the Devil dropped it in his  
 fright,  
 And vanished suddenly out of  
 sight!

LUCIFER *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha!

#### GUIDE.

Abbot Giraldu of Einsiedel,  
 For pilgrims on their way to Rome,  
 Built this at last, with a single  
 arch, <sup>109</sup>  
 Under which, on its endless march,  
 Runs the river, white with foam,  
 Like a thread through the eye of a  
 needle.  
 And the Devil promised to let it  
 stand,  
 Under compact and condition  
 That the first living thing which  
 crossed  
 Should be surrendered into his  
 hand,  
 And be beyond redemption lost.

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha! perdition!

#### GUIDE.

At length, the bridge being all  
 completed,  
 The Abbot, standing at its head, <sup>120</sup>  
 Threw across it a loaf of bread,  
 Which a hungry dog sprang after,



And the rocks reëchoed with the  
 peals of laughter  
 To see the Devil thus defeated!  
*They pass on.*

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha! defeated!  
 For journeys and for crimes like  
 this  
 I let the bridge stand o'er the  
 abyss!

THE ST. GOTHARD PASS.

PRINCE HENRY.

This is the highest point. Two  
 ways the rivers  
 Leap down to different seas, and  
 as they roll  
 Grow deep and still, and their ma-  
 jestic presence <sup>130</sup>  
 Becomes a benefaction to the  
 towns  
 They visit, wandering silently  
 among them,  
 Like patriarchs old among their  
 shining tents.

ELSIE.

How bleak and bare it is! No-  
 thing but mosses  
 Grow on these rocks.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yet are they not forgotten;  
 Beneficent Nature sends the mists  
 to feed them.

ELSIE.

See yonder little cloud, that, borne  
 aloft  
 So tenderly by the wind, floats  
 fast away  
 Over the snowy peaks! It seems  
 to me  
 The body of St. Catherine, borne  
 by angels! <sup>140</sup>

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou art St. Catherine, and invis-  
 ble angels

Bear thee across these chasms and  
 precipices,  
 Lest thou shouldst dash thy feet  
 against a stone!

ELSIE.

Would I were borne unto my grave,  
 as she was,  
 Upon angelic shoulders! Even  
 now  
 I seem uplifted by them, light as  
 air!  
 What sound is that?

PRINCE HENRY.

The tumbling avalanches!

ELSIE.

How awful, yet how beautiful!

PRINCE HENRY.

These are  
 The voices of the mountains!  
 Thus they ope  
 Their snowy lips, and speak unto  
 each other, <sup>150</sup>  
 In the primeval language, lost to  
 man.

ELSIE.

What land is this that spreads it-  
 self beneath us?

PRINCE HENRY.

Italy! Italy!

ELSIE.

Land of the Madonna!  
 How beautiful it is! It seems a  
 garden  
 Of Paradise!

PRINCE HENRY.

Nay, of Gethsemane  
 To thee and me, of passion and of  
 prayer!  
 Yet once of Paradise. Long years  
 ago  
 I wandered as a youth among its  
 bowers,  
 And never from my heart has  
 faded quite

Its memory, that, like a summer  
 sunset, 160  
 Encircles with a ring of purple  
 light  
 All the horizon of my youth.

GUIDE.

O friends !  
 The days are short, the way before  
 us long ;  
 We must not linger, if we think to  
 reach  
 The inn at Belinzona before ves-  
 pers !

*They pass on.*

AT THE FOOT OF THE ALPS.

*A halt under the trees at noon.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Here let us pause a moment in the  
 trembling  
 Shadow and sunshine of the road-  
 side trees,  
 And, our tired horses in a group  
 assembling,  
 Inhale long draughts of this de-  
 licious breeze.  
 Our fleeter steeds have distanced  
 our attendants ; 170  
 They lag behind us with a slower  
 pace ;  
 We will await them under the  
 green pendants  
 Of the great willows in this shady  
 place.  
 Ho, Barbarossa ! how thy mottled  
 haunches  
 Sweat with this canter over hill  
 and glade !  
 Stand still, and let these overhang-  
 ing branches  
 Fan thy hot sides and comfort  
 thee with shade !

ELSIE.

What a delightful landscape  
 spreads before us,  
 Marked with a whitewashed cot-  
 tage here and there !

And, in luxuriant garlands droop-  
 ing o'er us, 180  
 Blossoms of grape-vines scent the  
 sunny air !

PRINCE HENRY.

Hark ! what sweet sounds are  
 those, whose accents holy  
 Fill the warm noon with music sad  
 and sweet !

ELSIE.

It is a band of pilgrims, moving  
 slowly  
 On their long journey, with uncov-  
 ered feet.

PILGRIMS, *chanting the Hymn of*  
*St. Hildebert.*

Me receptet Sion illa,  
 Sion David, urbs tranquilla,  
 Cujus faber auctor lucis,  
 Cujus portæ lignum crucis,  
 Cujus claves lingua Petri, 190  
 Cujus cives semper læti,  
 Cujus muri lapis vivus,  
 Cujus custos Rex festivus !

LUCIFER, *as a Friar in the pro-*  
*cession.*

Here am I, too, in the pious band,  
 In the garb of a barefooted Car-  
 melite dressed !  
 The soles of my feet are as hard  
 and tanned  
 As the conscience of old Pope  
 Hildebrand,  
 The Holy Satan, who made the  
 wives  
 Of the bishops lead such shameful  
 lives.  
 All day long I beat my breast, 200  
 And chant with a most particular  
 zest  
 The Latin hymns, which I under-  
 stand  
 Quite as well, I think, as the rest.  
 And at night such lodging in barns  
 and sheds,  
 Such a hurly-burly in country inns,  
 Such a clatter of tongues in empty  
 heads,

Such a helter-skelter of prayers  
and sins!  
Of all the contrivances of the time  
For sowing broadcast the seeds of  
crime,  
There is none so pleasing to me  
and mine 210  
As a pilgrimage to some far-off  
shrine!

## PRINCE HENRY.

If from the outward man we judge  
the inner,  
And cleanliness is godliness, I  
fear  
A hopeless reprobate, a hardened  
sinner,  
Must be that Carmelite now pass-  
ing near.

## LUCIFER.

There is my German Prince again,  
Thus far on his journey to Salern,  
And the lovesick girl, whose heated  
brain  
Is sowing the cloud to reap the  
rain;  
But it's a long road that has no  
turn! 220  
Let them quietly hold their way,  
I have also a part in the play.  
But first I must act to my heart's  
content  
This mummery and this merri-  
ment,  
And drive this motley flock of  
sheep  
Into the fold, where drink and  
sleep  
The jolly old friars of Benevent.  
Of a truth, it often provokes me to  
laugh  
To see these beggars hobble along,  
Lamed and maimed, and fed upon  
chaff, 230  
Chanting their wonderful piff and  
paff,  
And, to make up for not under-  
standing the song,  
Singing it fiercely, and wild, and  
strong!

Were it not for my magic garters  
and staff,  
And the goblets of goodly wine I  
quaff,  
And the mischief I make in the  
idle throng,  
I should not continue the business  
long.

PILGRIMS, *chanting*.

In hanc urbem, lux solennis,  
Ver æternum, pax perennis;  
In hanc odor implens cælos, 240  
In hanc semper festum melos!

## PRINCE HENRY.

Do you observe that monk among  
the train,  
Who pours from his great throat  
the roaring bass,  
As a cathedral spout pours out the  
rain,  
And this way turns his rubicund,  
round face?

## ELSIE.

It is the same who, on the Stras-  
burg square,  
Preached to the people in the open  
air.

## PRINCE HENRY.

And he has crossed o'er mountain,  
field, and fell,  
On that good steed, that seems to  
bear him well,  
The hackney of the Friars of Or-  
ders Gray, 250  
His own stout legs! He, too, was  
in the play,  
Both as King Herod and Ben Is-  
rael.  
Good morrow, Friar!

## FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Good morrow, noble Sir'

## PRINCE HENRY.

I speak in German, for, unless I  
err,  
You are a German.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

I cannot gainsay you.  
But by what instinct, or what secret sign,  
Meeting me here, do you straightway divine  
That northward of the Alps my country lies?

PRINCE HENRY.

Your accent, like St. Peter's, would betray you,  
Did not your yellow beard and your blue eyes. 260  
Moreover, we have seen your face before,  
And heard you preach at the Cathedral door  
On Easter Sunday, in the Strasburg square.  
We were among the crowd that gathered there,  
And saw you play the Rabbi with great skill,  
As if, by leaning o'er so many years  
To walk with little children, your own will  
Had caught a childish attitude from theirs,  
A kind of stooping in its form and gait,  
And could no longer stand erect and straight. 270  
Whence come you now?

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

From the old monastery  
Of Hirschau, in the forest; being sent  
Upon a pilgrimage to Benevent,  
To see the image of the Virgin Mary,  
That moves its holy eyes, and sometimes speaks,  
And lets the piteous tears run down its cheeks,  
To touch the hearts of the impenitent.

PRINCE HENRY.

Oh, had I faith, as in the days gone by,  
That knew no doubt, and feared no mystery!

LUCIFER, *at a distance.*

Ho, Cuthbert! Friar Cuthbert!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Farewell, Prince!  
I cannot stay to argue and convince. 281

PRINCE HENRY.

This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,  
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!  
All hearts are touched and softened at her name,  
Alike the bandit, with the bloody hand,  
The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,  
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,  
Pay homage to her as one ever present!  
And even as children, who have much offended  
A too indulgent father, in great shame, 290  
Penitent, and yet not daring untended  
To go into his presence, at the gate  
Speak with their sister, and confiding wait  
Till she goes in before and intercedes;  
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,  
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near  
With their requests an angry father's ear,  
Offer to her their prayers and their confession,  
And she for them in heaven makes intercession.

And if our Faith had given us no-  
 thing more 300  
 Than this example of all woman-  
 hood,  
 So mild, so merciful, so strong, so  
 good,  
 So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving,  
 pure,  
 This were enough to prove it  
 higher and truer  
 Than all the creeds the world had  
 known before.

PILGRIMS, *chanting afar off.*

Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,  
 Supra petram collocata,  
 Urbs in portu satis tuto  
 De longinquo te saluto,  
 Te saluto, te suspiro, 310  
 Te affecto, te requiro!

#### THE INN AT GENOA.

*A terrace overlooking the sea.  
 Night.*

PRINCE HENRY.

It is the sea, it is the sea,  
 In all its vague immensity,  
 Fading and darkening in the dis-  
 tance!  
 Silent, majestic, and slow,  
 The white ships haunt it to and  
 fro,  
 With all their ghostly sails un-  
 furled,  
 As phantoms from another world  
 Haunt the dim confines of exist-  
 ence!  
 But ah! how few can compre-  
 hend 320  
 Their signals, or to what good  
 end  
 From land to land they come and  
 go!  
 Upon a sea more vast and dark  
 The spirits of the dead embark,  
 All voyaging to unknown coasts.  
 We wave our farewells from the  
 shore,

And they depart, and come no  
 more,  
 Or come as phantoms and as  
 ghosts.

Above the darksome sea of death,  
 Looms the great life that is to  
 be, 330  
 A land of cloud and mystery,  
 A dim mirage, with shapes of men  
 Long dead, and passed beyond our  
 ken.

Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our  
 breath

Till the fair pageant vanisheth,  
 Leaving us in perplexity,  
 And doubtful whether it has been  
 A vision of the world unseen,  
 Or a bright image of our own  
 Against the sky in vapors thrown.

LUCIFER, *singing from the sea.*

Thou didst not make it, thou canst  
 not mend it, 341  
 But thou hast the power to end it!  
 The sea is silent, the sea is dis-  
 creet,  
 Deep it lies at thy very feet;  
 There is no confessor like unto  
 Death!  
 Thou canst not see him, but he is  
 near;  
 Thou needst not whisper above  
 thy breath,  
 And he will hear;  
 He will answer the questions,  
 The vague surmises and sugges-  
 tions, 350  
 That fill thy soul with doubt and  
 fear!

PRINCE HENRY.

The fisherman, who lies afloat,  
 With shadowy sail, in yonder boat,  
 Is singing softly to the Night!  
 But do I comprehend aright  
 The meaning of the words he sung  
 So sweetly in his native tongue?  
 Ah yes! the sea is still and deep.  
 All things within its bosom sleep!  
 A single step, and all is o'er: 360



A plunge, a bubble, and no more;  
And thou, dear Elsie, wilt be free  
From martyrdom and agony.

ELSIE, *coming from her chamber  
upon the terrace.*

The night is calm and cloudless,  
And still as still can be,  
And the stars come forth to listen

To the music of the sea.

They gather, and gather, and gather,

Until they crowd the sky,  
And listen, in breathless silence,

370

To the solemn litany.

It begins in rocky caverns,

As a voice that chants alone

To the pedals of the organ

In monotonous undertone;

And anon from shelving beaches,

And shallow sands beyond,

In snow-white robes uprising

The ghostly choirs respond.

And sadly and unceasing

380

The mournful voice sings on,

And the snow-white choirs still answer

Christe eleison!

PRINCE HENRY.

Angel of God! thy finer sense perceives

Celestial and perpetual harmonies!

Thy purer soul, that trembles and believes,

Hears the archangel's trumpet in the breeze,

And where the forest rolls, or ocean heaves,

Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas,

And tongues of prophets speaking in the leaves.

390

But I hear discord only and despair,

And whispers as of demons in the air!

AT SEA.

IL PADRONE.

The wind upon our quarter lies.  
And on before the freshening gale,  
That fills the snow-white lateen sail,

Swiftly our light felucca flies.

Around, the billows burst and foam;

They lift her o'er the sunken rock,  
They beat her sides with many a shock,

And then upon their flowing dome  
They poise her, like a weathercock!

401

Between us and the western skies

The hills of Corsica arise;

Eastward, in yonder long blue line,

The summits of the Apennine,

And southward, and still far away,

Salerno, on its sunny bay.

You cannot see it, where it lies.

PRINCE HENRY.

Ah, would that never more mine eyes

Might see its towers by night or day!

410

ELSIE.

Behind us, dark and awfully,  
There comes a cloud out of the sea,

That bears the form of a hunted deer,

With hide of brown, and hoofs of black,

And antlers laid upon its back,

And fleeing fast and wild with fear,

As if the hounds were on its track!

PRINCE HENRY.

Lo! while we gaze, it breaks and falls

418

In shapeless masses, like the walls

Of a burnt city. Broad and red

The fires of the descending sun

Glare through the windows, and o'erhead,

Athwart the vapors, dense and  
dun,  
Long shafts of silvery light arise,  
Like rafters that support the  
skies!

ELSIE.

See! from its summit the lurid  
levin  
Flashes downward without warn-  
ing,  
As Lucifer, son of the morning,  
Fell from the battlements of hea-  
ven!

IL PADRONE.

I must entreat you, friends, be-  
low! <sup>43°</sup>  
The angry storm begins to blow,  
For the weather changes with the  
moon.  
All this morning, until noon,  
We had baffling winds, and sudden  
flaws  
Struck the sea with their cat's-  
paws.  
Only a little hour ago  
I was whistling to Saint Antonio  
For a capful of wind to fill our  
sail,  
And instead of a breeze he has  
sent a gale.  
Last night I saw Saint Elmo's  
stars, <sup>44°</sup>  
With their glimmering lanterns,  
all at play  
On the tops of the masts and the  
tips of the spars,  
And I knew we should have foul  
weather to-day.  
Cheerily, my hearties! yo heave  
ho!  
Brail up the mainsail, and let her  
go  
As the winds will and Saint An-  
tonio!  
Do you see that Livornese felucca,  
That vessel to the windward yon-  
der,  
Running with her gunwale under?

I was looking when the wind o'er-  
took her. <sup>45°</sup>  
She had all sail set, and the only  
wonder

Is that at once the strength of the  
blast

Did not carry away her mast.  
She is a galley of the Gran Duca,  
That, through the fear of the Al-  
gerines,

Convoys those lazy brigantines,  
Laden with wine and oil from  
Lucca.

Now all is ready, high and low:  
Blow, blow, good Saint Antonio!

Ha! that is the first dash of the  
rain, <sup>46°</sup>

With a sprinkle of spray above the  
rails,

Just enough to moisten our sails,  
And make them ready for the  
strain.

See how she leaps, as the blasts  
o'ertake her,

And speeds away with a bone in  
her mouth!

Now keep her head toward the  
south,

And there is no danger of bank or  
breaker.

With the breeze behind us, on we  
go;

Not too much, good Saint An-  
tonio!

## VI

### THE SCHOOL OF SALERNO

*A travelling Scholastic affixing  
his Theses to the gate of the Col-  
lege.*

SCHOLASTIC.

There, that is my gauntlet, my  
banner, my shield,  
Hung up as a challenge to all the  
field!

One hundred and twenty-five pro-  
positions,

Which I will maintain with the  
sword of the tongue  
Against all disputants, old and  
young.

Let us see if doctors or dialecti-  
cians

Will dare to dispute my defini-  
tions,

Or attack any one of my learned  
theses.

Here stand I; the end shall be as  
God pleases.

I think I have proved, by profound  
researches, <sup>10</sup>

The error of all those doctrines so  
vicious

Of the old Areopagite Dionysius,  
That are making such terrible  
work in the churches,

By Michael the Stammerer sent  
from the East,

And done into Latin by that Scot-  
tish beast,

Johannes Duns Scotus, who dares  
to maintain,

In the face of the truth, the error  
infernial,

That the universe is and must be  
eternal;

At first laying down, as a fact fun-  
damental,

That nothing with God can be ac-  
cidental; <sup>20</sup>

Then asserting that God before  
the creation

Could not have existed, because it  
is plain

That, had He existed, He would  
have created;

Which is begging the question  
that should be debated,

And moveth me less to anger than  
laughter.

All nature, he holds, is a respira-  
tion

Of the Spirit of God, who, in breath-  
ing, hereafter

Will inhale it into his bosom again,  
So that nothing but God alone will  
remain.

And therein he contradicteth him-  
self; <sup>30</sup>

For he opens the whole discussion  
by stating,

That God can only exist in cre-  
ating.

That question I think I have laid  
on the shelf!

*He goes out. Two Doctors come in  
disputing, and followed by pu-  
pils.*

DOCTOR SERAFINO.

I, with the Doctor Seraphic, main-  
tain,

That a word which is only con-  
ceived in the brain

Is a type of eternal Generation;  
The spoken word is the Incarna-  
tion.

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

What do I care for the Doctor  
Seraphic,

With all his wordy chaffer and  
traffic?

DOCTOR SERAFINO.

You make but a paltry show of re-  
sistance; <sup>40</sup>

Universals have no real existence!

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

Your words are but idle and empty  
chatter;

Ideas are eternally joined to mat-  
ter!

DOCTOR SERAFINO.

May the Lord have mercy on your  
position,

You wretched, wrangling culler of  
herbs!

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

May he send your soul to eternal  
perdition,

For your Treatise on the Irregular  
Verbs!

*They rush out fighting. Two  
Scholars come in.*

## FIRST SCHOLAR.

Monte Cassino, then, is your College.  
What think you of ours here at Salern?

## SECOND SCHOLAR.

To tell the truth, I arrived so lately, <sup>50</sup>  
I hardly yet have had time to discern.  
So much, at least, I am bound to acknowledge:  
The air seems healthy, the buildings stately,  
And on the whole I like it greatly.

## FIRST SCHOLAR.

Yes, the air is sweet; the Calabrian hills  
Send us down puffs of mountain air;  
And in summer-time the sea-breeze fills  
With its coolness cloister, and court, and square.  
Then at every season of the year  
There are crowds of guests and travellers here; <sup>60</sup>  
Pilgrims, and mendicant friars, and traders  
From the Levant, with figs and wine,  
And bands of wounded and sick Crusaders,  
Coming back from Palestine.

## SECOND SCHOLAR.

And what are the studies you pursue?  
What is the course you here go through?

## FIRST SCHOLAR.

The first three years of the college course  
Are given to Logic alone, as the source

Of all that is noble, and wise, and true.

## SECOND SCHOLAR.

That seems rather strange, I must confess, <sup>70</sup>  
In a Medical School; yet, nevertheless,  
You doubtless have reasons for that.

## FIRST SCHOLAR.

Oh yes!

For none but a clever dialectician  
Can hope to become a great physician;  
That has been settled long ago.  
Logic makes an important part  
Of the mystery of the healing art;  
For without it how could you hope to show  
That nobody knows so much as you know?  
After this there are five years more <sup>80</sup>  
Devoted wholly to medicine,  
With lectures on surgical lore,  
And dissections of the bodies of swine,  
As likeliest the human form divine.

## SECOND SCHOLAR.

What are the books now most in vogue?

## FIRST SCHOLAR.

Quite an extensive catalogue;  
Mostly, however, books of our own;  
As Gariopontus' Passionarius,  
And the writings of Matthew Platearius;  
And a volume universally known <sup>90</sup>  
As the Regimen of the School of Salern,  
For Robert of Normandy written in terse  
And very elegant Latin verse.  
Each of these writings has its turn.

And when at length we have finished these,

Then comes the struggle for degrees,

With all the oldest and ablest critics;

The public thesis and disputation,  
Question, and answer, and explanation

Of a passage out of Hippocrates, 100

Or Aristotle's Analytics.

There the triumphant Magister stands!

A book is solemnly placed in his hands,

On which he swears to follow the rule

And ancient forms of the good old School;

To report if any confectionarius  
Mingles his drugs with matters various,

And to visit his patients twice a day,

And once in the night, if they live in town,

And if they are poor, to take no pay, 110

Having faithfully promised these,  
His head is crowned with a laurel crown;

A kiss on his cheek, a ring on his hand,

The Magister Artium et Physices  
Goes forth from the school like a lord of the land.

And now, as we have the whole morning before us,

Let us go in, if you make no objection,

And listen awhile to a learned prelection

On Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus.

*They go in. Enter LUCIFER as a Doctor.*

LUCIFER.

This is the great School of Salern!

120

A land of wrangling and of quarrels,

Of brains that seethe, and hearts that burn,

Where every emulous scholar hears,

In every breath that comes to his ears,

The rustling of another's laurels!

The air of the place is called salubrious;

The neighborhood of Vesuvius lends it

An odor volcanic, that rather mends it,

And the buildings have an aspect lugubrious,

That inspires a feeling of awe and terror 130

Into the heart of the beholder,  
And befits such an ancient homestead of error,

Where the old falsehoods moulder and smoulder,

And yearly by many hundred hands

Are carried away, in the zeal of youth,

And sown like tares in the field of truth,

To blossom and ripen in other lands.

What have we here, affixed to the gate?

The challenge of some scholastic wight,

Who wishes to hold a public debate 140

On sundry questions wrong or right!

Ah, now this is my great delight!

For I have often observed of late  
That such discussions end in a fight.

Let us see what the learned wag maintains

With such a prodigal waste of brains.

*Reads.*



'Whether angels in moving from  
place to place  
Pass through the intermediate  
space.  
Whether God himself is the author  
of evil,  
Or whether that is the work of the  
Devil. 150  
When, where, and wherefore Lucifer  
fell,  
And whether he now is chained in  
hell.'  
I think I can answer that ques-  
tion well!  
So long as the boastful human  
mind  
Consents in such mills as this to  
grind,  
I sit very firmly upon my throne!  
Of a truth it almost makes me  
laugh,  
To see men leaving the golden  
grain  
To gather in piles the pitiful chaff  
That old Peter Lombard thrashed  
with his brain, 160  
To have it caught up and tossed  
again  
On the horns of the Dumb Ox of  
Cologne!

But my guests approach! there is  
in the air  
A fragrance, like that of the Beau-  
tiful Garden  
Of Paradise, in the days that  
were!  
An odor of innocence and of  
prayer,  
And of love, and faith that never  
fails,  
Such as the fresh young heart ex-  
hales  
Before it begins to wither and  
harden!  
I cannot breathe such an atmo-  
sphere! 170  
My soul is filled with a nameless  
fear,  
That, after all my trouble and  
pain,

After all my restless endeavor,  
The youngest, fairest soul of the  
twain,  
The most ethereal, most divine,  
Will escape from my hands for  
ever and ever.  
But the other is already mine!  
Let him live to corrupt his race,  
Breathing among them, with every  
breath,  
Weakness, selfishness, and the  
base 180  
And pusillanimous fear of death.  
I know his nature, and I know  
That of all who in my ministry  
Wander the great earth to and fro,  
And on my errands come and go,  
The safest and subtlest are such  
as he.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and  
ELSIE, with attendants.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Can you direct us to Friar An-  
gelo?

LUCIFER.

He stands before you.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then you know our purpose.  
I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck,  
and this  
The maiden that I spake of in my  
letters. 190

LUCIFER.

It is a very grave and solemn  
business!  
We must not be precipitate. Does  
she  
Without compulsion, of her own  
free will,  
Consent to this?

PRINCE HENRY.

Against all opposition,  
Against all prayers, entreaties,  
protestations.  
She will not be persuaded.

LUCIFER.

That is strange!  
Have you thought well of it?

ELSIE.

I come not here  
To argue, but to die. Your business is not  
To question, but to kill me. I am ready.  
I am impatient to be gone from here<sup>200</sup>  
Ere any thoughts of earth disturb again  
The spirit of tranquillity within me.

PRINCE HENRY.

Would I had not come here!  
Would I were dead,  
And thou wert in thy cottage in the forest,  
And hadst not known me! Why have I done this?  
Let me go back and die.

ELSIE.

It cannot be;  
Not if these cold, flat stones on which we tread  
Were coulters heated white, and yonder gateway  
Flamed like a furnace with a sevenfold heat.  
I must fulfil my purpose.

PRINCE HENRY.

I forbid it!  
Not one step further. For I only meant<sup>211</sup>  
To put thus far thy courage to the proof.  
It is enough. I, too, have strength to die,  
For thou hast taught me!

ELSIE.

O my Prince! remember  
Your promises. Let me fulfil my errand.

You do not look on life and death as I do.

There are two angels, that attend unseen

Each one of us, and in great books record

Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down

The good ones, after every action closes<sup>220</sup>

His volume, and ascends with it to God.

The other keeps his dreadful day-book open

Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,

The record of the action fades away,

And leaves a line of white across the page.

Now if my act be good, as I believe,

It cannot be recalled. It is already

Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished.

The rest is yours. Why wait you? I am ready.

*To her attendants.*

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me.<sup>230</sup>

I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,

And you will have another friend in heaven.

Then start not at the creaking of the door

Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

*To PRINCE HENRY.*

And you, O Prince! bear back my benison

Unto my father's house, and all within it.

This morning in the church I prayed for them,

After confession, after absolution,

When my whole soul was white, I prayed for them.

God will take care of them, they  
need me not. 240

And in your life let my remem-  
brance linger,

As something not to trouble and  
disturb it,

But to complete it, adding life to  
life.

And if at times beside the evening  
fire

You see my face among the other  
faces,

Let it not be regarded as a ghost  
That haunts your house, but as a  
guest that loves you.

Nay, even as one of your own  
family,

Without whose presence there  
were something wanting.

I have no more to say. Let us go  
in. 250

PRINCE HENRY.

Friar Angelo! I charge you on  
your life,

Believe not what she says, for she  
is mad,

And comes here not to die, but to  
be healed.

ELSIE.

Alas! Prince Henry!

LUCIFER.

Come with me; this way.

ELSIE goes in with LUCIFER, who  
thrusts PRINCE HENRY back  
and closes the door.

PRINCE HENRY.

Gone! and the light of all my life  
gone with her!

A sudden darkness falls upon the  
world!

Oh, what a vile and abject thing  
am I

That purchase length of days at  
such a cost!

Not by her death alone, but by the  
death

Of all that's good and true and  
noble in me! 260

All manhood, excellence, and self-  
respect,

All love, and faith, and hope, and  
heart are dead!

All my divine nobility of nature  
By this one act is forfeited forever.

I am a Prince in nothing but in  
name!

*To the attendants.*

Why did you let this horrible deed  
be done?

Why did you not lay hold on her,  
and keep her

From self-destruction? Angelo!  
murderer!

*Struggles at the door, but cannot  
open it.*

ELSIE, within.

Farewell, dear Prince! farewell!

PRINCE HENRY.

Unbar the door!

LUCIFER.

It is too late!

PRINCE HENRY.

It shall not be too late!

*They burst the door open and  
rush in.*

THE FARM-HOUSE IN THE  
ODENWALD.

URSULA spinning. A summer  
afternoon. A table spread.

URSULA.

I have marked it well,—it must  
be true,— 271

Death never takes one alone, but  
two!

Whenever he enters in at a door,  
Under roof of gold or roof of  
thatch,

He always leaves it upon the latch.

And comes again ere the year is  
o'er.

Never one of a household only!  
Perhaps it is a mercy of God,  
Lest the dead there under the sod,  
In the land of strangers, should be  
lonely! 280

Ah me! I think I am lonelier  
here!

It is hard to go,—but harder to  
stay!

Were it not for the children, I  
should pray

That Death would take me within  
the year!

And Gottlieb!—he is at work all  
day,

In the sunny field, or the forest  
murk,

But I know that his thoughts are  
far away,

I know that his heart is not in his  
work!

And when he comes home to me  
at night

He is not cheery, but sits and  
sighs, 290

And I see the great tears in his  
eyes,

And try to be cheerful for his sake.  
Only the children's hearts are  
light.

Mine is weary, and ready to break.  
God help us! I hope we have  
done right;

We thought we were acting for the  
best!

*Looking through the open door.*

Who is it coming under the trees?  
A man, in the Prince's livery  
dressed!

He looks about him with doubtful  
face,

As if uncertain of the place. 300

He stops at the beehives;—now

he sees

The garden gate;—he is going  
past!

Can he be afraid of the bees?

No; he is coming in at last!

He fills my heart with strange  
alarm!

*Enter a Forester.*

FORESTER.

Is this the tenant Gottlieb's farm?

URSULA.

This is his farm, and I his wife.  
Pray sit. What may your busi-  
ness be!

FORESTER.

News from the Prince!

URSULA.

Of death or life?

FORESTER.

You put your questions eagerly!

URSULA.

Answer me, then! How is the  
Prince? 311

FORESTER.

I left him only two hours since  
Homeward returning down the  
river,

As strong and well as if God, the  
Giver,

Had given him back his youth  
again.

URSULA, *despairing*.

Then Elsie, my poor child, is dead!

FORESTER.

That, my good woman, I have not  
said.

Don't cross the bridge till you  
come to it,

Is a proverb old, and of excellent  
wit.

URSULA.

Keep me no longer in this pain! 320

FORESTER.

It is true your daughter is no  
more;—

That is, the peasant she was before.

URSULA.

Alas! I am simple and lowly bred,  
I am poor, distracted, and forlorn.

And it is not well that you of the court

Should mock me thus, and make a sport

Of a joyless mother whose child is dead,

For you, too, were of mother born!

FORESTER.

Your daughter lives, and the Prince is well!

You will learn ere long how it all befell. 330

Her heart for a moment never failed;

But when they reached Salerno's gate,

The Prince's nobler self prevailed,  
And saved her for a noble fate.

And he was healed, in his despair,

By the touch of St. Matthew's sacred bones;

Though I think the long ride in the open air,

That pilgrimage over stocks and stones,

In the miracle must come in for a share!

URSULA.

Virgin! who lovest the poor and lowly, 340

If the loud cry of a mother's heart  
Can ever ascend to where thou art,

Into thy blessed hands and holy  
Receive my prayer of praise and thanksgiving!

Let the hands that bore our Saviour bear it

Into the awful presence of God;  
For thy feet with holiness are shod,

And if thou bearest it He will hear it.

Our child who was dead again is living!

FORESTER.

I did not tell you she was dead; 350  
If you thought so 't was no fault of mine;

At this very moment, while I speak,

They are sailing homeward down the Rhine,

In a splendid barge, with golden prow,

And decked with banners white and red

As the colors on your daughter's cheek.

They call her the Lady Alicia now;

For the Prince in Salerno made a vow

That Elsie only would he wed.

URSULA.

Jesu Maria! what a change! 360  
All seems to me so weird and strange!

FORESTER.

I saw her standing on the deck,  
Beneath an awning cool and shady;

Her cap of velvet could not hold  
The tresses of her hair of gold,  
That flowed and floated like the stream,

And fell in masses down her neck.  
As fair and lovely did she seem  
As in a story or a dream

Some beautiful and foreign lady.  
And the Prince looked so grand  
and proud, 371

And waved his hand thus to the crowd

That gazed and shouted from the shore,

All down the river, long and loud.



## URSULA.

We shall behold our child once  
more;

She is not dead! She is not dead!  
God, listening, must have over-  
heard

The prayers, that, without sound  
or word,

Our hearts in secrecy have said!

Oh, bring me to her; for mine  
eyes

Are hungry to behold her face; <sup>380</sup>

My very soul within me cries;

My very hands seem to caress  
her,

To see her, gaze at her, and bless  
her;

Dear Elsie, child of God and  
grace!

*Goes out toward the garden.*

## FORESTER.

There goes the good woman out  
of her head;

And Gottlieb's supper is waiting  
here;

A very capacious flagon of beer,  
And a very portentous loaf of  
bread.

One would say his grief did not  
much oppress him. <sup>390</sup>

Here's to the health of the Prince,  
God bless him!

*He drinks.*

Ha! it buzzes and stings like a  
hornet!

And what a scene there, through  
the door!

The forest behind and the garden  
before,

And midway an old man of three-  
score,

With a wife and children that ca-  
ress him.

Let me try still further to cheer  
and adorn it

With a merry, echoing blast of my  
cornet!

*Goes out blowing his horn.*

THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON  
THE RHINE.

PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE  
*standing on the terrace at even-  
ing.*

*The sound of bells heard from  
a distance.*

## PRINCE HENRY.

We are alone. The wedding guests  
Ride down the hill, with plumes  
and cloaks, <sup>400</sup>

And the descending dark invests  
The Niederwald, and all the nests  
Among its hoar and haunted oaks.

## ELSIE.

What bells are those, that ring so  
slow,

So mellow, musical, and low?

## PRINCE HENRY.

They are the bells of Geisenheim,  
That with their melancholy chime  
Ring out the curfew of the sun.

## ELSIE.

Listen, beloved.

## PRINCE HENRY.

They are done!

Dear Elsie! many years ago <sup>410</sup>

Those same soft bells at eventide

Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,

As, seated by Fastrada's side

At Ingelheim, in all his pride

He heard their sound with secret  
pain.

## ELSIE.

Their voices only speak to me

Of peace and deep tranquillity,

And endless confidence in thee!

## PRINCE HENRY.

Thou knowest the story of her  
ring,

How, when the court went back  
to Aix, <sup>420</sup>

Fastrada died; and how the king  
Sat watching by her night and day,  
Till into one of the blue lakes,  
Which water that delicious land,  
They cast the ring, drawn from her  
hand :

And the great monarch sat serene  
And sad beside the fated shore,  
Nor left the land forevermore.

ELSIE.

That was true love.

PRINCE HENRY.

For him the queen  
Ne'er did what thou hast done for  
me. 430

ELSIE.

Wilt thou as fond and faithful be?  
Wilt thou so love me after death?

PRINCE HENRY.

In life's delight, in death's dismay,  
In storm and sunshine, night and  
day,

In health, in sickness, in decay,  
Here and hereafter, I am thine!  
Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Be-  
neath

The calm, blue waters of thine  
eyes,

Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies,  
And, undisturbed by this world's  
breath, 440

With magic light its jewels shine!  
This golden ring, which thou hast  
worn

Upon thy finger since the morn,  
Is but a symbol and a semblance,  
An outward fashion, a remem-  
brance,

Of what thou wearest within un-  
seen,

O my Fastrada, O my queen!  
Behold! the hill-tops all aglow  
With purple and with amethyst;  
While the whole valley deep be-  
low 450

Is filled, and seems to overflow,  
With a fast-rising tide of mist.

The evening air grows damp and  
chill;  
Let us go in.

ELSIE.

Ah, not so soon.

See yonder fire! It is the moon  
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.  
It glimmers on the forest tips,  
And through the dewy foliage  
drips

In little rivulets of light,  
And makes the heart in love with  
night. 460

PRINCE HENRY.

Off on this terrace, when the day  
Was closing, have I stood and  
gazed,

And seen the landscape fade away,  
And the white vapors rise and  
drown

Hamlet and vineyard, tower and  
town,

While far above the hill-tops  
blazed.

But then another hand than thine  
Was gently held and clasped in  
mine;

Another head upon my breast  
Was laid, as thine is now, at  
rest. 470

Why dost thou lift those tender  
eyes

With so much sorrow and sur-  
prise?

A minstrel's, not a maiden's hand,  
Was that which in my own was  
pressed.

A manly form usurped thy place,  
A beautiful, but bearded face,  
That now is in the Holy Land;  
Yet in my memory from afar  
Is shining on us like a star.

But linger not. For while I  
speak, 480

A sheeted spectre white and tall,  
The cold mist climbs the castle  
wall,

And lays his hand upon thy cheek!  
*They go in.*

## EPILOGUE

THE TWO RECORDING ANGELS  
ASCENDING

THE ANGEL OF GOOD DEEDS,  
*with closed book.*

God sent his messenger the rain,  
And said unto the mountain brook,  
'Rise up, and from thy caverns look  
And leap, with naked, snow-white  
feet,

From the cool hills into the heat  
Of the broad, arid plain.'

God sent his messenger of faith,  
And whispered in the maiden's  
heart,

'Rise up, and look from where  
thou art,

And scatter with unselfish hands 10  
Thy freshness on the barren sands  
And solitudes of Death,'

O beauty of holiness,  
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness!  
O power of meekness,  
Whose very gentleness and weak-  
ness

Are like the yielding, but irresisti-  
ble air!

Upon the pages  
Of the sealed volume that I bear,  
The deed divine 20

Is written in characters of gold,  
That never shall grow old,

But through all ages

Burn and shine,

With soft effulgence!

O God! it is thy indulgence

That fills the world with the bliss  
Of a good deed like this!

THE ANGEL OF EVIL DEEDS,  
*with open book.*

Not yet, not yet  
Is the red sun wholly set, 30  
But evermore recedes,  
While open still I bear  
The Book of Evil Deeds,  
To let the breathings of the upper  
air

Visit its pages and erase  
The records from its face!  
Fainter and fainter as I gaze  
In the broad blaze  
The glimmering landscape shines,  
And below me the black river 40  
Is hidden by wreaths of vapor!  
Fainter and fainter the black lines  
Begin to quiver  
Along the whitening surface of the  
paper;  
Shade after shade  
The terrible words grow faint and  
fade,  
And in their place  
Runs a white space!

Down goes the sun!  
But the soul of one, 50  
Who by repentance  
Hath escaped the dreadful sen-  
tence,

Shines bright below me as I look.  
It is the end!

With closed Book

To God do I ascend.

Lo! over the mountain steeps

A dark, gigantic shadow sweeps

Beneath my feet;

A blackness inwardly brighten-  
ing 60

With sullen heat,

As a storm-cloud lurid with light-  
ning.

And a cry of lamentation,

Repeated and again repeated,

Deep and loud

As the reverberation

Of cloud answering unto cloud,

Swells and rolls away in the dis-  
tance,

As if the sheeted

Lightning retreated, 70

Baffled and thwarted by the wind's  
resistance.

It is Lucifer,  
The son of mystery;  
And since God suffers him to be,  
He, too, is God's minister,  
And labors for some good  
By us not understood!

## SECOND INTERLUDE

## MARTIN LUTHER

A CHAMBER IN THE WARTBURG.

MORNING. MARTIN LUTHER  
WRITING.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Our God, a Tower of Strength is He,  
A goodly wall and weapon ;  
From all our need He helps us free,  
That now to us doth happen.

The old evil foe  
Doth in earnest grow,  
In grim armor dight,  
Much guile and great might ;  
On earth there is none like him.

OH yes ; a tower of strength in-  
deed, 10

A present help in all our need,  
A sword and buckler is our God.  
Innocent men have walked un-  
shod

O'er burning ploughshares, and  
have trod

Unharm'd on serpents in their  
path,  
And laugh'd to scorn the Devil's  
wrath !

Safe in this Wartburg tower I  
stand

Where God hath led me by the  
hand,

And look down, with a heart at  
ease,

Over the pleasant neighborhoods, 20  
Over the vast Thuringian Woods,  
With flash of river, and gloom of  
trees,

With castles crowning the dizzy  
heights,

And farms and pastoral delights,  
And the morning pouring every-  
where

Its golden glory on the air.

Safe, yes, safe am I here at last,  
Safe from the overwhelming blast  
Of the mouths of Hell, that fol-  
low'd me fast,

And the howling demons of de-  
spair 30  
That hunt'd me like a beast to his  
lair.

Of our own might we nothing can ;  
We soon are unprotected ;  
There fighteth for us the right Man,  
Whom God himself elected.

Who is He ; ye exclaim ?  
Christus is his name,  
Lord of Sabaoth,  
Very God in troth ;  
The field He holds forever. 40

Nothing can vex the Devil more  
Than the name of Him whom we  
adore.

Therefore doth it delight me best  
To stand in the choir among the  
rest,

With the great organ trumpeting  
Through its metallic tubes, and  
sing :

*Et verbum caro factum est !*  
These words the Devil cannot en-  
dure,

For he knoweth their meanin-  
well !

Him they trouble and repel, :  
Us they comfort and allure,  
And happy it were, if our delight  
Were as great as his affright !

Yea, music is the Prophets' art ;  
Among the gifts that God has  
sent,

One of the most magnificent !  
It calms the agitated heart ;  
Temptations, evil thoughts, a  
all

The passions that disturb the sc  
Are quell'd by its divine control  
As the Evil Spirit fled from Sau  
And his distemper was allayed,  
When David took his harp :  
played.

This world may full of Devils be,  
All ready to devour us ;  
Yet not so sore afraid are we,  
They shall not overpower us.

This World's Prince, howe'er  
 Fierce he may appear,  
 He can harm us not, 70  
 He is doomed, God wot!  
 One little word can slay him!

Incredible it seems to some  
 And to myself a mystery,  
 That such weak flesh and blood as  
 we,  
 Armed with no other shield or  
 sword,  
 Or other weapon than the Word,  
 Should combat and should over-  
 come

A spirit powerful as he!  
 He summons forth the Pope of  
 Rome 80

With all his diabolic crew,  
 His shorn and shaven retinue  
 Of priests and children of the  
 dark;

Kill! kill! they cry, the Here-  
 siarch,

Who rouseth up all Christendom  
 Against us; and at one fell blow  
 seeks the whole Church to over-  
 throw!

ot yet; my hour is not yet come.

esterday in an idle mood, 89  
 unting with others in the wood,  
 did not pass the hours in vain,  
 r in the very heart of all  
 ie joyous tumult raised around,  
 outing of men, and baying of  
 hound,

d the bugle's blithe and cheery  
 call,

d echoes answering back again,  
 om crags of the distant moun-  
 tain chain,—

the very heart of this, I found  
 nystery of grief and pain.

was an image of the power 100  
 Satan, hunting the world about,  
 th his nets and traps and well-  
 trained dogs,

bishops and priests and theo-  
 logues,

l all the rest of the rabble rout,

Seeking whom he may devour!  
 Enough I have had of hunting  
 hares,

Enough of these hours of idle  
 mirth,

Enough of nets and traps and  
 gins!

The only hunting of any worth  
 Is where I can pierce with jave-  
 lins 110

The cunning foxes and wolves and  
 bears

The whole iniquitous troop of  
 beasts,

The Roman Pope and the Roman  
 priests

That sorely infest and afflict the  
 earth!

Ye nuns, ye singing birds of the  
 air!

The fowler hath caught you in his  
 snare,

And keeps you safe in his gilded  
 cage,

Singing the song that never tires,  
 To lure down others from their  
 nests;

How ye flutter and beat your  
 breasts, 120

Warm and soft with young desires  
 Against the cruel, pitiless wires,

Reclaiming your lost heritage!

Behold! a hand unbars the door,  
 Ye shall be captives held no more.

The Word they shall perforce let stand,  
 And little thanks they merit!

For He is with us in the land,

With gifts of his own Spirit!

Though they take our life, 130

Goods, honors, child and wife,

Let these pass away,

Little gain have they;

The Kingdom still remaineth!

Yea, it remaineth forevermore,  
 However Satan may rage and roar,  
 Though often he whispers in my  
 ears:

What if thy doctrines false should  
 be?



And wrings from me a bitter  
sweat.

Then I put him to flight with  
jeers, 140

Saying: Saint Satan! pray for me:  
If thou thinkest I am not saved yet!

And my mortal foes that lie in  
wait

In every avenue and gate!

As to that odious monk John Tet-  
zel,

Hawking about his hollow wares  
Like a huckster at village fairs,  
And those mischievous fellows,  
Wetzel,

Campanus, Carlstadt, Martin Cel-  
larius,

And all the busy, multifarious 150  
Heretics, and disciples of Arius,  
Half-learned, dunce-bold, dry and  
hard,

They are not worthy of my regard,  
Poor and humble as I am.

But ah! Erasmus of Rotterdam,  
He is the vilest miscreant  
That ever walked this world be-  
low!

A Momus, making his mock and  
mow,

At Papist and at Protestant, 159  
Sneering at St. John and St. Paul,  
At God and Man, at one and all;  
And yet as hollow and false and  
drear,

As a cracked pitcher to the ear,  
And ever growing worse and  
worse!

Whenever I pray, I pray for a  
curse

On Erasmus, the Insincere!

Philip Melancthon! thou alone  
Faithful among the faithless  
known;

Thee I hail, and only thee!

Behold the record of us three! 170

*Res et verba Philippus,*

*Res sine verbis Lutherus;*

*Erasmus verba sine re!*

My Philip, prayest thou for me?  
Lifted above all earthly care,  
From these high regions of the  
air,

Among the birds that day and  
night

Upon the branches of tall trees  
Sing their lauds and litanies,  
Praising God with all their might,  
My Philip, unto thee I write. 181

My Philip! thou who knowest  
best

All that is passing in this breast;  
The spiritual agonies,  
The inward deaths, the inward  
hell,

And the divine new births as well,  
That surely follow after these,  
As after winter follows spring;  
My Philip, in the night-time sing  
This song of the Lord I send to  
thee; 190

And I will sing it for thy sake,  
Until our answering voices make  
A glorious antiphony,  
And choral chant of victory!

### PART THREE

## THE NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDIES

JOHN ENDICOTT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JOHN ENDICOTT . . .	<i>Governor.</i>
JOHN ENDICOTT . . .	<i>His son.</i>
RICHARD BELLINGHAM . . .	<i>Deputy Gov- nor.</i>
JOHN NORTON . . .	<i>Minister of Gospel.</i>
EDWARD BUTTER . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>
WALTER MERRY . . .	<i>Tithing-ma- ster.</i>
NICHOLAS UPSALL . . .	<i>An old citi- zen.</i>
SAMUEL COLE . . .	<i>Landlord the Thr Marine.</i>
SIMON KEMPTHORN }	<i>Sea-Capti</i>
RALPH GOLDSMITH }	

WENLOCK CHRISTISON }  
 EDITH, *his daughter* } *Quakers.*  
 EDWARD WHARTON }

*Assistants, Halberdiers, Marshal, etc.*

*The scene is in Boston in the year  
 1665.*

### PROLOGUE

TO-NIGHT we strive to read, as we  
 may best,  
 This city, like an ancient palimpsest;  
 And bring to light, upon the blot-  
 ted page,  
 The mournful record of an earlier  
 age,  
 That, pale and half effaced, lies  
 hidden away  
 Beneath the fresher writing of to-  
 day.

Rise, then, O buried city that hast  
 been ;  
 Rise up, rebuilt in the painted  
 scene,  
 And let our curious eyes behold  
 once more  
 The pointed gable and the pent-  
 house door, <sup>10</sup>  
 The Meeting-house with leaden-  
 latticed panes,  
 The narrow thoroughfares, the  
 crooked lanes !

Rise, too, ye shapes and shadows  
 of the Past,  
 Rise from your long - forgotten  
 graves at last ;  
 Let us behold your faces, let us  
 hear  
 the words ye uttered in those  
 days of fear !  
 Visit your familiar haunts  
 again, —  
 the scenes of triumph, and the  
 scenes of pain,  
 I leave the footprints of your  
 bleeding feet  
 the more upon the pavement of  
 the street ! <sup>20</sup>

Nor let the Historian blame the  
 Poet here,  
 If he perchance misdate the day  
 or year,  
 And group events together, by his  
 art,  
 That in the Chronicles lie far  
 apart ;  
 For as the double stars, though  
 sundered far,  
 Seem to the naked eye a single  
 star,  
 So facts of history, at a distance  
 seen,  
 Into one common point of light  
 convene.

‘Why touch upon such themes?’  
 perhaps some friend  
 May ask, incredulous; ‘and to  
 what good end?’ <sup>30</sup>  
 Why drag again into the light of  
 day  
 The errors of an age long passed  
 away?’  
 I answer: ‘For the lesson that  
 they teach:  
 The tolerance of opinion and of  
 speech.  
 Hope, Faith, and Charity remain,  
 — these three;  
 And greatest of them all is  
 Charity.’

Let us remember, if these words  
 be true,  
 That unto all men Charity is  
 due;  
 Give what we ask; and pity, while  
 we blame,  
 Lest we become copartners in the  
 shame, <sup>40</sup>  
 Lest we condemn, and yet our-  
 selves partake,  
 And persecute the dead for con-  
 science’ sake.

Therefore it is the author seeks  
 and strives  
 To represent the dead as in their  
 lives,

And lets at times his characters  
unfold  
Their thoughts in their own lan-  
guage, strong and bold;  
He only asks of you to do the like;  
To hear him first, and, if you will,  
then strike.

## ACT I

SCENE I. — *Sunday afternoon.*  
*The interior of the Meeting-*  
*house. On the pulpit, an hour-*  
*glass; below, a box for contribu-*  
*tions. JOHN NORTON in the*  
*pulpit. GOVERNOR ENDICOTT*  
*in a canopied seat, attended by*  
*four halberdiers. The congrega-*  
*tion singing.*

The Lord descended from above,  
And bowed the heavens high;  
And underneath his feet He cast  
The darkness of the sky.

On Cherubim and Seraphim  
Right royally He rode,  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.

NORTON (*rising and turning the*  
*hour-glass on the pulpit*).

I heard a great voice from the  
temple saying

Unto the Seven Angels, Go your  
ways; 10

Pour out the vials of the wrath of  
God

Upon the earth. And the First  
Angel went

And poured his vial on the earth;  
and straight

There fell a noisome and a grievous  
sore

On them which had the birth-mark  
of the Beast,

And them which worshipped and  
adored his image.

On us hath fallen this grievous  
pestilence.

There is a sense of terror in the  
air;

And apparitions of things horrible  
Are seen by many. From the sky  
above us 20

The stars fall; and beneath us the  
earth quakes!

The sound of drums at midnight  
from afar,

The sound of horsemen riding to  
and fro,

As if the gates of the invisible  
world

Were opened, and the dead came  
forth to warn us,—

All these are omens of some dire  
disaster

Impending over us, and soon to  
fall.

Moreover, in the language of the  
Prophet,

Death is again come up into our  
windows,

To cut off little children from with-  
out, 30

And young men from the streets.  
And in the midst

Of all these supernatural threats  
and warnings

Doth Heresy uplift its horrid  
head:

A vision of Sin more awful and  
appalling

Than any phantasm, ghost, or ap-  
parition,

As arguing and portending some  
enlargement

Of the mysterious Power of Dark-  
ness!

EDITH, *barefooted, and clad in*  
*sackcloth, with her hair hanging*  
*loose upon her shoulders, walks*  
*slowly up the aisle, followed by*  
*WHARTON and other Quakers.*  
*The congregation starts up in*  
*confusion.*

EDITH (*to NORTON, raising her*  
*hand*).

Peace!

NORTON.

Anathema maranatha! The Lord  
cometh!

EDITH.

Yea, verily He cometh, and shall  
judge  
The shepherds of Israel who do  
feed themselves, <sup>40</sup>  
And leave their flocks to eat what  
they have trodden  
Beneath their feet.

NORTON.

Be silent, babbling woman!  
St. Paul commands all women to  
keep silence  
Within the churches.

EDITH.

Yet the women prayed  
And prophesied at Corinth in his  
day;  
And, among those on whom the  
fiery tongues  
Of Pentecost descended, some were  
women!

NORTON.

The Elders of the Churches, by our  
law,  
Alone have power to open the  
doors of speech  
And silence in the Assembly. I  
command you! <sup>50</sup>

EDITH.

The law of God is greater than  
your laws!  
Ye build your church with blood,  
your town with crime;  
The heads thereof give judgment  
for reward;  
The priests thereof teach only for  
their hire;  
Your laws condemn the innocent  
to death;  
And against this I bear my testi-  
mony!

NORTON.

What testimony?

EDITH.

That of the Holy Spirit,

Which, as your Calvin says, sur-  
passeth reason.

NORTON.

The laborer is worthy of his hire.

EDITH.

Yet our great Master did not teach  
for hire, <sup>60</sup>  
And the Apostles without purse  
or scrip  
Went forth to do his work. Be-  
hold this box  
Beneath thy pulpit. Is it for the  
poor?  
Thou canst not answer. It is for  
the Priest;  
And against this I bear my testi-  
mony.

NORTON.

Away with all these Heretics and  
Quakers!  
Quakers, forsooth! Because a  
quaking fell  
On Daniel, at beholding of the  
Vision,  
Must ye needs shake and quake?  
Because Isaiah  
Went stripped and barefoot, must  
ye wail and howl? <sup>70</sup>  
Must ye go stripped and naked?  
must ye make  
A wailing like the dragons, and a  
mourning  
As of the owls? Ye verify the  
adage  
That Satan is God's ape! Away  
with them!  
*Tumult. The Quakers are driven  
out with violence, EDITH follow-  
ing slowly. The congregation  
retires in confusion.*  
Thus freely do the Reprobates  
commit  
Such measure of iniquity as fits  
them  
For the intended measure of God's  
wrath,  
And even in violating God's com-  
mands

Are they fulfilling the divine decree!

The will of man is but an instrument 80

Disposed and predetermined to its action

According unto the decree of God,  
Being as much subordinate there-  
to

As is the axe unto the hewer's  
hand!

*He descends from the pulpit, and  
joins* GOVERNOR ENDICOTT,  
*who comes forward to meet him.*

The omens and the wonders of the  
time,

Famine, and fire, and shipwreck,  
and disease,

The blast of corn, the death of our  
young men,

Our sufferings in all precious, plea-  
sant things,

Are manifestations of the wrath  
divine,

Signs of God's controversy with  
New England. 90

These emissaries of the Evil One,  
These servants and ambassadors  
of Satan,

Are but commissioned execution-  
ers

Of God's vindictive and deserved  
displeasure.

We must receive them as the Ro-  
man Bishop

Once received Attila, saying, I re-  
joice

You have come safe, whom I es-  
teem to be

The scourge of God, sent to chas-  
tise his people.

This very heresy, perchance, may  
serve

The purposes of God to some good  
end. 100

With you I leave it; but do not  
neglect

The holy tactics of the civil sword.

ENDICOTT.

And what more can be done?

NORTON.

The hand that cut

The Red Cross from the colors of  
the king

Can cut the red heart from this  
heresy.

Fear not. All blasphemies imme-  
diate

And heresies turbulent must be  
suppressed

By civil power.

ENDICOTT.

But in what way suppressed?

NORTON.

The Book of Deuteronomy de-  
clares

That if thy son, thy daughter, or  
thy wife, 110

Ay, or the friend which is as thine  
own soul,

Entice thee secretly, and say to  
thee,

Let us serve other gods, then shall  
thine eye

Not pity him, but thou shalt surely  
kill him,

And thine own hand shall be the  
first upon him

To slay him.

ENDICOTT.

Four already have been slain;  
And others banished upon pain of  
death.

But they come back again to meet  
their doom,

Bringing the linen for their wind-  
ing-sheets.

We must not go too far. In truth,  
I shrink 120

From shedding of more blood. The  
people murmur

At our severity.

NORTON.

Then let them murmur!  
Truth is relentless; justice never  
wavers;



The greatest firmness is the greatest mercy;  
 The noble order of the Magistracy  
 Cometh immediately from God,  
 and yet  
 This noble order of the Magistracy  
 Is by these Heretics despised and outraged.

ENDICOTT.

To-night they sleep in prison. If they die,  
 They cannot say that we have caused their death. <sup>130</sup>  
 We do but guard the passage, with the sword  
 Pointed towards them; if they dash upon it,  
 Their blood will be on their own heads, not ours.

NORTON.

Enough. I ask no more. My predecessor  
 Coped only with the milder heresies  
 Of Antinomians and of Anabaptists.  
 He was not born to wrestle with these fiends.  
 Chrysostom in his pulpit; Augustine  
 In disputation; Timothy in his house!  
 The lantern of St. Botolph's ceased to burn <sup>140</sup>  
 When from the portals of that church he came  
 To be a burning and a shining light  
 Here in the wilderness. And, as he lay  
 On his death-bed, he saw me in a vision  
 Ride on a snow-white horse into this town.  
 His vision was prophetic; thus I came,  
 A terror to the impenitent, and  
 Death

On the pale horse of the Apocalypse  
 To all the accursed race of Heretics!  
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. — *A street. On one side, NICHOLAS UPSALL'S house; on the other, WALTER MERRY'S, with a flock of pigeons on the roof. UPSALL seated in the porch of his house.*

UPSALL.

O day of rest! How beautiful, how fair, <sup>150</sup>  
 How welcome to the weary and the old!  
 Day of the Lord! and truce to earthly cares!  
 Day of the Lord, as all our days should be!  
 Ah, why will man by his austerities  
 Shut out the blessed sunshine and the light,  
 And make of thee a dungeon of despair!

WALTER MERRY (*entering and looking round him*).

All silent as a graveyard! No one stirring;  
 No footfall in the street, no sound of voices!  
 By righteous punishment and perseverance,  
 And perseverance in that punishment, <sup>160</sup>  
 At last I have brought this contumacious town  
 To strict observance of the Sabbath day.  
 Those wanton gospellers, the pigeons yonder,  
 Are now the only Sabbath-breakers left.  
 I cannot put them down. As if to taunt me,  
 They gather every Sabbath afternoon

In noisy congregation on my roof,  
Billing and cooing. Whir! take  
that, ye Quakers.

*Throws a stone at the pigeons.*  
*Sees UPSALL.*

Ah! Master Nicholas!

UPSALL.

Good afternoon,  
Dear neighbor Walter.

MERRY.

Master Nicholas,  
You have to-day withdrawn your-  
self from meeting. 171

UPSALL.

Yea, I have chosen rather to wor-  
ship God  
Sitting in silence here at my own  
door.

MERRY.

Worship the Devil! You this day  
have broken  
Three of our strictest laws. First,  
by abstaining  
From public worship. Secondly,  
by walking  
Profanely on the Sabbath.

UPSALL.

Not one step.  
I have been sitting still here, see-  
ing the pigeons  
Feed in the street and fly about  
the roofs.

MERRY.

You have been in the street with  
other intent 180  
Than going to and from the Meet-  
ing-house.  
And, thirdly, you are harboring  
Quakers here.  
I am amazed!

UPSALL.

Men sometimes, it is said,  
Entertain angels unawares.

MERRY.

Nice angels!  
Angels in broad-brimmed hats and  
russet cloaks,  
The color of the Devil's nutting-  
bag! They came  
Into the Meeting-house this after-  
noon  
More in the shape of devils than  
of angels.  
The women screamed and fainted;  
and the boys  
Made such an uproar in the gal-  
lery 190  
I could not keep them quiet.

UPSALL.

Neighbor Walter,  
Your persecution is of no avail.

MERRY.

'T is prosecution, as the Governor  
says,  
Not persecution.

UPSALL.

Well, your prosecution;  
Your hangings do no good.

MERRY.

The reason is,  
We do not hang enough. But,  
mark my words,  
We'll scour them; yea, I warrant  
ye, we'll scour them!  
And now go in and entertain your  
angels,  
And don't be seen here in the street  
again  
Till after sundown!—There they  
are again! 200

*Exit UPSALL. MERRY throws  
another stone at the pigeons,  
and then goes into his house.*

SCENE III.—*A room in UPSALL's  
house. Night. EDITH, WHAR-  
TON, and other Quakers seated  
at a table. UPSALL seated near  
them. Several books on the ta-  
ble.*

WHARTON.

William and Marmaduke, our martyred brothers,  
 Sleep in untimely graves, if aught untimely  
 Can find place in the providence of God,  
 Where nothing comes too early or too late.  
 I saw their noble death. They to the scaffold  
 Walked hand in hand. Two hundred armed men  
 And many horsemen guarded them, for fear  
 Of rescue by the crowd, whose hearts were stirred.

EDITH.

O holy martyrs!

WHARTON.

When they tried to speak,  
 Their voices by the roll of drums were drowned. <sup>210</sup>  
 When they were dead they still looked fresh and fair,  
 The terror of death was not upon their faces.  
 Our sister Mary, likewise, the meek woman,  
 Has passed through martyrdom to her reward;  
 Exclaiming, as they led her to her death,  
 'These many days I've been in Paradise.'  
 And, when she died, Priest Wilson threw the hangman  
 His handkerchief, to cover the pale face  
 He dared not look upon.

EDITH.

As persecuted,  
 Yet not forsaken; as unknown, yet known; <sup>220</sup>  
 As dying, and behold we are alive;  
 As sorrowful, and yet rejoicing always;  
 As having nothing, yet possessing all!

WHARTON.

And Leddra, too, is dead. But from his prison,  
 The day before his death, he sent these words  
 Unto the little flock of Christ: 'Whatever  
 May come upon the followers of the Light,—  
 Distress, affliction, famine, nakedness,  
 Or perils in the city or the sea, Or persecution, or even death itself,— <sup>230</sup>  
 I am persuaded that God's armor of Light,  
 As it is loved and lived in, will preserve you.  
 Yea, death itself; through which you will find entrance  
 Into the pleasant pastures of the fold,  
 Where you shall feed forever as the herds  
 That roam at large in the low valleys of Achor.  
 And as the flowing of the ocean fills  
 Each creek and branch thereof, and then retires,  
 Leaving behind a sweet and wholesome savor;  
 So doth the virtue and the life of God <sup>240</sup>  
 Flow evermore into the hearts of those  
 Whom He hath made partakers of his nature;  
 And, when it but withdraws itself a little,  
 Leaves a sweet savor after it, that many  
 Can say they are made clean by every word  
 That He hath spoken to them in their silence.'

EDITH (*rising and breaking into a kind of chant*).

Truly we do but grope here in the dark.

Near the partition-wall of Life and  
Death,

At every moment dreading or de-  
siring

To lay our hands upon the unseen  
door! 250

Let us, then, labor for an inward  
stillness,—

An inward stillness and an inward  
healing;

That perfect silence where the lips  
and heart

Are still, and we no longer enter-  
tain

Our own imperfect thoughts and  
vain opinions,

But God alone speaks in us, and  
we wait

In singleness of heart, that we  
may know

His will, and in the silence of our  
spirits,

That we may do his will, and do  
that only!

*A long pause, interrupted by the  
sound of a drum approaching;  
then shouts in the street, and a  
loud knocking at the door.*

MARSHAL.

Within there! Open the door!

MERRY.

Will no one answer?

MARSHAL.

In the King's name! Within  
there!

MERRY.

Open the door!

UPSALL (*from the window*).

It is not barred. Come in. No-  
thing prevents you. 262

The poor man's door is ever on  
the latch.

He needs no bolt nor bar to shut  
out thieves:

He fears no enemies, and has no  
friends

Importunate enough to need a  
key.

*Enter JOHN ENDICOTT, the MAR-  
SHAL, MERRY, and a crowd.  
Seeing the Quakers silent and  
unmoved, they pause, awe-  
struck. ENDICOTT opposite  
EDITH.*

MARSHAL.

In the King's name do I arrest  
you all!

Away with them to prison. Mas-  
ter Upsall,

You are again discovered harbor-  
ing here

These rangers and disturbers of  
the peace. 270

You know the law.

UPSALL.

I know it, and am ready  
To suffer yet again its penalties.

EDITH (*to ENDICOTT*).

Why dost thou persecute me, Saul  
of Tarsus?

## ACT II

SCENE I. — JOHN ENDICOTT'S  
room. *Early morning.*

JOHN ENDICOTT.

'Why dost thou persecute me,  
Saul of Tarsus?'

All night these words were ring-  
ing in mine ears!

A sorrowful sweet face; a look  
that pierced me

With meek reproach; a voice of  
resignation

That had a life of suffering in its  
tone;

And that was all! And yet I  
could not sleep,

Or, when I slept, I dreamed that  
awful dream!

I stood beneath the elm-tree on  
the Common

On which the Quakers have been  
hanged, and heard

A voice, not hers, that cried amid  
the darkness, <sup>10</sup>

'This is Aceldama, the field of  
blood!

I will have mercy, and not sacri-  
fice!'

*Opens the window, and looks out.*  
The sun is up already; and my  
heart

Sickens and sinks within me when  
I think

How many tragedies will be en-  
acted

Before his setting. As the earth  
rolls round,

It seems to me a huge Ixion's  
wheel,

Upon whose whirling spokes we  
are bound fast,

And must go with it! Ah, how  
bright the sun

Strikes on the sea and on the  
masts of vessels, <sup>20</sup>

That are uplifted in the morning  
air,

Like crosses of some peaceable  
crusade!

It makes me long to sail for lands  
unknown,

No matter whither! Under me, in  
shadow,

Gloomy and narrow lies the little  
town,

Still sleeping, but to wake and toil  
awhile,

Then sleep again. How dismal  
looks the prison,

How grim and sombre in the sun-  
less street,—

The prison where she sleeps, or  
wakes and waits

For what I dare not think of,—  
death, perhaps! <sup>30</sup>

A word that has been said may be  
unsaid:

It is but air. But when a deed is  
done

It cannot be undone, nor can our  
thoughts

Reach out to all the mischiefs that  
may follow.

'T is time for morning prayers. I  
will go down.

My father, though severe, is kind  
and just;

And when his heart is tender with  
devotion,—

When from his lips have fallen the  
words, 'Forgive us

As we forgive,'—then will I inter-  
cede <sup>39</sup>

For these poor people, and per-  
haps may save them. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Dock Square. On one  
side, the tavern of the Three  
Mariners. In the background,  
a quaint building with gables;  
and, beyond it, wharves and  
shipping.* CAPTAIN KEMP-  
THORN and others seated at a  
table before the door. SAMUEL  
COLE standing near them.

KEMPTHORN.

Come, drink about! Remember  
Parson Melham,  
And bless the man who first in-  
vented flip!

*They drink.*

COLE.

Pray, Master Kempthorn, where  
were you last night?

KEMPTHORN.

On board the Swallow, Simon  
Kempthorn, master,  
Up for Barbadoes, and the Wind-  
ward Islands.

COLE.

The town was in a tumult.

KEMPTHORN.

And for what?



COLE.

Your Quakers were arrested.

KEMPTHORN.

How my Quakers?

COLE.

Those you brought in your vessel  
from Barbadoes.

They made an uproar in the Meet-  
ing-house

Yesterday, and they're now in  
prison for it. 50

I owe you little thanks for bring-  
ing them

To the Three Mariners.

KEMPTHORN.

They have not harmed you.

I tell you, Goodman Cole, that  
Quaker girl

Is precious as a sea-bream's eye. I  
tell you

It was a lucky day when first she  
set

Her little foot upon the Swallow's  
deck,

Bringing good luck, fair winds, and  
pleasant weather.

COLE.

I am a law-abiding citizen;

I have a seat in the new Meeting-  
house,

A cow-right on the Common; and,  
besides, 60

Am corporal in the Great Artil-  
lery.

I rid me of the vagabonds at  
once.

KEMPTHORN.

Why should you not have Quakers  
at your tavern

If you have fiddlers?

COLE.

Never! never! never!

If you want fiddling you must go  
elsewhere.

To the Green Dragon and the  
Admiral Vernon,  
And other such disreputable  
places.

But the Three Mariners is an  
orderly house,

Most orderly, quiet, and respecta-  
ble.

Lord Leigh said he could be as  
quiet here 70

As at the Governor's. And have I  
not

King Charles's Twelve Good  
Rules, all framed and glazed,  
Hanging in my best parlor?

KEMPTHORN.

Here's a health

To good King Charles. Will you  
not drink the King?

Then drink confusion to old Par-  
son Palmer.

COLE.

And who is Parson Palmer? I  
don't know him.

KEMPTHORN.

He had his cellar underneath his  
pulpit,

And so preached o'er his liquor,  
just as you do.

*A drum within.*

COLE.

Here comes the Marshal.

MERRY (*within*).

Make room for the Marshal.

KEMPTHORN.

How pompous and imposing he  
appears! 80

His great buff doublet bellying like  
a mainsail,

And all his streamers fluttering in  
the wind.

What holds he in his hand?

COLE.

A proclamation.

*Enter the MARSHAL, with a proclamation; and MERRY, with a halberd. They are preceded by a drummer, and followed by the hangman, with an armful of books, and a crowd of people, among whom are UPSALL and JOHN ENDICOTT. A pile is made of the books.*

MERRY.

Silence, the drum! Good citizens,  
attend  
To the new laws enacted by the  
Court.

MARSHAL (*reads*).

'Whereas a cursed sect of Heretics  
Has lately risen, commonly called  
Quakers,  
Who take upon themselves to be  
commissioned  
Immediately of God, and further-  
more  
Infallibly assisted by the Spirit 90  
To write and utter blasphemous  
opinions,  
Despising Government and the  
order of God  
In Church and Commonwealth, and  
speaking evil  
Of Dignities, reproaching and re-  
viling  
The Magistrates and Ministers,  
and seeking  
To turn the people from their  
faith, and thus  
Gain proselytes to their pernicious  
ways;—  
This Court, considering the pre-  
mises,  
And to prevent like mischief as is  
wrought  
By their means in our land, doth  
hereby order, 100  
That whatsoever master or com-  
mander  
Of any ship, bark, pink, or catch  
shall bring  
To any roadstead, harbor, creek,  
or cove

Within this Jurisdiction any Qua-  
kers,  
Or other blasphemous Heretics,  
shall pay  
Unto the Treasurer of the Com-  
monwealth  
One hundred pounds, and for de-  
fault thereof  
Be put in prison, and continue  
there  
Till the said sum be satisfied and  
paid.'

COLE.

Now, Simon Kempthorn, what say  
you to that? 110

KEMPTHORN.

I pray you, Cole, lend me a hun-  
dred pounds!

MARSHAL (*reads*).

'If any one within this Jurisdic-  
tion  
Shall henceforth entertain, or shall  
conceal  
Quakers, or other blasphemous  
Heretics,  
Knowing them so to be, every such  
person  
Shall forfeit to the country forty  
shillings  
For each hour's entertainment or  
concealment,  
And shall be sent to prison, as  
aforesaid,  
Until the forfeiture be wholly  
paid.'

*Murmurs in the crowd.*

KEMPTHORN.

Now, Goodman Cole, I think your  
turn has come! 120

COLE.

Knowing them so to be!

KEMPTHORN.

At forty shillings  
The hour, your fine will be some  
forty pounds!

COLE.

Knowing them so to be! That is  
the law.

MARSHAL (*reads*).

'And it is further ordered and en-  
acted,

If any Quaker or Quakers shall  
presume

To come henceforth into this Ju-  
risdiction,

Every male Quaker for the first  
offence

Shall have one ear cut off; and  
shall be kept

At labor in the Workhouse, till  
such time

As he be sent away at his own  
charge. 130

And for the repetition of the of-  
fence

Shall have his other ear cut off,  
and then

Be branded in the palm of his right  
hand.

And every woman Quaker shall be  
whipt

Severely in three towns; and every  
Quaker,

Or he or she, that shall for a third  
time

Herein again offend, shall have  
their tongues

Bored through with a hot iron, and  
shall be

Sentenced to Banishment on pain  
of Death.'

*Loud murmurs. The voice of  
CHRISTISON in the crowd.*

O patience of the Lord! How long,  
how long, 140

Ere thou avenge the blood of Thine  
Elect?

MERRY.

Silence, there, silence! Do not  
break the peace!

MARSHAL (*reads*).

'Every inhabitant of this Jurisdic-  
tion

Who shall defend the horrible  
opinions

Of Quakers, by denying due re-  
spect

To equals and superiors, and with-  
drawing

From Church Assemblies, and  
thereby approving

The abusive and destructive prac-  
tices

Of this accursed sect, in opposi-  
tion

To all the orthodox received opin-  
ions 150

Of godly men, shall be forthwith  
committed

Unto close prison for one month;  
and then

Refusing to retract and to reform  
The opinions as aforesaid, he shall  
be

Sentenced to Banishment on pain  
of Death.

By the Court. Edward Rawson,  
Secretary.'

Now, hangman, do your duty.  
Burn those books.

*Loud murmurs in the crowd. The  
pile of books is lighted.*

UPSALL.

I testify against these cruel laws!  
Forerunners are they of some

judgment on us;  
And, in the love and tenderness I

bear 160  
Unto this town and people, I be-

seech you,  
O Magistrates, take heed, lest ye

be found  
As fighters against God!

JOHN ENDICOTT (*taking UP-  
SALL'S hand*).

Upsall, I thank you  
For speaking words such as some

younger man,  
'I, or another, should have said be-  
fore you.

Such laws as these are cruel and  
oppressive;

A blot on this fair town, and a disgrace  
To any Christian people.

MERRY (*aside, listening behind them*).

Here's sedition!  
I never thought that any good  
would come  
Of this young popinjay, with his  
long hair 170  
And his great boots, fit only for  
the Russians  
Or barbarous Indians, as his father says!

THE VOICE.

Woe to the bloody town! And  
rightfully  
Men call it the Lost Town! The  
blood of Abel  
Cries from the ground, and at the  
final judgment  
The Lord will say, 'Cain, Cain!  
where is thy brother?'

MERRY.

Silence there in the crowd!

UPSALL (*aside*).

'T is Christison!

THE VOICE.

O foolish people, ye that think to  
burn  
And to consume the truth of God,  
I tell you  
That every flame is a loud tongue  
of fire 180  
To publish it abroad to all the  
world  
Louder than tongues of men!

KEMPTHORN (*springing to his feet*).

Well said, my hearty!  
There's a brave fellow! There's  
a man of pluck!  
A man who's not afraid to say his  
say,

Though a whole town's against  
him. Rain, rain, rain,  
Bones of St. Botolph, and put out  
this fire!

*The drum beats. Exeunt all but*  
MERRY, KEMPTHORN, and  
COLE.

MERRY.

And now that matter's ended,  
Goodman Cole,  
Fetch me a mug of ale, your  
strongest ale.

KEMPTHORN (*sitting down*).

And me another mug of flip; and  
put  
Two gills of brandy in it.

[*Exit* COLE.]

MERRY.

No; no more.  
Not a drop more, I say. You've  
had enough. 191

KEMPTHORN.

And who are you, sir?

MERRY.

I'm a Tithing-man,  
And Merry is my name.

KEMPTHORN.

A merry name!  
I like it; and I'll drink your  
merry health  
Till all is blue.

MERRY.

And then you will be clapped  
Into the stocks, with the red let-  
ter D  
Hung round about your neck for  
drunkenness.  
You're a free-drinker, — yes, and  
a free-thinker!

KEMPTHORN.

And you are Andrew Merry, or  
Merry Andrew.

MERRY.

My name is Walter Merry, and  
not Andrew. 200

KEMPTHORN.

Andrew or Walter, you're a merry  
fellow ;

I'll swear to that.

MERRY.

No swearing, let me tell you.  
The other day one Shorthose had  
his tongue

Put into a cleft stick for profane  
swearing.

COLE *brings the ale.*

KEMPTHORN.

Well, where's my flip? As sure as  
my name's Kempthorn —

MERRY.

Is your name Kempthorn?

KEMPTHORN.

That's the name I go by.

MERRY.

What, Captain Simon Kempthorn  
of the Swallow?

KEMPTHORN.

No other.

MERRY (*touching him on the  
shoulder*).

Then you're wanted. I arrest you  
In the King's name.

KEMPTHORN.

And where's your warrant?

MERRY (*unfolding a paper, and  
reading*).

Here.

Listen to me. 'Hereby you are  
required, 210

In the King's name, to apprehend  
the body

Of Simon Kempthorn, mariner,  
and him

Safely to bring before me, there to  
answer

All such objections as are laid to  
him,

Touching the Quakers.' Signed,  
John Endicott.

KEMPTHORN.

Has it the Governor's seal?

MERRY.

Ay, here it is.

KEMPTHORN.

Death's head and cross-bones.  
That's a pirate's flag!

MERRY.

Beware how you revile the Magis-  
trates ;

You may be whipped for that.

KEMPTHORN.

Then mum's the word.

*Exeunt* MERRY and KEMP-  
THORN.

COLE.

There's mischief brewing! Sure,  
there's mischief brewing!

I feel like Master Josselyn when  
he found 221

The hornet's nest, and thought it  
some strange fruit,

Until the seeds came out, and  
then he dropped it. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. — *A room in the Gov-  
ernor's house. Enter GOV-  
ERNOR ENDICOTT and MERRY.*

ENDICOTT.

My son, you say?

MERRY.

Your Worship's eldest son.

ENDICOTT.

Speaking against the laws?



MERRY.

Ay, worshipful sir.

ENDICOTT.

And in the public market-place?

MERRY.

I saw him  
With my own eyes, heard him  
with my own ears.

ENDICOTT.

Impossible!

MERRY.

He stood there in the crowd  
With Nicholas Upsall, when the  
laws were read  
To-day against the Quakers, and I  
heard him <sup>230</sup>  
Denounce and vilipend them as  
unjust,  
And cruel, wicked, and abomina-  
ble.

ENDICOTT.

Ungrateful son! O God! thou  
layest upon me  
A burden heavier than I can  
bear!  
Surely the power of Satan must be  
great  
Upon the earth, if even the elect  
Are thus deceived and fall away  
from grace!

MERRY.

Worshipful sir! I meant no harm—

ENDICOTT.

'T is well.  
You've done your duty, though  
you've done it roughly,  
And every word you've uttered  
since you came <sup>240</sup>  
Has stabbed me to the heart!

MERRY

I do beseech  
Your Worship's pardon!

ENDICOTT.

He whom I have nurtured  
And brought up in the reverence  
of the Lord!  
The child of all my hopes and my  
affections!  
He upon whom I leaned as a sure  
staff  
For my old age! It is God's  
chastisement  
For leaning upon any arm but  
His!

MERRY.

Your Worship!—

ENDICOTT.

And this comes from holding par-  
ley  
With the delusion and deceits of  
Satan.  
At once, forever, must they be  
crushed out, <sup>250</sup>  
Or all the land will reek with her-  
esy!  
Pray, have you any children?

MERRY.

No, not any.

ENDICOTT.

Thank God for that. He has de-  
livered you  
From a great care. Enough; my  
private griefs  
Too long have kept me from the  
public service.

*Exit MERRY. ENDICOTT seats  
himself at the table and ar-  
ranges his papers.*

The hour has come; and I am  
eager now  
To sit in judgment on these Here-  
tics.

*A knock.*

Come in. Who is it? (*Not look-  
ing up*).

JOHN ENDICOTT.

It is I.

ENDICOTT (*restraining himself*).  
Sit down!

JOHN ENDICOTT (*sitting down*).  
I come to intercede for these poor  
people  
Who are in prison, and await their  
trial. 260

ENDICOTT.

It is of them I wish to speak with  
you.  
I have been angry with you, but  
't is passed.  
For when I hear your footsteps  
come or go,  
See in your features your dead mo-  
ther's face,  
And in your voice detect some  
tone of hers,  
All anger vanishes, and I remem-  
ber  
The days that are no more, and  
come no more,  
When as a child you sat upon my  
knee,  
And prattled of your playthings,  
and the games  
You played among the pear-trees  
in the orchard! 270

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Oh, let the memory of my noble  
mother  
Plead with you to be mild and  
merciful!  
For mercy more becomes a Magis-  
trate  
Than the vindictive wrath which  
men call justice!

ENDICOTT.

The sin of heresy is a deadly sin.  
'T is like the falling of the snow,  
whose crystals  
The traveller plays with, thought-  
less of his danger,  
Until he sees the air so full of  
light  
That it is dark; and blindly stag-  
gering onward,

Lost and bewildered, he sits down  
to rest; 280  
There falls a pleasant drowsiness  
upon him,  
And what he thinks is sleep, alas!  
is death.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

And yet who is there that has  
never doubted?  
And doubting and believing, has  
not said,  
'Lord, I believe; help thou my un-  
belief'?

ENDICOTT.

In the same way we trifle with our  
doubts,  
Whose shining shapes are like the  
stars descending;  
Until at last, bewildered and dis-  
mayed,  
Blinded by that which seemed to  
give us light,  
We sink to sleep, and find that it  
is death, 290

*Rising.*

Death to the soul through all eter-  
nity!  
Alas that I should see you growing  
up  
To man's estate, and in the admo-  
nition  
And nurture of the Law, to find  
you now  
Pleading for Heretics!

JOHN ENDICOTT (*rising*).

In the sight of God,  
Perhaps all men are Heretics.  
Who dares  
To say that he alone has found  
the truth?  
We cannot always feel and thin  
and act  
As those who go before us. Ha  
you done so, 295  
You would not now be here.

ENDICOTT.

Have you forgotten

The doom of Heretics, and the fate  
 of those  
 Who aid and comfort them? Have  
 you forgotten  
 That in the market-place this very  
 day  
 You trampled on the laws? What  
 right have you,  
 An inexperienced and untravelled  
 youth,  
 To sit in judgment here upon the  
 acts  
 Of older men and wiser than your-  
 self,  
 Thus stirring up sedition in the  
 streets,  
 And making me a byword and a  
 jest?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Words of an inexperienced youth  
 like me 310  
 Were powerless if the acts of  
 older men  
 Went not before them. 'Tis  
 these laws themselves  
 Stir up sedition, not my judgment  
 of them.

ENDICOTT.

Take heed, lest I be called, as  
 Brutus was,  
 To be the judge of my own son!  
 Begone!  
 When you are tired of feeding  
 upon husks,  
 Return again to duty and submis-  
 sion,  
 But not till then.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I hear and I obey!  
[Exit.

ENDICOTT.

Oh happy, happy they who have  
 no children!  
 He's gone! I hear the hall door  
 shut behind him. 320  
 't sends a dismal echo through my  
 heart,

As if forever it had closed between  
 us,  
 And I should look upon his face  
 no more!  
 Oh, this will drag me down into  
 my grave,—  
 To that eternal resting-place  
 wherein  
 Man lieth down, and riseth not  
 again!  
 Till the heavens be no more he  
 shall not wake,  
 Nor be roused from his sleep; for  
 Thou dost change  
 His countenance, and sendest him  
 away! 329

[Exit.

### ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Court of Assist-  
 ants.* ENDICOTT, BELLING-  
 HAM, ATHERTON, and other  
*magistrates.* KEMPTHORN,  
 MERRY, and constables. *After-  
 wards* WHARTON, EDITH,  
 and CHRISTISON.

ENDICOTT.

Call Captain Simon Kempthorn.

MERRY.

Simon Kempthorn,  
 Come to the bar!

KEMPTHORN *comes forward.*

ENDICOTT.

You are accused of bringing  
 Into this Jurisdiction, from Bar-  
 badoes,  
 Some persons of that sort and  
 sect of people  
 Known by the name of Quakers,  
 and maintaining  
 Most dangerous and heretical  
 opinions;  
 Purposely coming here to propa-  
 gate  
 Their heresies and errors; bring-  
 ing with them

And spreading sundry books here,  
 which contain  
 Their doctrines most corrupt and  
 blasphemous, <sup>10</sup>  
 And contrary to the truth pro-  
 fessed among us.  
 What say you to this charge?

KEMPTHORN.

I do acknowledge,  
 Among the passengers on board  
 the Swallow  
 Were certain persons saying Thee  
 and Thou.  
 They seemed a harmless people,  
 mostways silent,  
 Particularly when they said their  
 prayers.

ENDICOTT.

Harmless and silent as the pesti-  
 lence!  
 You'd better have brought the  
 fever or the plague  
 Among us in your ship! There-  
 fore, this Court,  
 For preservation of the Peace and  
 Truth, <sup>20</sup>  
 Hereby commands you speedily to  
 transport,  
 Or cause to be transported speed-  
 ily,  
 The aforesaid persons hence unto  
 Barbadoes,  
 From whence they came; you pay-  
 ing all the charges  
 Of their imprisonment.

KEMPTHORN.

Worshipful sir,  
 No ship e'er prospered that has  
 carried Quakers  
 Against their will! I knew a ves-  
 sel once —

ENDICOTT.

And for the more effectual per-  
 formance  
 Hereof you are to give security  
 In bonds amounting to one hun-  
 dred pounds. <sup>30</sup>

On your refusal, you will be com-  
 mitted  
 To prison till you do it.

KEMPTHORN.

But you see  
 I cannot do it. The law, sir, of  
 Barbadoes  
 Forbids the landing Quakers on  
 the island.

ENDICOTT.

Then you will be committed.  
 Who comes next?

MERRY.

There is another charge against  
 the Captain.

ENDICOTT.

What is it?

MERRY.

Profane swearing, please your  
 Worship.  
 He cursed and swore from Dock  
 Square to the Court-house.

ENDICOTT.

Then let him stand in the pillory  
 for one hour. <sup>39</sup>

[*Exit KEMPTHORN with consta-  
 ble.*]

Who's next?

MERRY.

The Quakers.

ENDICOTT.

Call them.

MERRY.

Edward Wharton,  
 Come to the bar!

WHARTON.

Yea, even to the bench.

ENDICOTT.

Take off your hat.

WHARTON.

My hat offendeth not.  
If it offendeth any, let him take  
it;  
For I shall not resist.

ENDICOTT.

Take off his hat.  
Let him be fined ten shillings for  
contempt.

MERRY *takes off* WHARTON'S  
*hat.*

WHARTON.

What evil have I done?

ENDICOTT.

Your hair's too long;  
And in not putting off your hat to  
us  
You've disobeyed and broken  
that commandment  
Which sayeth 'Honor thy father  
and thy mother.'

WHARTON.

John Endicott, thou art become  
too proud; 50  
And lovest him who putteth off  
the hat,  
And honoreth thee by bowing of  
the body,  
And sayeth 'Worshipful sir!'  
'T is time for thee  
To give such follies over, for thou  
mayest  
Be drawing very near unto thy  
grave.

ENDICOTT.

Now, sirrah, leave your canting.  
Take the oath.

WHARTON.

Nay, sirrah me no sirrahs!

ENDICOTT.

Will you swear?

WHARTON.

Nay, I will not.

ENDICOTT.

You made a great disturbance  
And uproar yesterday in the  
Meeting-house, 59  
Having your hat on.

WHARTON.

I made no disturbance;  
For peacefully I stood, like other  
people.  
I spake no words; moved against  
none my hand;  
But by the hair they haled me out,  
and dashed  
Their books into my face.

ENDICOTT.

You, Edward Wharton,  
On pain of death, depart this Ju-  
risdiction  
Within ten days. Such is your  
sentence. Go.

WHARTON.

John Endicott, it had been well for  
thee  
If this day's doings thou hadst  
left undone.  
But, banish me as far as thou hast  
power,  
Beyond the guard and presence of  
my God 70  
Thou canst not banish me!

ENDICOTT.

Depart the Court;  
We have no time to listen to your  
babble.  
Who's next? [*Exit* WHARTON.]

MERRY.

This woman, for the same of-  
fence.  
EDITH *comes forward.*

ENDICOTT.

What is your name?

EDITH.

'T is to the world unknown,  
But written in the Book of Life.



ENDICOTT.

Take heed  
It be not written in the Book of  
Death!  
What is it?

EDITH.

Edith Christison.

ENDICOTT (*with eagerness*).

The daughter  
Of Wenlock Christison?

EDITH.

I am his daughter.

ENDICOTT.

Your father hath given us trouble  
many times.  
A bold man and a violent, who  
sets 80  
At naught the authority of our  
Church and State  
And is in banishment on pain of  
death.  
Where are you living?

EDITH.

In the Lord.

ENDICOTT.

Make answer  
Without evasion. Where?

EDITH.

My outward being  
Is in Barbadoes.

ENDICOTT.

Then why come you here?

EDITH.

I come upon an errand of the  
Lord.

ENDICOTT.

'T is not the business of the Lord  
you're doing;  
It is the Devil's. Will you take  
the oath?  
Give her the Book.

MERRY *offers the book.*

EDITH.

You offer me this Book  
To swear on; and it saith, 'Swear  
not at all, 90  
Neither by heaven, because it is  
God's Throne,  
Nor by the earth, because it is his  
footstool!'  
I dare not swear.

ENDICOTT.

You dare not? Yet you Quakers  
Deny this Book of Holy Writ, the  
Bible,  
To be the Word of God.

EDITH (*reverentially*).

Christ is the Word,  
The everlasting oath of God. I  
dare not.

ENDICOTT.

You own yourself a Quaker,—do  
you not?

EDITH.

I own that in derision and re-  
proach  
I am so called.

ENDICOTT.

Then you deny the Scripture  
To be the rule of life.

EDITH.

Yea, I believe  
The Inner Light, and not the Writ-  
ten Word, 101  
To be the rule of life.

ENDICOTT.

And you deny  
That the Lord's Day is holy.

EDITH.

Every day,  
Is the Lord's Day. It runs through  
all our lives,  
As through the pages of the Holy  
Bible,  
'Thus saith the Lord.'

ENDICOTT.

You are accused of making  
An horrible disturbance, and af-  
frighting  
The people in the Meeting-house  
on Sunday.  
What answer make you?

EDITH.

I do not deny  
That I was present in your Steeple-  
house <sup>110</sup>  
On the First Day; but I made no  
disturbance.

ENDICOTT.

Why came you there?

EDITH.

Because the Lord commanded.  
His word was in my heart, a burn-  
ing fire  
Shut up within me and consuming  
me,  
And I was very weary with for-  
bearing;  
I could not stay.

ENDICOTT.

'T was not the Lord that sent  
you;  
As an incarnate devil did you  
come!

EDITH.

On the First Day, when seated, in  
my chamber,  
I heard the bells toll, calling you  
together,  
The sound struck at my life, as  
once at his, <sup>120</sup>  
The holy man, our Founder, when  
he heard  
The far-off bells toll in the Vale of  
Beavor.  
It sounded like a market bell to  
call  
The folk together, that the Priest  
might set  
His wares to sale. And the Lord  
said within me,

'Thou must go cry aloud against  
that Idol,  
And all the worshippers thereof.'  
I went  
Barefooted, clad in sackcloth, and  
I stood  
And listened at the threshold; and  
I heard  
The praying and the singing and  
the preaching, <sup>130</sup>  
Which were but outward forms,  
and without power.  
Then rose a cry within me, and my  
heart  
Was filled with admonitions and  
reproofs.  
Remembering how the Prophets  
and Apostles  
Denounced the covetous hirelings  
and diviners,  
I entered in, and spake the words  
the Lord  
Commanded me to speak. I could  
no less.

ENDICOTT.

Are you a Prophetess?

EDITH.

Is it not written,  
'Upon my handmaidens will I pour  
out <sup>139</sup>  
My spirit, and they shall pro-  
phesy'?

ENDICOTT.

Enough;  
For out of your own mouth are  
you condemned!  
Need we hear further?

THE JUDGES.

We are satisfied.

ENDICOTT.

It is sufficient. Edith Christison,  
The sentence of the Court is, that  
you be  
Scourged in three towns, with forty  
stripes save one,  
Then banished upon pain of death!

EDITH.

Your sentence  
Is truly no more terrible to me  
Than had you blown a feather  
into the air,  
And, as it fell upon me, you had  
said,  
'Take heed it hurt thee not!'  
God's will be done! 150

WENLOCK CHRISTISON (*unseen in  
the crowd*).

Woe to the city of blood! The  
stone shall cry  
Out of the wall; the beam from  
out the timber  
Shall answer it! Woe unto him  
that buildeth  
A town with blood, and stablish-  
eth a city  
By his iniquity!

ENDICOTT.

Who is it makes  
Such outcry here?

CHRISTISON (*coming forward*).

I, Wenlock Christison!

ENDICOTT.

Banished on pain of death, why  
come you here?

CHRISTISON.

I come to warn you that you shed  
no more  
The blood of innocent men! It  
cries aloud 159  
For vengeance to the Lord!

ENDICOTT.

Your life is forfeit  
Unto the law; and you shall surely  
die,  
And shall not live.

CHRISTISON.

Like unto Eleazer,  
Maintaining the excellence of an-  
cient years  
And the honor of his gray head, I  
stand before you;

Like him disdaining all hypo-  
crisy,  
Lest, through desire to live a little  
longer,  
I get a stain to my old age and  
name!

ENDICOTT.

Being in banishment, on pain of  
death,  
You come now in among us in re-  
bellion.

CHRISTISON.

I come not in among you in rebel-  
lion, 170  
But in obedience to the Lord of  
Heaven.  
Not in contempt to any Magis-  
trate,  
But only in the love I bear your  
souls,  
As ye shall know hereafter, when  
all men  
Give an account of deeds done in  
the body!  
God's righteous judgments ye can-  
not escape.

ONE OF THE JUDGES.

Those who have gone before you  
said the same,  
And yet no judgment of the Lord  
hath fallen  
Upon us.

CHRISTISON.

He but waiteth till the measure  
Of your iniquities shall be filled  
up, 180  
And ye have run your race. Then  
will his wrath  
Descend upon you to the utter-  
most!  
For thy part, Humphrey Atherton,  
it hangs  
Over thy head already. It shall  
come  
Suddenly, as a thief doth in the  
night,  
And in the hour when least thou  
thinkest of it!

ENDICOTT.

We have a law, and by that law  
you die.

CHRISTISON.

I, a free man of England and free-  
born,  
Appeal unto the laws of mine own  
nation!

ENDICOTT.

There's no appeal to England  
from this Court! 190

What! do you think our statutes  
are but paper?

Are but dead leaves that rustle in  
the wind?

Or litter to be trampled under  
foot?

What say ye, Judges of the Court,  
— what say ye?

Shall this man suffer death?  
Speak your opinions.

ONE OF THE JUDGES.

I am a mortal man, and die I must,  
And that ere long; and I must  
then appear

Before the awful judgment-seat of  
Christ,

To give account of deeds done in  
the body.

My greatest glory on that day will  
be, 200

That I have given my vote against  
this man.

CHRISTISON.

If, Thomas Danforth, thou hast  
nothing more

To glory in upon that dreadful  
day

Than blood of innocent people,  
then thy glory

Will be turned into shame! The  
Lord hath said it!

ANOTHER JUDGE.

I cannot give consent, while other  
men

Who have been banished upon  
pain of death

Are now in their own houses here  
among us.

ENDICOTT.

Ye that will not consent, make  
record of it. 210

I thank my God that I am not  
afraid

To give my judgment. Wenlock  
Christison,

You must be taken back from  
hence to prison,

Thence to the place of public exe-  
cution,

There to be hanged till you be  
dead — dead — dead!

CHRISTISON.

If ye have power to take my life  
from me, —

Which I do question, — God hath  
power to raise

The principle of life in other  
men,

And send them here among you.  
There shall be

No peace unto the wicked, saith  
my God.

Listen, ye Magistrates, for the  
Lord hath said it! 220

The day ye put his servitors to  
death,

That day the Day of your own  
Visitation,

The Day of Wrath, shall pass  
above your heads,

And ye shall be accursed forever-  
more!

*To EDITH, embracing her.*

Cheer up, dear heart! they have  
not power to harm us.

[*Exeunt CHRISTISON and EDITH  
guarded. The Scene closes.*]

SCENE II. — *A street. Enter JOHN  
ENDICOTT and UPSALL.*

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Scourged in three towns! and yet  
the busy people

Go up and down the streets on  
 their affairs  
 Of business or of pleasure, as if  
 nothing  
 Had happened to disturb them or  
 their thoughts!  
 When bloody tragedies like this  
 are acted, 230  
 The pulses of a nation should  
 stand still;  
 The town should be in mourning,  
 and the people  
 Speak only in low whispers to each  
 other.

UPSALL.

I know this people; and that  
 underneath  
 A cold outside there burns a secret  
 fire  
 That will find vent, and will not  
 be put out,  
 Till every remnant of these bar-  
 barous laws  
 Shall be to ashes burned, and  
 blown away.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Scourged in three towns! It is in-  
 credible  
 Such things can be! I feel the  
 blood within me 240  
 Fast mounting in rebellion, since  
 in vain  
 Have I implored compassion of  
 my father!

UPSALL.

You know your father only as a  
 father;  
 I know him better as a Magis-  
 trate.  
 He is a man both loving and se-  
 vere;  
 A tender heart; a will inflexible.  
 None ever loved him more than I  
 have loved him.  
 He is an upright man and a just  
 man  
 In all things save the treatment  
 of the Quakers.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Yet I have found him cruel and  
 unjust 250  
 Even as a father. He has driven  
 me forth  
 Into the street; has shut his door  
 upon me,  
 With words of bitterness. I am  
 as homeless  
 As these poor Quakers are.

UPSALL.

Then come with me.  
 You shall be welcome for your  
 father's sake,  
 And the old friendship that has  
 been between us.  
 He will relent ere long. A father's  
 anger  
 Is like a sword without a handle,  
 piercing  
 Both ways alike, and wounding  
 him that wields it 259  
 No less than him that it is pointed  
 at. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The prison. Night.*  
*EDITH reading the Bible by a*  
*lamp.*

EDITH.

'Blessed are ye when men shall  
 persecute you,  
 And shall revile you, and shall say  
 against you  
 All manner of evil falsely for my  
 sake!  
 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad,  
 for great  
 Is your reward in heaven. For so  
 the prophets,  
 Which were before you, have been  
 persecuted.'

*Enter* JOHN ENDICOTT.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Edith!

EDITH.

Who is it that speaketh?



JOHN ENDICOTT.

Saul of Tarsus:

As thou didst call me once.

EDITH (*coming forward*).

Yea, I remember.

Thou art the Governor's son.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I am ashamed

Thou shouldst remember me.

EDITH.

Why comest thou

Into this dark guest-chamber in  
the night? 271

What seekest thou?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Forgiveness!

EDITH.

I forgive

All who have injured me. What  
hast thou done?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I have betrayed thee, thinking  
that in this

I did God service. Now, in deep  
contrition,

I come to rescue thee.

EDITH.

From what?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

From prison.

EDITH.

I am safe here within these gloomy  
walls.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

From scourging in the streets, and  
in three towns!

EDITH.

Remembering who was scourged  
for me, I shrink not

Nor shudder at the forty stripes  
save one. 28a

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Perhaps from death itself!

EDITH.

I fear not death,

Knowing who died for me.

JOHN ENDICOTT (*aside*).

Surely some divine

Ambassador is speaking through  
those lips

And looking through those eyes!  
I cannot answer!

EDITH.

If all these prison doors stood  
opened wide

I would not cross the threshold,—  
not one step.

There are invisible bars I cannot  
break;

There are invisible doors that shut  
me in,

And keep me ever steadfast to my  
purpose.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Thou hast the patience and the  
faith of Saints! 29a

EDITH.

Thy Priest hath been with me  
this day to save me,

Not only from the death that  
comes to all,

But from the second death!

JOHN ENDICOTT.

The Pharisee!

My heart revolts against him and  
his creed!

Alas! the coat that was without a  
seam

Is rent asunder by contending  
sects;

Each bears away a portion of the  
garment,

Blindly believing that he has the whole!

EDITH.

When Death, the Healer, shall have touched our eyes

With moist clay of the grave, then shall we see 300

The truth as we have never yet beheld it.

But he that overcometh shall not be

Hurt of the second death. Has he forgotten

The many mansions in our father's house?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

There is no pity in his iron heart! The hands that now bear stamped upon their palms

The burning sign of Heresy, here-after

Shall be uplifted against such accusers,

And then the imprinted letter and its meaning

Will not be Heresy, but Holiness! 310

EDITH.

Remember, thou condemnest thine own father!

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I have no father! He has cast me off.

I am as homeless as the wind that moans

And wanders through the streets. Oh, come with me!

Do not delay. Thy God shall be my God,

And where thou goest I will go.

EDITH.

I cannot.

Yet will I not deny it, nor conceal it;

From the first moment I beheld thy face

I felt a tenderness in my soul towards thee.

My mind has since been inward to the Lord, 320

Waiting his word. It has not yet been spoken.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I cannot wait. Trust me. Oh, come with me!

EDITH.

In the next room, my father, an old man,

Sitteth imprisoned and condemned to death,

Willing to prove his faith by martyrdom;

And thinkest thou his daughter would do less?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Oh, life is sweet, and death is terrible!

EDITH.

I have too long walked hand in hand with death

To shudder at that pale familiar face.

But leave me now. I wish to be alone. 330

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Not yet. Oh, let me stay.

EDITH.

Urge me no more.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Alas! good-night. I will not say good-by!

EDITH.

Put this temptation underneath thy feet.

To him that overcometh shall be given

The white stone with the new name written on it,

That no man knows save him that  
doth receive it,  
And I will give thee a new name,  
and call thee  
Paul of Damascus and not Saul of  
Tarsus.

[*Exit* ENDICOTT. EDITH *sits*  
*down again to read the Bible.*

#### ACT IV

SCENE I. — *King Street, in front*  
*of the town-house.* KEMPTHORN  
*in the pillory.* MERRY *and a*  
*crowd of lookers-on.*

KEMPTHORN (*sings*).

The world is full of care,  
Much like unto a bubble;  
Women and care, and care and women,  
And women and care and trouble.

Good Master Merry, may I say  
confound?

MERRY.

Ay, that you may.

KEMPTHORN.

Well, then, with your permission,  
Confound the Pillory!

MERRY.

That's the very thing  
The joiner said who made the  
Shrewsbury stocks.  
He said, Confound the stocks, be-  
cause they put him  
Into his own. He was the first  
man in them. 10

KEMPTHORN.

For swearing, was it?

MERRY.

No, it was for charging;  
He charged the town too much;  
and so the town,  
To make things square, set him in  
his own stocks,

And fined him five pound sterling,  
— just enough  
To settle his own bill.

KEMPTHORN.

And served him right;  
But, Master Merry, is it not eight  
bells?

MERRY.

Not quite.

KEMPTHORN.

For, do you see? I'm getting tired  
Of being perched aloft here in this  
cro' nest

Like the first mate of a whaler, or  
a Middy

Mast-headed, looking out for land!  
Sail ho! 20

Here comes a heavy-laden mer-  
chantman

With the lee clews eased off, and  
running free

Before the wind. A solid man of  
Boston.

A comfortable man, with divi-  
dends,

And the first salmon, and the first  
green peas.

*A gentleman passes.*

He does not even turn his head to  
look.

He's gone without a word. Here  
comes another,

A different kind of craft on a taut  
bowline, —

Deacon Giles Firmin the apothecary, 29

A pious and a ponderous citizen,  
Looking as rubicund and round  
and splendid

As the great bottle in his own shop  
window!

DEACON FIRMIN *passes.*

And here's my host of the Three  
Mariners,

My creditor and trusty taverner,  
My corporal in the Great Artillery!

He's not a man to pass me without speaking.

COLE *looks away and passes.*

Don't yaw so; keep your luff, old hypocrite!

Respectable, ah yes, respectable, You, with your seat in the new Meeting-house,

Your cow-right on the Common! But who's this? <sup>40</sup>

I did not know the Mary Ann was in!

And yet this is my old friend, Captain Goldsmith,

As sure as I stand in the bilboes here.

Why, Ralph, my boy!

*Enter* RALPH GOLDSMITH.

GOLDSMITH.

Why, Simon, is it you? Set in the bilboes?

KEMPTHORN.

Chock-a-block, you see, And without chafing-gear.

GOLDSMITH.

And what's it for?

KEMPTHORN.

Ask that starbowline with the boat-hook there, That handsome man.

MERRY (*bowing*).

For swearing.

KEMPTHORN.

In this town They put sea-captains in the stocks for swearing, And Quakers for not swearing. So look out. <sup>50</sup>

GOLDSMITH.

I pray you set him free; he meant no harm;

'Tis an old habit he picked up afloat.

MERRY.

Well, as your time is out, you may come down.

The law allows you now to go at large

Like Elder Oliver's horse upon the Common.

KEMPTHORN.

Now, hearties, bear a hand! Let go and haul.

KEMPTHORN *is set free, and comes forward, shaking* GOLDSMITH'S *hand.*

KEMPTHORN.

Give me your hand, Ralph. Ah, how good it feels!

The hand of an old friend.

GOLDSMITH.

God bless you, Simon!

KEMPTHORN.

Now let us make a straight wake for the tavern

Of the Three Mariners, Samuel Cole commander; <sup>60</sup>

Where we can take our ease, and see the shipping, And talk about old times.

GOLDSMITH.

First I must pay My duty to the Governor, and take him

His letters and dispatches. Come with me.

KEMPTHORN.

I'd rather not. I saw him yesterday.

GOLDSMITH.

Then wait for me at the Three Nuns and Comb.

KEMPTHORN.

I thank you. That's too near to the town pump.

I will go with you to the Governor's,

And wait outside there, sailing off  
and on;  
If I am wanted, you can hoist a  
signal. 70

MERRY.

Shall I go with you and point out  
the way?

GOLDSMITH.

Oh no, I thank you. I am not a  
stranger  
Here in your crooked little town.

MERRY.

How now, sir?  
Do you abuse our town? *[Exit.]*

GOLDSMITH.

Oh, no offence.

KEMPTHORN.

Ralph, I am under bonds for a  
hundred pound.

GOLDSMITH.

Hard lines. What for?

KEMPTHORN.

To take some Quakers back  
I brought here from Barbadoes in  
the Swallow.

And how to do it I don't clearly see,  
For one of them is banished, and  
another

Is sentenced to be hanged! What  
shall I do? 80

GOLDSMITH.

Just slip your hawser on some  
cloudy night;

Sheer off, and pay it with the top-  
sail, Simon! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. — *Street in front of the  
prison. In the background a  
gateway and several flights of  
steps leading up terraces to the  
Governor's house. A pump on  
one side of the street. JOHN  
ENDICOTT, MERRY, UPSALL,  
and others. A drum beats.*

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Oh shame, shame, shame!

MERRY.

Yes, it would be a shame  
But for the damnable sin of  
Heresy!

JOHN ENDICOTT.

A woman scourged and dragged  
about our streets!

MERRY.

Well, Roxbury and Dorchester  
must take  
Their share of shame. She will be  
whipped in each!  
Three towns, and Forty Stripes  
save one; that makes  
Thirteen in each.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

And are we Jews or Christians?  
See where she comes, amid a gap-  
ing crowd! 90  
And she a child. Oh, pitiful! piti-  
ful!

There's blood upon her clothes,  
her hands, her feet!

*Enter MARSHAL and a drummer,  
EDITH stripped to the waist,  
followed by the hangman with a  
scourge, and a noisy crowd.*

EDITH.

Here let me rest one moment. I  
am tired.

Will some one give me water?

MERRY.

At his peril.

UPSALL.

Alas! that I should live to see this  
day!

A WOMAN.

Did I forsake my father and my  
mother  
And come here to New England  
to see this?



EDITH.

I am athirst. Will no one give me  
water?

JOHN ENDICOTT (*making his way  
through the crowd with water*).

In the Lord's name!

EDITH (*drinking*).

In his name I receive it!  
Sweet as the water of Samaria's  
well

This water tastes. I thank thee. 100  
Is it thou?

I was afraid thou hadst deserted  
me.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Never will I desert thee, nor deny  
thee.

Be comforted.

MERRY.

O Master Endicott,  
Be careful what you say.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Peace, idle babbler!

MERRY.

You 'll rue these words!

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Art thou not better now?

EDITH.

They 've struck me as with roses.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Ah, these wounds!  
These bloody garments!

EDITH.

It is granted me  
To seal my testimony with my  
blood.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

O blood-red seal of man's vindic-  
tive wrath! 110

O roses of the garden of the Lord!

I, of the household of Iscariot,  
I have betrayed in thee my Lord  
and Master!

WENLOCK CHRISTISON *appears  
above, at the window of the  
prison, stretching out his hands  
through the bars.*

CHRISTISON.

Be of good courage, O my child!  
my child!

Blessed art thou when men shall  
persecute thee!

Fear not their faces, saith the  
Lord, fear not,

For I am with thee to deliver  
thee.

A CITIZEN.

Who is it crying from the prison  
yonder?

MERRY.

It is old Wenlock Christison.

CHRISTISON.

Remember  
Him who was scourged, and  
mocked, and crucified! 120  
I see his messengers attending  
thee.

Be steadfast, oh, be steadfast to  
the end!

EDITH (*with exultation*).

I cannot reach thee with these  
arms, O father!

But closely in my soul do I em-  
brace thee

And hold thee. In thy dungeon  
and thy death

I will be with thee, and will com-  
fort thee!

MARSHAL.

Come, put an end to this. Let the  
drum beat.

*The drum beats. Exeunt all but  
JOHN ENDICOTT, UPSALL, and  
MERRY.*

CHRISTISON.

Dear child, farewell! Never shall  
 I behold  
 Thy face again with these bleared  
 eyes of flesh;  
 And never wast thou fairer, love-  
 lier, dearer 130  
 Than now, when scourged and  
 bleeding, and insulted  
 For the truth's sake. O pitiless,  
 pitiless town!  
 The wrath of God hangs over thee;  
 and the day  
 Is near at hand when thou shalt  
 be abandoned  
 To desolation and the breeding of  
 nettles.  
 The bittern and the cormorant  
 shall lodge  
 Upon thine upper lintels, and their  
 voice  
 Sing in thy windows. Yea, thus  
 saith the Lord!

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Awake! awake! ye sleepers, ere  
 too late, 139  
 And wipe these bloody statutes  
 from your books! [*Exit.*]

MERRY.

Take heed; the walls have ears!

UPSALL.

At last, the heart  
 Of every honest man must speak  
 or break!

*Enter* GOVERNOR ENDICOTT *with*  
*his halberdiers.*

ENDICOTT.

What is this stir and tumult in the  
 street?

MERRY.

Worshipful sir, the whipping of a  
 girl,  
 And her old father howling from  
 the prison.

ENDICOTT (*to his halberdiers*).  
 Go on.

CHRISTISON.

Antiochus! Antiochus!  
 O thou that slayest the Maccabees!  
 The Lord  
 Shall smite thee with incurable  
 disease,  
 And no man shall endure to carry  
 thee! 149

MERRY.

Peace, old blasphemer!

CHRISTISON.

I both feel and see  
 The presence and the waft of death  
 go forth  
 Against thee, and already thou  
 dost look  
 Like one that's dead!

MERRY (*pointing*).

And there is your own son,  
 Worshipful sir, abetting the sedi-  
 tion.

ENDICOTT.

Arrest him. Do not spare him.

MERRY (*aside*).

His own child!  
 There is some special providence  
 takes care  
 That none shall be too happy in  
 this world!  
 His own first-born.

ENDICOTT.

O Absalom, my son!  
 [*Exeunt; the Governor with his*  
*halberdiers ascending the steps*  
*of his house.*]

SCENE III. — *The Governor's pri-  
 vate room. Papers upon the*  
*table.* ENDICOTT and BEL-  
 LINGHAM.

ENDICOTT.

There is a ship from England has  
 come in,  
 Bringing dispatches and much  
 news from home. 160

His Majesty was at the Abbey  
crowned;  
And when the coronation was complete  
There passed a mighty tempest  
o'er the city,  
Portentous with great thunderings  
and lightnings.

BELLINGHAM.

After his father's, if I well remember,  
There was an earthquake, that foreboded evil.

ENDICOTT.

Ten of the Regicides have been put to death!  
The bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw  
Have been dragged from their graves, and publicly <sup>169</sup>  
Hanged in their shrouds at Tyburn.

BELLINGHAM.

Horrible!

ENDICOTT.

Thus the old tyranny revives again!  
Its arm is long enough to reach us here,  
As you will see. For, more insulting still  
Than flaunting in our faces dead men's shrouds,  
Here is the King's Mandamus, taking from us,  
From this day forth, all power to punish Quakers.

BELLINGHAM.

That takes from us all power: we are but puppets,  
And can no longer execute our laws.

ENDICOTT.

His Majesty begins with pleasant words,

'Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well;' <sup>180</sup>

Then with a ruthless hand he strips from me

All that which makes me what I am; as if

From some old general in the field, grown gray

In service, scarred with many wounds,

Just at the hour of victory, he should strip

His badge of office and his well-gained honors,

And thrust him back into the ranks again.

*Opens the Mandamus and hands it to BELLINGHAM; and, while he is reading, ENDICOTT walks up and down the room.*

Here, read it for yourself; you see his words

Are pleasant words — considerate — not reproachful —

Nothing could be more gentle — or more royal; <sup>190</sup>

But then the meaning underneath the words,

Mark that. He says all people known as Quakers

Among us, now condemned to suffer death

Or any corporal punishment whatever,

Who are imprisoned, or may be obnoxious

To the like condemnation, shall be sent

Forthwith to England, to be dealt with there

In such wise as shall be agreeable

Unto the English law and their demerits. <sup>199</sup>

Is it not so?

BELLINGHAM (*returning the paper*).

Ay, so the paper says.

ENDICOTT.

It means we shall no longer rule  
the Province;  
It means farewell to law and liberty,  
Authority, respect for Magistrates,  
The peace and welfare of the Commonwealth.  
If all the knaves upon this continent  
Can make appeal to England, and so thwart  
The ends of truth and justice by delay,  
Our power is gone forever. We are nothing  
But ciphers, valueless save when we follow  
Some unit; and our unit is the King!  
'T is he that gives us value.

BELLINGHAM.

I confess  
Such seems to be the meaning of this paper,  
But being the King's Mandamus, signed and sealed,  
We must obey, or we are in rebellion.

ENDICOTT.

I tell you, Richard Bellingham,—  
I tell you,  
That this is the beginning of a struggle  
Of which no mortal can foresee the end.  
I shall not live to fight the battle for you,  
I am a man disgraced in every way;  
This order takes from me my self-respect  
And the respect of others. 'T is my doom,  
Yes, my death-warrant, but must be obeyed!  
Take it, and see that it is executed

So far as this, that all be set at large;  
But see that none of them be sent to England  
To bear false witness, and to spread reports  
That might be prejudicial to ourselves.

[Exit BELLINGHAM.]

There's a dull pain keeps knocking at my heart,  
Dolefully saying, 'Set thy house in order,  
For thou shalt surely die, and shalt not live!'  
For me the shadow on the dial-plate  
Goeth not back, but on into the dark!

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. — *The street. A crowd, reading a placard on the door of the Meeting-house.* NICHOLAS UPSALL among them. Enter JOHN NORTON.

NORTON.

What is this gathering here?

UPSALL.

One William Brand,  
An old man like ourselves, and weak in body,  
Has been so cruelly tortured in his prison,  
The people are excited, and they threaten  
To tear the prison down.

NORTON.

What has been done?

UPSALL.

He has been put in irons, with his neck  
And heels tied close together, and so left  
From five in the morning until  
nine at night.

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NORTON.

What more was done?

UPSALL.

He has been kept five days  
In prison without food, and cruelly  
beaten,  
So that his limbs were cold, his  
senses stopped.

NORTON.

What more?

UPSALL.

And is this not enough?

NORTON.

Now hear me.

This William Brand of yours has  
tried to beat  
Our Gospel Ordinances black and  
blue;  
And, if he has been beaten in like  
manner,  
It is but justice, and I will appear  
In his behalf that did so. I suppose  
That he refused to work.

UPSALL.

He was too weak.

How could an old man work, when  
he was starving? 251

NORTON.

And what is this placard?

UPSALL.

The Magistrates,  
To appease the people and pre-  
vent a tumult,  
Have put up these placards  
throughout the town,  
Declaring that the jailer shalt be  
dealt with  
Impartially and sternly by the  
Court.

NORTON (*tearing down the pla-  
card*).

Down with this weak and cowardly  
concession,

This flag of truce with Satan and  
with Sin!

I fling it in his face! I trample it  
Under my feet! It is his cunning  
craft, 260

The masterpiece of his diplomacy,  
To cry and plead for boundless  
toleration.

But toleration is the first-born  
child

Of all abominations and deceits.

There is no room in Christ's trium-  
phant army

For tolerationists. And if an An-  
gel

Preach any other gospel unto you  
Than that ye have received, God's  
malediction

Descend upon him! Let him be  
accursed! [Exit.

UPSALL.

Now, go thy ways, John Norton!  
go thy ways, 270

Thou Orthodox Evangelist, as men  
call thee!

But even now there cometh out of  
England,

Like an o'ertaking and accusing  
conscience,

An outraged man, to call thee to  
account

For the unrighteous murder of his  
son! [Exit.

SCENE V.—*The Wilderness.* *En-  
ter* EDITH.

EDITH.

How beautiful are these autumnal  
woods!

The wilderness doth blossom like  
the rose,

And change into a garden of the  
Lord!

How silent everywhere! Alone  
and lost

Here in the forest, there comes  
over me 280

An inward awfulness. I recall  
the words



Of the Apostle Paul: 'In journeyings often,  
Often in perils in the wilderness,  
In weariness, in painfulness, in  
watchings,  
In hunger and thirst, in cold and  
nakedness ;'  
And I forget my weariness and  
pain,  
My watchings, and my hunger and  
my thirst.  
The Lord hath said that He will  
seek his flock  
In cloudy and dark days, and they  
shall dwell  
Securely in the wilderness, and  
sleep 290  
Safe in the woods! Whichever  
way I turn,  
I come back with my face towards  
the town.  
Dimly I see it, and the sea beyond  
it.  
O cruel town! I know what waits  
me there,  
And yet I must go back; for ever  
louder  
I hear the inward calling of the  
Spirit,  
And must obey the voice. O woods,  
that wear  
Your golden crown of martyrdom,  
blood-stained,  
From you I learn a lesson of sub-  
mission, 299  
And am obedient even unto death,  
If God so wills it. [Exit.

JOHN ENDICOTT (*within*).

Edith! Edith! Edith!

*He enters.*

It is in vain! I call, she answers  
not;  
I follow, but I find no trace of her!  
Blood! blood! The leaves above  
me and around me  
Are red with blood! The path-  
ways of the forest,  
The clouds that canopy the setting  
sun

And even the little river in the  
meadows  
Are stained with it! Where'er I  
look, I see it!  
Away, thou horrible vision! Leave  
me! leave me!  
Alas! yon winding stream, that  
gropes its way 310  
Through mist and shadow, dou-  
bling on itself,  
At length will find, by the unerr-  
ing law  
Of nature, what it seeks. O soul  
of man,  
Groping through mist and shadow,  
and recoiling  
Back on thyself, are, too, thy devi-  
ous ways  
Subject to law? and when thou  
seemest to wander  
The farthest from thy goal, art  
thou still drawing  
Nearer and nearer to it, till at  
length  
Thou findest, like the river, what  
thou seekest? [Exit.

## ACT V

SCENE I. — *Daybreak. Street in  
front of UPSALL'S house. A  
light in the window. Enter  
JOHN ENDICOTT.*

JOHN ENDICOTT.

O silent, sombre, and deserted  
streets,  
To me ye're peopled with a sad  
procession,  
And echo only to the voice of sor-  
row!  
O houses full of peacefulness and  
sleep,  
Far better were it to awake no  
more  
Than wake to look upon such  
scenes again!  
There is a light in Master Upsall's  
window.

The good man is already risen, for  
sleep

Deserts the couches of the old.  
*Knocks at UPSALL'S door.*

UPSALL (*at the window*).

Who's there?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Am I so changed you do not  
know my voice? 10

UPSALL.

I know you. Have you heard  
what things have happened?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I have heard nothing.

UPSALL.

Stay; I will come down.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I am afraid some dreadful news  
awaits me!

I do not dare to ask, yet am impatient

To know the worst. Oh, I am  
very weary

With waiting and with watching  
and pursuing!

*Enter UPSALL.*

UPSALL.

Thank God, you have come back!

I've much to tell you.

Where have you been?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

You know that I was seized,  
Fined, and released again. You  
know that Edith,

After her scourging in three  
towns, was banished 20

Into the wilderness, into the land  
that is not sown; and there I followed her,

But found her not. Where is  
she?

UPSALL.

She is here.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Oh, do not speak that word, for it  
means death!

UPSALL.

No, it means life. She sleeps in  
yonder chamber.

Listen to me. When news of  
Leddra's death

Reached England, Edward Bur-  
roughs, having boldly

Got access to the presence of the  
King,

Told him there was a vein of inno-  
cent blood

Opened in his dominions here,  
which threatened 30

To overrun them all. The King  
replied,

'But I will stop that vein!' and  
he forthwith

Sent his Mandamus to our Magis-  
trates,

That they proceed no further in  
this business.

So all are pardoned, and all set at  
large.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Thank God! This is a victory for  
truth!

Our thoughts are free. They can-  
not be shut up

In prison walls, nor put to death  
on scaffolds!

UPSALL.

Come in; the morning air blows  
sharp and cold

Through the damp streets.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

It is the dawn of day  
That chases the old darkness from  
our sky,

And fills the land with liberty and  
light. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The parlor of the Three Mariners. Enter KEMPTHORN.*

KEMPTHORN.

A dull life this,—a dull life any way!

Ready for sea; the cargo all aboard,

Cleared for Barbadoes, and a fair wind blowing

From nor'-nor'-west; and I, an idle lubber,

Laid neck and heels by that confounded bond!

I said to Ralph, says I, 'What's to be done?'

Says he: 'Just slip your hawser in the night;

Sheer off, and pay it with the top-sail, Simon.' <sup>50</sup>

But that won't do; because, you see, the owners

Somehow or other are mixed up with it.

Here are King Charles's Twelve Good Rules, that Cole

Thinks as important as the Rule of Three.

*Reads.*

'Make no comparisons; make no long meals.'

Those are good rules and golden for a landlord

To hang in his best parlor, framed and glazed!

'Maintain no ill opinions; urge no healths.'

I drink the King's, whatever he may say,

And, as to ill opinions, that depends. <sup>60</sup>

Now of Ralph Goldsmith I've a good opinion,

And of the bilboes I've an ill opinion;

And both of these opinions I'll maintain

As long as there's a shot left in the locker.

*Enter EDWARD BUTTER with an ear-trumpet.*

BUTTER.

Good morning, Captain Kempthorn.

KEMPTHORN.

Sir, to you.

You've the advantage of me. I don't know you.

What may I call your name?

BUTTER.

That's not your name?

KEMPTHORN.

Yes, that's my name. What's yours?

BUTTER.

My name is Butter.

I am the treasurer of the Commonwealth. <sup>69</sup>

KEMPTHORN.

Will you be seated?

BUTTER.

What say? Who's conceited?

KEMPTHORN.

Will you sit down?

BUTTER.

Oh, thank you.

KEMPTHORN.

Spread yourself

Upon this chair, sweet Butter.

BUTTER (*sitting down*).

A fine morning.

KEMPTHORN.

Nothing's the matter with it that I know of.

I have seen better, and I have seen worse.

The wind's nor'-west. That's fair for them that sail.

BUTTER.

You need not speak so loud; I understand you.

You sail to-day.

KEMPTHORN.

No, I don't sail to-day.  
No, be it fair or foul, it matters  
not.  
Say, will you smoke? There's  
choice tobacco here.

BUTTER.

No, thank you. It's against the  
law to smoke. 80

KEMPTHORN.

Then, will you drink? There's  
good ale at this inn.

BUTTER.

No, thank you. It's against the  
law to drink.

KEMPTHORN.

Well, almost everything's against  
the law  
In this good town. Give a wide  
berth to one thing,  
You're sure to fetch up soon on  
something else.

BUTTER.

And so you sail to-day for dear Old  
England.  
I am not one of those who think a  
sup  
Of this New England air is better  
worth  
Than a whole draught of our Old  
England's ale.

KEMPTHORN.

Nor I. Give me the ale and keep  
the air. 90  
But, as I said, I do not sail to-day.

BUTTER.

Ah yes; you sail to-day.

KEMPTHORN.

I'm under bonds  
To take some Quakers back to the  
Barbadoes;  
And one of them is banished, and  
another  
Is sentenced to be hanged.

BUTTER.

No, all are pardoned,  
All are set free, by order of the  
Court;  
But some of them would fain re-  
turn to England.  
You must not take them. Upon  
that condition  
Your bond is cancelled.

KEMPTHORN.

Ah, the wind has shifted!  
I pray you, do you speak officially?

BUTTER.

I always speak officially. To prove  
it, 101  
Here is the bond.  
*Rising and giving a paper.*

KEMPTHORN.

And here's my hand upon it.  
And, look you, when I say I'll do  
a thing  
The thing is done. Am I now free  
to go?

BUTTER.

What say?

KEMPTHORN.

I say, confound the tedious man  
With his strange speaking-trum-  
pet! Can I go?

BUTTER.

You're free to go, by order of the  
Court.  
Your servant, sir. [Exit.

KEMPTHORN (*shouting from the  
window*).

Swallow, ahoy! Hallo!  
If ever a man was happy to leave  
Boston,  
That man is Simon Kempthorn of  
the Swallow! 110

*Reënter BUTTER.*

BUTTER.

Pray, did you call?

KEMPTHORN.

Call? Yes, I hailed the Swallow.

BUTTER.

That's not my name. My name is  
Edward Butter.

You need not speak so loud.

KEMPTHORN (*shaking hands*).

Good-by! Good-by!

BUTTER.

Your servant, sir.

KEMPTHORN.

And yours a thousand times!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — GOVERNOR ENDICOTT'S *private room*. *An open window.* ENDICOTT *seated in an arm-chair.* BELLINGHAM *standing near.*

ENDICOTT.

O lost, O loved! wilt thou return  
no more?

O loved and lost, and loved the  
more when lost!

How many men are dragged into  
their graves

By their rebellious children! I  
now feel

The agony of a father's breaking  
heart

In David's cry, 'O Absalom, my  
son!' 120

BELLINGHAM.

Can you not turn your thoughts a  
little while

To public matters? There are pa-  
pers here

That need attention.

ENDICOTT.

Trouble me no more!

My business now is with another  
world.

Ah, Richard Bellingham! I greatly  
fear

That in my righteous zeal I have  
been led

To doing many things which, left  
undone,

My mind would now be easier.  
Did I dream it,

Or has some person told me, that  
John Norton

Is dead?

BELLINGHAM.

You have not dreamed it. He is  
dead, 130

And gone to his reward. It was  
no dream.

ENDICOTT.

Then it was very sudden; for I  
saw him

Standing where you now stand, not  
long ago.

BELLINGHAM.

By his own fireside, in the after-  
noon,

A faintness and a giddiness came  
o'er him;

And, leaning on the chimney-  
piece, he cried,

'The hand of God is on me!' and  
fell dead.

ENDICOTT.

And did not some one say, or have  
I dreamed it,

That Humphrey Atherton is dead?

BELLINGHAM.

Alas!

He too is gone, and by a death as  
sudden. 140

Returning home one evening, at  
the place

Where usually the Quakers have  
been scourged,

His horse took fright, and threw  
him to the ground,

So that his brains were dashed  
about the street.



ENDICOTT.

I am not superstitious, Bellingham,

And yet I tremble lest it may have been

A judgment on him.

BELLINGHAM.

So the people think.

They say his horse saw standing in the way

The ghost of William Leddra, and was frightened.

And furthermore, brave Richard Davenport, <sup>150</sup>

The captain of the Castle, in the storm

Has been struck dead by lightning.

ENDICOTT.

Speak no more.

For as I listen to your voice it seems

As if the Seven Thunders uttered their voices,

And the dead bodies lay about the streets

Of the disconsolate city! Bellingham,

I did not put those wretched men to death.

I did but guard the passage with the sword

Pointed towards them, and they rushed upon it!

Yet now I would that I had taken no part <sup>160</sup>

In all that bloody work.

BELLINGHAM.

The guilt of it

Be on their heads, not ours.

ENDICOTT.

Are all set free?

BELLINGHAM.

All are at large.

ENDICOTT.

And none have been sent back

To England to malign us with the King?

BELLINGHAM.

The ship that brought them sails this very hour,

But carries no one back.

*A distant cannon.*

ENDICOTT.

What is that gun.

BELLINGHAM.

Her parting signal. Through the window there,

Look, you can see her sails, above the roofs,

Dropping below the Castle, outward bound.

ENDICOTT.

O white, white, white! Would that my soul had wings <sup>170</sup>

As spotless as those shining sails to fly with!

Now lay this cushion straight. I thank you. Hark!

I thought I heard the hall door open and shut!

I thought I heard the footsteps of my boy!

BELLINGHAM.

It was the wind. There's no one in the passage.

ENDICOTT.

O Absalom, my son! I feel the world

Sinking beneath me, sinking, sinking, sinking!

Death knocks! I go to meet him! Welcome, Death!

*Rises, and sinks back dead; his head falling aside upon his shoulder.*

BELLINGHAM.

O ghastly sight! Like one who has been hanged!

Endicott! Endicott! He makes  
no answer! 180

*Raises ENDICOTT'S head.*

He breathes no more! How bright  
this signet-ring  
Glitters upon his hand, where he  
has worn it  
Through such long years of trouble,  
as if Death  
Had given him this memento of  
affection,  
And whispered in his ear, 'Remember me!'  
How placid and how quiet is his  
face,  
Now that the struggle and the  
strife are ended!  
Only the acrid spirit of the times  
Corroded this true steel. Oh, rest  
in peace,  
Courageous heart! Forever rest  
in peace! 190

## GILES COREY OF THE SALEM FARMS

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GILES COREY . . . *Farmer.*  
JOHN HATHORNE . . . *Magistrate.*  
COTTON MATHER . . . *Minister of the Gospel.*  
JONATHAN WALCOT . . . *A youth.*  
RICHARD GARDNER . . . *Sea-Captain.*  
JOHN GLOYD . . . *Corey's hired man.*  
MAETHA . . . . . *Wife of Giles Corey.*  
TITUBA . . . . . *An Indian woman.*  
MARY WALCOT . . . *One of the Afflicted.*

*The Scene is in Salem in the year 1692.*

### PROLOGUE

DELUSIONS of the days that once  
have been,  
Witchcraft and wonders of the  
world unseen,  
Phantoms of air, and necromantic  
arts  
That crushed the weak and awed  
the stoutest hearts,—  
These are our theme to-night; and  
vaguely here,

Through the dim mists that crowd  
the atmosphere,  
We draw the outlines of weird  
figures cast  
In shadow on the background of  
the Past.

Who would believe that in the  
quiet town  
Of Salem, and amid the woods that  
crown 10  
The neighboring hillsides, and the  
sunny farms  
That fold it safe in their paternal  
arms,—  
Who would believe that in those  
peaceful streets,  
Where the great elms shut out the  
summer heats,  
Where quiet reigns, and breathes  
through brain and breast  
The benediction of unbroken  
rest,—  
Who would believe such deeds  
could find a place  
As these whose tragic history we  
retrace?

'T was but a village then: the  
goodman ploughed  
His ample acres under sun or  
cloud; 20  
The goodwife at her doorstep sat  
and spun,  
And gossiped with her neighbors  
in the sun;  
The only men of dignity and state  
Were then the Minister and the  
Magistrate,  
Who ruled their little realm with  
iron rod,  
Less in the love than in the fear  
of God;  
And who believed devoutly in the  
Powers  
Of Darkness, working in this  
world of ours,  
In spells of Witchcraft, incanta-  
tions dread,  
And shrouded apparitions of the  
dead. 30

Upon this simple folk 'with fire  
and flame,'  
Saith the old Chronicle, 'the Devil  
came;  
Scattering his firebrands and his  
poisonous darts,  
To set on fire of Hell all tongues  
and hearts!  
And 't is no wonder; for, with all  
his host,  
There most he rages where he  
hateth most,  
And is most hated; so on us he  
brings  
All these stupendous and portent-  
ous things!'

Something of this our scene to-  
night will show;  
And ye who listen to the Tale of  
Woe, 40  
Be not too swift in casting the first  
stone,  
Nor think New England bears the  
guilt alone.  
This sudden burst of wickedness  
and crime  
Was but the common madness of  
the time,  
When in all lands, that lie within  
the sound  
Of Sabbath bells, a Witch was  
burned or drowned.

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*The woods near Sa-  
lem Village. Enter TITUBA,  
with a basket of herbs.*

TITUBA.

Here 's monk's-hood, that breeds  
fever in the blood;  
And deadly nightshade, that  
makes men see ghosts;  
And henbane, that will shake them  
with convulsions;  
And meadow-saffron and black  
hellebore,  
That rack the nerves, and puff the  
skin with dropsy;

And bitter-sweet, and briony, and  
eyebright,  
That cause eruptions, nosebleed,  
rheumatisms;  
I know them, and the places  
where they hide  
In field and meadow; and I know  
their secrets,  
And gather them because they  
give me power 10  
Over all men and women. Armed  
with these,  
I, Tituba, an Indian and a slave,  
Am stronger than the captain with  
his sword,  
Am richer than the merchant with  
his money,  
Am wiser than the scholar with  
his books,  
Mightier than Ministers and Ma-  
gistrates,  
With all the fear and reverence  
that attend them!  
For I can fill their bones with  
aches and pains,  
Can make them cough with asth-  
ma, shake with palsy,  
Can make their daughters see and  
talk with ghosts, 20  
Or fall into delirium and convul-  
sions.  
I have the Evil Eye, the Evil  
Hand;  
A touch from me and they are  
weak with pain,  
A look from me, and they consume  
and die.  
The death of cattle and the blight  
of corn,  
The shipwreck, the tornado, and  
the fire,—  
These are my doings, and they  
know it not.  
Thus I work vengeance on mine  
enemies,  
Who, while they call me slave, are  
slaves to me!

*Exit TITUBA. Enter MATHER,  
booted and spurred, with a rid-  
ing-whip in his hand.*

MATHER.

Methinks that I have come by  
paths unknown 30  
Into the land and atmosphere of  
Witches ;

For, meditating as I journeyed on,  
Lo! I have lost my way! If I re-  
member

Rightly, it is Scribonius the  
learned

That tells the story of a man who,  
praying

For one that was possessed by  
Evil Spirits,

Was struck by Evil Spirits in the  
face ;

I, journeying to circumvent the  
Witches,

Surely by Witches have been led  
astray.

I am persuaded there are few  
affairs 40

In which the Devil doth not inter-  
fere.

We cannot undertake a journey  
even,

But Satan will be there to meddle  
with it

By hindering or by furthering. He  
hath led me

Into this thicket, struck me in the  
face

With branches of the trees, and so  
entangled

The fetlocks of my horse with  
vines and brambles,

That I must needs dismount, and  
search on foot

For the lost pathway leading to  
the village.

Reënter TITUBA.

What shape is this? What mon-  
strous apparition, 50

Exceeding fierce, that none may  
pass that way ?

Tell me, good woman, if you are a  
woman —

TITUBA.

I am a woman, but I am not good.  
I am a Witch!

MATHER.

Then tell me, Witch and woman,  
For you must know the pathways  
through this wood,  
Where lieth Salem Village ?

TITUBA.

Reverend sir,  
The village is near by. I'm going  
there  
With these few herbs. I'll lead  
you. Follow me.

MATHER.

First say, who are you? I am  
loath to follow

A stranger in this wilderness, for  
fear 60

Of being misled, and left in some  
morass.

Who are you?

TITUBA.

I am Tituba the Witch,  
Wife of John Indian.

MATHER.

You are Tituba?  
I know you then. You have re-  
nounced the Devil,  
And have become a penitent con-  
fessor.

The Lord be praised! Go on, I'll  
follow you.

Wait only till I fetch my horse,  
that stands

Tethered among the trees, not far  
from here.

TITUBA.

Let me get up behind you, reverend  
sir.

MATHER.

The Lord forbid! What would the  
people think, 70

If they should see the Reverend  
Cotton Mather

Ride into Salem with a Witch be-  
hind him ?

The Lord forbid!

TITUBA.

I do not need a horse !

I can ride through the air upon a  
stick,Above the tree-tops and above the  
houses,And no one see me, no one over-  
take me ! [Exeunt.]SCENE II. — *A room at JUSTICE  
HATHORNE'S. A clock in the  
corner. Enter HATHORNE and  
MATHER.*

HATHORNE.

You are welcome, reverend sir,  
thrice welcome here  
Beneath my humble roof.

MATHER.

I thank your Worship.

HATHORNE.

Pray you be seated. You must be  
fatiguedWith your long ride through un-  
frequented woods. 80*They sit down.*

MATHER.

You know the purport of my visit  
here, —To be advised by you, and counsel  
with you,And with the Reverend Clergy of  
the village,Touching these witchcrafts that so  
much afflict you ;And see with mine own eyes the  
wonders toldOf spectres and the shadows of  
the dead,That come back from their graves  
to speak with men.

HATHORNE.

Some men there are, I have known  
such, who thinkThat the two worlds — the seen  
and the unseen,The world of matter and the world  
of spirit — 90Are like the hemispheres upon our  
maps,And touch each other only at a  
point.But these two worlds are not  
divided thus,Save for the purposes of common  
speech.They form one globe, in which the  
parted seasAll flow together and are inter-  
mingled,While the great continents remain  
distinct.

MATHER.

I doubt it not. The spiritual  
worldLies all about us, and its avenues  
Are open to the unseen feet of  
phantoms 100That come and go, and we per-  
ceive them not,Save by their influence, or when at  
timesA most mysterious Providence  
permits themTo manifest themselves to mortal  
eyes.

HATHORNE.

You, who are always welcome here  
among us,Are doubly welcome now. We  
need your wisdom,Your learning in these things, to  
be our guide.The Devil hath come down in  
wrath upon us,And ravages the land with all his  
hosts.

MATHER.

The Unclean Spirit said, ' My  
name is Legion ! ' 110Multitudes in the Valley of De-  
struction !But when our fervent, well-directed  
prayers,



Which are the great artillery of  
Heaven,  
Are brought into the field, I see  
them scattered  
And driven like autumn leaves be-  
fore the wind.

HATHORNE.

You, as a Minister of God, can  
meet them  
With spiritual weapons; but, alas!  
I, as a Magistrate, must combat  
them  
With weapons from the armory of  
the flesh.

MATHER.

These wonders of the world in-  
visible, — <sup>120</sup>  
These spectral shapes that haunt  
our habitations, —  
The multiplied and manifold afflic-  
tions  
With which the aged and the dying  
saints  
Have their death prefaced and  
their age imbittered, —  
Are but prophetic trumpets that  
proclaim  
The Second Coming of our Lord on  
earth.  
The evening wolves will be much  
more abroad,  
When we are near the evening of  
the world.

HATHORNE.

When you shall see, as I have  
hourly seen,  
The sorceries and the witchcrafts  
that torment us, <sup>130</sup>  
See children tortured by invisible  
spirits,  
And wasted and consumed by  
powers unseen,  
You will confess the half has not  
been told you.

MATHER.

It must be so. The death-pangs  
of the Devil

Will make him more a Devil than  
before;  
And Nebuchadnezzar's furnace  
will be heated  
Seven times more hot before its  
putting out.

HATHORNE.

Advise me, reverend sir. I look to  
you  
For counsel and for guidance in  
this matter.  
What further shall we do?

MATHER.

Remember this,  
That as a sparrow falls not to the  
ground <sup>141</sup>  
Without the will of God, so not a  
Devil  
Can come down from the air with-  
out his leave.  
We must inquire.

HATHORNE.

Dear sir, we have inquired;  
Sifted the matter thoroughly  
through and through,  
And then resifted it.

MATHER.

If God permits  
These Evil Spirits from the unseen  
regions  
To visit us with surprising infor-  
mations,  
We must inquire what cause there  
is for this,  
But not receive the testimony  
borne <sup>150</sup>  
By spectres as conclusive proof of  
guilt  
In the accused.

HATHORNE.

Upon such evidence  
We do not rest our case. The  
ways are many  
In which the guilty do betray  
themselves.

MATHER.

Be careful. Carry the knife with  
such exactness;  
That on one side no innocent blood  
be shed  
By too excessive zeal, and on the  
other  
No shelter given to any work of  
darkness.

HATHORNE.

For one, I do not fear excess of  
zeal.  
What do we gain by parleying with  
the Devil? 160  
You reason, but you hesitate to  
act!  
Ah, reverend sir! believe me, in  
such cases  
The only safety is in acting  
promptly.  
'Tis not the part of wisdom to de-  
lay  
In things where not to do is still  
to do  
A deed more fatal than the deed  
we shrink from.  
You are a man of books and medi-  
tation,  
But I am one who acts.

MATHER.

God give us wisdom  
In the directing of this thorny  
business,  
And guide us, lest New England  
should become 170  
Of an unsavory and sulphurous  
odor  
In the opinion of the world abroad!  
*The clock strikes.*

I never hear the striking of a clock  
Without a warning and an admoni-  
tion

That time is on the wing, and we  
must quicken

Our tardy pace in journeying  
Heavenward,

As Israel did in journeying  
Canaan-ward!

*They rise.*

HATHORNE.

Then let us make all haste; and I  
will show you  
In what disguises and what fear-  
ful shapes  
The Unclean Spirits haunt this  
neighborhood, 180  
And you will pardon my excess of  
zeal.

MATHER.

Ah, poor New England! He who  
hurricanoed  
The house of Job is making now  
on thee  
One last assault, more deadly and  
more snarled  
With unintelligible circumstances  
Than any thou hast hitherto en-  
countered! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — *A room in WAL-  
COT'S house. MARY WALCOT  
seated in an arm-chair. TI-  
TUBA with a mirror.*

MARY.

Tell me another story, Tituba.  
A drowsiness is stealing over  
me  
Which is not sleep; for, though I  
close mine eyes,  
I am awake, and in another world.  
Dim faces of the dead and of the  
absent 191  
Come floating up before me,—  
floating, fading,  
And disappearing.

TITUBA.

Look into this glass.  
What see you?

MARY.

Nothing but a golden vapor.  
Yes, something more. An island,  
with the sea  
Breaking all round it, like a bloom-  
ing hedge.  
What land is this?

TITUBA.

It is San Salvador,  
Where Tituba was born. What  
see you now?

MARY.

A man all black and fierce.

TITUBA.

That is my father.  
He was an Obi man, and taught  
me magic, — 200  
Taught me the use of herbs and  
images.  
What is he doing?

MARY.

Holding in his hand  
A waxen figure. He is melting it  
Slowly before a fire.

TITUBA.

And now what see you?

MARY.

A woman lying on a bed of leaves,  
Wasted and worn away. Ah, she  
is dying!

TITUBA.

That is the way the Obi men de-  
stroy  
The people they dislike! That is  
the way  
Some one is wasting and consum-  
ing you.

MARY.

You terrify me, Tituba! Oh, save  
me 210  
From those who make me pine  
and waste away!  
Who are they? Tell me.

TITUBA.

That I do not know,  
But you will see them. They will  
come to you.

MARY.

No, do not let them come! I can-  
not bear it!

I am too weak to bear it! I am  
dying.

*Falls into a trance.*

TITUBA.

Hark! there is some one coming!  
*Enter HATHORNE, MATHER, and  
WALCOT.*

WALCOT.

There she lies,  
Wasted and worn by devilish in-  
cantations!  
O my poor sister!

MATHER.

Is she always thus?

WALCOT.

Nay, she is sometimes tortured by  
convulsions.

MATHER.

Poor child! How thin she is!  
How wan and wasted! 220

HATHORNE.

Observe her. She is troubled in  
her sleep.

MATHER.

Some fearful vision haunts her.

HATHORNE.

You now see  
With your own eyes, and touch  
with your own hands,  
The mysteries of this Witchcraft.

MATHER.

One would need  
The hands of Briareus and the  
eyes of Argus  
To see and touch them all.

HATHORNE.

You now have entered  
The realm of ghosts and phan-  
toms, — the vast realm  
Of the unknown and the invisible,  
Through whose wide-open gates  
there blows a wind

From the dark valley of the shadow of Death, 230  
That freezes us with horror.

MARY (*starting*).

Take her hence!  
Take her away from me. I see her there!  
She's coming to torment me!

WALCOT (*taking her hand*).

O my sister!  
What frightens you? She neither hears nor sees me.  
She's in a trance.

MARY.

Do you not see her there?

TITUBA.

My child, who is it?

MARY.

Ah, I do not know.  
I cannot see her face.

TITUBA.

How is she clad?

MARY.

She wears a crimson bodice. In her hand  
She holds an image, and is pinching it  
Between her fingers. Ah, she tortures me! 240  
I see her face now. It is Goodwife Bishop!  
Why does she torture me? I never harmed her!  
And now she strikes me with an iron rod!  
Oh, I am beaten!

MATHER.

This is wonderful!  
I can see nothing! Is this apparition  
Visibly there, and yet we cannot see it?

HATHORNE.

It is. The spectre is invisible  
Unto our grosser senses, but she sees it.

MARY.

Look! look! there is another clad in gray!  
She holds a spindle in her hand, and threatens 250  
To stab me with it! It is Goodwife Corey!  
Keep her away! Now she is coming at me!  
O mercy! mercy!

WALCOT (*thrusting with his sword*).

There is nothing there!

MATHER (*to HATHORNE*).

Do you see anything?

HATHORNE.

The laws that govern  
The spiritual world prevent our seeing  
Things palpable and visible to her.  
These spectres are to us as if they were not.  
Mark her; she wakes.

TITUBA *touches her, and she awakes.*

MARY.

Who are these gentlemen?

WALCOT.

They are our friends. Dear Mary, are you better?

MARY.

Weak, very weak.  
*Taking a spindle from her lap, and holding it up.*  
How came this spindle here?

TITUBA.

You wrenched it from the hand of Goodwife Corey 261  
When she rushed at you.

HATHORNE.

Mark that, reverend sir!

MATHER.

It is most marvellous, most inexplicable!

FITUBA (*picking up a bit of gray cloth from the floor*).

And here, too, is a bit of her gray dress,

That the sword cut away.

MATHER.

Beholding this,

It were indeed by far more credulous

To be incredulous than to believe.

None but a Sadducee, who doubts of all

Pertaining to the spiritual world,  
Could doubt such manifest and  
damning proofs! 270

HATHORNE.

Are you convinced?

MATHER (*to MARY*).

Dear child, be comforted!

Only by prayer and fasting can  
you drive

These Unclean Spirits from you.  
An old man

Gives you his blessing. God be  
with you, Mary!

## ACT II

SCENE I. — GILES COREY'S farm.  
*Morning. Enter COREY, with a  
horseshoe and a hammer.*

COREY.

The Lord hath prospered me. The  
rising sun

Shines on my Hundred Acres and  
my woods

As if he loved them. On a morn  
like this

I can forgive mine enemies, and  
thank God

For all his goodness unto me and  
mine.

My orchard groans with russets  
and pearmaines;

My ripening corn shines golden in  
the sun;

My barns are crammed with hay,  
my cattle thrive;

The birds sing blithely on the  
trees around me!

And blither than the birds my  
heart within me. 10

But Satan still goes up and down  
the earth;

And to protect this house from his  
assaults,

And keep the powers of darkness  
from my door,

This horseshoe will I nail upon  
the threshold.

*Nails down the horseshoe.*

There, ye night-hags and witches  
that torment

The neighborhood, ye shall not  
enter here! —

What is the matter in the field? —  
John Gloyd!

The cattle are all running to the  
woods! —

John Gloyd! Where is the man?

*Enter JOHN GLOYD.*

Look there!

What ails the cattle? Are they  
all bewitched? 20

They run like mad.

GLOYD.

They have been overlooked.

COREY.

The Evil Eye is on them sure  
enough.

Call all the men. Be quick. Go  
after them!

*Exit GLOYD and enter MARTHA.*

MARTHA.

What is amiss?



COREY.

The cattle are bewitched.  
They are broken loose and mak-  
ing for the woods.

MARTHA.

Why will you harbor such delu-  
sions, Giles?  
Bewitched? Well, then it was  
John Gloyd bewitched them;  
I saw him even now take down  
the bars  
And turn them loose! They're  
only frolicsome.

COREY.

The rascal!

MARTHA.

I was standing in the road,  
Talking with Goodwife Proctor,  
and I saw him. 31

COREY.

With Proctor's wife? And what  
says Goodwife Proctor?

MARTHA.

Sad things indeed; the saddest  
you can hear  
Of Bridget Bishop. She's cried  
out upon!

COREY.

Poor soul! I've known her forty  
year or more.  
She was the widow Wasselby;  
and then  
She married Oliver, and Bishop  
next.  
She's had three husbands. I re-  
member well  
My games of shovel-board at  
Bishop's tavern  
In the old merry days, and she so  
gay 40  
With her red paragon bodice and  
her ribbons!  
Ah, Bridget Bishop always was a  
Witch!

MARTHA.

They'll little help her now, — her  
caps and ribbons,  
And her red paragon bodice, and  
her plumes,  
With which she flaunted in the  
Meeting-house!  
When next she goes there, it will  
be for trial.

COREY.

When will that be?

MARTHA.

This very day at ten.

COREY.

Then get you ready. We will go  
and see it.  
Come; you shall ride behind me  
on the pillion.

MARTHA.

Not I. You know I do not like  
such things. 50  
I wonder you should. I do not be-  
lieve  
In Witches nor in Witchcraft.

COREY.

Well, I do.  
There's a strange fascination in it  
all,  
That draws me on and on, I know  
not why.

MARTHA.

What do we know of spirits good  
or ill,  
Or of their power to help us or to  
harm us?

COREY.

Surely what's in the Bible must  
be true.  
Did not an Evil Spirit come on  
Saul?  
Did not the Witch of Endor bring  
the ghost  
Of Samuel from his grave? The  
Bible says so. 60

MARTHA.

That happened very long ago.

COREY.

With God

There is no long ago.

MARTHA.

There is with us.

COREY.

And Mary Magdalene had seven  
devils,  
And he who dwelt among the  
tombs a legion!

MARTHA.

God's power is infinite. I do not  
doubt it.

If in His providence He once per-  
mitted

Such things to be among the Is-  
raelites,

It does not follow He permits  
them now,

And among us who are not Israel-  
ites.

But we will not dispute about it,  
Giles. 70

Go to the village, if you think it  
best,

And leave me here; I'll go about  
my work.

*[Exit into the house.]*

COREY.

And I will go and saddle the gray  
mare.

The last word always. That is  
woman's nature.

If an old man will marry a young  
wife,

He must make up his mind to  
many things.

It's putting new cloth into an old  
garment,

When the strain comes, it is the  
old gives way.

*Goes to the door.*

Oh Martha! I forgot to tell you  
something.

I've had a letter from a friend of  
mine, 80

A certain Richard Gardner of Nan-  
tucket,

Master and owner of a whaling-  
vessel;

He writes that he is coming down  
to see us.

I hope you'll like him.

MARTHA.

I will do my best.

COREY.

That's a good woman. Now I will  
be gone.

I've not seen Gardner for this  
twenty year;

But there is something of the sea  
about him, —

Something so open, generous,  
large, and strong,

It makes me love him better than  
a brother. *[Exit.]*

MARTHA comes to the door.

MARTHA.

Oh these old friends and cronies  
of my husband, 90

These captains from Nantucket  
and the Cape,

That come and turn my house into  
a tavern

With their carousing! Still, there's  
something frank

In these seafaring men that makes  
me like them.

Why, here's a horseshoe nailed  
upon the doorstep!

Giles has done this to keep away  
the Witches.

I hope this Richard Gardner will  
bring with him

A gale of good sound common-  
sense to blow

The fog of these delusions from  
his brain! 99

COREY (*within*).

Ho! Martha! Martha!

Enter COREY.

Have you seen my saddle?

MARTHA.

I saw it yesterday.

COREY.

Where did you see it?

MARTHA.

On a gray mare, that somebody  
was riding  
Along the village road.

COREY.

Who was it? Tell me.

MARTHA.

Some one who should have stayed  
at home.

COREY (*restraining himself*).

I see!

Don't vex me, Martha. Tell me  
where it is.

MARTHA.

I've hidden it away.

COREY.

Go fetch it me.

MARTHA.

Go find it.

COREY.

No. I'll ride down to the village  
Bare-back; and when the people  
stare and say,  
'Giles Corey, where's your sad-  
dle?' I will answer,  
'A Witch has stolen it.' How  
shall you like that? 110

MARTHA.

I shall not like it.

COREY.

Then go fetch the saddle.  
[Exit MARTHA.]

If an old man will marry a young  
wife,  
Why then — why then — why then  
— he must spell Baker!

Enter MARTHA with the saddle,  
which she throws down.

MARTHA.

There! There's the saddle.

COREY.

Take it up.

MARTHA.

I won't!

COREY.

Then let it lie there. I'll ride to  
the village,  
And say you are a Witch.

MARTHA.

No, not that, Giles.

*She takes up the saddle.*

COREY.

Now come with me, and saddle  
the gray mare  
With your own hands; and you  
shall see me ride  
Along the village road as is be-  
coming 119  
Giles Corey of the Salem Farms,  
your husband! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Green in front  
of the Meeting-house in Salem  
Village. People coming and go-  
ing. Enter GILES COREY.*

COREY.

A melancholy end! Who would  
have thought  
That Bridget Bishop e'er would  
come to this?  
Accused, convicted, and con-  
demned to death  
For Witchcraft! And so good a  
woman too!

A FARMER.

Good morrow, neighbor Corey.

COREY (*not hearing him*).

Who is safe?

How do I know but under my own  
roof

I too may harbor Witches, and  
some Devil

Be plotting and contriving against  
me?

FARMER.

He does not hear. Good morrow,  
neighbor Corey!

COREY.

Good morrow.

FARMER.

Have you seen John Proctor late-  
ly? 130

COREY.

No, I have not.

FARMER.

Then do not see him, Corey.

COREY.

Why should I not?

FARMER.

Because he's angry with you.  
So keep out of his way. Avoid a  
quarrel.

COREY.

Why does he seek to fix a quarrel  
on me?

FARMER.

He says you burned his house.

COREY.

I burn his house?

If he says that, John Proctor is a  
liar!

The night his house was burned I  
was in bed,

And I can prove it! Why, we are  
old friends!

He could not say that of me.

FARMER.

He did say it.

I heard him say it.

COREY.

Then he shall unsay it.

FARMER.

He said you did it out of spite to  
him 141

For taking part against you in the  
quarrel

You had with your John Gloyd  
about his wages.

He says you murdered Goodell;  
that you trampled

Upon his body till he breathed no  
more.

And so beware of him; that's my  
advice! [Exit.

COREY.

By Heaven! this is too much! I'll  
seek him out,

And make him eat his words, or  
strangle him.

I'll not be slandered at a time  
like this,

When every word is made an ac-  
cusation, 150

When every whisper kills, and  
every man

Walks with a halter round his  
neck!

*Enter GLOYD in haste.*

What now?

GLOYD.

I came to look for you. The cat-  
tle —

COREY.

Well,

What of them? Have you found  
them?

GLOYD.

They are dead.

I followed them through the  
woods, across the meadows ;  
Then they all leaped into the Ips-  
wich River,  
And swam across, but could not  
climb the bank,  
And so were drowned.

COREY.

You are to blame for this ;  
For you took down the bars, and  
let them loose.

GLOYD.

That I deny. They broke the  
fences down. 160  
You know they were bewitched.

COREY.

Ah, my poor cattle !  
The Evil Eye was on them ; that  
is true.  
Day of disaster ! Most unlucky  
day !  
Why did I leave my ploughing and  
my reaping  
To plough and reap this Sodom  
and Gomorrah ?  
Oh, I could drown myself for sheer  
vexation ! [Exit.

GLOYD.

He's going for his cattle. He  
won't find them.  
By this time they have drifted out  
to sea.  
They will not break his fences any  
more,  
Though they may break his heart.  
And what care I ? [Exit.

SCENE III. — COREY'S Kitchen.  
*A table with supper.* MARTHA  
knitting.

MARTHA.

He's come at last. I hear him in  
the passage. 171

Something has gone amiss with  
him to-day ;

I know it by his step, and by the  
sound

The door made as he shut it. He  
is angry.

*Enter COREY with his riding-  
whip. As he speaks he takes off  
his hat and gloves, and throws  
them down violently.*

COREY.

I say if Satan ever entered man  
He's in John Proctor !

MARTHA.

Giles, what is the matter ?  
You frighten me.

COREY.

I say if any man  
Can have a Devil in him, then that  
man  
Is Proctor, — is John Proctor, and  
no other !

MARTHA.

Why, what has he been doing ?

COREY.

Everything !  
What do you think I heard there  
in the village ? 181

MARTHA.

I'm sure I cannot guess. What  
did you hear ?

COREY.

He says I burned his house !

MARTHA.

Does he say that ?

COREY.

He says I burned his house. I  
was in bed  
And fast asleep that night ; and I  
can prove it.



MARTHA.

If he says that, I think the Father  
of Lies  
Is surely in the man.

COREY.

He does say that,  
And that I did it to wreak ven-  
geance on him  
For taking sides against me in the  
quarrel  
I had with that John Gloyd about  
his wages. 190  
And God knows that I never bore  
him malice  
For that, as I have told him twenty  
times!

MARTHA.

It is John Gloyd has stirred him  
up to this.  
I do not like that Gloyd. I think  
him crafty,  
Not to be trusted, sullen, and un-  
truthful.  
Come, have your supper. You are  
tired and hungry.

COREY.

I'm angry, and not hungry.

MARTHA.

Do eat something.  
You'll be the better for it.

COREY (*sitting down*).

I'm not hungry.

MARTHA.

Let not the sun go down upon your  
wrath.

COREY.

It has gone down upon it, and will  
rise 200  
To-morrow, and go down again  
upon it.  
They have trumped up against me  
the old story  
Of causing Goodell's death by  
trampling on him.

MARTHA.

Oh, that is false. I know it to be  
false.

COREY.

He has been dead these fourteen  
years or more.  
Why can't they let him rest? Why  
must they drag him  
Out of his grave to give me a bad  
name?  
I did not kill him. In his bed he  
died,  
As most men die, because his hour  
had come.  
I have wronged no man. Why  
should Proctor say 210  
Such things about me? I will not  
forgive him  
Till he confesses he has slandered  
me.  
Then, I've more trouble. All my  
cattle gone.

MARTHA.

They will come back again.

COREY.

Not in this world.  
Did I not tell you they were over-  
looked?  
They ran down through the woods,  
into the meadows,  
And tried to swim the river, and  
were drowned.  
It is a heavy loss.

MARTHA.

I'm sorry for it.

COREY.

All my dear oxen dead. I loved  
them, Martha,  
Next to yourself. I liked to look  
at them, 220  
And watch the breath come out of  
their wide nostrils,  
And see their patient eyes. Some-  
how I thought  
It gave me strength only to look at  
them.

And how they strained their necks  
 against the yoke  
 If I but spoke, or touched them  
 with the goad !  
 They were my friends ; and when  
 Gloyd came and told me  
 They were all drowned, I could  
 have drowned myself  
 From sheer vexation ; and I said  
 as much  
 To Gloyd and others.

MARTHA.

Do not trust John Gloyd  
 With anything you would not have  
 repeated. 230

COREY.

As I came through the woods this  
 afternoon,  
 Impatient at my loss, and much  
 perplexed  
 With all that I had heard there in  
 the village,  
 The yellow leaves lit up the trees  
 about me  
 Like an enchanted palace, and I  
 wished  
 I knew enough of magic or of  
 Witchcraft  
 To change them into gold. Then  
 suddenly  
 A tree shook down some crimson  
 leaves upon me,  
 Like drops of blood, and in the  
 path before me  
 Stood Tituba the Indian, the old  
 crone. 240

MARTHA.

Were you not frightened ?

COREY.

No, I do not think  
 I know the meaning of that word.  
 Why frightened ?  
 I am not one of those who think  
 the Lord  
 Is waiting till He catches them  
 some day

In the back yard alone ! What  
 should I fear ?  
 She started from the bushes by  
 the path,  
 And had a basket full of herbs and  
 roots  
 For some witch-broth or other, —  
 the old hag !

MARTHA.

She has been here to-day.

COREY.

With hand outstretched  
 She said : ' Giles Corey, will you  
 sign the Book ? ' 250  
 ' Avaunt ! ' I cried : ' Get thee be-  
 hind me, Satan ! '   
 At which she laughed and left me.  
 But a voice  
 Was whispering in my ear contin-  
 ually :  
 ' Self-murder is no crime. The  
 life of man  
 Is his, to keep it or to throw  
 away ! '

MARTHA.

'T was a temptation of the Evil  
 One !  
 Giles, Giles ! why will you harbor  
 these dark thoughts ?

COREY (*rising*).

I am too tired to talk. I'll go to  
 bed.

MARTHA.

First tell me something about  
 Bridget Bishop.  
 How did she look ? You saw her ?  
 You were there ? 260

COREY.

I'll tell you that to-morrow, not  
 to-night.  
 I'll go to bed.

MARTHA.

First let us pray together.

COREY.

I cannot pray to-night.

MARTHA.

Say the Lord's Prayer,  
And that will comfort you.

COREY.

I cannot say,  
'As we forgive those that have  
sinned against us,'  
When I do not forgive them.

MARTHA (*kneeling on the hearth*).  
God forgive you!

COREY.

I will not make believe! I say,  
to-night  
There 's something thwarts me  
when I wish to pray,  
And thrusts into my mind, instead  
of prayers,  
Hate and revenge, and things that  
are not prayers. 270  
Something of my old self,—my  
old, bad life,—  
And the old Adam in me, rises  
up,  
And will not let me pray. I am  
afraid  
The Devil hinders me. You know  
I say  
Just what I think, and nothing  
more nor less,  
And, when I pray, my heart is in  
my prayer.  
I cannot say one thing and mean  
another.  
If I can't pray, I will not make  
believe!

[Exit COREY. MARTHA *contin-  
ues kneeling*.

## ACT III

SCENE I. — GILES COREY'S  
*kitchen. Morning. COREY and  
MARTHA sitting at the break-  
fast-table.*

COREY (*rising*).

Well, now I've told you all I saw  
and heard  
Of Bridget Bishop: and I must be  
gone.

MARTHA.

Don't go into the village, Giles, to-  
day.  
Last night you came back tired  
and out of humor.

COREY.

Say, angry; say, right angry. I  
was never  
In a more devilish temper in my  
life.  
All things went wrong with me.

MARTHA.

You were much vexed;  
So don't go to the village.

COREY (*going*).

No, I won't.  
I won't go near it. We are going  
to mow  
The Ipswich meadows for the  
aftermath, 10  
The crop of sedge and rowens.

MARTHA.

Stay a moment.  
I want to tell you what I dreamed  
last night.  
Do you believe in dreams?

COREY.

Why, yes and no.  
When they come true, then I be-  
lieve in them;  
When they come false, I don't be-  
lieve in them.  
But let me hear. What did you  
dream about?

MARTHA.

I dreamed that you and I were  
both in prison;  
That we had fetters on our hands  
and feet;

That we were taken before the  
Magistrates,  
And tried for Witchcraft, and con-  
demned to death! 20

I wished to pray; they would not  
let me pray;

You tried to comfort me, and they  
forbade it.

But the most dreadful thing in all  
my dream

Was that they made you testify  
against me!

And then there came a kind of  
mist between us;

I could not see you; and I woke  
in terror.

I never was more thankful in my  
life

Than when I found you sleeping  
at my side!

COREY (*with tenderness*).

It was our talk last night that  
made you dream.

I'm sorry for it. I'll control my-  
self 30

Another time, and keep my tem-  
per down!

I do not like such dreams. — Re-  
member, Martha,

I'm going to mow the Ipswich  
River meadows;

If Gardner comes, you'll tell him  
where to find me. [*Exit.*]

MARTHA.

So this delusion grows from bad  
to worse.

First, a forsaken and forlorn old  
woman,

Ragged and wretched, and without  
a friend;

Then something higher. Now it's  
Bridget Bishop;

God only knows whose turn it will  
be next!

The Magistrates are blind, the  
people mad! 40

If they would only seize the  
Afflicted Children,

And put them in the Workhouse,  
where they should be,  
There'd be an end of all this wick-  
edness. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — *A street in Salem  
Village. Enter MATHER and  
HATHORNE.*

MATHER.

Yet one thing troubles me.

HATHORNE.

And what is that?

MATHER.

May not the Devil take the out-  
ward shape

Of innocent persons? Are we not  
in danger,

Perhaps, of punishing some who  
are not guilty?

HATHORNE.

As I have said, we do not trust  
alone

To spectral evidence.

MATHER.

And then again,

If any shall be put to death for  
Witchcraft, 50

We do but kill the body, not the  
soul.

The Unclean Spirits that pos-  
sessed them once

Live still, to enter into other bod-  
ies.

What have we gained? Surely,  
there's nothing gained.

HATHORNE.

Doth not the Scripture say, 'Thou  
shalt not suffer

A Witch to live?'

MATHER.

The Scripture sayeth it,  
But speaketh to the Jews; and

we are Christians.  
What say the laws of England?

HATHORNE.

They make Witchcraft  
 Felony without the benefit of  
 Clergy.  
 Witches are burned in England.  
 You have read — 60  
 For you read all things, not a book  
 escapes you —  
 The famous Demonology of King  
 James ?

MATHER.

A curious volume. I remember  
 also  
 The plot of the Two Hundred,  
 with one Flan,  
 The Registrar of the Devil, at their  
 head,  
 To drown his Majesty on his re-  
 turn  
 From Denmark ; how they sailed  
 in sieves or riddles  
 Unto North Berwick Kirk in Lo-  
 thian,  
 And, landing there, danced hand  
 in hand, and sang,  
 ' Goodwife, go ye before ! good-  
 wife, go ye ! 70  
 If ye 'll not go before, goodwife,  
 let me !'  
 While Geillis Duncan played the  
 Witches' Reel  
 Upon a jews-harp.

HATHORNE.

Then you know full well  
 The English law, and that in Eng-  
 land Witches,  
 When lawfully convicted and at-  
 tainted,  
 Are put to death.

MATHER.

When lawfully convicted ;  
 That is the point.

HATHORNE.

You heard the evidence  
 Produced before us yesterday at  
 the trial  
 Of Bridget Bishop.

MATHER.

One of the Afflicted,  
 I know, bore witness to the ap-  
 parition 80  
 Of ghosts unto the spectre of this  
 Bishop,  
 Saying, ' You murdered us !' of the  
 truth whereof  
 There was in matter of fact too  
 much suspicion.

HATHORNE.

And when she cast her eyes on the  
 Afflicted,  
 They were struck down ; and this  
 in such a manner  
 There could be no collusion in the  
 business.  
 And when the accused but laid  
 her hand upon them,  
 As they lay in their swoons, they  
 straight revived,  
 Although they stirred not when  
 the others touched them.

MATHER.

What most convinced me of the  
 woman's guilt 90  
 Was finding hidden in her cellar  
 wall  
 Those poppets made of rags, with  
 headless pins  
 Stuck into them point outwards,  
 and whereof  
 She could not give a reasonable  
 account.

HATHORNE.

When you shall read the testi-  
 mony given  
 Before the Court in all the other  
 cases,  
 I am persuaded you will find the  
 proof  
 No less conclusive than it was in  
 this.  
 Come, then, with me, and I will  
 tax your patience  
 With reading of the documents so  
 far 100



As may convince you that these  
sorcerers  
Are lawfully convicted and at-  
tainted.  
Like doubting Thomas, you shall  
lay your hand  
Upon these wounds, and you will  
doubt no more. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. — *A room in COREY'S  
house. MARTHA and two Dea-  
cons of the church.*

MARTHA.

Be seated. I am glad to see you  
here.  
I know what you are come for.  
You are come  
To question me, and learn from  
my own lips  
If I have any dealings with the  
Devil;  
In short, if I'm a Witch.

DEACON (*sitting down*).

Such is our purpose.  
How could you know beforehand  
why we came? 110

MARTHA.

'T was only a surmise.

DEACON.

We came to ask you,  
You being with us in church cove-  
nant,  
What part you have, if any, in  
these matters.

MARTHA.

And I make answer, No part what-  
soever.  
I am a farmer's wife, a working  
woman;  
You see my spinning-wheel, you  
see my loom,  
You know the duties of a farmer's  
wife,  
And are not ignorant that my life  
among you

Has been without reproach until  
this day.  
Is it not true?

DEACON.

So much we're bound to own;  
And say it frankly, and without  
reserve. 121

MARTHA.

I've heard the idle tales that are  
abroad;  
I've heard it whispered that I am  
a Witch;  
I cannot help it. I do not believe  
In any Witchcraft. It is a delu-  
sion.

DEACON.

How can you say that it is a delu-  
sion,  
When all our learned and good  
men believe it?—  
Our Ministers and worshipful  
Magistrates?

MARTHA.

Their eyes are blinded, and see  
not the truth.  
Perhaps one day they will be open  
to it. 130

DEACON.

You answer boldly. The Afflicted  
Children  
Say you appeared to them.

MARTHA.

And did they say  
What clothes I came in?

DEACON.

No, they could not tell.  
They said that you foresaw our  
visit here,  
And blinded them, so that they  
could not see  
The clothes you wore.

MARTHA.

The cunning, crafty girls!

I say to you, in all sincerity,  
 I never have appeared to any  
     one  
 In my own person. If the Devil  
     takes  
 My shape to hurt these children,  
     or afflict them, 140  
 I am not guilty of it. And I  
     say  
 It 's all a mere delusion of the  
     senses.

DEACON.

I greatly fear that you will find  
     too late  
 It is not so.

MARTHA (*rising*).

They do accuse me falsely.  
 It is delusion, or it is deceit.  
 There is a story in the ancient  
     Scriptures  
 Which much I wonder comes not  
     to your minds.  
 Let me repeat it to you.

DEACON.

We will hear it.

MARTHA.

It came to pass that Naboth had a  
     vineyard  
 Hard by the palace of the King  
     called Ahab. 150  
 And Ahab, King of Israel, spake  
     to Naboth,  
 And said to him, Give unto me thy  
     vineyard,  
 That I may have it for a garden of  
     herbs,  
 And I will give a better vineyard  
     for it,  
 Or, if it seemeth good to thee, its  
     worth  
 In money. And then Naboth said  
     to Ahab,  
 The Lord forbid it me that I should  
     give  
 The inheritance of my fathers unto  
     thee.  
 And Ahab came into his house dis-  
     pleased

And heavy at the words which  
     Naboth spake, 160  
 And laid him down upon his bed,  
     and turned  
 His face away; and he would eat  
     no bread.  
 And Jezebel, the wife of Ahab,  
     came  
 And said to him, Why is thy spirit  
     sad?  
 And he said unto her, Because I  
     spake  
 To Naboth, to the Jezreelite, and  
     said,  
 Give me thy vineyard; and he an-  
     swered, saying,  
 I will not give my vineyard unto  
     thee.  
 And Jezebel, the wife of Ahab,  
     said,  
 Dost thou not rule the realm of  
     Israel? 170  
 Arise, eat bread, and let thy heart  
     be merry;  
 I will give Naboth's vineyard unto  
     thee.  
 So she wrote letters in King  
     Ahab's name,  
 And sealed them with his seal,  
     and sent the letters  
 Unto the elders that were in his  
     city  
 Dwelling with Naboth, and unto  
     the nobles;  
 And in the letters wrote, Proclaim  
     a fast;  
 And set this Naboth high among  
     the people,  
 And set two men, the sons of  
     Belial,  
 Before him, to bear witness and  
     to say, 180  
 Thou didst blaspheme against  
     God and the King;  
 And carry him out and stone him,  
     that he die!  
 And the elders and the nobles in  
     the city  
 Did even as Jezebel, the wife of  
     Ahab,  
 Had sent to them and written in  
     the letters.

And then it came to pass, when  
Ahab heard  
Naboth was dead, that Ahab rose  
to go

Down unto Naboth's vineyard, and  
to take

Possession of it. And the word of  
God

Came to Elijah, saying to him,  
Arise, 190

Go down to meet the King of  
Israel

In Naboth's vineyard, whither he  
hath gone

To take possession. Thou shalt  
speak to him,

Saying, Thus saith the Lord!  
What! hast thou killed

And also taken possession? In  
the place

Wherein the dogs have licked the  
blood of Naboth

Shall the dogs lick thy blood, — ay,  
even thine!

*Both of the Deacons start from  
their seats.*

And Ahab then, the King of Israel,  
Said, Hast thou found me, O mine  
enemy?

Elijah the Prophet answered, I  
have found thee! 200

So will it be with those who have  
stirred up

The Sons of Belial here to bear  
false witness

And swear away the lives of in-  
nocent people;

Their enemy will find them out at  
last,

The Prophet's voice will thunder,  
I have found thee! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *Meadows on Ip-  
swich River.* COREY and his  
men mowing; COREY in ad-  
vance.

COREY.

Well done, my men. You see, I  
lead the field!

I'm an old man, but I can swing  
a scythe

Better than most of you, though  
you be younger.

*Hangs his scythe upon a tree.*

GLOYD (*aside to the others*).

How strong he is! It's super-  
natural.

No man so old as he is has such  
strength. 210

The Devil helps him!

COREY (*wiping his forehead*).

Now we'll rest awhile,  
And take our nooning. What's  
the matter with you?

You are not angry with me, — are  
you, Gloyd?

Come, come, we will not quarrel.  
Let's be friends.

It's an old story, that the Raven  
said,

'Read the Third of Colossians and  
fifteenth.'

GLOYD.

You're handier at the scythe, but  
I can beat you

At wrestling.

COREY.

Well, perhaps so. I don't know.  
I never wrestled with you. Why,  
you're vexed!

Come, come, don't bear a grudge.

GLOYD.

You are afraid

COREY.

What should I be afraid of? All  
bear witness 225

The challenge comes from him  
Now, then, my man.

*They wrestle, and GLOYD is  
thrown.*

ONE OF THE MEN.

That's a fair fall.

ANOTHER.

'T was nothing but a foil!

OTHERS.

You've hurt him!

COREY (*helping GLOYD rise*).

No; this meadow-land is soft.  
You're not hurt, — are you, Gloyd?

GLOYD (*rising*).

No, not much hurt.

COREY.

Well, then, shake hands; and  
there's an end of it.

How do you like that Cornish hug,  
my lad?

And now we'll see what's in our  
basket here.

GLOYD (*aside*).

The Devil and all his imps are in  
that man!

The clutch of his ten fingers burns  
like fire! 230

COREY (*reverentially taking off  
his hat*).

God bless the food He hath pro-  
vided for us,

And make us thankful for it, for  
Christ's sake!

*He lifts up a keg of cider, and  
drinks from it.*

GLOYD.

Do you see that? Don't tell me  
it's not Witchcraft.

Two of us could not lift that cask  
as he does!

COREY *puts down the keg, and  
opens a basket. A voice is heard  
calling.*

VOICE.

Ho! Corey, Corey!

COREY.

What is that? I surely  
Heard some one calling me by  
name!

VOICE.

Giles Corey!

*Enter a boy, running, and out of  
breath.*

BOY.

Is Master Corey here?

COREY.

Yes, here I am.

BOY.

O Master Corey!

COREY.

Well?

BOY.

Your wife — your wife —

COREY.

What's happened to my wife?

BOY.

She's sent to prison!

COREY.

The dream! the dream! O God,  
be merciful! 240

BOY.

She sent me here to tell you.

COREY (*putting on his jacket*).

Where's my horse?

Don't stand there staring, fellows.

Where's my horse?

[Exit COREY.]

GLOYD.

Under the trees there. Run, old  
man, run, run!

You've got some one to wrestle  
with you now

Who'll trip your heels up, with  
your Cornish hug.

If there's a Devil, he has got you  
now.

Ah, there he goes! His horse is  
snorting fire!

## ONE OF THE MEN.

John Gloyd, don't talk so! It's  
a shame to talk so!  
He's a good master, though you  
quarrel with him.

## GLOYD.

If hard work and low wages make  
good masters, 250  
Then he is one. But I think other-  
wise.

Come, let us have our dinner and  
be merry,  
And talk about the old man and  
the Witches.

I know some stories that will  
make you laugh.

*They sit down on the grass, and  
eat.*

Now there are Goody Cloyse and  
Goody Good,

Who have not got a decent tooth  
between them,

And yet these children — the Af-  
flicted Children —

Say that they bite them, and show  
marks of teeth

Upon their arms!

## ONE OF THE MEN.

That makes the wonder greater.  
That's Witchcraft. Why, if they  
had teeth like yours, 260  
'T would be no wonder if the girls  
were bitten!

## GLOYD.

And then those ghosts that come  
out of their graves

And cry, 'You murdered us! you  
murdered us!'

## ONE OF THE MEN.

And all those Apparitions that  
stick pins

Into the flesh of the Afflicted  
Children!

## GLOYD.

Oh those Afflicted Children! They  
know well

Where the pins come from. I can  
tell you that.

And there's old Corey, he has got  
a horse-shoe

Nailed on his doorstep to keep off  
the Witches,

And all the same his wife has gone  
to prison. 270

## ONE OF THE MEN.

Oh, she's no Witch. I'll swear  
that Goodwife Corey

Never did harm to any living  
creature.

She's a good woman, if there ever  
was one.

## GLOYD.

Well, we shall see. As for ~~that~~  
Bridget Bishop,

She has been tried before; some  
years ago

A negro testified he saw her shape  
Sitting upon the rafters in a

barn,  
And holding in its hand an egg;  
and while

He went to fetch his pitchfork, she  
had vanished.

And now be quiet, will you? I am  
tired, 280

And want to sleep here on the  
grass a little.

*They stretch themselves on the  
grass.*

## ONE OF THE MEN.

There may be Witches riding  
through the air

Over our heads on broomsticks at  
this moment,

Bound for some Satan's Sabbath  
in the woods

To be baptized.

## GLOYD.

I wish they'd take you with them,  
And hold you under water, head  
and ears,



Till you were drowned; and that  
would stop your talking,  
If nothing else will. Let me sleep,  
I say.

#### ACT IV

SCENE I. — *The Green in front of  
the village Meeting-house. An  
excited crowd gathering. Enter  
JOHN GLOYD.*

A FARMER.

Who will be tried to-day?

A SECOND.

I do not know.  
Here is John Gloyd. Ask him; he  
knows.

FARMER.

John Gloyd,  
Whose turn is it to-day?

GLOYD.

It's Goodwife Corey's.

FARMER.

Giles Corey's wife?

GLOYD.

The same. She is not mine.  
It will go hard with her with all  
her praying.  
The hypocrite! She's always on  
her knees;  
But she prays to the Devil when  
she prays.  
Let us go in.

*A trumpet blows.*

FARMER.

Here come the Magistrates.

SECOND FARMER.

Who's the tall man in front?

GLOYD.

Oh, that is Hathorne,  
A Justice of the Court, and Quar-  
termaster

10

In the Three County Troop. He'll  
sift the matter.  
That's Corwin with him; and the  
man in black  
Is Cotton Mather, Minister of Bos-  
ton.

*Enter HATHORNE and other  
Magistrates on horseback, fol-  
lowed by the Sheriff, constables,  
and attendants on foot. The  
Magistrates dismount, and en-  
ter the Meeting-house, with the  
rest.*

FARMER.

The Meeting-house is full. I never  
saw  
So great a crowd before.

GLOYD.

No matter. Come.  
We shall find room enough by  
elbowing  
Our way among them. Put your  
shoulder to it.

FARMER.

There were not half so many at  
the trial  
Of Goodwife Bishop.

GLOYD.

Keep close after me.  
I'll find a place for you. They'll  
want me there. 20  
I am a friend of Corey's, as you  
know,  
And he can't do without me just at  
present. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — *Interior of the Meet-  
ing-house. MATHER and the  
Magistrates seated in front of  
the pulpit. Before them a raised  
platform. MARTHA in chains.  
COREY near her. MARY WAL-  
COT in a chair. A crowd of  
spectators, among them GLOYD.  
Confusion and murmurs during  
the scene.*

HATHORNE.

Call Martha Corey.

MARTHA.

I am here.

HATHORNE.

Come forward.

*She ascends the platform.*The Jurors of our Sovereign Lord  
and LadyThe King and Queen, here present,  
do accuse youOf having on the tenth of June last  
past,And divers other times before and  
after,Wickedly used and practised cer-  
tain artsCalled Witchcrafts, Sorceries, and  
Incantations,Against one Mary Walcot, single  
woman, <sup>30</sup>Of Salem Village; by which wicked  
artsThe aforesaid Mary Walcot was  
tormented,Tortured, afflicted, pined, con-  
sumed, and wasted,Against the peace of our Sovereign  
Lord and LadyThe King and Queen, as well as of  
the StatuteMade and provided in that case.  
What say you?

MARTHA.

Before I answer, give me leave to  
pray.

HATHORNE.

We have not sent for you, nor are  
we here,To hear you pray, but to examine  
youIn whatsoever is alleged against  
you. <sup>40</sup>

Why do you hurt this person?

MARTHA.

I do not.

I am not guilty of the charge  
against me.

MARY.

Avoid, she-devil! You may tor-  
ment me now!

Avoid, avoid, Witch!

MARTHA.

I am innocent.

I never had to do with any Witch-  
craftSince I was born. I am a gospel  
woman.

MARY.

You are a gospel Witch!

MARTHA (*clasping her hands*).

Ah me! ah me!

Oh, give me leave to pray!

MARY (*stretching out her hands*).

She hurts me now.

See, she has pinched my hands!

HATHORNE.

Who made these marks  
Upon her hands?

MARTHA.

I do not know. I stand  
Apart from her. I did not touch  
her hands. <sup>51</sup>

HATHORNE.

Who hurt her then?

MARTHA.

I know not.

HATHORNE.

Do you think  
She is bewitched?

MARTHA.

Indeed I do not think so.  
I am no Witch, and have no faith  
in Witches.

HATHORNE.

Then answer me: When certain  
persons came  
To see you yesterday, how did you  
know  
Beforehand why they came?

MARTHA.

I had had speech;  
The children said I hurt them, and  
I thought  
These people came to question me  
about it.

HATHORNE.

How did you know the children  
had been told 60  
To note the clothes you wore?

MARTHA.

My husband told me  
What others said about it.

HATHORNE.

Goodman Corey,  
Say, did you tell her?

COREY.

I must speak the truth;  
I did not tell her. It was some  
one else.

HATHORNE.

Did you not say your husband told  
you so?

How dare you tell a lie in this as-  
sembly?

Who told you of the clothes? Con-  
fess the truth.

MARTHA bites her lips, and is si-  
lent.

You bite your lips, but do not an-  
swer me!

MARY.

Ah, she is biting me! Avoid,  
avoid! 69

HATHORNE.

You said your husband told you.

MARTHA.

Yes, he told me  
The children said I troubled them.

HATHORNE.

Then tell me,  
Why do you trouble them?

MARTHA.

I have denied it.

MARY.

She threatened me; stabbed at me  
with her spindle;  
And, when my brother thrust her  
with his sword,  
He tore her gown, and cut a piece  
away.

Here are they both, the spindle  
and the cloth.

*Shows them.*

HATHORNE.

And there are persons here who  
know the truth  
Of what has now been said. What  
answer make you?

MARTHA.

I make no answer. Give me leave  
to pray. 79

HATHORNE.

Whom would you pray to?

MARTHA.

To my God and Father.

HATHORNE.

Who is your God and Father?

MARTHA.

The Almighty!

HATHORNE.

Doth he you pray to say that he is  
God?

It is the Prince of Darkness, and  
not God.

MARY.

There is a dark shape whispering  
in her ear.

HATHORNE.

What does it say to you?

MARTHA.

I see no shape.

HATHORNE.

Did you not hear it whisper?

MARTHA.

I heard nothing.

MARY.

What torture! Ah, what agony I  
suffer!

*Falls into a swoon.*

HATHORNE.

You see this woman cannot stand  
before you.

If you would look for mercy, you  
must look

In God's way, by confession of  
your guilt. 90

Why does your spectre haunt and  
hurt this person?

MARTHA.

I do not know. He who appeared  
of old

In Samuel's shape, a saint and  
glorified,

May come in whatsoever shape he  
chooses.

I cannot help it. I am sick at  
heart!

COREY.

O Martha, Martha! let me hold  
your hand.

HATHORNE.

No; stand aside, old man.

MARY (*starting up*).

Look there! Look there!

I see a little bird, a yellow bird,

Perched on her finger; and it  
pecks at me.

Ah! it will tear mine eyes out!

MARTHA.

I see nothing.

HATHORNE.

'Tis the Familiar Spirit that at-  
tends her. 101

MARY.

Now it has flown away. It sits up  
there

Upon the rafters. It is gone; is  
vanished.

MARTHA.

Giles, wipe these tears of anger  
from mine eyes.

Wipe the sweat from my forehead.  
I am faint.

*She leans against the railing.*

MARY.

Oh, she is crushing me with all her  
weight!

HATHORNE.

Did you not carry once the Devil's  
Book

To this young woman?

MARTHA.

Never.

HATHORNE.

Have you signed it,  
Or touched it?

MARTHA.

No; I never saw it.

HATHORNE.

Did you not scourge her with an  
iron rod? 110

MARTHA.

No, I did not. If any Evil Spirit  
Has taken my shape to do these  
evil deeds,

I cannot help it. I am innocent.

HATHORNE.

Did you not say the Magistrates  
were blind?  
That you would open their eyes?

MARTHA (*with a scornful laugh*).

Yes, I said that;  
If you call me a sorceress, you are  
blind!  
If you accuse the innocent, you  
are blind!  
Can the innocent be guilty?

HATHORNE.

Did you not  
On one occasion hide your hus-  
band's saddle  
To hinder him from coming to the  
Sessions? 120

MARTHA.

I thought it was a folly in a farm-  
er  
To waste his time pursuing such  
illusions.

HATHORNE.

What was the bird that this young  
woman saw  
Just now upon your hand?

MARTHA.

I know no bird.

HATHORNE.

Have you not dealt with a Familiar  
Spirit?

MARTHA.

No, never, never!

HATHORNE.

What then was the Book  
You showed to this young woman,  
and besought her  
To write in it?

MARTHA.

Where should I have a book?  
I showed her none, nor have  
none.

MARY.

The next Sabbath  
Is the Communion Day, but Mar-  
tha Corey 130  
Will not be there!

MARTHA.

Ah, you are all against me.  
What can I do or say?

HATHORNE.

You can confess.

MARTHA.

No, I cannot, for I am innocent.

HATHORNE.

We have the proof of many wit-  
nesses  
That you are guilty.

MARTHA.

Give me leave to speak.  
Will you condemn me on such  
evidence, —  
You who have known me for so  
many years?  
Will you condemn me in this house  
of God,  
Where I so long have worshipped  
with you all?  
Where I have eaten the bread  
and drunk the wine 140  
So many times at our Lord's Table  
with you?  
Bear witness, you that hear me;  
you all know  
That I have led a blameless life  
among you,  
That never any whisper of suspi-  
cion  
Was breathed against me till this  
accusation.  
And shall this count for nothing?  
Will you take  
My life away from me, because  
this girl,  
Who is distraught, and not in her  
right mind,  
Accuses me of things I blush to  
name?



HATHORNE.

What ! is it not enough ? Would  
you hear more ? 150  
Giles Corey !

COREY.

I am here.

HATHORNE.

Come forward, then.

COREY *ascends the platform.*

Is it not true, that on a certain  
night  
You were impeded strangely in  
your prayers ?  
That something hindered you ?  
and that you left  
This woman here, your wife, kneel-  
ing alone  
Upon the hearth ?

COREY.

Yes ; I cannot deny it.

HATHORNE.

Did you not say the Devil hin-  
dered you ?

COREY.

I think I said some words to that  
effect.

HATHORNE.

Is it not true, that fourteen head  
of cattle,  
To you belonging, broke from their  
enclosure 160  
And leaped into the river, and  
were drowned ?

COREY.

It is most true.

HATHORNE.

And did you not then say  
That they were overlooked ?

COREY.

So much I said.  
I see ; they 're drawing round me  
closer, closer,

A net I cannot break, cannot es-  
cape from ! *(Aside.)*

HATHORNE.

Who did these things ?

COREY.

I do not know who did them.

HATHORNE.

Then I will tell you. It is some  
one near you ;  
You see her now ; this woman,  
your own wife.

COREY.

I call the heavens to witness, it is  
false !  
She never harmed me, never hin-  
dered me 170  
In anything but what I should not  
do.  
And I bear witness in the sight of  
heaven,  
And in God's house here, that I  
never knew her  
As otherwise than patient, brave,  
and true,  
Faithful, forgiving, full of charity,  
A virtuous and industrious and  
good wife !

HATHORNE.

Tut, tut, man ; do not rant so in  
your speech ;  
You are a witness, not an advo-  
cate !  
Here, Sheriff, take this woman  
back to prison.

MARTHA.

O Giles, this day you've sworn  
away my life ! 180

MARY.

Go, go and join the Witches at the  
door.  
Do you not hear the drum ? Do  
you not see them ?  
Go quick. They 're waiting for  
you. You are late.

[Exit MARTHA ; COREY following.]

COREY.

The dream! the dream! the dream!

HATHORNE.

What does he say?  
Giles Corey, go not hence. You  
are yourself  
Accused of Witchcraft and of  
Sorcery  
By many witnesses. Say, are you  
guilty?

COREY.

I know my death is foreordained  
by you, —  
Mine and my wife's. Therefore I  
will not answer.

*During the rest of the scene he re-  
mains silent.*

HATHORNE.

Do you refuse to plead? — 'T were  
better for you 19b  
To make confession, or to plead  
Not Guilty. —  
Do you not hear me? — Answer,  
are you guilty?  
Do you not know a heavier doom  
awaits you,  
If you refuse to plead, than if found  
guilty?  
Where is John Gloyd?

GLOYD (*coming forward*).

Here am I.

HATHORNE.

Tell the Court;  
Have you not seen the supernatu-  
ral power  
Of this old man? Have you not  
seen him do  
Strange feats of strength?

GLOYD.

I've seen him lead the field,  
On a hot day, in mowing, and  
against  
Us younger men; and I have wres-  
tled with him. 200

He threw me like a feather. I  
have seen him  
Lift up a barrel with his single  
hands,  
Which two strong men could  
hardly lift together,  
And, holding it above his head,  
drink from it.

HATHORNE.

That is enough; we need not  
question further.  
What answer do you make to this,  
Giles Corey?

MARY.

See there! See there!

HATHORNE.

What is it? I see nothing.

MARY.

Look! Look! It is the ghost of  
Robert Goodell,  
Whom fifteen years ago this man  
did murder  
By stamping on his body! In his  
shroud 210  
He comes here to bear witness to  
the crime!

*The crowd shrinks back from  
COREY in horror.*

HATHORNE.

Ghosts of the dead and voices of  
the living  
Bear witness to your guilt, and  
you must die!  
It might have been an easier  
death. Your doom  
Will be on your own head, and not  
on ours.  
Twice more will you be questioned  
of these things;  
Twice more have room to plead or  
to confess.  
If you are contumacious to the  
Court,  
And if, when questioned, you re-  
fuse to answer,

Then by the Statute you will be  
condemned 220  
To the *peine forte et dure*! To  
have your body  
Pressed by great weights until you  
shall be dead!  
And may the Lord have mercy on  
your soul!

## ACT V

SCENE I. — COREY'S farm as in  
Act II., Scene I. Enter RICH-  
ARD GARDNER, looking round  
him.

GARDNER.

Here stands the house as I remem-  
ber it,  
The four tall poplar-trees before  
the door;  
The house, the barn, the orchard,  
and the well,  
With its moss-covered bucket and  
its trough;  
The garden, with its hedge of cur-  
rant-bushes;  
The woods, the harvest-fields;  
and, far beyond,  
The pleasant landscape stretching  
to the sea.  
But everything is silent and de-  
serted!  
No bleat of flocks, no bellowing of  
herds,  
No sound of flails, that should be  
beating now; 10  
Nor man nor beast astir. What can  
this mean?

*Knocks at the door.*

What ho! Giles Corey! Hillo-ho!  
Giles Corey! —  
No answer but the echo from the  
barn,  
And the ill-omened cawing of the  
crow,  
That yonder wings his flight across  
the fields,  
As if he scented carrion in the  
air.

*Enter TITUBA with a basket.*

What woman's this, that, like an  
apparition,  
Haunts this deserted homestead  
in broad day?  
Woman, who are you?

TITUBA.

I'm Tituba.  
I am John Indian's wife. I am a  
Witch. 20

GARDNER.

What are you doing here?

TITUBA.

I am gathering herbs, —  
Cinquefoil, and saxifrage, and pen-  
nyroyal.

GARDNER (*looking at the herbs*).This is not cinquefoil, it is deadly  
nightshade!This is not saxifrage, but helle-  
bore!This is not pennyroyal, it is hen-  
bane!Do you come here to poison these  
good people?

TITUBA.

I get these for the Doctor in the  
Village.Beware of Tituba. I pinch the  
children;Make little poppets and stick pins  
in them,And then the children cry out they  
are pricked. 30The Black Dog came to me, and  
said, 'Serve me!'I was afraid. He made me hurt  
the children.

GARDNER.

Poor soul! She's crazed, with all  
these Devil's doings.

TITUBA.

Will you, sir, sign the Book?

GARDNER.

No, I'll not sign it.  
Where is Giles Corey? Do you  
know Giles Corey?

TITUBA.

He's safe enough. He's down  
there in the prison.

GARDNER.

Corey in prison? What is he ac-  
cused of?

TITUBA.

Giles Corey and Martha Corey are  
in prison  
Down there in Salem Village.  
Both are Witches.  
She came to me and whispered,  
'Kill the children!' 40  
Both signed the Book!

GARDNER.

Begone, you imp of darkness!  
You Devil's dam!

TITUBA.

Beware of Tituba!  
[Exit.

GARDNER.

How often out at sea on stormy  
nights,  
When the waves thundered round  
me, and the wind  
Bellowed, and beat the canvas,  
and my ship  
Clove through the solid darkness,  
like a wedge,  
I've thought of him, upon his plea-  
sant farm,  
Living in quiet with his thrifty  
housewife,  
And envied him, and wished his  
fate were mine!  
And now I find him shipwrecked  
utterly, 50  
Drifting upon this sea of sorce-  
ries,  
And lost, perhaps, beyond all aid  
of man! [Exit.

SCENE II.— *The prison.* GILES  
COREY at a table on which are  
some papers.

COREY.

Now I have done with earth and  
all its cares;  
I give my worldly goods to my  
dear children;  
My body I bequeath to my tor-  
mentors,  
And my immortal soul to Him who  
made it.  
O God! who in thy wisdom dost  
afflict me  
With an affliction greater than  
most men  
Have ever yet endured or shall en-  
dure,  
Suffer me not in this last bitter  
hour 60  
For any pains of death to fall from  
thee!

MARTHA is heard singing.

Arise, O righteous Lord!  
And disappoint my foes;  
They are but thine avenging sword,  
Whose wounds are swift to close.

COREY.

Hark, hark! it is her voice! She  
is not dead!  
She lives! I am not utterly for-  
saken!

MARTHA, singing.

By thine abounding grace,  
And mercies multiplied,  
I shall awake, and see thy face; 70  
I shall be satisfied.

COREY hides his face in his hands.  
Enter the JAILER, followed by  
RICHARD GARDNER.

JAILER.

Here's a seafaring man, one Rich-  
ard Gardner,  
A friend of yours, who asks to  
speak with you.

COREY rises. They embrace.

COREY.

I'm glad to see you, ay, right glad  
to see you.

GARDNER.

And I am most sorely grieved to  
see you thus.

COREY.

Of all the friends I had in happier  
days,  
You are the first, ay, and the only  
one,  
That comes to seek me out in my  
disgrace!  
And you but come in time to say  
farewell.  
They've dug my grave already in  
the field. 80  
I thank you. There is something  
in your presence,  
I know not what it is, that gives  
me strength.  
Perhaps it is the bearing of a man  
Familiar with all dangers of the  
deep,  
Familiar with the cries of drown-  
ing men,  
With fire, and wreck, and foundering  
ships at sea!

GARDNER.

Ab, I have never known a wreck  
like yours!  
Would I could save you!

COREY.

Do not speak of that.  
It is too late. I am resolved to  
die.

GARDNER.

Why would you die who have so  
much to live for?— 90  
Your daughters, and —

COREY.

You cannot say the word.  
My daughters have gone from me.  
They are married;  
They have their homes, their  
thoughts, apart from me;

I will not say their hearts,— that  
were too cruel.  
What would you have me do?

GARDNER.

Confess and live.

COREY.

That's what they said who came  
here yesterday  
To lay a heavy weight upon my  
conscience  
By telling me that I was driven  
forth  
As an unworthy member of their  
church.

GARDNER.

It is an awful death.

COREY.

'T is but to drown,  
And have the weight of all the  
seas upon you. 101

GARDNER.

Say something; say enough to  
fend off death  
Till this tornado of fanaticism  
Blows itself out. Let me come in  
between you  
And your severer self, with my  
plain sense;  
Do not be obstinate.

COREY.

I will not plead.  
If I deny, I am condemned al-  
ready,  
In courts where ghosts appear as  
witnesses,  
And swear men's lives away. If  
I confess,  
Then I confess a lie, to buy a  
life 110  
Which is not life, but only death  
in life.  
I will not bear false witness  
against any,  
Not even against myself, whom I  
count least.



GARDNER (*aside*).

Ah, what a noble character is this!

COREY.

I pray you, do not urge me to do that

You would not do yourself. I have already

The bitter taste of death upon my lips;

I feel the pressure of the heavy weight

That will crush out my life within this hour;

But if a word could save me, and that word

Were not the Truth; nay, if it did but swerve

A hair's-breadth from the Truth, I would not say it!

GARDNER (*aside*).

How mean I seem beside a man like this!

COREY.

As for my wife, my Martha and my Martyr,—

Whose virtues, like the stars, unseen by day,

Though numberless, do but await the dark

To manifest themselves unto all eyes,—

She who first won me from my evil ways,

And taught me how to live by her example,

By her example teaches me to die,

And leads me onward to the better life!

SHERIFF (*without*).

Giles Corey! Come! The hour has struck!

COREY.

I come!

Here is my body; ye may torture it,

But the immortal soul ye cannot crush! [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE III.—*A street in the Village. Enter GLOYD and others.*

GLOYD.

Quick, or we shall be late!

A MAN.

That's not the way. Come here; come up this lane.

GLOYD.

I wonder now If the old man will die, and will not speak?

He's obstinate enough and tough enough

For anything on earth.

*A bell tolls.*

Hark! What is that?

A MAN.

The passing bell. He's dead.

GLOYD.

We are too late. [*Exeunt in haste*.]

SCENE IV.—*A field near the graveyard. GILES COREY lying dead, with a great stone on his breast. The sheriff at his head, RICHARD GARDNER at his feet. A crowd behind. The bell tolling. Enter HATHORNE and MATHER.*

HATHORNE.

This is the Potter's Field. Behold the fate

Of those who deal in Witchcrafts, and, when questioned, Refuse to plead their guilt or innocence,

And stubbornly drag death upon themselves.

## MATHER.

O sight most horrible! In a land  
 like this,  
 Spangled with Churches Evangelical,  
 Inwrapped in our salvations, must  
 we seek  
 In mouldering statute-books of  
 English Courts  
 Some old forgotten Law, to do such  
 deeds?  
 Those who lie buried in the Pot-  
 ter's Field 150  
 Will rise again, as surely as our-  
 selves  
 That sleep in honored graves with  
 epitaphs:  
 And this poor man, whom we have  
 made a victim,  
 Hereafter will be counted as a  
 martyr!

## FINALE

## SAINT JOHN

SAINT JOHN *wandering over the  
 face of the Earth.*

## SAINT JOHN.

THE Ages come and go,  
 The Centuries pass as Years;  
 My hair is white as the snow,  
 My feet are weary and slow,  
 The earth is wet with my tears!  
 The kingdoms crumble, and fall  
 Apart, like a ruined wall,  
 Or a bank that is undermined  
 By a river's ceaseless flow,  
 And leave no trace behind! 10  
 The world itself is old;  
 The portals of Time unfold  
 On hinges of iron, that grate  
 And groan with the rust and the  
 weight,  
 Like the hinges of a gate  
 That hath fallen to decay;  
 But the evil doth not cease;  
 There is war instead of peace,  
 Instead of Love there is hate;

And still I must wander and wait,  
 Still I must watch and pray, 21  
 Not forgetting in whose sight,  
 A thousand years in their flight  
 Are as a single day.

The life of man is a gleam  
 Of light, that comes and goes  
 Like the course of the Holy  
 Stream,

The cityless river, that flows  
 From fountains no one knows,  
 Through the Lake of Galilee, 30  
 Through forests and level lands,  
 Over rocks, and shallows, and  
 sands

Of a wilderness wild and vast,  
 Till it findeth its rest at last  
 In the desolate Dead Sea!  
 But alas! alas for me  
 Not yet this rest shall be!

What, then! doth Charity fail?  
 Is Faith of no avail?  
 Is Hope blown out like a light 40  
 By a gust of wind in the night?  
 The clashing of creeds, and the  
 strife

Of the many beliefs, that in vain  
 Perplex man's heart and brain,  
 Are naught but the rustle of leaves,  
 When the breath of God upheaves  
 The boughs of the Tree of Life,  
 And they subside again!  
 And I remember still  
 The words, and from whom they  
 came, 50

Not he that repeateth the name,  
 But he that doeth the will!

And Him evermore I behold  
 Walking in Galilee,  
 Through the cornfield's waving  
 gold,  
 In hamlet, in wood, and in wold,  
 By the shores of the Beautiful  
 Sea.

He toucheth the sightless eyes;  
 Before him the demons flee;  
 To the dead He sayeth: Arise! 60  
 To the living: Follow me!

And that voice still soundeth on  
From the centuries that are gone,  
To the centuries that shall be !

From all vain pomps and shows,  
From the pride that overflows,  
And the false conceits of men ;  
From all the narrow rules  
And subtleties of Schools,  
And the craft of tongue and pen ;  
Bewildered in its search, 71

Bewildered with the cry :  
Lo, here ! lo, there, the Church !  
Poor, sad Humanity  
Through all the dust and heat  
Turns back with bleeding feet,  
By the weary road it came,  
Unto the simple thought  
By the great Master taught,  
And that remaineth still : 80  
Not he that repeateth the name,  
But he that doeth the will !

## JUDAS MACCABÆUS

### ACT I

#### THE CITADEL OF ANTIOCHUS AT JERUSALEM

#### SCENE I. — ANTIOCHUS ; JASON.

##### ANTIOCHUS.

O ANTIOCH, my Antioch, my city !  
Queen of the East ! my solace, my  
delight !

The dowry of my sister Cleopatra  
When she was wed to Ptolemy,  
and now

Won back and made more wonder-  
ful by me !

I love thee, and I long to be once  
more

Among the players and the dan-  
cing women

Within thy gates, and bathe in the  
Orontes,

Thy river and mine. O Jason, my  
High-Priest,

For I have made thee so, and thou  
art mine, 10

Hast thou seen Antioch the Beau-  
tiful ?

##### JASON.

Never, my Lord.

##### ANTIOCHUS.

Then hast thou never seen

The wonder of the world. This  
city of David  
Compared with Antioch is but a  
village,  
And its inhabitants compared  
with Greeks  
Are mannerless boors.

##### JASON.

They are barbarians,  
And mannerless.

##### ANTIOCHUS.

They must be civilized.  
They must be made to have more  
gods than one ;  
And goddesses besides.

##### JASON.

They shall have more.

##### ANTIOCHUS.

They must have hippodromes, and  
games, and baths, 20  
Stage - plays and festivals, and  
most of all  
The Dionysia.

##### JASON.

They shall have them all.

##### ANTIOCHUS.

By Heracles ! but I should like to  
see

These Hebrews crowned with ivy,  
 and arrayed  
 In skins of fawns, with drums and  
 flutes and thyrsi,  
 Revel and riot through the solemn  
 streets  
 Of their old town. Ha, ha! It  
 makes me merry  
 Only to think of it! — Thou dost  
 not laugh.

JASON.

Yea, I laugh inwardly.

ANTIOCHUS.

The new Greek leaven  
 Works slowly in this Israelitish  
 dough! <sup>30</sup>  
 Have I not sacked the Temple,  
 and on the altar  
 Set up the statue of Olympian  
 Zeus  
 To Hellenize it?

JASON.

Thou hast done all this.

ANTIOCHUS.

As thou wast Joshua once and  
 now art Jason,  
 And from a Hebrew hast become  
 a Greek,  
 So shall this Hebrew nation be  
 translated,  
 Their very natures and their  
 names be changed,  
 And all be Hellenized.

JASON.

It shall be done.

ANTIOCHUS.

Their manners and their laws and  
 way of living  
 Shall all be Greek. They shall  
 unlearn their language. <sup>40</sup>  
 And learn the lovely speech of  
 Antioch.  
 Where hast thou been to-day?  
 Thou comest late.

JASON.

Playing at discus with the other  
 priests  
 In the Gymnasium.

ANTIOCHUS.

Thou hast done well.  
 There's nothing better for you  
 lazy priests  
 Than discus-playing with the com-  
 mon people.  
 Now tell me, Jason, what these  
 Hebrews call me  
 When they converse together at  
 their games.

JASON.

Antiochus Epiphanes, my Lord;  
 Antiochus the Illustrious.

ANTIOCHUS.

Oh, not that;  
 That is the public cry; I mean  
 the name <sup>51</sup>  
 They give me when they talk  
 among themselves,  
 And think that no one listens;  
 what is that?

JASON.

Antiochus Epimanes, my Lord!

ANTIOCHUS.

Antiochus the Mad! Ay, that is it.  
 And who hath said it? Who hath  
 set in motion  
 That sorry jest?

JASON.

The Seven Sons insane  
 Of a weird woman, like themselves  
 insane.

ANTIOCHUS.

I like their courage, but it shall  
 not save them.  
 They shall be made to eat the  
 flesh of swine <sup>60</sup>  
 Or they shall die. Where are  
 they?

JASON.

In the dungeons  
Beneath this tower.

ANTIOCHUS.

There let them stay and starve,  
Till I am ready to make Greeks of  
them,  
After my fashion.

JASON.

They shall stay and starve.—  
My Lord, the Ambassadors of Sa-  
maria  
Await thy pleasure.

ANTIOCHUS.

Why not my displeasure?  
Ambassadors are tedious. They  
are men  
Who work for their own ends, and  
not for mine;  
There is no furtherance in them.  
Let them go  
To Apollonius, my governor 70  
There in Samaria, and not trouble  
me.  
What do they want?

JASON.

Only the royal sanction  
To give a name unto a nameless  
temple  
Upon Mount Gerizim.

ANTIOCHUS.

Then bid them enter.  
This pleases me, and furthers my  
designs.  
The occasion is auspicious. Bid  
them enter.

SCENE II. — ANTIOCHUS; JA-  
SON; *the SAMARITAN AMBAS-  
SADORS.*

ANTIOCHUS.

Approach. Come forward; stand  
not at the door  
Wagging your long beards, but  
demean yourselves

As doth become Ambassadors.  
What seek ye?

AN AMBASSADOR.

An audience from the King.

ANTIOCHUS.

Speak, and be brief.  
Waste not the time in useless  
rhetoric. 81  
Words are not things.

AMBASSADOR (*reading*).

‘To King Antiochus,  
The God, Epiphanes; a Memorial  
From the Sidonians, who live at  
Sichem.’

ANTIOCHUS.

Sidonians?

AMBASSADOR.

Ay, my Lord.

ANTIOCHUS.

Go on, go on!  
And do not tire thyself and me  
with bowing!

AMBASSADOR (*reading*).

‘We are a colony of Medes and  
Persians.’

ANTIOCHUS.

No, ye are Jews from one of the  
Ten Tribes;

Whether Sidonians or Samaritans  
Or Jews of Jewry, matters not to  
me; 90

Ye are all Israelites, ye are all  
Jews.

When the Jews prosper, ye claim  
kindred with them;

When the Jews suffer, ye are  
Medes and Persians;

I know that in the days of Alex-  
ander

Ye claimed exemption from the  
annual tribute

In the Sabbatic Year, because, ye  
said,



Your fields had not been planted  
in that year.

AMBASSADOR (*reading*).

'Our fathers, upon certain frequent  
plagues,  
And following an ancient superstition,  
Were long accustomed to observe  
that day 100  
Which by the Israelites is called  
the Sabbath,  
And in a temple on Mount Gerizim  
Without a name, they offered sacrifice.  
Now we, who are Sidonians, beseech thee,  
Who art our benefactor and our savior,  
Not to confound us with these wicked Jews,  
But to give royal order and injunction  
To Apollonius in Samaria,  
Thy governor, and likewise to Nicanor,  
Thy procurator, no more to molest  
us; 110  
And let our nameless temple now  
be named  
The Temple of Jupiter Hellenius.'

ANTIOCHUS.

This shall be done. Full well it  
pleaseth me  
Ye are not Jews, or are no longer  
Jews,  
But Greeks; if not by birth, yet  
Greeks by custom.  
Your nameless temple shall receive the name  
Of Jupiter Hellenius. Ye may go!

SCENE III. — ANTIOCHUS; JASON.

ANTIOCHUS.

My task is easier than I dreamed.  
These people

Meet me half-way. Jason, didst  
thou take note

How these Samaritans of Sichem  
said 120

They were not Jews? that they  
were Medes and Persians,  
They were Sidonians, anything  
but Jews?

'T is of good augury. The rest  
will follow

Till the whole land is Hellenized.

JASON.

My Lord,  
These are Samaritans. The tribe  
of Judah  
Is of a different temper, and the  
task  
Will be more difficult.

ANTIOCHUS.

Dost thou gainsay me?

JASON.

I know the stubborn nature of the  
Jew.  
Yesterday, Eleazer, an old man,  
Being fourscore years and ten,  
chose rather death 130  
By torture than to eat the flesh of  
swine.

ANTIOCHUS.

The life is in the blood, and the  
whole nation  
Shall bleed to death, or it shall  
change its faith!

JASON.

Hundreds have fled already to the  
mountains  
Of Ephraim, where Judas Maccabæus  
Hath raised the standard of revolt  
against thee.

ANTIOCHUS.

I will burn down their city, and  
will make it  
Waste as a wilderness. Its thoroughfares

Shall be but furrows in a field of  
ashes.

It shall be sown with salt as So-  
dom is ! 140

This hundred and fifty-third Olym-  
piad

Shall have a broad and blood-red  
seal upon it,

Stamped with the awful letters of  
my name,

Antiochus the God, Epiphanes ! —  
Where are those Seven Sons ?

JASON.

My Lord, they wait  
Thy royal pleasure.

ANTIOCHUS.

They shall wait no longer !

## ACT II

### THE DUNGEONS IN THE CITA- DEL

#### SCENE I. — THE MOTHER of the SEVEN SONS *alone, listening.*

THE MOTHER.

Be strong, my heart ! Break not  
till they are dead.

All, all my Seven Sons ; then burst  
asunder,

And let this tortured and tor-  
mented soul

Leap and rush out like water  
through the shards

Of earthen vessels broken at a  
well.

O my dear children, mine in life  
and death,

I know not how ye came into my  
womb ;

I neither gave you breath, nor  
gave you life,

And neither was it I that formed  
the members

Of every one of you. But the  
Creator, 10

Who made the world, and made  
the heavens above us,

Who formed the generation of  
mankind,

And found out the beginning of all  
things,

He gave you breath and life, and  
will again

Of his own mercy, as ye now regard  
Not your own selves, but his eter-  
nal law.

I do not murmur, nay, I thank  
thee, God,

That I and mine have not been  
deemed unworthy

To suffer for thy sake, and for thy  
law,

And for the many sins of Israel. 20

Hark ! I can hear within the sound  
of scourges !

I feel them more than ye do, O my  
sons !

But cannot come to you. I, who  
was wont

To wake at night at the least cry  
ye made,

To whom ye ran at every slightest  
hurt, —

I cannot take you now into my lap  
And soothe your pain, but God

will take you all  
Into his pitying arms, and comfort  
you,

And give you rest.

A VOICE (*within*).

What wouldst thou ask of us ?  
Ready are we to die, but we will  
never 30

Transgress the law and customs  
of our fathers.

THE MOTHER.

It is the voice of my first-born !  
O brave

And noble boy ! Thou hast the  
privilege

Of dying first, as thou wast born  
the first.

THE SAME VOICE (*within*).

God looketh on us, and hath com-  
fort in us ;

As Moses in his song of old declared,  
He in his servants shall be comforted.

THE MOTHER.

I knew thou wouldst not fail!—  
He speaks no more,  
He is beyond all pain!

ANTIOCHUS (*within*).

If thou eat not  
Thou shalt be tortured throughout  
all the members 40  
Of thy whole body. Wilt thou eat  
then?

SECOND VOICE (*within*).

No.

THE MOTHER.

It is Adaiāh's voice. I tremble  
for him.  
I know his nature, devious as the  
wind,  
And swift to change, gentle and  
yielding always.  
Be steadfast, O my son!

THE SAME VOICE (*within*).

Thou, like a fury,  
Takest us from this present life,  
but God,  
Who rules the world, shall raise us  
up again  
Into life everlasting.

THE MOTHER.

God, I thank thee  
That thou hast breathed into that  
timid heart  
Courage to die for thee. O my  
Adaiāh, 50  
Witness of God! if thou for whom  
I feared  
Canst thus encounter death, I need  
not fear;  
The others will not shrink.

THIRD VOICE (*within*).

Behold these hands

Held out to thee, O King Anti-  
ochus,  
Not to implore thy mercy, but to  
show

That I despise them. He who  
gave them to me

Will give them back again.

THE MOTHER.

O Avilan,

It is thy voice. For the last time  
I hear it;

For the last time on earth, but not  
the last.

To death it bids defiance, and to  
torture. 60

It sounds to me as from another  
world,

And makes the petty miseries of  
this

Seem unto me as naught, and less  
than naught.

Farewell, my Avilan; nay, I should  
say

Welcome, my Avilan; for I am  
dead

Before thee. I am waiting for the  
others.

Why do they linger?

FOURTH VOICE (*within*).

It is good, O King,  
Being put to death by men, to look  
for hope

From God, to be raised up again  
by Him.

But thou—no resurrection shalt  
thou have 70

To life hereafter.

THE MOTHER.

Four! already four!  
Three are still living; nay, they  
all are living,

Half here, half there. Make haste,  
Antiochus,

To reunite us; for the sword that  
cleaves

These miserable bodies makes a  
door

Through which our souls, impatient of release,  
Rush to each other's arms.

FIFTH VOICE (*within*).

Thou hast the power ;  
Thou doest what thou wilt. Abide awhile,  
And thou shalt see the power of God, and how  
He will torment thee and thy seed.

THE MOTHER.

O hasten ;  
Why dost thou pause ? Thou who hast slain already <sup>81</sup>  
So many Hebrew women, and hast hung  
Their murdered infants round their necks, slay me,  
For I too am a woman, and these boys  
Are mine. Make haste to slay us all,  
And hang my lifeless babes about my neck.

SIXTH VOICE (*within*).

Think not, Antiochus, that takest in hand  
To strive against the God of Israel,  
Thou shalt escape unpunished, for his wrath  
Shall overtake thee and thy bloody house. <sup>90</sup>

THE MOTHER.

One more, my Sirion, and then all is ended.  
Having put all to bed, then in my turn  
I will lie down and sleep as sound as they.  
My Sirion, my youngest, best beloved !  
And those bright golden locks, that I so oft  
Have curled about these fingers, even now  
Are foul with blood and dust, like a lamb's fleece,

Slain in the shambles.—Not a sound I hear.

This silence is more terrible to me  
Than any sound, than any cry of pain, <sup>100</sup>

That might escape the lips of one who dies.

Doth his heart fail him ? Doth he fall away

In the last hour from God ? O Sirion, Sirion,

Art thou afraid ? I do not hear thy voice.

Die as thy brothers died. Thou must not live !

SCENE II.—THE MOTHER ; ANTIOCHUS ; SIRION.

THE MOTHER.

Are they all dead ?

ANTIOCHUS.

Of all thy Seven Sons  
One only lives. Behold them where they lie ;  
How dost thou like this picture ?

THE MOTHER.

God in heaven !  
Can a man do such deeds, and yet not die  
By the recoil of his own wickedness ? <sup>110</sup>  
Ye murdered, bleeding, mutilated bodies

That were my children once, and still are mine,

I cannot watch o'er you as Rizpah watched

In sackcloth o'er the seven sons of Saul,

Till water drop upon you out of heaven

And wash this blood away ! I cannot mourn

As she, the daughter of Aiah, mourned the dead,

From the beginning of the barley-harvest

Until the autumn rains, and suffered not  
 The birds of air to rest on them by day, <sup>120</sup>  
 Nor the wild beasts by night. For ye have died  
 A better death, a death so full of life  
 That I ought rather to rejoice than mourn. —  
 Wherefore art thou not dead, O Sirion?  
 Wherefore art thou the only living thing  
 Among thy brothers dead? Art thou afraid?

ANTIOCHUS.

O woman, I have spared him for thy sake,  
 For he is fair to look upon and comely;  
 And I have sworn to him by all the gods  
 That I would crown his life with joy and honor, <sup>130</sup>  
 Heap treasures on him, luxuries, delights,  
 Make him my friend and keeper of my secrets,  
 If he would turn from your Mosaic Law  
 And be as we are; but he will not listen.

THE MOTHER.

My noble Sirion!

ANTIOCHUS.

Therefore I beseech thee,  
 Who art his mother, thou wouldst speak with him,  
 And wouldst persuade him. I am sick of blood.

THE MOTHER.

Yea, I will speak with him and will persuade him.  
 O Sirion my son! have pity on me,

On me that bare thee, and that gave thee suck, <sup>140</sup>  
 And fed and nourished thee, and brought thee up  
 With the dear trouble of a mother's care  
 Unto this age. Look on the heavens above thee,  
 And on the earth and all that is therein;  
 Consider that God made them out of things  
 That were not; and that likewise in this manner  
 Mankind was made. Then fear not this tormentor;  
 But, being worthy of thy brethren, take  
 Thy death as they did, that I may receive thee <sup>149</sup>  
 Again in mercy with them.

ANTIOCHUS.

I am mocked,  
 Yea, I am laughed to scorn.

SIRION.

Whom wait ye for?  
 Never will I obey the King's commandment,  
 But the commandment of the ancient Law,  
 That was by Moses given unto our fathers.  
 And thou, O godless man, that of all others  
 Art the most wicked, be not lifted up,  
 Nor puffed up with uncertain hopes, uplifting  
 Thy hand against the servants of the Lord,  
 For thou hast not escaped the righteous judgment  
 Of the Almighty God, who seeth all things! <sup>160</sup>

ANTIOCHUS.

He is no God of mine; I fear Him not.



## SIRION.

My brothers, who have suffered a  
 brief pain,  
 Are dead; but thou, Antiochus,  
 shalt suffer  
 The punishment of pride. I offer  
 up  
 My body and my life, beseeching  
 God  
 That He would speedily be merci-  
 ful  
 Unto our nation, and that thou by  
 plagues  
 Mysterious and by torments may-  
 est confess  
 That He alone is God.

## ANTIOCHUS.

Ye both shall perish  
 By torments worse than any that  
 your God, 170  
 Here or hereafter, hath in store  
 for me.

## THE MOTHER.

My Sirion, I am proud of thee!

## ANTIOCHUS.

Be silent

Go to thy bed of torture in yon  
 chamber,  
 Where lie so many sleepers, heart-  
 less mother!  
 Thy footsteps will not wake them,  
 nor thy voice,  
 Nor wilt thou hear, amid thy trou-  
 bled dreams,  
 Thy children crying for thee in the  
 night!

## THE MOTHER.

O Death, that stretchest thy white  
 hands to me,  
 I fear them not, but press them to  
 my lips,  
 That are as white as thine; for I  
 am Death, 180  
 Nay, am the Mother of Death, see-  
 ing these sons  
 All lying lifeless. — Kiss me, Si-  
 rion.

## ACT III

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BETH-  
HORON

SCENE I.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS  
*in armor before his tent.*

## JUDAS.

The trumpets sound; the echoes  
 of the mountains  
 Answer them, as the Sabbath  
 morning breaks  
 Over Beth-horon and its battle-  
 field,  
 Where the great captain of the  
 hosts of God,  
 A slave brought up in the brick-  
 fields of Egypt,  
 O'ercame the Amorites. There  
 was no day  
 Like that, before or after it, nor  
 shall be.  
 The sun stood still; the hammers  
 of the hail  
 Beat on their harness; and the  
 captains set  
 Their weary feet upon the necks  
 of kings, 190  
 As I will upon thine, Antiochus,  
 Thou man of blood! — Behold the  
 rising sun  
 Strikes on the golden letters of  
 my banner,  
*Be Elohim Yehovah!* Who is  
 like  
 To thee, O Lord, among the gods?  
 — Alas!  
 I am not Joshua, I cannot say,  
 'Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon,  
 and thou Moon,  
 In Ajalon!' Nor am I one who  
 wastes  
 The fateful time in useless lamen-  
 tation;  
 But one who bears his life upon  
 his hand 200  
 To lose it or to save it, as may  
 best  
 Serve the designs of Him who giv-  
 eth life.

SCENE II. — JUDAS MACCABÆUS;  
JEWISH FUGITIVES.

JUDAS.

Who and what are ye, that with  
furtive steps  
Steal in among our tents?

FUGITIVES.

O Maccabæus,  
Outcasts are we, and fugitives as  
thou art,  
Jews of Jerusalem, that have es-  
caped  
From the polluted city, and from  
death.

JUDAS.

None can escape from death. Say  
that ye come  
To die for Israel, and ye are wel-  
come.  
What tidings bring ye?

FUGITIVES.

Tidings of despair.  
The Temple is laid waste; the  
precious vessels, <sup>31</sup>  
Censers of gold, vials and veils  
and crowns,  
And golden ornaments, and hidden  
treasures,  
Have all been taken from it, and  
the Gentiles  
With revelling and with riot fill its  
courts,  
And dally with harlots in the holy  
places.

JUDAS.

All this I knew before.

FUGITIVES.

Upon the altar,  
Are things profane, things by the  
law forbidden;  
Nor can we keep our Sabbaths or  
our Feasts,  
But on the festivals of Dionysus  
Must walk in their processions,  
bearing ivy <sup>41</sup>  
To crown a drunken god.

JUDAS.

This too I know.  
But tell me of the Jews. How fare  
the Jews?

FUGITIVES.

The coming of this mischief hath  
been sore  
And grievous to the people. All  
the land  
Is full of lamentation and of  
mourning.  
The Princes and the Elders weep  
and wail;  
The young men and the maidens  
are made feeble;  
The beauty of the women hath  
been changed.

JUDAS.

And are there none to die for Is-  
rael? <sup>50</sup>  
'T is not enough to mourn. Breast-  
plate and harness  
Are better things than sackcloth.  
Let the women  
Lament for Israel; the men should  
die.

FUGITIVES.

Both men and women die; old  
men and young:  
Old Eleazer died: and Mähala  
With all her Seven Sons.

JUDAS.

Antiochus,  
At every step thou takest there is  
left  
A bloody footprint in the street,  
by which  
The avenging wrath of God will  
track thee out!  
It is enough. Go to the sutler's  
tents: <sup>60</sup>  
Those of you who are men, put on  
such armor  
As ye may find; those of you who  
are women,  
Buckle that armor on; and for a  
watchword

Whisper, or cry aloud, 'The Help  
of God.'

SCENE III. — JUDAS MACCABÆUS; NICANOR.

NICANOR.

Hail, Judas Maccabæus!

JUDAS.

Hail! — Who art thou  
That comest here in this mysteri-  
ous guise  
Into our camp unheralded?

NICANOR.

A herald

Sent from Nicanor.

JUDAS.

Heralds come not thus.  
Armed with thy shirt of mail from  
head to heel,  
Thou glidest like a serpent silent-  
ly 70  
Into my presence. Wherefore dost  
thou turn  
Thy face from me? A herald  
speaks his errand  
With forehead unabashed. Thou  
art a spy  
Sent by Nicanor.

NICANOR.

No disguise avails!  
Behold my face; I am Nicanor's  
self.

JUDAS.

Thou art indeed Nicanor. I salute  
thee.  
What brings thee hither to this  
hostile camp  
Thus unattended?

NICANOR.

Confidence in thee.  
Thou hast the nobler virtues of  
thy race,  
Without the failings that attend  
those virtues. 80

Thou canst be strong, and yet not  
tyrannous,  
Canst righteous be and not intolerant.  
Let there be peace between us.

JUDAS.

What is peace?  
Is it to bow in silence to our vic-  
tors?  
Is it to see our cities sacked and  
pillaged,  
Our people slain, or sold as slaves,  
or fleeing  
At night-time by the blaze of burn-  
ing towns;  
Jerusalem laid waste; the Holy  
Temple  
Polluted with strange gods? Are  
these things peace?

NICANOR.

These are the dire necessities that  
wait 90  
On war, whose loud and bloody en-  
ginery  
I seek to stay. Let there be peace  
between  
Antiochus and thee.

JUDAS.

Antiochus?  
What is Antiochus, that he should  
prate  
Of peace to me, who am a fugitive?  
To-day he shall be lifted up; to-  
morrow  
Shall not be found, because he is  
returned  
Unto his dust; his thought has  
come to nothing.  
There is no peace between us, nor  
can be,  
Until this banner floats upon the  
walls 100  
Of our Jerusalem.

NICANOR.

Between that city  
And thee there lies a waving wall  
of tents

Held by a host of forty thousand  
foot,  
And horsemen seven thousand.  
What hast thou  
To bring against all these?

JUDAS.

The power of God,  
Whose breath shall scatter your  
white tents abroad,  
As flakes of snow.

NICANOR.

Your Mighty One in heaven  
Will not do battle on the Seventh  
Day;  
It is his day of rest.

JUDAS.

Silence, blasphemer.  
Go to thy tents.

NICANOR.

Shall it be war or peace?

JUDAS.

War, war, and only war. Go to  
thy tents 111  
That shall be scattered, as by you  
were scattered  
The torn and trampled pages of  
the Law,  
Blown through the windy streets.

NICANOR.

Farewell, brave foe!

JUDAS.

Ho, there, my captains! Have  
safe-conduct given  
Unto Nicanor's herald through  
the camp,  
And come yourselves to me.—  
Farewell, Nicanor!

SCENE IV. — JUDAS MACCA-  
BÆUS; CAPTAINS AND SOL-  
DIERS.

JUDAS.

The hour is come. Gather the  
host together

For battle. Lo, with trumpets and  
with songs  
The army of Nicanor comes against  
us. 120  
Go forth to meet them, praying in  
your hearts,  
And fighting with your hands.

CAPTAINS.

Look forth and see!  
The morning sun is shining on  
their shields  
Of gold and brass; the mountains  
glisten with them,  
And shine like lamps. And we,  
who are so few  
And poorly armed, and ready to  
faint with fasting,  
How shall we fight against this  
multitude?

JUDAS.

The victory of a battle standeth  
not  
In multitudes, but in the strength  
that cometh  
From heaven above. The Lord  
forbid that I 130  
Should do this thing, and flee away  
from them.  
Nay, if our hour be come, then let  
us die:  
Let us not stain our honor.

CAPTAINS.

'T is the Sabbath.  
Wilt thou fight on the Sabbath,  
Maccabæus?

JUDAS.

Ay; when I fight the battles of the  
Lord,  
I fight them on his day, as on all  
others.  
Have ye forgotten certain fugi-  
tives  
That fled once to these hills, and  
hid themselves  
In caves? How their pursuers  
camped against them  
Upon the Seventh Day, and chal-  
lenged them? 140

And how they answered not, nor  
 cast a stone,  
 Nor stopped the places where they  
 lay concealed,  
 But meekly perished with their  
 wives and children,  
 Even to the number of a thousand  
 souls?  
 We who are fighting for our laws  
 and lives  
 Will not so perish.

CAPTAINS.

Lead us to the battle!

JUDAS.

And let our watchword be, 'The  
 Help of God!'  
 Last night I dreamed a dream;  
 and in my vision  
 Beheld Onias, our High-Priest of  
 old,  
 Who holding up his hands prayed  
 for the Jews. <sup>150</sup>  
 This done, in the like manner  
 there appeared  
 An old man, and exceeding glo-  
 rious,  
 With hoary hair, and of a wonder-  
 ful  
 And excellent majesty. And  
 Onias said:  
 'This is a lover of the Jews, who  
 prayeth  
 Much for the people and the Holy  
 City, —  
 God's prophet Jeremias.' And  
 the prophet  
 Held forth his right hand and  
 gave unto me  
 A sword of gold; and giving it he  
 said:  
 'Take thou this holy sword, a gift  
 from God, <sup>160</sup>  
 And with it thou shalt wound  
 thine adversaries.'

CAPTAINS.

The Lord is with us!

JUDAS.

Hark! I hear the trumpets

Sound from Beth-horon; from the  
 battle-field  
 Of Joshua, where he smote the  
 Amorites,  
 Smote the Five Kings of Eglon  
 and of Jarmuth,  
 Of Hebron, Lachish, and Jeru-  
 salem,  
 As we to-day will smite Nicanor's  
 hosts  
 And leave a memory of great  
 deeds behind us.

CAPTAINS AND SOLDIERS.

The Help of God!

JUDAS.

*Be Elohim Yehovah!*

Lord, thou didst send thine Angel  
 in the time <sup>170</sup>  
 Of Esekias, King of Israel,  
 And in the armies of Sennacherib  
 Didst slay a hundred fourscore  
 and five thousand.  
 Wherefore, O Lord of heaven, now  
 also send  
 Before us a good angel for a fear,  
 And through the might of thy  
 right arm let those  
 Be stricken with terror that have  
 come this day  
 Against thy holy people to blas-  
 pheme!

#### ACT IV

#### THE OUTER COURTS OF THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM

#### SCENE I. — JUDAS MACCA- BÆUS; CAPTAINS; JEWS.

JUDAS.

Behold, our enemies are discom-  
 fitted.  
 Jerusalem has fallen; and our  
 banners  
 Float from her battlements, and  
 o'er her gates  
 Nicanor's severed head, a sign of  
 terror,  
 Blackens in wind and sun.



CAPTAINS.

O Maccabæus,  
The citadel of Antiochus, wherein  
The Mother with her Seven Sons  
was murdered,  
Is still defiant.

JUDAS.

Wait.

CAPTAINS.

Its hateful aspect  
Insults us with the bitter mem-  
ories  
Of other days..

JUDAS.

Wait; it shall disappear  
And vanish as a cloud. First let  
us cleanse 11  
The Sanctuary. See, it is become  
Waste like a wilderness. Its gold-  
en gates  
Wrenched from their hinges and  
consumed by fire;  
Shrubs growing in its courts as in  
a forest;  
Upon its altars hideous and strange  
idols;  
And strewn about its pavement  
at my feet  
Its Sacred Books, half-burned and  
painted o'er  
With images of heathen gods.

JEWS.

Woe! woe!

Our beauty and our glory are laid  
waste! 20

The Gentiles have profaned our  
holy places!  
(*Lamentation and alarm of trum-  
pets.*)

JUDAS.

This sound of trumpets, and this  
lamentation,  
The heart-cry of a people toward  
the heavens,  
Stir me to wrath and vengeance.  
Go, my captains;

I hold you back no longer. Batter  
down

The citadel of Antiochus, while  
here

We sweep away his altars and his  
gods.

SCENE II. — JUDAS MACCA-  
BÆUS; JASON; JEWS.

JEWS.

Lurking among the ruins of the  
Temple,

Deep in its inner courts, we found  
this man,

Clad as High-Priest.

JUDAS.

I ask not who thou art,  
I know thy face, writ over with de-  
ceit 31

As are these tattered volumes of  
the Law

With heathen images. A priest  
of God

Wast thou in other days, but thou  
art now

A priest of Satan. Traitor, thou  
art Jason.

JASON.

I am thy prisoner, Judas Macca-  
bæus,

And it would ill become me to  
conceal

My name or office.

JUDAS.

Over yonder gate  
There hangs the head of one who  
was a Greek.

What should prevent me now, thou  
man of sin, 40

From hanging at its side the head  
of one

Who born a Jew hath made him-  
self a Greek?

JASON.

Justice prevents thee.

JUDAS.

Justice? Thou art stained  
With every crime 'gainst which  
the Decalogue  
Thunders with all its thunder.

JASON.

If not Justice,  
Then Mercy, her handmaiden.

JUDAS.

When hast thou  
At any time, to any man or wo-  
man,  
Or even to any little child, shown  
mercy?

JASON.

I have but done what King An-  
tiochus  
Commanded me.

JUDAS.

True, thou hast been the weapon  
With which he struck; but hast  
been such a weapon, 51  
So flexible, so fitted to his hand,  
It tempted him to strike. So thou  
hast urged him  
To double wickedness, thine own  
and his.  
Where is this King? Is he in An-  
tioch  
Among his women still, and from  
his windows  
Throwing down gold by handfuls,  
for the rabble  
To scramble for?

JASON.

Nay, he is gone from there,  
Gone with an army into the far  
East.

JUDAS.

And wherefore gone?

JASON.

I know not. For the space  
Of forty days almost were horse-  
men seen 61

Running in air, in cloth of gold,  
and armed  
With lances, like a band of sol-  
diery;  
It was a sign of triumph.

JUDAS.

Or of death.  
Wherefore art thou not with  
him?

JASON.

I was left  
For service in the Temple.

JUDAS.

To pollute it,  
And to corrupt the Jews; for there  
are men  
Whose presence is corruption; to  
be with them  
Degrades us and deforms the  
things we do.

JASON.

I never made a boast, as some  
men do, 70  
Of my superior virtue, nor de-  
nied  
The weakness of my nature, that  
hath made me  
Subservient to the will of other  
men.

JUDAS.

Upon this day, the five-and-twenti-  
eth day  
Of the month Caslan, was the Tem-  
ple here  
Profaned by strangers,— by An-  
tiochus  
And thee, his instrument. Upon  
this day  
Shall it be cleansed. Thou, who  
didst lend thyself  
Unto this profanation, canst not  
be  
A witness of these solemn ser-  
vices. 80

There can be nothing clean where  
 thou art present.  
 The people put to death Callis-  
 thenes,  
 Who burned the Temple gates;  
 and if they find thee  
 Will surely slay thee. I will spare  
 thy life  
 To punish thee the longer. Thou  
 shalt wander  
 Among strange nations. Thou,  
 that hast cast out  
 So many from their native land,  
 shalt perish  
 In a strange land. Thou, that  
 hast left so many  
 Unburied, shalt have none to  
 mourn for thee,  
 Nor any solemn funerals at all, 90  
 Nor sepulchre with thy fathers. —  
 Get thee hence !

*Music. Procession of Priests and  
 people, with citherns, harps, and  
 cymbals. JUDAS MACCABÆUS  
 puts himself at their head, and  
 they go into the inner courts.*

SCENE III. — JASON *alone.*

JASON.

Through the Gate Beautiful I see  
 them come,  
 With branches and green boughs  
 and leaves of palm,  
 And pass into the inner courts.  
 Alas !  
 I should be with them, should be  
 one of them,  
 But in an evil hour, an hour of  
 weakness,  
 That cometh unto all, I fell away  
 From the old faith, and did not  
 clutch the new,  
 Only an outward semblance of be-  
 lief ;  
 For the new faith I cannot make  
 mine own, 100

Not being born to it. It hath no  
 root  
 Within me. I am neither Jew nor  
 Greek,  
 But stand between them both, a  
 renegade  
 To each in turn; having no longer  
 faith  
 In gods or men. Then what mys-  
 terious charm,  
 What fascination is it chains my  
 feet,  
 And keeps me gazing like a curi-  
 ous child  
 Into the holy places, where the  
 priests  
 Have raised their altar? — Strik-  
 ing stones together,  
 They take fire out of them, and  
 light the lamps 110  
 In the great candlestick. They  
 spread the veils,  
 And set the loaves of shewbread  
 on the table.  
 The incense burns; the well-re-  
 membered odor  
 Comes wafted unto me, and takes  
 me back  
 To other days. I see myself  
 among them  
 As I was then; and the old super-  
 stition  
 Creeps over me again! — A child-  
 ish fancy! —  
 And hark! they sing with citherns  
 and with cymbals,  
 And all the people fall upon their  
 faces,  
 Praying and worshipping! — I will  
 away 120  
 Into the East, to meet Antio-  
 chus  
 Upon his homeward journey,  
 crowned with triumph. •  
 Alas! to-day I would give every-  
 thing  
 To see a friend's face, or to hear a  
 voice  
 That had the slightest tone of  
 comfort in it!

## ACT V

THE MOUNTAINS OF ECBATANA

SCENE I.—ANTIOCHUS; PHILIP;  
ATTENDANTS.

ANTIOCHUS.

Here let us rest awhile. Where  
are we, Philip?  
What place is this?

PHILIP.

Ecbatana, my Lord;  
And yonder mountain range is the  
Orontes.

ANTIOCHUS.

The Orontes is my river at Antioch.  
Why did I leave it? Why have I  
been tempted  
By coverings of gold and shields  
and breastplates  
To plunder Elymais, and be driven  
From out its gates, as by a fiery  
blast  
Out of a furnace?

PHILIP.

These are fortune's changes.

ANTIOCHUS.

What a defeat it was! The Per-  
sian horsemen <sup>10</sup>  
Came like a mighty wind, the wind  
Khamâseen,  
And melted us away, and scat-  
tered us  
As if we were dead leaves, or des-  
ert sand.

PHILIP.

Be comforted, my Lord; for thou  
hast lost  
But what thou hadst not.

ANTIOCHUS.

I, who made the Jews  
Skip like the grasshoppers, am  
made myself  
To skip among these stones.

PHILIP.

Be not discouraged.  
Thy realm of Syria remains to  
thee;  
That is not lost nor marred.

ANTIOCHUS.

Oh, where are now  
The splendors of my court, my  
baths and banquets? <sup>20</sup>  
Where are my players and my  
dancing women?  
Where are my sweet musicians  
with their pipes,  
That made me merry in the olden  
time?  
I am a laughing-stock to man and  
brute.  
The very camels, with their ugly  
faces,  
Mock me and laugh at me.

PHILIP.

Alas! my Lord,  
It is not so. If thou wouldst sleep  
awhile,  
All would be well.

ANTIOCHUS.

Sleep from mine eyes is gone,  
And my heart faileth me for very  
care.  
Dost thou remember, Philip, the  
old fable <sup>30</sup>  
Told us when we were boys, in  
which the bear  
Going for honey overturns the  
hive,  
And is stung blind by bees? I am  
that beast,  
Stung by the Persian swarms of  
Elymais.

PHILIP.

When thou art come again to An-  
tioch,  
These thoughts will be as covered  
and forgotten  
As are the tracks of Pharaoh's  
chariot-wheels  
In the Egyptian sands.

ANTIOCHUS.

Ah! when I come  
Again to Antioch! When will that  
be?  
Alas! alas!

39

SCENE II. — ANTIOCHUS;  
PHILIP; A MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

May the King live forever!

ANTIOCHUS.

Who art thou, and whence comest  
thou?

MESSENGER.

My Lord,  
I am a messenger from Antioch,  
Sent here by Lysias.

ANTIOCHUS.

A strange foreboding  
Of something evil overshadows  
me.

I am no reader of the Jewish  
Scriptures;

I know not Hebrew; but my High-  
Priest Jason,

As I remember, told me of a Pro-  
phet

Who saw a little cloud rise from  
the sea

Like a man's hand, and soon the  
heaven was black

With clouds and rain. Here,

Philip, read; I cannot;

I see that cloud. It makes the let-  
ters dim

Before mine eyes.

PHILIP (*reading*).

'To King Antiochus,  
The God, Epiphanes.'

ANTIOCHUS.

Oh mockery!  
Even Lysias laughs at me!—Go  
on, go on!

PHILIP (*reading*).

'We pray thee hasten thy return.  
The realm

Is falling from thee. Since thou  
hast gone from us

The victories of Judas Maccabæ-  
us

Form all our annals. First he  
overtrew

Thy forces at Beth-horon, and  
passed on,

And took Jerusalem, the Holy  
City.

60

And then Emmaus fell; and then  
Bethsura,

Ephron and all the towns of Ga-  
laad,

And Maccabæus marched to Car-  
nion.'

ANTIOCHUS.

Enough, enough! Go call my  
chariot-men;

We will drive forward, forward,  
without ceasing,

Until we come to Antioch. My  
captains,

My Lysias, Gorgias, Seron, and  
Nicanor,

Are babes in battle, and this  
dreadful Jew

Will rob me of my kingdom and  
my crown.

My elephants shall trample him to  
dust;

70

I will wipe out his nation, and will  
make

Jerusalem a common burying-  
place,

And every home within its walls a  
tomb!

*Throws up his hands, and sinks  
into the arms of attendants, who  
lay him upon a bank.*

PHILIP.

Antiochus! Antiochus! Alas,  
The King is ill! What is it, O my  
Lord?



ANTIOCHUS.

Nothing. A sudden and sharp  
spasm of pain,  
As if the lightning struck me, or  
the knife  
Of an assassin smote me to the  
heart.  
'Tis passed, even as it came. Let  
us set forward.

PHILIP.

See that the chariots be in readi-  
ness; 80  
We will depart forthwith.

ANTIOCHUS.

A moment more.  
I cannot stand. I am become at  
once  
Weak as an infant. Ye will have  
to lead me.  
Jove, or Jehovah, or whatever  
name  
Thou wouldst be named, — it is  
alike to me, —  
If I knew how to pray, I would en-  
treat  
To live a little longer.

PHILIP.

O my Lord,  
Thou shalt not die; we will not let  
thee die!

ANTIOCHUS.

How canst thou help it, Philip?  
Oh the pain!  
Stab after stab. Thou hast no  
shield against 90  
This unseen weapon. God of Is-  
rael,  
Since all the other gods abandon  
me,  
Help me. I will release the Holy  
City,  
Garnish with goodly gifts the Holy  
Temple.  
Thy people, whom I judged to be  
unworthy  
To be so much as buried, shall be  
equal

Unto the citizens of Antioch.  
I will become a Jew, and will de-  
clare  
Through all the world that is in-  
habited 99  
The power of God!

PHILIP.

He faints. It is like death.  
Bring here the royal litter. We  
will bear him  
Into the camp, while yet he lives.

ANTIOCHUS.

O Philip,  
Into what tribulation am I come!  
Alas! I now remember all the evil  
That I have done the Jews; and  
for this cause  
These troubles are upon me, and  
behold  
I perish through great grief in a  
strange land.

PHILIP.

Antiochus! my King!

ANTIOCHUS.

Nay, King no longer.  
Take thou my royal robes, my sig-  
net ring,  
My crown and sceptre, and deliver  
them 110  
Unto my son, Antiochus Eupator;  
And unto the good Jews, my citi-  
zens,  
In all my towns, say that their  
dying monarch  
Wisheth them joy, prosperity, and  
health.  
I who, puffed up with pride and  
arrogance,  
Thought all the kingdoms of the  
earth mine own,  
If I would but outstretch my hand  
and take them,  
Meet face to face a greater poten-  
tate,  
King Death — Epiphanes — the  
Illustrious!

[Dies.

## MICHAEL ANGELO: A FRAGMENT

Michel piu che mortal, Angel divino.

ARIOSTO.

Similamente operando all' artista  
Ch' a l' abito dell' arte e man che trema.

DANTE, *Par.* xiii. st. 77.

## DEDICATION

NOTHING that is shall perish utterly,  
But perish only to revive again  
In other forms, as clouds restore  
in rain  
The exhalations of the land and  
sea.  
Men build their houses from the  
masonry  
Of ruined tombs; the passion  
and the pain  
Of hearts, that long have ceased  
to beat, remain  
To throb in hearts that are, or  
are to be.  
So from old chronicles, where  
sleep in dust  
Names that once filled the world  
with trumpet tones,  
I build this verse; and flowers  
of song have thrust  
Their roots among the loose dis-  
jointed stones,  
Which to this end I fashion as I  
must.  
Quickened are they that touch  
the Prophet's bones.

## PART FIRST

## I

## PROLOGUE AT ISCHIA

*The Castle Terrace.* VITTORIA  
COLONNA and JULIA GONZAGA.

VITTORIA.

WILL you then leave me, Julia,  
and so soon,

To pace alone this terrace like a  
ghost?

JULIA.

To-morrow, dearest.

VITTORIA.

Do not say to-morrow.  
A whole month of to-morrows were  
too soon.  
You must not go. You are a part  
of me.

JULIA.

I must return to Fondi.

VITTORIA.

The old castle  
Needs not your presence. No one  
waits for you.  
Stay one day longer with me.  
They who go  
Feel not the pain of parting; it is  
they  
Who stay behind that suffer. I  
was thinking 10  
But yesterday how like and how  
unlike  
Have been, and are, our destinies.  
Your husband,  
The good Vespasian, an old man,  
who seemed  
A father to you rather than a hus-  
band,  
Died in your arms; but mine, in  
all the flower  
And promise of his youth, was  
taken from me  
As by a rushing wind. The breath  
of battle  
Breathed on him, and I saw his  
face no more,

Save as in dreams it haunts me.  
 As our love  
 Was for these men, so is our sor-  
 row for them. <sup>20</sup>  
 Yours a child's sorrow, smiling  
 through its tears;  
 But mine the grief of an impas-  
 sioned woman,  
 Who drank her life up in one  
 draught of love.

JULIA.

Behold this locket. This is the  
 white hair  
 Of my Vespasian. This the flower-  
 of-love,  
 This amaranth, and beneath it the  
 device,  
*Non moritura*. Thus my heart  
 remains  
 True to his memory; and the an-  
 cient castle,  
 Where we have lived together,  
 where he died, <sup>29</sup>  
 Is dear to me as Ischia is to you.

VITTORIA.

I did not mean to chide you.

JULIA.

Let your heart  
 Find, if it can, some poor apology  
 For one who is too young, and feels  
 too keenly  
 The joy of life, to give up all her  
 days  
 To sorrow for the dead. While I  
 am true  
 To the remembrance of the man I  
 loved  
 And mourn for still, I do not make  
 a show  
 Of all the grief I feel, nor live se-  
 cluded  
 And, like Veronica da Gámbara,  
 Drape my whole house in mourn-  
 ing, and drive forth <sup>40</sup>  
 In coach of sable drawn by sable  
 horses,  
 As if I were a corpse. Ah, one to-  
 day

Is worth for me a thousand yester-  
 days.

VITTORIA.

Dear Julia! Friendship has its  
 jealousies  
 As well as love. Who waits for  
 you at Fondi?

JULIA.

A friend of mine and yours; a  
 friend and friar.  
 You have at Naples your Fra  
 Bernardino;  
 And I at Fondi have my Fra Bas-  
 tiano,  
 The famous artist, who has come  
 from Rome  
 To paint my portrait. That is not  
 a sin. <sup>50</sup>

VITTORIA.

Only a vanity.

JULIA.

He painted yours.

VITTORIA.

Do not call up to me those days  
 departed,  
 When I was young, and all was  
 bright about me,  
 And the vicissitudes of life were  
 things  
 But to be read of in old histories,  
 Though as pertaining unto me or  
 mine  
 Impossible. Ah, then I dreamed  
 your dreams,  
 And now, grown older, I look back  
 and see  
 They were illusions.

JULIA.

Yet without illusions  
 What would our lives become,  
 what we ourselves? <sup>60</sup>  
 Dreams or illusions, call them  
 what you will,  
 They lift us from the commonplace  
 of life  
 To better things.

VITTORIA.

Are there no brighter dreams,  
No higher aspirations, than the  
wish  
To please and to be pleased?

JULIA.

For you there are:  
I am no saint; I feel the world we  
live in  
Comes before that which is to be  
hereafter,  
And must be dealt with first.

VITTORIA.

But in what way?

JULIA.

Let the soft wind that wafts to us  
the odor  
Of orange blossoms, let the laugh-  
ing sea 70  
And the bright sunshine bathing  
all the world,  
Answer the question.

VITTORIA.

And for whom is meant  
This portrait that you speak of?

JULIA.

For my friend  
The Cardinal Ippolito.

VITTORIA.

For him?

JULIA.

Yes, for Ippolito the Magnificent.  
'Tis always flattering to a woman's  
pride  
To be admired by one whom all  
admire.

VITTORIA.

Ah, Julia, she that makes herself  
a dove  
Is eaten by the hawk. Be on your  
guard.  
He is a Cardinal; and his adora-  
tion 80  
Should be elsewhere directed.

JULIA.

You forget

The horror of that night, when  
Barbarossa,  
The Moorish corsair, landed on  
our coast  
To seize me for the Sultan Soli-  
man;  
How in the dead of night, when all  
were sleeping,  
He scaled the castle wall; how I  
escaped,  
And in my night-dress, mounting a  
swift steed,  
Fled to the mountains, and took  
refuge there  
Among the brigands. Then of all  
my friends  
The Cardinal Ippolito was first 90  
To come with his retainers to my  
rescue.  
Could I refuse the only boon he  
asked  
At such a time, my portrait?

VITTORIA.

I have heard  
Strange stories of the splendors of  
his palace,  
And how, apparelled like a Span-  
ish Prince,  
He rides through Rome with a long  
retinue  
Of Ethiopians and Numidians  
And Turks and Tartars, in fantas-  
tic dresses,  
Making a gallant show. Is this  
the way  
A Cardinal should live?

JULIA.

He is so young;  
Hardly of age, or little more than  
that; 101  
Beautiful, generous, fond of arts  
and letters,  
A poet, a musician, and a scholar;  
Master of many languages, and a  
player  
On many instruments. In Rome  
his palace

Is the asylum of all men distinguished  
 In art or science, and all Florentines  
 Escaping from the tyranny of his cousin,  
 Duke Alessandro.

VITTORIA.

I have seen his portrait,  
 Painted by Titian. You have painted it  
 In brighter colors. 110

JULIA.

And my Cardinal,  
 At Itri, in the courtyard of his palace,  
 Keeps a tame lion!

VITTORIA.

And so counterfeits  
 St. Mark, the Evangelist!

JULIA.

Ah, your tame lion  
 Is Michael Angelo.

VITTORIA.

You speak a name  
 That always thrills me with a noble sound,  
 As of a trumpet! Michael Angelo!  
 A lion all men fear and none can tame;  
 A man that all men honor, and the model  
 That all should follow: one who works and prays, 120  
 For work is prayer, and consecrates his life  
 To the sublime ideal of his art,  
 Till art and life are one; a man who holds  
 Such place in all men's thoughts, that when they speak  
 Of great things done, or to be done, his name  
 Is ever on their lips.

JULIA.

You too can paint  
 The portrait of your hero, and in colors  
 Brighter than Titian's; I might warn you also  
 Against the dangers that beset your path; 129  
 But I forbear.

VITTORIA.

If I were made of marble,  
 Of Fior di Persico or Pavonazzo,  
 He might admire me: being but flesh and blood,  
 I am no more to him than other women;  
 That is, am nothing.

JULIA.

Does he ride through Rome  
 Upon his little mule, as he was wont,  
 With his slouched hat, and boots of Cordovan,  
 As when I saw him last?

VITTORIA.

Pray do not jest.  
 I cannot couple with his noble name  
 A trivial word! Look, how the setting sun  
 Lights up Castella-mare and Sorrento, 140  
 And changes Capri to a purple cloud!  
 And there Vesuvius with its plume of smoke,  
 And the great city stretched upon the shore  
 As in a dream!

JULIA.

Parthenope the Siren!

VITTORIA.

And yon long line of lights, those sunlit windows



Blaze like the torches carried in  
procession  
To do her honor! It is beautiful!

JULIA.

I have no heart to feel the beauty  
of it!  
My feet are weary, pacing up and  
down  
These level flags, and wearier still  
my thoughts 150  
Treading the broken pavement of  
the Past.  
It is too sad. I will go in and  
rest,  
And make me ready for to-mor-  
row's journey.

VITTORIA.

I will go with you; for I would not  
lose  
One hour of your dear presence.  
'T is enough  
Only to be in the same room with  
you.  
I need not speak to you, nor hear  
you speak;  
If I but see you, I am satisfied.  
[*They go in.*]

# MONOLOGUE: THE LAST JUDG- MENT

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Studio.* *He  
is at work on the cartoon of the  
Last Judgment.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Why did the Pope and his ten  
Cardinals  
Come here to lay this heavy task  
upon me? 160  
Were not the paintings on the  
Sistine ceiling  
Enough for them? They saw the  
Hebrew leader  
Waiting, and clutching his tem-  
pestuous beard,  
But heeded not. The bones of  
Julius

Shook in their sepulchre. I heard  
the sound;  
They only heard the sound of their  
own voices.

Are there no other artists here in  
Rome  
To do this work, that they must  
needs seek me?  
Fra Bastian, my Fra Bastian, might  
have done it,  
But he is lost to art. The Papal  
Seals, 170  
Like leaden weights upon a dead  
man's eyes,  
Press down his lids; and so the  
burden falls  
On Michael Angelo, Chief Archi-  
tect  
And Painter of the Apostolic Pal-  
ace.  
That is the title they cajole me  
with,  
To make me do their work and  
leave my own;  
But having once begun, I turn not  
back.  
Blow, ye bright angels, on your  
golden trumpets  
To the four corners of the earth,  
and wake  
The dead to judgment! Ye re-  
cording angels, 180  
Open your books and read! Ye  
dead, awake!  
Rise from your graves, drowsy and  
drugged with death,  
As men who suddenly aroused  
from sleep  
Look round amazed, and know  
not where they are!  
In happy hours, when the imagina-  
tion  
Wakes like a wind at midnight,  
and the soul  
Trembles in all its leaves, it is a  
joy  
To be uplifted on its wings, and  
listen  
To the prophetic voices in the air

That call us onward. Then the  
work we do 190

Is a delight, and the obedient hand  
Never grows weary. But how dif-  
ferent is it

In the disconsolate, discouraged  
hours,

When all the wisdom of the world  
appears

As trivial as the gossip of a nurse  
In a sick-room, and all our work  
seems useless.

What is it guides my hand, what  
thoughts possess me,

That I have drawn her face among  
the angels,

Where she will be hereafter? O  
sweet dreams,

That through the vacant cham-  
bers of my heart 200

Walk in the silence, as familiar  
phantoms

Frequent an ancient house, what  
will ye with me?

'Tis said that Emperors write  
their names in green

When under age, but when of age  
in purple.

So Love, the greatest Emperor of  
them all,

Writes his in green at first, but  
afterwards

In the imperial purple of our  
blood.

First love or last love,— which of  
these two passions

Is more omnipotent? Which is  
more fair,

The star of morning, or the even-  
ing star? 210

The sunrise or the sunset of the  
heart?

The hour when we look forth to  
the unknown,

And the advancing day consumes  
the shadows,

Or that when all the landscape of  
our lives

Lies stretched behind us, and fa-  
miliar places

Gleam in the distance, and sweet  
memories

Rise like a tender haze, and mag-  
nify

The objects we behold, that soon  
must vanish?

What matters it to me, whose  
countenance

Is like Laocoön's, full of pain?  
whose forehead 220

Is a ploughed harvest-field, where  
threescore years

Have sown in sorrow and have  
reaped in anguish?

To me, the artisan, to whom all  
women

Have been as if they were not, or  
at most

A sudden rush of pigeons in the  
air,

A flutter of wings, a sound, and  
then a silence?

I am too old for love; I am too old  
To flatter and delude myself with

visions

Of never-ending friendship with  
fair women,

Imaginations, fantasies, illusions,  
In which the things that cannot

be take shape, 231

And seem to be, and for the mo-  
ment are.

*Convent bells ring.*

Distant and near and low and loud  
the bells,

Dominican, Benedictine, and Fran-  
ciscan,

Jangle and wrangle in their airy  
towers,

Discordant as the brotherhoods  
themselves

In their dim cloisters. The de-  
scending sun

Seems to caress the city that he  
loves,

And crowns it with the aureole of  
a saint.

I will go forth and breathe the air  
awhile. 240

## II

## SAN SILVESTRO

*A Chapel in the Church of San Silvestro on Monte Cavallo.*

VITTORIA COLONNA, CLAUDIO  
TOLOMMEI, and others.

VITTORIA.

Here let us rest awhile, until the  
crowd  
Has left the church. I have al-  
ready sent  
For Michael Angelo to join us  
here.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

After Fra Bernardino's wise dis-  
course  
On the Pauline Epistles, certainly  
Some words of Michael Angelo on  
Art  
Were not amiss, to bring us back  
to earth.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *at the door.*

How like a Saint or Goddess she  
appears!  
Diana or Madonna, which I know  
not,  
In attitude and aspect formed to be  
At once the artist's worship and  
despair! 251

VITTORIA.

Welcome, Maestro. We were wait-  
ing for you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I met your messenger upon the  
way,  
And hastened hither.

VITTORIA.

It is kind of you  
To come to us, who linger here  
like gossips  
Wasting the afternoon in idle talk.  
These are all friends of mine and  
friends of yours.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If friends of yours, then are they  
friends of mine.  
Pardon me, gentlemen. But when  
I entered  
I saw but the Marchesa.

VITTORIA.

Take this seat  
Between me and Ser Claudio To-  
lommei, 261  
Who still maintains that our Italian  
tongue  
Should be called Tuscan. But for  
that offence  
We will not quarrel with him.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Eccellenza —

VITTORIA.

Ser Claudio has banished Eccel-  
lenza  
And all such titles from the Tus-  
can tongue.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

'T is the abuse of them, and not the  
use,  
I deprecate.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The use or the abuse,  
It matters not. Let them all go  
together,  
As empty phrases and frivoli-  
ties,  
And common as gold-lace upon the  
collar 271  
Of an obsequious lackey.

VITTORIA.

That may be,  
But something of politeness would  
go with them;  
We should lose something of the  
stately manners  
Of the old school.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

Undoubtedly.

VITTORIA.

But that  
Is not what occupies my thoughts  
at present,  
Nor why I sent for you, Messer  
Michele.  
It was to counsel me. His Holi-  
ness  
Has granted me permission, long  
desired,  
To build a convent in this neigh-  
borhood, 280  
Where the old tower is standing,  
from whose top  
Nero looked down upon the burn-  
ing city.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is an inspiration!

VITTORIA.

I am doubtful  
How I shall build; how large to  
make the convent,  
And which way fronting,

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, to build, to build!  
That is the noblest art of all the  
arts.  
Painting and sculpture are but  
images,  
Are merely shadows cast by out-  
ward things  
On stone or canvas, having in them-  
selves  
No separate existence. Architec-  
ture, 290  
Existing in itself, and not in seem-  
ing  
A something it is not, surpasses  
them  
As substance shadow. Long, long  
years ago,  
Standing one morning near the  
Baths of Titus,  
I saw the statue of Laocoön  
Rise from its grave of centuries,  
like a ghost  
Writhing in pain; and as it tore  
away

The knotted serpents from its  
limbs, I heard,  
Or seemed to hear, the cry of  
agony  
From its white, parted lips. And  
still I marvel 300  
At the three Rhodian artists, by  
whose hands  
This miracle was wrought. Yet  
he beholds  
Far nobler works who looks upon  
the ruins  
Of temples in the Forum here in  
Rome.  
If God should give me power in  
my old age  
To build for Him a temple half as  
grand  
As those were in their glory, I  
should count  
My age more excellent than youth  
itself,  
And all that I have hitherto ac-  
complished  
As only vanity.

VITTORIA.

I understand you.  
Art is the gift of God, and must be  
used 311  
Unto His glory. That in art is  
highest  
Which aims at this. When St.  
Hilarion blessed  
The horses of Italicus, they  
won  
The race at Gaza, for his benedic-  
tion  
O'erpowered all magic; and the  
people shouted  
That Christ had conquered Mar-  
nas. So that art  
Which bears the consecration and  
the seal  
Of holiness upon it will prevail  
Over all others. Those few words  
of yours 320  
Inspire me with new confidence  
to build.  
What think you? The old walls  
might serve, perhaps,

Some purpose still. The tower  
can hold the bells.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If strong enough.

VITTORIA.

If not, it can be strengthened.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I see no bar nor drawback to this  
building,  
And on our homeward way, if it  
shall please you,  
We may together view the site.

VITTORIA.

I thank you.  
I did not venture to request so  
much.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Let us now go to the old walls  
you spake of,  
Vossignoria —

VITTORIA.

What, again, Maestro?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Pardon me, Messer Claudio, if  
once more 331  
I use the ancient courtesies of  
speech.  
I am too old to change.

### III

#### CARDINAL IPPOLITO

SCENE I.— *A richly furnished  
apartment in the Palace of  
CARDINAL IPPOLITO. Night.*

JACOPO NARDI, *an old man,  
alone.*

NARDI.

I am bewildered. These Numid-  
ian slaves,

In strange attire; these endless  
antechambers;

This lighted hall, with all its gold-  
en splendors,

Pictures, and statues! Can this  
be the dwelling

Of a disciple of that lowly Man  
Who had not where to lay his  
head? These statues

Are not of Saints; nor is this a  
Madonna, 340

This lovely face, that with such  
tender eyes

Looks down upon me from the  
painted canvas.

My heart begins to fail me. What  
can he

Who lives in boundless luxury at  
Rome

Care for the imperilled liberties of  
Florence.

Her people, her Republic? Ah,  
the rich

Feel not the pangs of banishment.  
All doors

Are open to them, and all hands  
extended.

The poor alone are outcasts; they  
who risked

All they possessed for liberty, and  
lost; 350

And wander through the world  
without a friend,

Sick, comfortless, distressed, un-  
known, uncared for.

SCENE II.— JACOPO NARDI;  
CARDINAL IPPOLITO, *in Span-  
ish cloak and slouched hat.*

IPPOLITO.

I pray you pardon me if I have  
kept you  
Waiting so long alone.

NARDI.

I wait to see  
The Cardinal.



IPPOLITO.

I am the Cardinal;

And you?

NARDI.

Jacopo Nardi.

IPPOLITO.

You are welcome.

I was expecting you. Filippo  
Strozzi

Had told me of your coming.

NARDI.

'T was his son

That brought me to your door.

IPPOLITO.

Pray you, be seated.

You seem astonished at the garb I  
wear,But at my time of life, and with<sup>360</sup>  
my habits,The petticoats of a Cardinal would  
be —Troublesome; I could neither ride  
nor walk,Nor do a thousand things, if I  
were dressedLike an old dowager. It were put-  
ting wineYoung as the young Astyanax into  
goblets

As old as Priam.

NARDI.

Oh, your Eminence

Knows best what you should wear.

IPPOLITO.

Dear Messer Nardi,

You are no stranger to me. I  
have readYour excellent translation of the  
booksOf Titus Livius, the historian<sup>370</sup>  
Of Rome, and model of all histo-  
riansThat shall come after him. It  
does you honor;But greater honor still the love  
you bearTo Florence, our dear country,  
and whose annalsI hope your hand will write, in  
happier days

Than we now see.

NARDI.

Your Eminence will pardon  
The lateness of the hour.

IPPOLITO.

The hours I count not  
As a sun-dial; but am like a clock,  
That tells the time as well by  
night as day.So, no excuse. I know what<sup>380</sup>  
brings you here.

You come to speak of Florence.

NARDI.

And her woes.

IPPOLITO.

The duke, my cousin, the black  
Alessandro,Whose mother was a Moorish  
slave, that fedThe sheep upon Lorenzo's farm,  
still lives

And reigns.

NARDI.

Alas, that such a scourge  
Should fall on such a city!

IPPOLITO.

When he dies,  
The Wild Boar in the gardens of  
Lorenzo,The beast obscene, should be the  
monument

Of this bad man.

NARDI.

He walks the streets at night  
With revellers, insulting honest  
men.No house is sacred from his lusts.<sup>391</sup>  
The convents

Are turned by him to brothels,  
and the honor  
Of woman and all ancient pious  
customs  
Are quite forgotten now. The  
offices  
Of the Priori and Gonfalonieri  
Have been abolished. All the ma-  
gistrates  
Are now his creatures. Liberty is  
dead.  
The very memory of all honest  
living  
Is wiped away, and even our Tus-  
can tongue <sup>400</sup>  
Corrupted to a Lombard dialect.

## IPPOLITO.

And, worst of all, his impious  
hand has broken  
The Martinella, — our great battle  
bell,  
That, sounding through three cen-  
turies, has led  
The Florentines to victory, — lest  
its voice  
Should waken in their soul some  
memory  
Of far-off times of glory.

## NARDI.

What a change  
Ten little years have made! We  
all remember  
Those better days, when Niccolò  
Capponi,  
The Gonfaloniere, from the win-  
dows <sup>410</sup>  
Of the Old Palace, with the blast  
of trumpets,  
Proclaimed to the inhabitants that  
Christ  
Was chosen King of Florence;  
and already  
Christ is dethroned, and slain;  
and in his stead  
Reigns Lucifer! Alas, alas, for  
Florence!

## IPPOLITO.

Lilies with lilies, said Savonarola;

Florence and France! But I say  
Florence only,  
Or only with the Emperor's hand  
to help us  
In sweeping out the rubbish.

## NARDI.

Little hope  
Of help is there from him. He  
has betrothed <sup>420</sup>  
His daughter Margaret to this  
shameless Duke.  
What hope have we from such an  
Emperor?

## IPPOLITO.

Baccio Valori and Philippo  
Strozzi,  
Once the Duke's friends and in-  
timates, are with us,  
And Cardinals Salvati and Ridolfi.  
We shall soon see, then, as Valori  
says,  
Whether the Duke can best spare  
honest men,  
Or honest men the Duke.

## NARDI.

We have determined  
To send ambassadors to Spain,  
and lay  
Our griefs before the Emperor,  
though I fear <sup>430</sup>  
More than I hope.

## IPPOLITO.

The Emperor is busy  
With this new war against the  
Algerines,  
And has no time to listen to com-  
plaints  
From our ambassadors; nor will I  
trust them,  
But go myself. All is in readi-  
ness  
For my departure, and to-morrow  
morning  
I shall go down to Itri, where I  
meet  
Dante da Castiglione and some  
others,

Republicans and fugitives from  
Florence,  
And then take ship at Gaëta, and  
go 440  
To join the Emperor in his new  
crusade  
Against the Turk. I shall have  
time enough  
And opportunity to plead our  
cause.

NARDI, *rising*.

It is an inspiration, and I hail it  
As of good omen. May the power  
that sends it  
Bless our beloved country, and re-  
store  
Its banished citizens. The soul of  
Florence  
Is now outside its gates. What  
lies within  
Is but a corpse, corrupted and  
corrupting.  
Heaven help us all. I will not  
tarry longer, 450  
For you have need of rest. Good-  
night.

IPPOLITO.

Good-night !

SCENE III. — CARDINAL IPPOLITO;  
FRA SEBASTIANO;  
*Turkish attendants.*

IPPOLITO.

Fra Bastiano, how your portly pre-  
sence  
Contrasts with that of the spare  
Florentine  
Who has just left me !

FRA SEBASTIANO.

As we passed each other,  
I saw that he was weeping.

IPPOLITO.

Poor old man !

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Who is he ?

IPPOLITO.

Jacopo Nardi. A brave soul;  
One of the Fuorusciti, and the  
best  
And noblest of them all; but he  
has made me  
Sad with his sadness. As I look  
on you  
My heart grows lighter. I behold  
a man 460  
Who lives in an ideal world, apart  
From all the rude collisions of our  
life,  
In a calm atmosphere.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Your Eminence  
Is surely jesting. If you knew  
the life  
Of artists as I know it, you might  
think  
Far otherwise.

IPPOLITO.

But wherefore should I jest?  
The world of art is an ideal  
world, —  
The world I love, and that I fain  
would live in;  
So speak to me of artists and of  
art,  
Of all the painters, sculptors, and  
musicians 470  
That now illustrate Rome.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Of the musicians,  
I know but Goudimel, the brave  
maestro  
And chapel-master of his Holiness,  
Who trains the Papal choir.

IPPOLITO.

In church, this morning,  
I listened to a mass of Goudimel,  
Divinely chanted. In the Incar-  
natus,  
In lieu of Latin words, the tenor  
sang  
With infinite tenderness, in plain  
Italian,  
A Neapolitan love-song.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

You amaze me.

Was it a wanton song?

IPPOLITO.

Not a divine one.

I am not over-scrupulous, as you  
know, <sup>481</sup>In word or deed, yet such a song  
as that,Sung by the tenor of the Papal  
choir,And in a Papal mass, seemed out  
of place;

There's something wrong in it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

There's something wrong  
In everything. We cannot make  
the worldGo right. 'Tis not my business to  
reform

The Papal choir.

IPPOLITO.

Nor mine, thank Heaven!  
Then tell me of the artists.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Naming one

I name them all; for there is only  
one; <sup>490</sup>His name is Messer Michael An-  
gelo.All art and artists of the present  
day

Centre in him.

IPPOLITO.

You count yourself as nothing?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Or less than nothing, since I am  
at bestOnly a portrait-painter; one who  
drawsWith greater or less skill, as best  
he may,

The features of a face.

IPPOLITO.

And you have had

The honor, nay, the glory, of por-  
trayingJulia Gonzaga! Do you count as  
nothingA privilege like that? See there  
the portrait <sup>500</sup>Rebuking you with its divine ex-  
pression.Are you not penitent? He whose  
skilful handPainted that lovely picture has  
not rightTo vilipend the art of portrait-  
painting.

But what of Michael Angelo?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But lately

Strolling together down the  
crowded Corso,We stopped, well pleased, to see  
your EminencePass on an Arab steed, a noble  
creature,Which Michael Angelo, who is a  
loverOf all things beautiful, and espe-  
cially <sup>510</sup>When they are Arab horses, much  
admired,

And could not praise enough.

IPPOLITO, *to an attendant.*

Hassan, to-morrow,

When I am gone, but not till I am  
gone,—Be careful about that, — take Bar-  
barossaTo Messer Michael Angelo the  
sculptor,Who lives there at Macello del  
Corvi,Near to the Capitol; and take be-  
sidesSome ten mule-loads of provender,  
and sayYour master sends them to him as  
a present.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A princely gift. Though Michael  
Angelo <sup>520</sup>

Refuses presents from his Holiness,  
Yours he will not refuse.

IPPOLITO.

You think him like  
Thymoetes, who received the  
wooden horse  
Into the walls of Troy. That  
book of Virgil  
Have I translated in Italian verse  
And shall, some day, when we  
have leisure for it,  
Be pleased to read you. When I  
speak of Troy  
I am reminded of another town  
And of a lovelier Helen, our dear  
Countess  
Julia Gonzaga. You remember,  
surely, 530  
The adventure with the corsair  
Barbarossa,  
And all that followed?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A most strange adventure;  
A tale as marvellous and full of  
wonder  
As any in Boccaccio or Sacchetti;  
Almost incredible!

IPPOLITO.

Were I a painter  
I should not want a better theme  
than that:  
The lovely lady fleeing through  
the night  
In wild disorder; and the brig-  
ands' camp  
With the red fire-light on their  
swarthy faces. 539  
Could you not paint it for me?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

No, not I.  
It is not in my line.

IPPOLITO.

Then you shall paint  
The portrait of the corsair, when  
we bring him

A prisoner chained to Naples; for  
I feel  
Something like admiration for a  
man  
Who dared this strange adventure.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will do it.  
But catch the corsair first.

IPPOLITO.

You may begin  
To-morrow with the sword. Has-  
san, come hither;  
Bring me the Turkish scimitar  
that hangs  
Beneath the picture yonder. Now  
unsheathe it.  
'T is a Damascus blade; you see  
the inscription 550  
In Arabic: *La Allah! illa Al-  
lah!* —  
There is no God but God.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

How beautiful  
In fashion and in finish! It is per-  
fect.  
The Arsenal of Venice cannot  
boast  
A finer sword.

IPPOLITO.

You like it? It is yours.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

You do not mean it.

IPPOLITO.

I am not a Spaniard,  
To say that it is yours and not to  
mean it.  
I have at Itri a whole armory  
Full of such weapons. When you  
paint the portrait  
Of Barbarossa, it will be of use.  
You have not been rewarded as  
you should be 561  
For painting the Gonzaga. Throw  
this bauble



Into the scale, and make the balance equal.  
Till then suspend it in your studio ;  
You artists like such trifles.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will keep it  
In memory of the donor. Many thanks.

IPPOLITO.

Fra Bastian, I am growing tired of Rome,  
The old dead city, with the old dead people ;  
Priests everywhere, like shadows on a wall,  
And morning, noon, and night the ceaseless sound 570  
Of convent bells. I must be gone from here ;  
Though Ovid somewhere says that Rome is worthy  
To be the dwelling-place of all the Gods,  
I must be gone from here. To-morrow morning  
I start for Itri, and go thence by sea  
To join the Emperor, who is making war  
Upon the Algerines ; perhaps to sink  
Some Turkish galleys, and bring back in chains  
The famous corsair. Thus would I avenge  
The beautiful Gonzaga.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

An achievement  
Worthy of Charlemagne, or of Orlando. 581  
Berni and Ariosto both shall add  
A canto to their poems, and describe you  
As Furioso and Innamorato.  
Now I must say good-night.

IPPOLITO.

You must not go ;

First you shall sup with me. My seneschal,  
Giovan Andrea dal Borgo a San Sepolero,—

I like to give the whole sonorous name,

It sounds so like a verse of the Æneid,—

Has brought me eels fresh from the Lake of Fondi, 590

And Lucrine oysters cradled in their shells ;

These, with red Fondi wine, the Cæcuban

That Horace speaks of, under a hundred keys

Kept safe, until the heir of Posthumus

Shall stain the pavement with it, make a feast

Fit for Lucullus, or Fra Bastian even ;

So we will go to supper, and be merry.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Beware ! Remember that Bolse-na's eels

And Vernage wine once killed a Pope of Rome !

IPPOLITO.

'T was a French Pope ; and then so long ago ; 600

Who knows ? — perhaps the story is not true.

#### IV

#### BORGO DELLE VERGINE AT NAPLES

*Room in the Palace of JULIA GONZAGA. Night. JULIA GONZAGA, GIOVANNI VALDESSO.*

JULIA.

Do not go yet.

VALDESSO.

The night is far advanced ;

I fear to stay too late, and weary  
you  
With these discussions.

JULIA.

I have much to say.  
I speak to you, Valdesso, with that  
frankness  
Which is the greatest privilege of  
friendship,—  
Speak as I hardly would to my  
confessor,  
Such is my confidence in you.

VALDESSO.

Dear Countess,  
If loyalty to friendship be a claim  
Upon your confidence, then I may  
claim it. 610

JULIA.

Then sit again, and listen unto  
things  
That nearer are to me than life it-  
self.

VALDESSO.

In all things I am happy to obey  
you,  
And happiest then when you com-  
mand me most.

JULIA.

Laying aside all useless rhetoric,  
That is superfluous between us  
two,  
I come at once unto the point, and  
say,  
You know my outward life, my  
rank and fortune;  
Countess of Fondi, Duchess of Tra-  
jetto,  
A widow rich and flattered, for  
whose hand 620  
In marriage princes ask, and ask  
it only  
To be rejected. All the world can  
offer  
Lies at my feet. If I remind you  
of it  
It is not in the way of idle boast-  
ing,

But only to the better understand-  
ing  
Of what comes after.

VALDESSO.

God hath given you also  
Beauty and intellect; and the sig-  
nal grace  
To lead a spotless life amid temp-  
tations  
That others yield to.

JULIA.

But the inward life,—  
That you know not; 'tis known  
but to myself, 630  
And is to me a mystery and a  
pain:  
A soul disquieted and ill at ease,  
A mind perplexed with doubts and  
apprehensions,  
A heart dissatisfied with all around  
me,  
And with myself, so that some-  
times I weep,  
Discouraged and disgusted with  
the world.

VALDESSO.

Whene'er we cross a river at a  
ford,  
If we would pass in safety, we  
must keep  
Our eyes fixed steadfast on the  
shore beyond,  
For if we cast them on the flowing  
stream, 640  
The head swims with it; so if we  
would cross  
The running flood of things here  
in the world,  
Our souls must not look down, but  
fix their sight  
On the firm land beyond.

JULIA.

I comprehend you.  
You think I am too worldly; that  
my head  
Swims with the giddy whirl of  
life about me.  
Is that your meaning?

VALDESSO.

Yes; your meditations  
Are more of this world and its  
vanities  
Than of the world to come.

JULIA.

Between the two  
I am confused.

VALDESSO.

Yet have I seen you listen  
Enraptured when Fra Bernardino  
preached 651  
Of faith and hope and charity.

JULIA.

I listen,  
But only as to music without mean-  
ing.  
It moves me for the moment, and  
I think  
How beautiful it is to be a saint,  
As dear Vittoria is; but I am weak  
And wayward, and I soon fall back  
again  
To my old ways, so very easily.  
There are too many week-days for  
one Sunday.

VALDESSO.

Then take the Sunday with you  
through the week, 660  
And sweeten with it all the other  
days.

JULIA.

In part I do so; for to put a stop  
To idle tongues, what men might  
say of me  
If I lived all alone here in my pal-  
ace,  
And not from a vocation that I feel  
For the monastic life, I now am  
living  
With Sister Caterina at the con-  
vent  
Of Santa Chiara, and I come here  
only  
On certain days, for my affairs, or  
visits

Of ceremony, or to be with friends.  
For I confess, to live among my  
friends 671  
Is Paradise to me; my Purgatory  
Is living among people I dislike.  
And so I pass my life in these two  
worlds,  
This palace and the convent.

VALDESSO.

It was then  
The fear of man, and not the love  
of God,  
That led you to this step. Why  
will you not  
Renounce the world, and give your  
heart to God,<sup>1</sup>

JULIA.

If God so commands it,  
Wherefore hath He not made me  
capable 680  
Of doing for Him what I wish to  
do  
As easily as I could offer Him  
This jewel from my hand, this  
gown I wear,  
Or aught else that is mine?

VALDESSO.

The hindrance lies  
In that original sin, by which all  
fell.

JULIA.

Ah me, I cannot bring my troubled  
mind  
To wish well to that Adam, our  
first parent,  
Who by his sin lost Paradise for  
us,  
And brought such ills upon us.

VALDESSO.

We ourselves,  
When we commit a sin, lose Para-  
dise, 690

<sup>1</sup> For some unexplained reason, the sentence has been left incomplete; apparently the omission was not more than a half line.

As much as he did. Let us think  
of this,  
And how we may regain it.

JULIA.

Teach me, then,  
To harmonize the discord of my  
life,  
And stop the painful jangle of  
these wires.

VALDESSO.

That is a task impossible, until  
You tune your heart-strings to a  
higher key  
Than earthly melodies.

JULIA.

How shall I do it?  
Point out to me the way of this  
perfection,  
And I will follow you; for you  
have made  
My soul enamored with it, and I  
cannot 700  
Rest satisfied until I find it out.  
But lead me privately, so that the  
world  
Hear not my steps; I would not  
give occasion  
For talk among the people.

VALDESSO.

Now at last  
I understand you fully. Then,  
what need  
Is there for us to beat about the  
bush?  
I know what you desire of me.

JULIA.

What rudeness!  
If you already know it, why not  
tell me?

VALDESSO.

Because I rather wait for you to  
ask it  
With your own lips.

JULIA.

Do me the kindness, then,

To speak without reserve; and  
with all frankness, 711  
If you divine the truth, will I con-  
fess it.

VALDESSO.

I am content.

JULIA.

Then speak.

VALDESSO.

You would be free  
From the vexatious thoughts that  
come and go  
Through your imagination, and  
would have me  
Point out some royal road and  
lady-like  
Which you may walk in, and not  
wound your feet.  
You would attain to the divine per-  
fection,  
And yet not turn your back upon  
the world;  
You would possess humility within,  
But not reveal it in your outward  
actions; 721  
You would have patience, but  
without the rude  
Occasions that require its exer-  
cise;  
You would despise the world, but  
in such fashion  
The world should not despise you  
in return;  
Would clothe the soul with all the  
Christian graces,  
Yet not despoil the body of its  
gauds;  
Would feed the soul with spiritual  
food,  
Yet not deprive the body of its  
feasts;  
Would seem angelic in the sight of  
God, 730  
Yet not too saint-like in the eyes  
of men;  
In short, would lead a holy Chris-  
tian life  
In such a way that even your  
nearest friend

Would not detect therein one circumstance  
To show a change from what it was before.  
Have I divined your secret?

JULIA.

You have drawn  
The portrait of my inner self as truly  
As the most skilful painter ever painted  
A human face.

VALDESSO.

This warrants me in saying  
You think you can win heaven by compromise, 740  
And not by verdict.

JULIA.

You have often told me  
That a bad compromise was better even  
Than a good verdict.

VALDESSO.

Yes, in suits at law;  
Not in religion. With the human soul  
There is no compromise. By faith alone  
Can man be justified.

JULIA.

Hush, dear Valdesso;  
That is a heresy. Do not, I pray you,  
Proclaim it from the house-top, but preserve it  
As something precious, hidden in your heart,  
As I, who half believe and tremble at it. 750

VALDESSO.

I must proclaim the truth.

JULIA.

Enthusiast!  
Why must you? You imperil both yourself

And friends by your imprudence.  
Pray, be patient.

You have occasion now to show that virtue

Which you lay stress upon. Let us return

To our lost pathway. Show me by what steps

I shall walk in it.

[*Convent bells are heard.*]

VALDESSO.

Hark! the convent bells  
Are ringing; it is midnight; I must leave you.

And yet I linger. Pardon me, dear Countess,

Since you to-night have made me your confessor, 760

If I so far may venture, I will warn you

Upon one point.

JULIA.

What is it? Speak, I pray you,  
For I have no concealments in my conduct;

All is as open as the light of day.

What is it you would warn me of?

VALDESSO.

Your friendship  
With Cardinal Ippolito.

JULIA.

What is there  
To cause suspicion or alarm in that,

More than in friendships that I entertain

With you and others? I ne'er sat with him

Alone at night, as I am sitting now 770

With you, Valdesso.

VALDESSO.

Pardon me; the portrait  
That Fra Bastiano painted was for him.

Is that quite prudent?



JULIA.

That is the same question  
Vittoria put to me, when I last  
saw her.

I make you the same answer.

That was not

A pledge of love, but of pure grati-  
tude.

Recall the adventure of that dread-  
ful night

When Barbarossa with two thou-  
sand Moors

Landed upon the coast, and in the  
darkness

Attacked my castle. Then, with-  
out delay, 780

The Cardinal came hurrying down  
from Rome

To rescue and protect me. Was  
it wrong

That in an hour like that I did not  
weigh

Too nicely this or that, but granted  
him

A boon that pleased him, and that  
flattered me?

VALDESSO.

Only beware lest, in disguise of  
friendship,

Another corsair, worse than Bar-  
barossa,

Steal in and seize the castle, not  
by storm

But strategy. And now I take my  
leave.

JULIA.

Farewell; but ere you go, look  
forth and see 790

How night hath hushed the clamor  
and the stir

Of the tumultuous streets. The  
cloudless moon

Roofs the whole city as with tiles  
of silver;

The dim, mysterious sea in silence  
sleeps,

And straight into the air Vesuvius  
lifts

His plume of smoke. How beauti-  
ful it is!

[*Voices in the street.*]

GIOVAN ANDREA.

Poisoned at Itri.

ANOTHER VOICE.

Poisoned? Who is poisoned?

GIOVAN ANDREA.

The Cardinal Ippolito, my master.  
Call it malaria. It was very sud-  
den. [*Julia swoons.*]

V

VITTORIA COLONNA

*A room in the Torre Argentina.*

VITTORIA COLONNA and JULIA  
GONZAGA.

VITTORIA.

Come to my arms and to my heart  
once more; 800

My soul goes out to meet you and  
embrace you,

For we are of the sisterhood of  
sorrow.

I know what you have suffered.

JULIA.

Name it not.

Let me forget it.

VITTORIA.

I will say no more.

Let me look at you. What a joy it  
is

To see your face, to hear your  
voice again!

You bring with you a breath as of  
the morn,

A memory of the far-off happy  
days

When we were young. When did  
you come from Fondi?

JULIA.

I have not been at Fondi since —

VITTORIA.

Ah me!

You need not speak the word; I  
understand you. 811

JULIA.

I came from Naples by the lovely  
valley,  
The Terra di Lavoro.

VITTORIA.

And you find me  
But just returned from a long  
journey northward.  
I have been staying with that  
noble woman,  
Renée of France, the Duchess of  
Ferrara.

JULIA.

Oh, tell me of the Duchess. I have  
heard  
Flaminio speak her praises with  
such warmth  
That I am eager to hear more of  
her  
And of her brilliant court.

VITTORIA.

You shall hear all.  
But first sit down and listen pa-  
tiently 821  
While I confess myself.

JULIA.

What deadly sin  
Have you committed?

VITTORIA.

Not a sin; a folly.  
I chid you once at Ischia, when  
you told me  
That brave Fra Bastian was to  
paint your portrait.

JULIA.

Well I remember it.

VITTORIA.

Then chide me now,  
For I confess to something still  
more strange.  
Old as I am, I have at last con-  
sented  
To the entreaties and the suppli-  
cations  
Of Michael Angelo —

JULIA.

To marry him?

VITTORIA.

I pray you, do not jest with me!  
You know, 831  
Or you should know, that never  
such a thought  
Entered my breast. I am already  
married.  
The Marquis of Pescara is my hus-  
band,  
And death has not divorced us.

JULIA.

Pardon me.

Have I offended you?

VITTORIA.

No, but have hurt me.  
Unto my buried lord I give my-  
self,  
Unto my friend the shadow of my-  
self,  
My portrait. It is not from van-  
ity,  
But for the love I bear him.

JULIA.

I rejoice  
To hear these words. Oh, this will  
be a portrait 841  
Worthy of both of you!

[A knock]

VITTORIA.

Hark! he is coming.

JULIA.

And shall I go or stay?

VITTORIA.

By all means, stay.  
The drawing will be better for  
your presence;  
You will enliven me.

JULIA.

I shall not speak;  
The presence of great men doth  
take from me  
All power of speech. I only gaze  
at them  
In silent wonder, as if they were  
gods,  
Or the inhabitants of some other  
planet.

*Enter* MICHAEL ANGELO.

VITTORIA.

Come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I fear my visit is ill-timed;  
I interrupt you.

VITTORIA.

No; this is a friend  
Of yours as well as mine,—the  
Lady Julia, 852  
The Duchess of Trajetto.

MICHAEL ANGELO *to* JULIA.

I salute you.  
'Tis long since I have seen your  
face, my lady;  
Pardon me if I say that having  
seen it,  
One never can forget it.

JULIA.

You are kind  
To keep me in your memory.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is  
The privilege of age to speak with  
frankness.  
You will not be offended when I  
say  
That never was your beauty more  
divine. 860

JULIA.

When Michael Angelo conde-  
scends to flatter  
Or praise me, I am proud, and not  
offended.

VITTORIA.

Now this is gallantry enough for  
one;  
Show me a little.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, my gracious lady,  
You know I have not words to  
speak your praise.  
I think of you in silence. You con-  
ceal  
Your manifold perfections from all  
eyes,  
And make yourself more saint-like  
day by day,  
And day by day men worship you  
the more.  
But now your hour of martyrdom  
has come. 870  
You know why I am here.

VITTORIA.

Ah yes, I know it;  
And meet my faith with fortitude.  
You find me  
Surrounded by the labors of your  
hands:  
The Woman of Samaria at the  
Well,  
The Mater Dolorosa, and the  
Christ  
Upon the Cross, beneath which  
you have written  
Those memorable words of Ali-  
ghieri,  
'Men have forgotten how much  
blood it costs.'

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now I come to add one labor  
more,  
If you call that labor which is  
pleasure, 880  
And only pleasure.

VITTORIA.

How shall I be seated?

MICHAEL ANGELO, *opening his portfolio.*

Just as you are. The light falls well upon you.

VITTORIA.

I am ashamed to steal the time from you

That should be given to the Sistine Chapel.

How does that work go on?

MICHAEL ANGELO, *drawing.*

But tardily.

Old men work slowly. Brain and hand alike

Are dull and torpid. To die young is best,

And not to be remembered as old men

Tottering about in their decrepitude.

VITTORIA.

My dear Maestro! have you, then, forgotten

The story of Sophocles in his old age? <sup>890</sup>

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What story is it?

VITTORIA.

When his sons accused him,  
Before the Areopagus, of dotage,  
For all defence, he reads there to his Judges

The Tragedy of Œdipus Coloneus, —

The work of his old age.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is an illusion,  
A fabulous story, that will lead old men

Into a thousand follies and conceits.

VITTORIA.

So you may show to cavillers your painting

Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel. <sup>900</sup>

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Now you and Lady Julia shall resume

The conversation that I interrupted.

VITTORIA.

It was of no great import; nothing more

Nor less than my late visit to Ferrara,

And what I saw there in the ducal palace.

Will it not interrupt you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not the least.

VITTORIA.

Well, first, then, of Duke Ercole: a man

Cold in his manners, and reserved and silent,

And yet magnificent in all his ways;

Not hospitable unto new ideas, But from state policy, and certain

reasons <sup>911</sup>

Concerning the investiture of the duchy,

A partisan of Rome, and consequently

Intolerant of all the new opinions.

JULIA.

I should not like the Duke. These silent men,

Who only look and listen, are like wells

That have no water in them, deep and empty.

How could the daughter of a king of France

Wed such a duke?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The men that women marry,  
And why they marry them, will  
always be 920  
A marvel and a mystery to the  
world.

VITTORIA.

And then the Duchess, — how shall  
I describe her,  
Or tell the merits of that happy  
nature  
Which pleases most when least it  
thinks of pleasing?  
Not beautiful, perhaps, in form  
and feature,  
Yet with an inward beauty, that  
shines through  
Each look and attitude and word  
and gesture;  
A kindly grace of manner and be-  
havior,  
A something in her presence and  
her ways  
That makes her beautiful beyond  
the reach 930  
Of mere external beauty; and in  
heart  
So noble and devoted to the truth,  
And so in sympathy with all who  
strive  
After the higher life.

JULIA.

She draws me to her  
As much as her Duke Ercole re-  
pels me.

VITTORIA.

Then the devout and honorable  
women  
That grace her court, and make it  
good to be there;  
Francesca Bucyronia, the true-  
hearted,  
Lavinia della Rovere and the  
Orsini,  
The Magdalena and the Cherubina,  
And Anne de Parthenai, who sings  
so sweetly; 941

All lovely women, full of noble  
thoughts  
And aspirations after noble things.

JULIA.

Boccaccio would have envied you  
such dames.

VITTORIA.

No; his Fiammettas and his Phi-  
lomenas  
Are fitter company for Ser Gio-  
vanni;  
I fear he hardly would have com-  
prehended  
The women that I speak of.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yet he wrote

The story of Griseldis. That is  
something  
To set down in his favor.

VITTORIA.

With these ladies

Was a young girl, Olympia Mo-  
rata, 951  
Daughter of Fulvio, the learned  
scholar,  
Famous in all the universities:  
A marvellous child, who at the  
spinning-wheel,  
And in the daily round of house-  
hold cares,  
Hath learned both Greek and  
Latin; and is now  
A favorite of the Duchess and com-  
panion  
Of Princess Anne. This beautiful  
young Sappho  
Sometimes recited to us Grecian  
odes  
That she had written, with a voice  
whose sadness 960  
Thrilled and o'ermastered me, and  
made me look  
Into the future time, and ask my-  
self  
What destiny will be hers.



JULIA.

A sad one, surely.  
 Frost kills the flowers that blossom  
 out of season;  
 And these precocious intellects  
 portend  
 A life of sorrow or an early death.

VITTORIA.

About the court were many learned  
 men;  
 Chilian Sinapius from beyond the  
 Alps,  
 And Celio Curione, and Manzolli,  
 The Duke's physician; and a pale  
 young man, 970  
 Charles d'Espeville of Geneva,  
 whom the Duchess  
 Doth much delight to talk with  
 and to read.  
 For he hath written a book of In-  
 stitutes  
 The Duchess greatly praises,  
 though some call it  
 The Koran of the heretics.

JULIA.

And what poets  
 Were there to sing you madrigals,  
 and praise  
 Olympia's eyes and Cherubina's  
 tresses?

VITTORIA.

None; for great Ariosto is no  
 more.  
 The voice that filled those halls  
 with melody 979  
 Has long been hushed in death.

JULIA.

You should have made  
 A pilgrimage unto the poet's tomb,  
 And laid a wreath upon it, for the  
 words  
 He spake of you.

VITTORIA.

And of yourself no less,  
 And of our master, Michael An-  
 gelo.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Of me?

VITTORIA.

Have you forgotten that he calls  
 you  
 Michael, less man than angel, and  
 divine?  
 You are ungrateful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A mere play on words.  
 That adjective he wanted for a  
 rhyme,  
 To match with Gian Bellino and  
 Urbino.

VITTORIA.

Bernardo Tasso is no longer there,  
 Nor the gay troubadour of Gas-  
 cony, 991  
 Clement Marot, surnamed by flat-  
 terers  
 The Prince of Poets and the Poet  
 of Princes,  
 Who, being looked upon with  
 much disfavor  
 By the Duke Ercole, has fled to  
 Venice.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There let him stay with Pietro  
 Aretino,  
 The Scourge of Princes, also called  
 Divine.  
 The title is so common in our  
 mouths,  
 That even the Pifferari of Abruzzi,  
 Who play their bagpipes in the  
 streets of Rome 1000  
 At the Epiphany, will bear it soon,  
 And will deserve it better than  
 some poets.

VITTORIA.

What bee hath stung you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

One that makes no honey;  
 One that comes buzzing in through  
 every window,

And stabs men with his sting. A  
bitter thought  
Passed through my mind, but it  
is gone again;  
I spake too hastily.

JULIA.

I pray you, show me  
What you have done.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not yet; it is not finished.

## PART SECOND

### I

#### MONOLOGUE

*A room in MICHAEL ANGELO'S  
house.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Fled to Viterbo, the old Papal  
city  
Where once an Emperor, humbled  
in his pride,  
Held the Pope's stirrup, as his Ho-  
liness  
Alighted from his mule! A fugi-  
tive  
From Cardinal Caraffa's hate, who  
hurls  
His thunders at the house of the  
Colonna,  
With endless bitterness!—Among  
the nuns  
In Santa Caterina's convent hid-  
den,  
Herself in soul a nun! And now  
she chides me  
For my too frequent letters, that  
disturb 10  
Her meditations, and that hinder  
me  
And keep me from my work; now  
graciously  
She thanks me for the crucifix I  
sent her,

And says that she will keep it:  
with one hand  
Inflicts a wound, and with the  
other heals it.

[*Reading.*

'Profoundly I believed that God  
would grant you  
A supernatural faith to paint this  
Christ;  
I wished for that which now I see  
fulfilled  
So marvellously, exceeding all my  
wishes.  
Nor more could be desired, or  
even so much. 20  
And greatly I rejoice that you  
have made  
The angel on the right so beauti-  
ful;  
For the Archangel Michael will  
place you,  
You, Michael Angelo, on that new  
day,  
Upon the Lord's right hand! And  
waiting that,  
How can I better serve you than  
to pray  
To this sweet Christ for you, and  
to beseech you  
To hold me altogether yours in all  
things.'

Well, I will write less often, or no  
more,  
But wait her coming. No one  
born in Rome 30  
Can live elsewhere; but he must  
pine for Rome,  
And must return to it. I, who am  
born  
And bred a Tuscan and a Floren-  
tine,  
Feel the attraction, and I linger  
here  
As if I were a pebble in the pave-  
ment  
Trodden by priestly feet. This I  
endure,  
Because I breathe in Rome an at-  
mosphere

Heavy with odors of the laurel  
leaves  
That crowned great heroes of the  
sword and pen,  
In ages past. I feel myself ex-  
alted 40  
To walk the streets in which a  
Virgil walked,  
Or Trajan rode in triumph; but  
far more,  
And most of all, because the great  
Colonna  
Breathes the same air I breathe,  
and is to me  
An inspiration. Now that she is  
gone,  
Rome is no longer Rome till she  
return.  
This feeling overmasters me. I  
know not  
If it be love, this strong desire to  
be  
Forever in her presence; but I  
know  
That I, who was the friend of soli-  
tude, 50  
And ever was best pleased when  
most alone,  
Now weary grow of my own com-  
pany.  
For the first time old age seems  
lonely to me.

*[Opening the Divina Commedia.]*

I turn for consolation to the  
leaves  
Of the great master of our Tuscan  
tongue,  
Whose words, like colored garnet-  
shirls in lava,  
Betray the heat in which they  
were engendered.  
A mendicant, he ate the bitter  
bread  
Of others, but repaid their meagre  
gifts  
With immortality. In courts of  
princes 60  
He was a by-word, and in streets  
of towns

Was mocked by children, like the  
Hebrew prophet,  
Himself a prophet. I too know  
the cry,  
Go up, thou bald head! from a  
generation  
That, wanting reverence, wanteth  
the best food  
The soul can feed on. There's  
not room enough  
For age and youth upon this little  
planet.  
Age must give way. There was  
not room enough  
Even for this great poet. In his  
song  
I hear reverberate the gates of  
Florence, 70  
Closing upon him, nevermore to  
open;  
But mingled with the sound are  
melodies  
Celestial from the gates of para-  
dise.  
He came and he is gone. The peo-  
ple knew not  
What manner of man was passing  
by their doors,  
Until he passed no more; but in  
his vision  
He saw the torments and beati-  
tudes  
Of souls condemned or pardoned,  
and hath left  
Behind him this sublime Apoca-  
lypse.

I strive in vain to draw here on  
the margin 80  
The face of Beatrice. It is not  
hers,  
But the Colonna's. Each hath his  
ideal,  
The image of some woman excel-  
lent,  
That is his guide. No Grecian art,  
nor Roman,  
Hath yet revealed such loveliness  
as hers.

## II

## VITERBO

VITTORIA COLONNA, *at the convent window.*

## VITTORIA.

Parting with friends is temporary death,

As all death is. We see no more their faces,

Nor hear their voices, save in memory.

But messages of love give us assurance

That we are not forgotten. Who shall say 90

That from the world of spirits comes no greeting,

No message of remembrance? It may be

The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,

Sudden as inspiration, are the whispers

Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us

As friends, who wait outside a prison wall,

Through the barred windows speak to those within.

[*A pause.*]

As quiet as the lake that lies beneath me,

As quiet as the tranquil sky above me,

As quiet as a heart that beats no more, 100

This convent seems. Above, below, all peace!

Silence and solitude, the soul's best friends,

Are with me here, and the tumultuous world

Makes no more noise than the remotest planet. [*A pause.*]

O gentle spirit, unto the third circle

Of heaven among the blessed souls ascended,

Who, living in the faith and dying for it,

Have gone to their reward, I do not sigh

For thee as being dead, but for myself

That I am still alive. Turn those dear eyes, 110

Once so benignant to me, upon mine,

That open to their tears such uncontrolled

And such continual issue. Still awhile

Have patience; I will come to thee at last.

A few more goings in and out these doors,

A few more chimings of these convent bells,

A few more prayers, a few more sighs and tears,

And the long agony of this life will end,

And I shall be with thee. If I am wanting

To thy well-being, as thou art to mine, 120

Have patience; I will come to thee at last.

Ye winds that loiter in these cloister gardens,

Or wander far above the city walls, Bear unto him this message, that I ever

Or speak or think of him, or weep for him.

By unseen hands uplifted in the light

Of sunset, yonder solitary cloud

Floats, with its white apparel blown abroad,

And wafted up to heaven. It fades away,

And melts into the air. Ah, would that I 130

Could thus be wafted unto thee, Francesco,

A cloud of white, an incorporeal spirit!

## III

## MICHAEL ANGELO AND BENVENUTO CELLINI

SCENE I. — MICHAEL ANGELO,  
BENVENUTO CELLINI *in gay attire.*

BENVENUTO.

A good day and good year to the  
divine  
Maestro Michael Angelo, the  
sculptor!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Welcome, my Benvenuto.

BENVENUTO.

That is what  
My father said, the first time he  
beheld  
This handsome face. But say  
farewell, not welcome.  
I come to take my leave. I start  
for Florence  
As fast as horse can carry me. I  
long  
To set once more upon its level  
flags <sup>140</sup>  
These feet, made sore by your vile  
Roman pavements.  
Come with me; you are wanted  
there in Florence.  
The Sacristy is not finished.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Speak not of it!  
How damp and cold it was! How  
my bones ached  
And my head reeled, when I was  
working there!  
I am too old. I will stay here in  
Rome,  
Where all is old and crumbling,  
like myself,  
To hopeless ruin. All roads lead  
to Rome.

BENVENUTO.

And all lead out of it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There is a charm,  
A certain something in the atmo-  
sphere, <sup>150</sup>  
That all men feel, and no man  
can describe.

BENVENUTO.

Malaria?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes, malaria of the mind,  
Out of this tomb of the majestic  
Past;  
The fever to accomplish some  
great work  
That will not let us sleep. I must  
go on  
Until I die.

BENVENUTO.

Do you ne'er think of Florence?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes; whenever  
I think of anything beside my  
work,  
I think of Florence. I remember,  
too,  
The bitter days I passed among  
the quarries <sup>160</sup>  
Of Seravezza and Pietrasanta;  
Road-building in the marshes; stu-  
pid people,  
And cold and rain incessant, and  
mad gusts  
Of mountain wind, like howling  
Dervishes,  
That spun and whirled the eddy-  
ing snow about them  
As if it were a garment; aye, vex-  
ations  
And troubles of all kinds, that  
ended only  
In loss of time and money.

BENVENUTO.

True, Maestro;  
But that was not in Florence.  
You should leave



Such work to others. Sweeter  
 memories 170  
 Cluster about you, in the pleasant  
 city  
 Upon the Arno.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

In my waking dreams  
 I see the marvellous dome of  
 Brunelleschi,  
 Ghiberti's gates of bronze, and  
 Giotto's tower;  
 And Ghirlandajo's lovely Benci  
 glides  
 With folded hands amid my trou-  
 bled thoughts,  
 A splendid vision! Time rides  
 with the old  
 At a great pace. As travellers on  
 swift steeds  
 See the near landscape fly and  
 flow behind them,  
 While the remoter fields and dim  
 horizons 180  
 Go with them, and seem wheeling  
 round to meet them,  
 So in old age things near us slip  
 away,  
 And distant things go with us.  
 Pleasantly  
 Come back to me the days when,  
 as a youth,  
 I walked with Ghirlandajo in the  
 gardens  
 Of Medici, and saw the antique  
 statues,  
 The forms august of gods and god-  
 like men,  
 And the great world of art re-  
 vealed itself  
 To my young eyes. Then all that  
 man hath done  
 Seemed possible to me. Alas!  
 how little 190  
 Of all I dreamed of has my hand  
 achieved!

BENVENUTO.

Nay, let the Night and Morning,  
 let Lorenzo

And Julian in the Sacristy at Flor-  
 ence,  
 Prophets and Sibyls in the Sistine  
 Chapel,  
 And the Last Judgment answer.  
 Is it finished?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The work is nearly done. But  
 this Last Judgment  
 Has been the cause of more vexa-  
 tion to me  
 Than it will be of honor. Ser  
 Biagio,  
 Master of ceremonies at the  
 Papal court,  
 A man punctilious and over  
 nice, 200  
 Calls it improper; says that those  
 nude forms,  
 Showing their nakedness in such  
 shameless fashion,  
 Are better suited to a common  
 bagnio,  
 Or wayside wine-shop, than a Pa-  
 pal Chapel.  
 To punish him I painted him as  
 Minos  
 And leave him there as master of  
 ceremonies  
 In the Infernal Regions. What  
 would you  
 Have done to such a man?

BENVENUTO.

I would have killed him.  
 When any one insults me, if I  
 can  
 I kill him, kill him.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Oh, you gentlemen,  
 Who dress in silks and velvets,  
 and wear swords, 211  
 Are ready with your weapons, and  
 have all  
 A taste for homicide.

BENVENUTO.

I learned that lesson

Under Pope Clement at the siege  
of Rome,  
Some twenty years ago. As I was  
standing  
Upon the ramparts of the Campo  
Santo  
With Alessandro Bene, I beheld  
A sea of fog, that covered all the  
plain,  
And hid from us the foe; when  
suddenly,  
A misty figure, like an apparition,  
Rose up above the fog, as if on  
horseback.  
At this I aimed my arquebus, and  
fired.  
The figure vanished; and there  
rose a cry  
Out of the darkness, long and  
fierce and loud,  
With imprecations in all lan-  
guages.  
It was the Constable of France, the  
Bourbon,  
That I had slain.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rome should be grateful to you.

BENVENUTO.

But has not been; you shall hear  
presently.  
During the siege I served as bom-  
bardier,  
There in St. Angelo. His Holi-  
ness  
One day was walking with his  
Cardinals  
On the round bastion, while I stood  
above  
Among my falconets. All thought  
and feeling,  
All skill in art and all desire of  
fame,  
Were swallowed up in the delight-  
ful music  
Of that artillery. I saw far off,  
Within the enemy's trenches on  
the Prati,

A Spanish cavalier in scarlet  
cloak;  
And firing at him with due aim  
and range,  
I cut the gay Hidalgo in two  
pieces.  
The eyes are dry that wept for  
him in Spain.  
His Holiness, delighted beyond  
measure  
With such display of gunnery, and  
amazed  
To see the man in scarlet cut in  
two,  
Gave me his benediction, and ab-  
solved me  
From all the homicides I had com-  
mitted  
In service of the Apostolic Church,  
Or should commit thereafter.  
From that day  
I have not held in very high es-  
teem  
The life of man.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And who absolved Pope Clement?  
Now let us speak of Art.

BENVENUTO.

Of what you will.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Say, have you seen our friend Fra  
Bastian lately,  
Since by a turn of fortune he be-  
came  
Friar of the Signet?

BENVENUTO.

Faith, a pretty artist  
To pass his days in stamping  
leaden seals  
On Papal bulls!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

He has grown fat and lazy,  
As if the lead clung to him like a  
sinker.  
He paints no more since he was  
sent to Fondi

By Cardinal Ippolito to paint  
 The fair Gonzaga. Ah, you should  
     have seen him 260  
 As I did, riding through the city  
     gate,  
 In his brown hood, attended by  
     four horsemen,  
 Completely armed, to frighten the  
     banditti.  
 I think he would have frightened  
     them alone,  
 For he was rounder than the O of  
     Giotto.

BENVENUTO.

He must have looked more like a  
     sack of meal  
 Than a great painter.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, he is not great,  
 But still I like him greatly. Ben-  
     venuto,  
 Have faith in nothing but in indus-  
     try.  
 Be at it late and early; perse-  
     vere, 270  
 And work right on through cen-  
     sure and applause,  
 Or else abandon Art.

BENVENUTO.

No man works harder  
 Than I do. I am not a moment  
     idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And what have you to show me?

BENVENUTO.

This gold ring,  
 Made for his Holiness, — my latest  
     work,  
 And I am proud of it. A single  
     diamond,  
 Presented by the Emperor to the  
     Pope.  
 Targhetta of Venice set and tinted  
     it;

I have reset it, and retinted it  
 Divinely, as you see. The jewel-  
     lers 280  
 Say I've surpassed Targhetta.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Let me see it.  
 A pretty jewel.

BENVENUTO.

That is not the expression.  
 Pretty is not a very pretty word  
 To be applied to such a precious  
     stone,  
 Given by an Emperor to a Pope,  
     and set  
 By Benvenuto!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Messer Benvenuto,  
 I lose all patience with you; for  
     the gifts  
 That God hath given you are of  
     such a kind,  
 They should be put to far more  
     noble uses  
 Than setting diamonds for the  
     Pope of Rome. 290  
 You can do greater things.

BENVENUTO.

The God who made me  
 Knows why He made me what I am,  
     — a goldsmith,  
 A mere artificer.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Oh no; an artist,  
 Richly endowed by nature, but  
     who wraps  
 His talent in a napkin, and con-  
     sumes  
 His life in vanities.

BENVENUTO.

Michael Angelo  
 May say what Benvenuto would  
     not bear  
 From any other man. He speaks  
     the truth.

I know my life is wasted and consumed  
 In vanities; but I have better hours <sup>300</sup>  
 And higher aspirations than you think.  
 Once, when a prisoner at St. Angelo,  
 Fasting and praying in the midnight darkness,  
 In a celestial vision I beheld  
 A crucifix in the sun, of the same substance  
 As is the sun itself. And since that hour  
 There is a splendor round about my head,  
 That may be seen at sunrise and at sunset  
 Above my shadow on the grass.  
 And now  
 I know that I am in the grace of God, <sup>310</sup>  
 And none henceforth can harm me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

None but one,—  
 None but yourself, who are your greatest foe.  
 He that respects himself is safe from others;  
 He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.

BENVENUTO.

I always wear one.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O incorrigible!  
 At least, forget not the celestial vision.  
 Man must have something higher than himself  
 To think of.

BENVENUTO.

That I know full well. Now listen.  
 I have been sent for into France,  
 where grow

The Lilies that illumine heaven and earth, <sup>320</sup>  
 And carry in mine equipage the model  
 Of a most marvellous golden salt-cellar  
 For the king's table; and here in my brain  
 A statue of Mars Armipotent for the fountain  
 Of Fontainebleau, colossal, wonderful.  
 I go a goldsmith, to return a sculptor.  
 And so farewell, great Master. Think of me  
 As one who, in the midst of all his follies,  
 Had also his ambition, and aspired  
 To better things.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Do not forget the vision.

SCENE II. — MICHAEL ANGELO  
*sitting down again to the Divina Commedia.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Now in what circle of his poem sacred <sup>331</sup>  
 Would the great Florentine have placed this man?  
 Whether in Phlegethon, the river of blood,  
 Or in the fiery belt of Purgatory,  
 I know not, but most surely not with those  
 Who walk in leaden cloaks.  
 Though he is one  
 Whose passions, like a potent alkahest,  
 Dissolve his better nature, he is not  
 That despicable thing, a hypocrite  
 He doth not cloak his vices, nor deny them. <sup>341</sup>  
 Come back, my thoughts, from him to Paradise.

## IV

FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO

SCENE I. — MICHAEL ANGELO;  
FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.MICHAEL ANGELO, *not turning  
round.*

Who is it?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Wait, for I am out of breath  
In climbing your steep stairs.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, my Bastiano,  
If you went up and down as many  
stairs  
As I do still, and climbed as many  
ladders,  
It would be better for you. Pray  
sit down.  
Your idle and luxurious way of  
living  
Will one day take your breath  
away entirely,  
And you will never find it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Well, what then?  
That would be better, in my appre-  
hension, 350  
Than falling from a scaffold.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That was nothing.  
It did not kill me; only lamed me  
slightly;  
I am quite well again.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But why, dear Master,  
Why do you live so high up in  
your house,  
When you can live below and have  
a garden,  
As I do?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

From this window I can look

On many gardens; o'er the city  
roofs  
See the Campagna and the Alban  
hills:

And all are mine.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Can you sit down in them,  
On summer afternoons, and play  
the lute, 360  
Or sing, or sleep the time away?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I never  
Sleep in the day-time; scarcely  
sleep at night;  
I have not time. Did you meet  
Benvenuto  
As you came up the stair?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

He ran against me  
On the first landing, going at full  
speed;  
Dressed like the Spanish captain  
in a play,  
With his long rapier and his short  
red cloak.  
Why hurry through the world at  
such a pace?  
Life will not be too long.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is his nature, —  
A restless spirit, that consumes  
itself 370  
With useless agitations. He o'er-  
leaps  
The goal he aims at. Patience is  
a plant  
That grows not in all gardens.  
You are made  
Of quite another clay.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And thank God for it.  
And now, being somewhat rested,  
I will tell you  
Why I have climbed these formid-  
able stairs.  
I have a friend, Francesco Berni,  
here,



A very charming poet and companion,  
 Who greatly honors you and all  
 your doings, 379  
 And you must sup with us.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not I, indeed.  
 I know too well what artists' sup-  
 pers are.  
 You must excuse me.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will not excuse you.  
 You need repose from your inces-  
 sant work;  
 Some recreation, some bright  
 hours of pleasure.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

To me, what you and other men  
 call pleasure.  
 Is only pain. Work is my recrea-  
 tion,  
 The play of faculty; a delight like  
 that  
 Which a bird feels in flying, or a  
 fish  
 In darting through the water,—  
 nothing more.  
 I cannot go. The Sibylline leaves  
 of life 390  
 Grow precious now, when only  
 few remain.  
 I cannot go.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Berni, perhaps, will read  
 A canto of the Orlando Innamorato.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That is another reason for not go-  
 ing.  
 If aught is tedious and intolerable,  
 It is a poet reading his own verses.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Berni thinks somewhat better of  
 your verses  
 Than you of his. He says that you  
 speak things,

And other poets words. So, pray  
 you, come. 399

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If it were now the Improvisatore,  
 Luigi Pulci, whom I used to hear  
 With Benvenuto, in the streets of  
 Florence,  
 I might be tempted. I was younger  
 then,  
 And singing in the open air was  
 pleasant.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

There is a Frenchman here, named  
 Rabelais,  
 Once a Franciscan friar, and now  
 a doctor,  
 And secretary to the embassy:  
 A learned man, who speaks all  
 languages,  
 And wittiest of men; who wrote a  
 book 409  
 Of the Adventures of Gargantua,  
 So full of strange conceits one  
 roars with laughter  
 At every page; a jovial boon-com-  
 panion  
 And lover of much wine. He too  
 is coming.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then you will not want me, who  
 am not witty,  
 And have no sense of mirth, and  
 love not wine.  
 I should be like a dead man at  
 your banquet.  
 Why should I seek this French-  
 man, Rabelais?  
 And wherefore go to hear Fran-  
 cesco Berni,  
 When I have Dante Alighieri  
 here, 419  
 The greatest of all poets?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And the dullest;  
 And only to be read in episodes.  
 His day is past. Petrarca is our  
 poet.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Petrarca is for women and for  
lovers,  
And for those soft Abati, who de-  
light  
To wander down long garden  
walks in summer,  
Tinkling their little sonnets all day  
long,  
As lap-dogs do their bells.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I love Petrarca.  
How sweetly of his absent love he  
sings,  
When journeying in the forest of  
Ardennes!  
'I seem to hear her, hearing the  
boughs and breezes 430  
And leaves and birds lamenting,  
and the waters  
Murmuring flee along the verdant  
herbage.'

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Enough. It is all seeming, and no  
being.  
If you would know how a man  
speaks in earnest,  
Read here this passage, where St.  
Peter thunders  
In Paradise against degenerate  
Popes  
And the corruptions of the church,  
till all  
The heaven about him blushes  
like a sunset.  
I beg you to take note of what he  
says  
About the Papal seals, for that  
concerns 440  
Your office and yourself.

FRA SEBASTIANO, *reading*.

Is this the passage?  
'Nor I be made the figure of a seal  
To privileges venal and menda-  
cious;  
Whereat I often redden and flash  
with fire!'—  
That is not poetry.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What is it, then?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Vituperation; gall that might have  
spirted  
From Aretino's pen.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Name not that man!  
A profligate, whom your Francesco  
Berni  
Describes as having one foot in the  
brothel  
And the other in the hospital; who  
lives 450  
By flattering or maligning, as best  
serves  
His purpose at the time. He writes  
to me  
With easy arrogance of my Last  
Judgment,  
In such familiar tone that one  
would say  
The great event already had trans-  
pired,  
And he was present, and from ob-  
servation  
Informed me how the picture  
should be painted.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

What unassuming, unobtrusive  
men  
These critics are! Now, to have  
Aretino  
Aiming his shafts at you brings  
back to mind 460  
The Gascon archers in the square  
of Milan,  
Shooting their arrows at Duke  
Sforza's statue,  
By Leonardo, and the foolish rab-  
ble  
Of envious Florentines, that at  
your David  
Threw stones at night. But Are-  
tino praised you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

His praises were ironical. He  
knows  
How to use words as weapons, and  
to wound  
While seeming to defend. But  
look, Bastiano,  
See how the setting sun lights up  
that picture! 469

FRA SEBASTIANO.

My portrait of Vittoria Colonna.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It makes her look as she will look  
hereafter,  
When she becomes a saint!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A noble woman!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, these old hands can fashion  
fairer shapes  
In marble, and can paint diviner  
pictures,  
Since I have known her.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And you like this picture;  
And yet it is in oils, which you de-  
test.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When that barbarian Jan Van  
Eyck discovered  
The use of oil in painting, he de-  
graded  
His art into a handicraft, and  
made it  
Sign-painting, merely, for a coun-  
try inn 480  
Or wayside wine-shop. 'T is an  
art for women,  
Or for such leisurely and idle people  
As you are, Fra Bastiano. Nature  
paints not  
In oils, but frescoes the great  
dome of heaven  
With sunsets, and the lovely forms  
of clouds  
And flying vapors.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And how soon they fade!  
Behold yon line of roofs and bel-  
fries painted  
Upon the golden background of  
the sky,  
Like a Byzantine picture, or a por-  
trait  
Of Cimabue. See how hard the  
outline, 490  
Sharp-cut and clear, not rounded  
into shadow.  
Yet that is nature.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

She is always right.  
The picture that approaches sculp-  
ture nearest  
Is the best picture.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Leonardo thinks  
The open air too bright. We ought  
to paint  
As if the sun were shining through  
a mist.  
'T is easier done in oil than in dis-  
temper.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Do not revive again the old dis-  
pute;  
I have an excellent memory for  
forgetting,  
But I still feel the hurt. Wounds  
are not healed 500  
By the unbending of the bow that  
made them.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

So say Petrarca and the ancient  
proverb.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But that is past. Now I am angry  
with you,  
Not that you paint in oils, but that,  
grown fat  
And indolent, you do not paint at  
all.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Why should I paint? Why should  
I toil and sweat,  
Who now am rich enough to live  
at ease,  
And take my pleasure?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When Pope Leo died,  
He who had been so lavish of the  
wealth  
His predecessors left him, who re-  
ceived <sup>510</sup>  
A basket of gold-pieces every  
morning,  
Which every night was empty, left  
behind  
Hardly enough to pay his funeral.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I care for banquets, not for funer-  
als,  
As did his Holiness. I have for-  
bidden  
All tapers at my burial, and pro-  
cession  
Of priests and friars and monks;  
and have provided  
The cost thereof be given to the  
poor!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have done wisely, but of that  
I speak not.  
Ghiberti left behind him wealth  
and children; <sup>520</sup>  
But who to-day would know that  
he had lived,  
If he had never made those gates  
of bronze  
In the old Baptistery, — those  
gates of bronze,  
Worthy to be the gates of Para-  
dise.  
His wealth is scattered to the  
winds; his children  
Are long since dead; but those  
celestial gates  
Survive, and keep his name and  
memory green.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But why should I fatigue myself?  
I think  
That all things it is possible to  
paint  
Have been already painted; and  
if not, <sup>530</sup>  
Why, there are painters in the  
world at present  
Who can accomplish more in two  
short months  
Than I could in two years; so it  
is well  
That some one is contented to do  
nothing,  
And leave the field to others.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O blasphemers!  
Not without reason do the people  
call you  
Sebastian del Piombo, for the  
lead  
Of all the Papal bulls is heavy  
upon you,  
And wraps you like a shroud.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Misericordia!  
Sharp is the vinegar of sweet wine,  
and sharp <sup>540</sup>  
The words you speak, because the  
heart within you  
Is sweet unto the core.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How changed you are  
From the Sebastiano I once knew.  
When poor, laborious, emulous to  
excel,  
You strove in rivalry with Ba-  
dassare  
And Raphael Sanzio.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Raphael is dead.  
He is but dust and ashes in his  
grave,  
While I am living and enjoying  
life,

And so am victor. One live Pope  
is worth  
A dozen dead ones.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Raphael is not dead;  
He doth but sleep; for how can  
he be dead 551  
Who lives immortal in the hearts  
of men?  
He only drank the precious wine  
of youth,  
The outbreak of the grapes, before  
the vintage  
Was trodden to bitterness by the  
feet of men.  
The gods have given him sleep.  
We never were  
Nor could be foes, although our  
followers,  
Who are distorted shadows of our-  
selves,  
Have striven to make us so; but  
each one worked  
Unconsciously upon the other's  
thought, 560  
Both giving and receiving. He  
perchance  
Caught strength from me, and I  
some greater sweetness  
And tenderness from his more gen-  
tle nature.  
I have but words of praise and  
admiration  
For his great genius; and the  
world is fairer  
That he lived in it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

We at least are friends;  
So come with me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

No, no; I am best pleased  
When I'm not asked to banquets.  
I have reached  
A time of life when daily walks  
are shortened,  
And even the houses of our dear-  
est friends, 570

That used to be so near, seem far  
away.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Then we must sup without you.  
We shall laugh  
At those who toil for fame, and  
make their lives  
A tedious martyrdom, that they  
may live  
A little longer in the mouths of  
men!  
And so, good-night.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Good-night, my Fra Bastiano.

SCENE II. — MICHAEL ANGELO,  
*returning to his work.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How will men speak of me when I  
am gone,  
When all this colorless, sad life is  
ended,  
And I am dust? They will re-  
member only  
The wrinkled forehead, the marred  
countenance, 580  
The rudeness of my speech, and  
my rough manners,  
And never dream that underneath  
them all  
There was a woman's heart of ten-  
derness;  
They will not know the secret of  
my life,  
Locked up in silence, or but  
vaguely hinted  
In uncouth rhymes, that may per-  
chance survive  
Some little space in memories of  
men!  
Each one performs his life-work,  
and then leaves it;  
Those that come after him will  
estimate  
His influence on the age in which  
he lived. 59



## V

## PALAZZO BELVEDERE

TITIAN'S studio. *A painting of Danaë with a curtain before it.*

TITIAN, MICHAEL ANGELO,  
and GIORGIO VASARI.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So you have left at last your still lagoons,  
Your City of Silence floating in the sea,  
And come to us in Rome.

TITIAN.

I come to learn,  
But I have come too late. I should have seen  
Rome in my youth, when all my mind was open  
To new impressions. Our Vasari here  
Leads me about, a blind man, groping darkly  
Among the marvels of the past. I touch them,  
But do not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There are things in Rome  
That one might walk barefooted here from Venice 600  
But to see once, and then to die content.

TITIAN.

I must confess that these majestic ruins  
Oppress me with their gloom. I feel as one  
Who in the twilight stumbles among tombs,  
And cannot read the inscriptions carved upon them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I felt so once; but I have grown familiar  
With desolation, and it has become

No more a pain to me, but a delight.

TITIAN.

I could not live here. I must have the sea,  
And the sea-mist, with sunshine interwoven 610  
Like cloth of gold; must have beneath my windows  
The laughter of the waves, and at my door  
Their pattering footsteps, or I am not happy.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then tell me of your city in the sea,  
Paved with red basalt of the Paduan hills.  
Tell me of art in Venice. Three great names,  
Giorgione, Titian, and the Tintoretto,  
Illustrate your Venetian school, and send  
A challenge to the world. The first is dead, 619  
But Tintoretto lives.

TITIAN.

And paints with fire,  
Sudden and splendid, as the lighting paints  
The cloudy vault of heaven.

GIORGIO.

Does he still keep  
Above his door the arrogant inscription  
That once was painted there,—  
'The color of Titian,  
With the design of Michael Angelo'?

TITIAN.

Indeed, I know not. 'T was a foolish boast,  
And does no harm to any but himself.  
Perhaps he has grown wiser.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When you two  
Are gone, who is there that re-  
mains behind  
To seize the pencil falling from  
your fingers ? 630

GIORGIO.

Oh, there are many hands up-  
raised already  
To clutch at such a prize, and  
hardly wait  
For death to loose your grasp, — a  
hundred of them:  
Schiavone, Bonifazio, Campagnola,  
Moretto, and Moroni; who can  
count them,  
Or measure their ambition ?

TITIAN.

When we are gone,  
The generation that comes after us  
Will have far other thoughts than  
ours. Our ruins  
Will serve to build their palaces  
or tombs.  
They will possess the world that  
we think ours, 640  
And fashion it far otherwise.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I hear  
Your son Orazio and your nephew  
Marco  
Mentioned with honor.

TITIAN.

Ay, brave lads, brave lads.  
But time will show. There is a  
youth in Venice,  
One Paul Cagliari, called the Ver-  
onese,  
Still a mere stripling, but of such  
rare promise  
That we must guard our laurels,  
or may lose them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

These are good tidings; for I  
sometimes fear

That, when we die, with us all art  
will die.

'Tis but a fancy. Nature will pro-  
vide 650

Others to take our places. I re-  
joice

To see the young spring forward  
in the race,

Eager as we were, and as full of  
hope

And the sublime audacity of youth.

TITIAN.

Men die and are forgotten. The  
great world

Goes on the same. Among the  
myriads

Of men that live, or have lived, or  
shall live,

What is a single life, or thine or  
mine,

That we should think all nature  
would stand still

If we were gone? We must make  
room for others. 660

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now, Maestro, pray unveil  
your picture  
Of Danaë, of which I hear such  
praise.

TITIAN, *drawing back the curtain.*  
What think you ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That Acrisius did well  
To lock such beauty in a brazen  
tower,  
And hide it from all eyes.

TITIAN.

The model truly  
Was beautiful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And more, that you were present,  
And saw the showery Jove from  
high Olympus  
Descend in all his splendor.

TITIAN.

From your lips  
Such words are full of sweetness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have caught  
These golden hues from your Venetian sunsets. 670

TITIAN.

Possibly.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Or from sunshine through a shower  
On the lagoons, or the broad Adriatic.

Nature reveals herself in all our  
arts.

The pavements and the palaces of  
cities

Hint at the nature of the neighboring  
hills.

Red lavas from the Euganean  
quarries

Of Padua pave your streets; your  
palaces

Are the white stones of Istria, and  
gleam

Reflected in your waters and your  
pictures.

And thus the works of every artist  
show 680

Something of his surroundings and  
his habits.

The uttermost that can be reached  
by color

Is here accomplished. Warmth  
and light and softness

Mingle together. Never yet was  
flesh

Painted by hand of artist, dead or  
living,

With such divine perfection.

TITIAN.

I am grateful  
For so much praise from you, who  
are a master;  
While mostly those who praise  
and those who blame  
Know nothing of the matter, so  
that mainly

Their censure sounds like praise,  
their praise like censure. 690

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Wonderful! wonderful! The  
charm of color

Fascinates me the more that in  
myself

The gift is wanting. I am not a  
painter.

GIORGIO.

Messer Michele, all the arts are  
yours,

Not one alone; and therefore I  
may venture

To put a question to you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, speak on.

GIORGIO.

Two nephews of the Cardinal  
Farnese

Have made me umpire in dispute  
between them

Which is the greater of the sister  
arts,

Painting or sculpture. Solve for  
me the doubt. 700

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Sculpture and painting have a  
common goal,

And whosoever would attain to it,  
Whichever path he take, will find  
that goal

Equally hard to reach.

GIORGIO.

No doubt, no doubt;  
But you evade the question.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When I stand  
In presence of this picture, I con-  
cede

That painting has attained its ut-  
termost;

But in the presence of my sculp-  
tured figures

I feel that my conception soars  
beyond 709  
All limit I have reached.

GIORGIO.

You still evade me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Giorgio Vasari, I have often said  
That I account that painting as  
the best  
Which most resembles sculpture.  
Here before us  
We have the proof. Behold these  
rounded limbs!  
How from the canvas they detach  
themselves,  
Till they deceive the eye, and one  
would say,  
It is a statue with a screen behind  
it!

TITIAN.

Signori, pardon me; but all such  
questions  
Seem to me idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Idle as the wind.  
And now, Maestro, I will say once  
more 720  
How admirable I esteem your  
work,  
And leave you, without further in-  
terruption.

TITIAN.

Your friendly visit hath much hon-  
ored me.

GIORGIO.

Farewell.

MICHAEL ANGELO to GIORGIO,  
*going out.*

If the Venetian painters knew  
But half as much of drawing as of  
color,  
They would indeed work miracles  
in art,  
And the world see what it hath  
never seen.

## VI

### PALAZZO CESARINI

SCENE I. — VITTORIA COLONNA,  
*seated in an arm-chair*; JULIA  
GONZAGA, *standing near her.*

JULIA.

It grieves me that I find you still  
so weak  
And suffering.

VITTORIA.

No, not suffering; only dying.  
Death is the chillness that pre-  
cedes the dawn; 730  
We shudder for a moment, then  
awake  
In the broad sunshine of the other  
life.  
I am a shadow, merely, and these  
hands,  
These cheeks, these eyes, these  
tresses that my husband  
Once thought so beautiful, and I  
was proud of  
Because he thought them so, are  
faded quite,—  
All beauty gone from them.

JULIA.

Ah, no, not that.  
Paler you are, but not less beauti-  
ful.

VITTORIA, *folding her hands.*

O gentle spirit, unto the third cir-  
cle  
Of heaven among the blessed souls  
ascended, 740  
Who living for the faith and dying  
for it,  
Have gone to their reward, I do  
not mourn  
For thee as being dead, but for  
myself  
That I am still alive. A little  
longer  
Have patience with me, and if I  
am wanting

To thy well-being as thou art to  
mine,  
Have patience; I will come to  
thee ere long.

JULIA.

Do not give way to these forebod-  
ing thoughts.

VITTORIA.

Hand me the mirror. I would  
fain behold  
What change comes o'er our fea-  
tures when we die. 750  
Thank you. And now sit down  
beside me here.  
How glad I am that you have  
come to-day,  
Above all other days, and at the  
hour  
When most I need you.

JULIA.

Do you ever need me?

VITTORIA.

Always, and most of all to-day and  
now.  
Do you remember, Julia, when we  
walked,  
One afternoon, upon the castle ter-  
race  
At Ischia, on the day before you  
left me?

JULIA.

Well I remember; but it seems to  
me  
Something unreal that has never  
been, 760  
Something that I have read of in  
a book,  
Or heard of some one else.

VITTORIA.

Ten years and more  
Have passed since then; and many  
things have happened  
In those ten years, and many  
friends have died:

Marco Flaminio, whom we all ad-  
mired  
And loved as our Catullus; dear  
Valdesso,  
The noble champion of free  
thought and speech;  
And Cardinal Ippolito, your friend.

JULIA.

Oh, do not speak of him! His  
sudden death  
O'ercomes me now, as it o'ercame  
me then. 770  
Let me forget it; for my memory  
Serves me too often as an unkind  
friend,  
And I remember things I would  
forget,  
While I forget the things I would  
remember.

VITTORIA.

Forgive me; I will speak of him  
no more.  
The good Fra Bernardino has de-  
parted,  
Has fled from Italy, and crossed  
the Alps,  
Fearing Caraffa's wrath, because  
he taught  
That He who made us all without  
our help  
Could also save us without aid of  
ours. 780  
Renée of France, the Duchess of  
Ferrara,  
That Lily of the Loire, is bowed  
by winds  
That blow from Rome; Olympia  
Morata  
Banished from court because of  
this new doctrine.  
Therefore be cautious. Keep your  
secret thought  
Locked in your breast.

JULIA.

I will be very prudent.  
But speak no more, I pray; it wea-  
ries you.



VITTORIA.

Yes, I am very weary. Read to me.

JULIA.

Most willingly. What shall I read?

VITTORIA.

Petrarca's

Triumph of Death. The book lies on the table, 790

Beside the casket there. Read where you find

The leaf turned down. 'T was there I left off reading.

JULIA reads.

'Not as a flame that by some force is spent,

But one that of itself consumeth quite,

Departed hence in peace the soul content,

In fashion of a soft and lucent light

Whose nutriment by slow gradation goes,

Keeping until the end its lustre bright.

Not pale, but whiter than the sheet of snows

That without wind on some fair hill-top lies, 800

Her weary body seemed to find repose.

Like a sweet slumber in her lovely eyes,

When now the spirit was no longer there,

Was what is dying called by the unwise.

E'en Death itself in her fair face seemed fair.'

Is it of Laura that he here is speaking?—

She doth not answer, yet is not asleep;

Her eyes are full of light and fixed on something

Above her in the air. I can see naught

Except the painted angels on the ceiling. 810

Vittoria! speak! What is it? Answer me!—

She only smiles, and stretches out her hands.

[*The mirror falls and breaks.*]

VITTORIA.

Call my confessor!—

Not disobedient to the heavenly vision!

Pescara! my Pescara! [*Dies.*]

JULIA.

Holy Virgin!

Her body sinks together,—she is dead!

[*Kneels, and hides her face in Vittoria's lap.*]

SCENE II.—JULIA GONZAGA.  
MICHAEL ANGELO.

JULIA.

Hush! make no noise.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How is she?

JULIA.

Never better.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then she is dead!

JULIA.

Alas! yes, she is dead!

Even death itself in her fair face seems fair.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How wonderful! The light upon her face 820

Shines from the windows of another world.

Saints only have such faces. Holy Angels!

Bear her like sainted Catherine to  
her rest!

[*Kisses Vittoria's hand.*]

### PART THIRD

#### I

#### MONOLOGUE

*Macello de' Corvi. A room in  
MICHAEL ANGELO'S house.*

MICHAEL ANGELO, *standing be-  
fore a model of St. Peter's.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Better than thou I cannot, Brunel-  
leschi,  
And less than thou I will not! If  
the thought  
Could, like a windlass, lift the  
ponderous stones  
And swing them to their places;  
if a breath  
Could blow this rounded dome  
into the air,  
As if it were a bubble, and these  
statues  
Spring at a signal to their sacred  
stations,  
As sentinels mount guard upon a  
wall,  
Then were my task completed.  
Now, alas!  
Naught am I but a Saint Sebaldus,  
holding<sup>10</sup>  
Upon his hand the model of a  
church,  
As German artists paint him; and  
what years,  
What weary years, must drag  
themselves along,  
Ere this be turned to stone!  
What hindrances  
Must block the way; what idle in-  
terferences  
Of Cardinals and Canons of St.  
Peter's,  
Who nothing know of art beyond  
the color

Of cloaks and stockings, nor of  
any building

Save that of their own fortunes!  
And what then?

I must then the short-coming of  
my means<sup>20</sup>

Piece out by stepping forward, as  
the Spartan

Was told to add a step to his short  
sword.

[*A pause.*]

And is Fra Bastian dead? Is all  
that light

Gone out? that sunshine dark-  
ened? all that music

And merriment, that used to make  
our lives

Less melancholy, swallowed up in  
silence

Like madrigals sung in the street  
at night

By passing revellers? It is strange  
indeed

That he should die before me. 'T is  
against

The laws of nature that the young  
should die,<sup>30</sup>

And the old live; unless it be that  
some

Have long been dead who think  
themselves alive,

Because not buried. Well, what  
matters it,

Since now that greater light, that  
was my sun,

Is set, and all is darkness, all is  
darkness!

Death's lightnings strike to right  
and left of me,

And, like a ruined wall, the world  
around me

Crumbles away, and I am left  
alone.

I have no friends, and want none  
My own thoughts

Are now my sole companions, -  
thoughts of her,<sup>4</sup>

That like a benediction from the  
skies

Come to me in my solitude and  
soothe me.

When men are old, the incessant  
 thought of Death  
 Follows them like their shadow:  
 sits with them  
 At every meal; sleeps with them  
 when they sleep;  
 And when they wake already is  
 awake,  
 And standing by their bedside.  
 Then, what folly  
 It is in us to make an enemy  
 Of this importunate follower, not  
 a friend!  
 To me a friend, and not an enemy,  
 Has he become since all my friends  
 are dead.

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## II

## VIGNA DI PAPA GIULIO

SCENE I.—POPE JULIUS III.  
*seated by the Fountain of Acqua  
 Vergine, surrounded by Cardi-  
 nals.*

JULIUS.

Tell me, why is it ye are discon-  
 tent.  
 You, Cardinals Salviati and Mar-  
 cello,  
 With Michael Angelo? What has  
 he done,  
 Or left undone, that ye are set  
 against him?  
 When one Pope dies, another is  
 soon made;  
 And I can make a dozen Cardi-  
 nals,  
 But cannot make one Michael  
 Angelo.

CARDINAL SALVIATI.

Your Holiness, we are not set  
 against him;  
 We but deplore his incapacity. 60  
 He is too old.

JULIUS.

You, Cardinal Salviati,  
 Are an old man. Are you inca-  
 pable?

'T is the old ox that draws the  
 straightest furrow.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Your Holiness remembers he was  
 charged  
 With the repairs upon St. Mary's  
 bridge;  
 Made cofferdams, and heaped up  
 load on load  
 Of timber and travertine; and yet  
 for years  
 The bridge remained unfinished,  
 till we gave it  
 To Baccio Bigio.

JULIUS.

Always Baccio Bigio!  
 Is there no other architect on  
 earth? 70  
 Was it not he that sometime had  
 in charge  
 The harbor of Ancona?

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Ay, the same.

JULIUS.

Then let me tell you that your  
 Baccio Bigio  
 Did greater damage in a single day  
 To that fair harbor than the sea  
 had done  
 Or would do in ten years. And  
 him you think  
 To put in place of Michael Angelo,  
 In building the Basilica of St.  
 Peter!  
 The ass that thinks himself a stag  
 discovers  
 His error when he comes to leap  
 the ditch. 80

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

He does not build; he but de-  
 molishes  
 The labors of Bramante and San  
 Gallo.

JULIUS.

Only to build more grandly.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

But time passes;  
Year after year goes by, and yet  
the work  
Is not completed. Michael An-  
gelo  
Is a great sculptor, but no archi-  
tect.  
His plans are faulty.

JULIUS.

I have seen his model,  
And have approved it. But here  
comes the artist.  
Beware of him. He may make  
Persians of you,  
To carry burdens on your backs  
forever. 90

SCENE II. — *The same*: MICHAEL  
ANGELO.

JULIUS.

Come forward, dear Maestro. In  
these gardens  
All ceremonies of our court are  
banished.  
Sit down beside me here.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *sitting down*.

How graciously  
Your Holiness commiserates old  
age  
And its infirmities!

JULIUS.

Say its privileges.  
Art I respect. The building of  
this palace  
And laying out of these pleasant  
garden walks  
Are my delight, and if I have not  
asked  
Your aid in this, it is that I for-  
bear  
To lay new burdens on you at an  
age 100  
When you need rest. Here I es-  
cape from Rome

To be at peace. The tumult of  
the city  
Scarce reaches here.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How beautiful it is,  
And quiet almost as a hermitage!

JULIUS.

We live as hermits here; and from  
these heights  
O'erlook all Rome and see the  
yellow Tiber  
Cleaving in twain the city, like a  
sword,  
As far below there as St. Mary's  
bridge.  
What think you of that bridge?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I would advise  
Your Holiness not to cross it, or  
not often; 110  
It is not safe.

JULIUS.

It was repaired of late.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Some morning you will look for it  
in vain;  
It will be gone. The current of  
the river  
Is undermining it.

JULIUS.

But you repaired it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I strengthened all its piers, and  
paved its road  
With travertine. He who came  
after me  
Removed the stone and sold it,  
and filled in  
The space with gravel.

JULIUS.

Cardinal Salviati  
And Cardinal Marcello, do you  
listen?

This is your famous Nanni Baccio  
Bigio. 120

MICHAEL ANGELO, *aside*.

There is some mystery here. These  
Cardinals  
Stand lowering at me with un-  
friendly eyes.

JULIUS.

Now let us come to what concerns  
us more  
Than bridge or gardens. Some  
complaints are made  
Concerning the Three Chapels in  
St. Peter's ;  
Certain supposed defects or im-  
perfections,  
You doubtless can explain.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

This is no longer  
The golden age of art. Men have  
become  
Iconoclasts and critics. They de-  
light not  
In what an artist does, but set  
themselves 130  
To censure what they do not com-  
prehend.  
You will not see them bearing a  
Madonna  
Of Cimabue to the church in  
triumph,  
But tearing down the statue of a  
Pope  
To cast it into cannon. Who are  
they  
That bring complaints against  
me ?

JULIUS.

Deputies  
Of the Commissioners ; and they  
complain  
Of insufficient light in the Three  
Chapels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Your Holiness, the insufficient  
light

Is somewhere else, and not in the  
Three Chapels. 140

Who are the deputies that make  
complaint ?

JULIUS.

The Cardinals Salviati and Mar-  
cello,  
Here present.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *rising*.

With permission, Monsignor, I,  
What is it ye complain of ?

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

We regret  
You have departed from Bra-  
mante's plan,  
And from San Gallo's.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Since the ancient time  
No greater architect has lived on  
earth  
Than Lazzari Bramante. His de-  
sign,  
Without confusion, simple, clear,  
well-lighted,  
Merits all praise, and to depart  
from it 150  
Would be departing from the  
truth. San Gallo,  
Building about with columns, took  
all light  
Out of this plan ; left in the choir  
dark corners  
For infinite ribaldries, and lurking  
places  
For rogues and robbers ; so that  
when the church  
Was shut at night, not five and  
twenty men  
Could find them out. It was San  
Gallo then,  
That left the church in darkness,  
and not I.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Excuse me ; but in each of the  
Three Chapels  
Is but a single window.



MICHAEL ANGELO.

Monsignore,

Perhaps you do not know that in  
the vaulting 161  
Above there are to go three other  
windows.

CARDINAL SALVIATI.

How should we know? You never  
told us of it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I neither am obliged, nor will I be,  
To tell your Eminence or any  
other  
What I intend or ought to do.  
Your office  
Is to provide the means, and see  
that thieves  
Do not lay hands upon them. The  
designs  
Must all be left to me.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Sir architect,

You do forget yourself, to speak  
thus rudely 170  
In presence of his Holiness, and  
to us  
Who are his Cardinals.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *putting on his  
hat.*

I do not forget

I am descended from the Counts  
Canossa,  
Linked with the Imperial line, and  
with Matilda,  
Who gave the Church Saint Peter's  
Patrimony.  
I, too, am proud to give unto the  
Church  
The labor of these hands, and what  
of life  
Remains to me. My father Bu-  
onarotti  
Was Podestà of Chiusi and Ca-  
prese.  
I am not used to have men speak  
to me 180

As if I were a mason, hired to  
build  
A garden wall, and paid on Satur-  
days  
So much an hour.

CARDINAL SALVIATI, *aside.*

No wonder that Pope Clement  
Never sat down in presence of this  
man,  
Lest he should do the same; and  
always bade him  
Put on his hat, lest he unasked  
should do it!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If any one could die of grief and  
shame,  
I should. This labor was imposed  
upon me;  
I did not seek it; and if I assumed  
it,  
'T was not for love of fame or love  
of gain, 190  
But for the love of God. Perhaps  
old age  
Deceived me, or self-interest, or  
ambition;  
I may be doing harm instead of  
good.  
Therefore, I pray your Holiness,  
release me;  
Take off from me the burden of  
this work;  
Let me go back to Florence.

JULIUS.

Never, never,

While I am living.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Doth your Holiness

Remember what the Holy Scrip-  
tures say  
Of the inevitable time, when those  
Who look out of the windows shall  
be darkened, 200  
And the almond-tree shall flour-  
ish?

JULIUS.  
That is in  
Ecclesiastes.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And the grasshopper  
shall be a burden, and desire shall  
fail,  
Because man goeth unto his long  
home.  
Vanity of Vanities, saith the  
Preacher; all  
Is vanity.

JULIUS.

Ah, were to do a thing  
As easy as to dream of doing it,  
We should not want for artists.  
But the men  
Who carry out in act their great  
designs  
Are few in number; aye, they may  
be counted <sup>210</sup>  
Upon the fingers of this hand.  
Your place  
Is at St. Peter's.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I have had my dream,  
And cannot carry out my great  
conception,  
And put it into act.

JULIUS.

Then who can do it?  
You would but leave it to some  
Baccio Bigio  
To mangle and deface.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rather than that,  
I will still bear the burden on my  
shoulders  
A little longer. If your Holiness  
Will keep the world in order, and  
will leave  
The building of the church to me,  
the work <sup>220</sup>  
Will go on better for it. Holy  
Father,  
If all the labors that I have en-  
dured,

And shall endure, advantage not  
my soul,  
I am but losing time.

JULIUS, *laying his hands on*  
MICHAEL ANGELO'S *shoulders*.

You will be gainer  
Both for your soul and body.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not events  
Exasperate me, but the funest con-  
clusions  
I draw from these events; the sure  
decline  
Of art, and all the meaning of that  
word;  
All that embellishes and sweetens  
life,  
And lifts it from the level of low  
cares <sup>230</sup>  
Into the purer atmosphere of  
beauty;  
The faith in the Ideal; the inspira-  
tion  
That made the canons of the  
church of Seville  
Say, 'Let us build, so that all men  
hereafter  
Will say that we were madmen.'  
Holy Father,  
I beg permission to retire from  
here.

JULIUS.

Go; and my benediction be upon  
you.

SCENE III.—POPE JULIUS *and*  
*the CARDINALS*.

JULIUS.

My Cardinals, this Michael Angelo  
Must not be dealt with as a com-  
mon mason.  
He comes of noble blood, and for  
his crest <sup>240</sup>  
Bears two bull's horns: and he has  
given us proof  
That he can toss with them. From  
this day forth

Unto the end of time, let no man  
utter  
The name of Baccio Bigio in my  
presence.  
All great achievements are the  
natural fruits  
Of a great character. As trees  
bear not  
Their fruits of the same size and  
quality,  
But each one in its kind with equal  
ease,  
So are great deeds as natural to  
great men  
As mean things are to small ones.  
By his work 250  
We know the master. Let us not  
perplex him.

## III

## BINDO ALTOVITI

*A street in Rome. BINDO ALTO-*  
*VITI, standing at the door of*  
*his house. MICHAEL ANGELO,*  
*passing.*

BINDO.

Good-morning, Messer Michael  
Angelo!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Good-morning, Messer Bindo Al-  
toviti!

BINDO.

What brings you forth so early?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The same reason  
That keeps you standing sentinel  
at your door,—  
The air of this delicious summer  
morning.  
What news have you from Flor-  
ence?

BINDO.

Nothing new;

The same old tale of violence and  
wrong.  
Since the disastrous day at Monte  
Murlo,  
When in procession, through San  
Gallo's gate, 260  
Bareheaded, clothed in rags, on  
sorry steeds,  
Philippo Strozzi and the good Va-  
lori  
Amid the shouts of an ungrateful  
people  
Were led as prisoners down the  
streets of Florence,  
Hope is no more, and liberty no  
more.  
Duke Cosimo, the tyrant, reigns  
supreme.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Florence is dead: her houses are  
but tombs;  
Silence and solitude are in her  
streets.

BINDO.

Ah yes; and often I repeat the  
words  
You wrote upon your statue of the  
Night, 270  
There in the Sacristy of San Lo-  
renzo:  
'Grateful to me is sleep; to be of  
stone  
More grateful, while the wrong  
and shame endure;  
To see not, feel not, is a benedic-  
tion;  
Therefore awake me not; oh, speak  
in whispers.'

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, Messer Bindo, the calami-  
ties,  
The fallen fortunes, and the deso-  
lation  
Of Florence are to me a tragedy  
Deeper than words, and darker  
than despair.  
I, who have worshipped freedom  
from my cradle, 280

Have loved her with the passion of  
a lover,  
And clothed her with all lovely  
attributes  
That the imagination can conceive,  
Or the heart conjure up, now see  
her dead,  
And trodden in the dust beneath  
the feet  
Of an adventurer! It is a grief  
Too great for me to bear in my old  
age.

BINDO.

I say no news from Florence: I  
am wrong,  
For Benvenuto writes that he is  
coming  
To be my guest in Rome.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Those are good tidings.  
He hath been many years away  
from us. 291

BINDO.

Pray you, come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I have not time to stay,  
And yet I will. I see from here  
your house  
Is filled with works of art. That  
bust in bronze  
Is of yourself. Tell me, who is the  
master  
That works in such an admirable  
way,  
And with such power and feeling?

BINDO.

Benvenuto.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah? Benvenuto? 'T is a master-  
piece!  
It pleases me as much, and even  
more,  
Than the antiques about it; and  
yet they 300

Are of the best one sees. But you  
have placed it  
By far too high. The light comes  
from below,  
And injures the expression. Were  
these windows  
Above and not beneath it, then in-  
deed  
It would maintain its own among  
these works  
Of the old masters, noble as they  
are.  
I will go in and study it more  
closely.  
I always prophesied that Benve-  
nuto,  
With all his follies and fantastic  
ways,  
Would show his genius in some  
work of art 310  
That would amaze the world, and  
be a challenge  
Unto all other artists of his time.  
[*They go in.*]

#### IV

#### IN THE COLISEUM

MICHAEL ANGELO and TOMASO  
DE' CAVALIERI.

CAVALIERI.

What do you here alone, Messer  
Michele?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I come to learn.

CAVALIERI.

You are already master,  
And teach all other men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nay, I know nothing;  
Not even my own ignorance, as  
some  
Philosopher hath said. I am a  
school-boy  
Who hath not learned his lesson,  
and who stands

Ashamed and silent in the awful  
presence  
Of the great master of anti-  
quity <sup>320</sup>  
Who built these walls cyclopean.

CAVALIERI.

Gaudentius  
His name was, I remember. His  
reward  
Was to be thrown alive to the wild  
beasts  
Here where we now are stand-  
ing.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Idle tales.

CAVALIERI.

But you are greater than Gauden-  
tius was,  
And your work nobler.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Silence, I beseech you.

CAVALIERI.

Tradition says that fifteen thou-  
sand men  
Were toiling for ten years inces-  
santly  
Upon this amphitheatre.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Behold  
How wonderful it is! The queen  
of flowers, <sup>330</sup>  
The marble rose of Rome! Its  
petals torn  
By wind and rain of thrice five  
hundred years;  
Its mossy sheath half rent away,  
and sold  
To ornament our palaces and  
churches,  
Or to be trodden under feet of  
man  
Upon the Tiber's bank; yet what  
remains  
Still opening its fair bosom to the  
sun,

And to the constellations that at  
night  
Hang poised above it like a swarm  
of bees.

CAVALIERI.

The rose of Rome, but not of Para-  
dise; <sup>340</sup>  
Not the white rose our Tuscan  
poet saw,  
With saints for petals. When this  
rose was perfect  
Its hundred thousand petals were  
not saints,  
But senators in their Thessalian  
caps,  
And all the roaring populace of  
Rome;  
And even an Empress and the  
Vestal Virgins,  
Who came to see the gladiators  
die,  
Could not give sweetness to a rose  
like this.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I spake not of its uses, but its  
beauty.

CAVALIERI.

The sand beneath our feet is satu-  
rate <sup>350</sup>  
With blood of martyrs; and these  
rifted stones  
Are awful witnesses against a peo-  
ple  
Whose pleasure was the pain of  
dying men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Tomaso Cavalieri, on my word,  
You should have been a preacher,  
not a painter!  
Think you that I approve such  
cruelties,  
Because I marvel at the archi-  
tects  
Who built these walls, and curved  
these noble arches?  
Oh, I am put to shame, when I  
consider



How mean our work is, when compared with theirs ! 360

Look at these walls about us and above us !

They have been shaken by earthquakes, have been made

A fortress, and been battered by long sieges ;

The iron clamps, that held the stones together,

Have been wrenched from them ; but they stand erect

And firm, as if they had been hewn and hollowed

Out of the solid rock, and were a part

Of the foundations of the world itself.

#### CAVALIERI.

Your work, I say again, is nobler work,

In so far as its end and aim are nobler ; 370

And this is but a ruin, like the rest.

Its vaulted passages are made the caverns

Of robbers, and are haunted by the ghosts

Of murdered men.

#### MICHAEL ANGELO.

A thousand wild flowers bloom From every chink, and the birds build their nests

Among the ruined arches, and suggest

New thoughts of beauty to the architect.

Now let us climb the broken stairs that lead

Into the corridors above, and study The marvel and the mystery of that art 380

In which I am a pupil, not a master.

All things must have an end ; the world itself

Must have an end, as in a dream I saw it.

There came a great hand out of heaven, and touched

The earth, and stopped it in its course. The seas

Leaped, a vast cataract, into the abyss ;

The forests and the fields slid off, and floated

Like wooded islands in the air. The dead

Were hurled forth from their sepulchres ; the living

Were mingled with them, and themselves were dead, — 390

All being dead ; and the fair, shining cities

Dropped out like jewels from a broken crown.

Naught but the core of the great globe remained,

A skeleton of stone. And over it The wrack of matter drifted like a

cloud,

And then recoiled upon itself, and fell

Back on the empty world, that with the weight

Reeled, staggered, righted, and then headlong plunged

Into the darkness, as a ship, when struck

By a great sea, throws off the waves at first 400

On either side, then settles and goes down

Into the dark abyss, with her dead crew.

#### CAVALIERI.

But the earth does not move.

#### MICHAEL ANGELO.

Who knows ? who knows ? There are great truths that pitch

their shining tents

Outside our walls, and though but dimly seen

In the gray dawn, they will be manifest

When the light widens into perfect  
day.

A certain man, Copernicus by  
name,

Sometime professor here in Rome,  
has whispered

It is the earth, and not the sun,  
that moves. <sup>410</sup>

What I beheld was only in a  
dream,

Yet dreams sometimes anticipate  
events,

Being unsubstantial images of  
things

As yet unseen.

## V

## MACELLO DE' CORVI

MICHAEL ANGELO, BENVENUTO  
CELLINI.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So, Benvenuto, you return once  
more

To the Eternal City. 'T is the cen-  
tre

To which all gravitates. One finds  
no rest

Elsewhere than here. There may  
be other cities

That please us for a while, but  
Rome alone

Completely satisfies. It becomes  
to all <sup>420</sup>

A second native land by predilec-  
tion,

And not by accident of birth alone.

BENVENUTO.

I am but just arrived, and am now  
lodging

With Bindo Altoviti. I have been  
To kiss the feet of our most Holy  
Father,

And now am come in haste to kiss  
the hands

Of my miraculous Master.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And to find him  
Grown very old.

BENVENUTO.

You know that precious stones  
Never grow old.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Half sunk beneath the horizon,  
And yet not gone. Twelve years  
are a long while. <sup>430</sup>

Tell me of France.

BENVENUTO.

It were too long a tale  
To tell you all. Suffice in brief to  
say

The King received me well, and  
loved me well;

Gave me the annual pension that  
before me

Our Leonardo had, nor more nor  
less,

And for my residence the Tour de  
Nesle,

Upon the river-side.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A princely lodging.

BENVENUTO.

What in return I did now matters  
not,

For there are other things, of  
greater moment,

I wish to speak of. First of all,  
the letter <sup>440</sup>

You wrote me, not long since,  
about my bust

Of Bindo Altoviti, here in Rome.  
You said,

' My Benvenuto, I for many years  
Have known you as the greatest  
of all goldsmiths,

And now I know you as no less a  
sculptor.'

Ah, generous Master! How shall  
I e'er thank you

For such kind language?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

By believing it.  
I saw the bust at Messer Bindo's  
house,  
And thought it worthy of the an-  
cient masters,  
And said so. That is all.

BENVENUTO.

It is too much ;  
And I should stand abashed here  
in your presence, <sup>451</sup>  
Had I done nothing worthier of  
your praise  
Than Bindo's bust.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What have you done that's better ?

BENVENUTO.

When I left Rome for Paris, you  
remember  
I promised you that if I went a  
goldsmith  
I would return a sculptor. I have  
kept  
The promise I then made.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Dear Benvenuto,  
I recognized the latent genius in  
you,  
But feared your vices.

BENVENUTO.

I have turned them all  
To virtues. My impatient, way-  
ward nature, <sup>460</sup>  
That made me quick in quarrel,  
now has served me  
Where meekness could not, and  
where patience could not,  
As you shall hear now. I have  
cast in bronze  
A statue of Perseus, holding thus  
aloft  
In his left hand the head of the  
Medusa,  
And in his right the sword that  
severed it ;

His right foot planted on the life-  
less corse ;  
His face superb and pitiful, with  
eyes  
Down-looking on the victim of his  
vengeance.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I see it as it should be.

BENVENUTO.

As it will be  
When it is placed upon the Ducal  
Square, <sup>471</sup>  
Half-way between your David and  
the Judith  
Of Donatello.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rival of them both !

BENVENUTO.

But ah, what infinite trouble have  
I had  
With Bandinello, and that stupid  
beast,  
The major-domo of Duke Cosimo,  
Francesco Ricci, and their  
wretched agent  
Gorini, who came crawling round  
about me  
Like a black spider, with his whin-  
ing voice  
That sounded like the buzz of a  
mosquito ! <sup>480</sup>  
Oh, I have wept in utter despera-  
tion,  
And wished a thousand times I  
had not left  
My Tour de Nesle, nor e'er re-  
turned to Florence,  
Nor thought of Perseus. What  
malignant falsehoods  
They told the Grand Duke, to im-  
pede my work,  
And make me desperate !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The nimble lie  
Is like the second-hand upon a  
clock ;

We see it fly, while the hour-hand  
 of truth  
 Seems to stand still, and yet it  
 moves unseen,  
 And wins at last, for the clock will  
 not strike 490  
 Till it has reached the goal.

BENVENUTO.

My obstinacy  
 Stood me in stead, and helped me  
 to o'ercome  
 The hindrances that envy and ill-  
 will  
 Put in my way.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When anything is done  
 People see not the patient doing  
 of it,  
 Nor think how great would be the  
 loss to man  
 If it had not been done. As in a  
 building  
 Stone rests on stone, and wanting  
 the foundation  
 All would be wanting, so in human  
 life  
 Each action rests on the foregone  
 event, 500  
 That made it possible, but is for-  
 gotten  
 And buried in the earth.

BENVENUTO.

Even Bandinello,  
 Who never yet spake well of any-  
 thing,  
 Speaks well of this; and yet he  
 told the Duke  
 That, though I cast small figures  
 well enough,  
 I never could cast this.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But you have done it,  
 And proved Ser Bandinello a false  
 prophet.  
 That is the wisest way.

BENVENUTO.

And ah, that casting!

What a wild scene it was, as late  
 at night,  
 A night of wind and rain, we  
 heaped the furnace 510  
 With pine of Serristori, till the  
 flames  
 Caught in the rafters over us, and  
 threatened  
 To send the burning roof upon our  
 heads;  
 And from the garden side the wind  
 and rain  
 Poured in upon us, and half  
 quenched our fires.  
 I was beside myself with despera-  
 tion.  
 A shudder came upon me, then a  
 fever;  
 I thought that I was dying, and  
 was forced  
 To leave the work-shop, and to  
 throw myself  
 Upon my bed, as one who has no  
 hope. 520  
 And as I lay there, a deformed old  
 man  
 Appeared before me, and with dis-  
 mal voice,  
 Like one who doth exhort a crimi-  
 nal  
 Led forth to death, exclaimed,  
 'Poor Benvenuto,  
 Thy work is spoiled! There is no  
 remedy!'  
 Then with a cry so loud it might  
 have reached  
 The heaven of fire, I bounded to  
 my feet,  
 And rushed back to my workmen.  
 They all stood  
 Bewildered and desponding; and  
 I looked  
 Into the furnace, and beheld the  
 mass 530  
 Half molten only, and in my de-  
 spair  
 I fed the fire with oak, whose terri-  
 ble heat  
 Soon made the sluggish metal  
 shine and sparkle.  
 Then followed a bright flash, and  
 an explosion,

As if a thunderbolt had fallen  
among us.  
The covering of the furnace had  
been rent  
Asunder, and the bronze was flow-  
ing over ;  
So that I straightway opened all  
the sluices  
To fill the mould. The metal ran  
like lava,  
Sluggish and heavy ; and I sent  
my workmen 540  
To ransack the whole house, and  
bring together  
My pewter plates and pans, two  
hundred of them,  
And cast them one by one into the  
furnace  
To liquefy the mass, and in a mo-  
ment  
The mould was filled ! I fell upon  
my knees  
And thanked the Lord ; and then  
we ate and drank  
And went to bed, all hearty and  
contented.  
It was two hours before the break  
of day.  
My fever was quite gone.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A strange adventure,  
That could have happened to no  
man alive 550  
But you, my Benvenuto.

BENVENUTO.

As my workmen said  
To major-domo Ricci afterward  
When he inquired of them :  
'T was not a man,  
But an express great devil.'

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And the statue ?

BENVENUTO.

Perfect in every part, save the  
right foot  
Of Perseus, as I had foretold the  
Duke.

There was just bronze enough to  
fill the mould ;  
Not a drop over, not a drop too  
little.  
I looked upon it as a miracle  
Wrought by the hand of God.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now I see  
How you have turned your vices  
into virtues. 561

BENVENUTO.

But wherefore do I prate of this ?  
I came  
To speak of other things. Duke  
Cosimo  
Through me invites you to return  
to Florence,  
And offers you great honors, even  
to make you  
One of the Forty-Eight, his Sena-  
tors.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

His Senators ! That is enough.  
Since Florence  
Was changed by Clement Seventh  
from a Republic  
Into a Dukedom, I no longer wish  
To be a Florentine. That dream  
is ended. 570  
The Grand Duke Cosimo now  
reigns supreme ;  
All liberty is dead. Ah, woe is me !  
I hoped to see my country rise to  
heights  
Of happiness and freedom yet un-  
reached  
By other nations, but the climbing  
wave  
Pauses, lets go its hold, and slides  
again  
Back to the common level, with a  
hoarse  
Death-rattle in its throat. I am  
too old  
To hope for better days. I will  
stay here  
And die in Rome. The very weeds,  
that grow 580



Among the broken fragments of  
her ruins,  
Are sweeter to me than the garden  
flowers  
Of other cities; and the desolate  
ring  
Of the Campagna round about her  
walls  
Fairer than all the villas that en-  
circle  
The towns of Tuscany.

BENVENUTO.

But your old friends!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

All dead by violence. Baccio Va-  
lori  
Has been beheaded; Guicciardini  
poisoned;  
Philippo Strozzi strangled in his  
prison.  
Is Florence then a place for hon-  
est men 590  
To flourish in? What is there to  
prevent  
My sharing the same fate?

BENVENUTO.

Why, this: if all  
Your friends are dead, so are your  
enemies.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Is Aretino dead?

BENVENUTO.

He lives in Venice,  
And not in Florence.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is the same to me.  
This wretched mountebank, whom  
flatterers  
Call the Divine, as if to make the  
word  
Unpleasant in the mouths of those  
who speak it  
And in the ears of those who hear  
it, sends me  
A letter written for the public eye,

And with such subtle and infernal  
malice, 601  
I wonder at his wickedness. 'T is  
he  
Is the express great devil, and not  
you.  
Some years ago he told me how to  
paint  
The scenes of the Last Judgment.

BENVENUTO.

I remember.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, now he writes to me that, as  
a Christian,  
He is ashamed of the unbounded  
freedom  
With which I represent it.

BENVENUTO.

Hypocrite!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

He says I show mankind that I  
am wanting  
In piety and religion, in proportion  
As I profess perfection in my art.  
Profess perfection? Why, 't is  
only men 612  
Like Bugiardini who are satisfied  
With what they do. I never am  
content,  
But always see the labor of my  
hand  
Fall short of my conception.

BENVENUTO.

I perceive  
The malice of this creature. He  
would taint you  
With heresy, and in a time like  
this!  
'T is infamous!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I represent the angels  
Without their heavenly glory, and  
the saints 620  
Without a trace of earthly mod-  
esty.

BENVENUTO.

Incredible audacity!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The heathen

Veiled their Diana with some  
drapery,And when they represented Venus  
nakedThey made her by her modest at-  
titudeAppear half clothed. But I, who  
am a Christian,

Do so subordinate belief to art

That I have made the very viola-  
tionOf modesty in martyrs and in vir-  
ginsA spectacle at which all men  
would gaze 630With half-averted eyes even in a  
brothel.

BENVENUTO.

He is at home there, and he ought  
to knowWhat men avert their eyes from in  
such places;From the Last Judgment chiefly, I  
imagine.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But divine Providence will never  
leaveThe boldness of my marvellous  
work unpunished;And the more marvellous it is, the  
more'T is sure to prove the ruin of my  
fame!And finally, if in this composition  
I had pursued the instructions  
that he gave me 640Concerning heaven and hell and  
paradise,In that same letter, known to all  
the world,Nature would not be forced, as  
she is now,To feel ashamed that she invested  
meWith such great talent; that I  
stand myself

A very idol in the world of art.

He taunts me also with the Mau-  
soleumOf Julius, still unfinished, for the  
reasonThat men persuaded the inane old  
man

It was of evil augury to build

His tomb while he was living; and  
he speaks 651Of heaps of gold this Pope be-  
queathed to me,And calls it robbery; — that is  
what he says.

What prompted such a letter?

BENVENUTO.

Vanity.

He is a clever writer, and he likes  
To draw his pen, and flourish it in  
the faceOf every honest man, as swords-  
men doTheir rapiers on occasion, but to  
showHow skilfully they do it. Had  
you followedThe advice he gave, or even  
thanked him for it, 660You would have seen another style  
of fence.'T is but his wounded vanity, and  
the wishTo see his name in print. So give  
it notA moment's thought; it will soon  
be forgotten.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I will not think of it, but let it  
passFor a rude speech thrown at me  
in the street,

As boys threw stones at Dante.

BENVENUTO.

And what answer

Shall I take back to Grand Duke  
Cosimo?

He does not ask your labor or your  
service ;  
Only your presence in the city of  
Florence, 670  
With such advice upon his work in  
hand  
As he may ask, and you may  
choose to give.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have my answer. Nothing he  
can offer  
Shall tempt me to leave Rome. My  
work is here,  
And only here, the building of St.  
Peter's.  
What other things I hitherto have  
done  
Have fallen from me, are no longer  
mine ;  
I have passed on beyond them, and  
have left them  
As milestones on the way. What  
lies before me,  
That is still mine, and while it is  
unfinished 680  
No one shall draw me from it, or  
persuade me,  
By promises of ease, or wealth,  
or honor,  
Till I behold the finished dome up-  
rise  
Complete, as now I see it in my  
thought.

BENVENUTO.

And will you paint no more ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

No more.

BENVENUTO.

'T is well.

Sculpture is more divine, and more  
like Nature,  
That fashions all her works in  
high relief,  
And that is sculpture. This vast  
ball, the Earth,  
Was moulded out of clay, and  
baked in fire ;

Men, women, and all animals that  
breathe 690  
Are statues and not paintings.  
Even the plants,  
The flowers, the fruits, the  
grasses, were first sculp-  
tured,  
And colored later. Painting is a  
lie,  
A shadow merely.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Truly, as you say,  
Sculpture is more than painting.  
It is greater  
To raise the dead to life than to  
create  
Phantoms that seem to live. The  
most majestic  
Of the three sister arts is that  
which builds ;  
The eldest of them all, to whom  
the others  
Are but the handmaids and the  
servitors, 700  
Being but imitation, not crea-  
tion.  
Henceforth I dedicate myself to  
her.

BENVENUTO.

And no more from the marble hew  
those forms  
That fill us all with wonder ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Many statues  
Will there be room for in my  
work. Their station  
Already, is assigned them in my  
mind.  
But things move slowly. There  
are hindrances,  
Want of material, want of means,  
delays  
And interruptions, endless inter-  
ference  
Of Cardinal Commissioners, and  
disputes 710  
And jealousies of artists, that an-  
noy me.

But I will persevere until the  
work  
Is wholly finished, or till I sink  
down  
Surprised by Death, that unex-  
pected guest,  
Who waits for no man's leisure,  
but steps in,  
Unasked and unannounced, to put  
a stop  
To all our occupations and de-  
signs.  
And then perhaps I may go back  
to Florence;  
This is my answer to Duke Co-  
simo.

## VI

## MICHAEL ANGELO'S STUDIO

MICHAEL ANGELO *and* URBINO.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *pausing in his  
work.*

Urbino, thou and I are both old  
men. 720  
My strength begins to fail me.

URBINO.

Eccellenza,

That is impossible. Do I not see  
you  
Attack the marble blocks with the  
same fury  
As twenty years ago?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is an old, old habit.  
I must have learned it early from  
my nurse  
At Setignano, the stone-mason's  
wife;  
For the first sounds I heard were  
of the chisel  
Chipping away the stone.

URBINO.

At every stroke

You strike fire with your chisel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Aye, because

The marble is too hard.

URBINO.

It is a block

That Topolino sent you from Car-  
rara. 730

He is a judge of marble.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I remember.

With it he sent me something of  
his making, —

A Mercury, with long body and  
short legs,

As if by any possibility

A messenger of the gods could  
have short legs.

It was no more like Mercury than  
you are,

But rather like those little plaster  
figures

That peddlers hawk about the  
villages

As images of saints. But luck-  
ily 740

For Topolino, there are many peo-  
ple

Who see no difference between  
what is best

And what is only good, or not even  
good;

So that poor artists stand in their  
esteem

On the same level with the best,  
or higher.

URBINO.

How Eccellenza laughed!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Poor Topolino!

All men are not born artists, nor  
will labor  
E'er make them artists.

URBINO.

No, no more

Than Emperors, or Popes, or Car-  
dinals.

One must be chosen for it. I have  
 been 750  
 Your color-grinder six and twenty  
 years,  
 And am not yet an artist.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Some have eyes  
 That see not; but in every block  
 of marble  
 I see a statue,—see it as distinctly  
 As if it stood before me shaped  
 and perfect  
 In attitude and action. I have  
 only  
 To hew away the stone walls that  
 imprison  
 The lovely apparition, and reveal  
 it  
 To other eyes as mine already see  
 it.  
 But I grow old and weak. What  
 wilt thou do 760  
 When I am dead, Urbino?

URBINO.

Eccellenza,  
 I must then serve another master.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Never!  
 Bitter is servitude at best. Already  
 ready  
 So many years hast thou been  
 serving me;  
 But rather as a friend than as a  
 servant.  
 We have grown old together.  
 Dost thou think  
 So meanly of this Michael Angelo  
 lo  
 As to imagine he would let thee  
 serve,  
 When he is free from service?  
 Take this purse,  
 Two thousand crowns in gold.

URBINO.

Two thousand crowns!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ay, it will make thee rich. Thou  
 shalt not die 771  
 A beggar in a hospital.

URBINO.

Oh, Master!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I cannot have them with me on  
 the journey  
 That I am undertaking. The last  
 garment  
 That men will make for me will  
 have no pockets.

URBINO, *kissing the hand of*  
 MICHAEL ANGELO.

My generous master!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Hush!

URBINO.

My Providence!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not a word more. Go now to bed,  
 old man.  
 Thou hast served Michael Angelo.  
 Remember,  
 Henceforward thou shalt serve no  
 other master.

## VII

### THE OAKS OF MONTE LUCA

MICHAEL ANGELO, *alone in the*  
*woods.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How still it is among these an-  
 cient oaks! 780  
 Surges and undulations of the air  
 Uplift the leafy boughs, and let  
 them fall  
 With scarce a sound. Such sylvan  
 quietudes



Become old age. These huge centennial oaks,  
 That may have heard in infancy the trumpets  
 Of Barbarossa's cavalry, deride Man's brief existence, that with all his strength  
 He cannot stretch beyond the hundredth year.  
 This little acorn, turbaned like the Turk,  
 Which with my foot I spurn, may be an oak 790  
 Hereafter, feeding with its bitter mast  
 The fierce wild-boar, and tossing in its arms  
 The cradled nests of birds, when all the men  
 That now inhabit this vast universe,  
 They and their children, and their children's children,  
 Shall be but dust and mould, and nothing more.  
 Through openings in the trees I see below me  
 The valley of Clitumnus, with its farms  
 And snow-white oxen grazing in the shade  
 Of the tall poplars on the river's brink. 800  
 O Nature, gentle mother, tender nurse!  
 I, who have never loved thee as I ought,  
 But wasted all my years immured in cities,  
 And breathed the stifling atmosphere of streets,  
 Now come to thee for refuge. Here is peace.  
 Yonder I see the little hermitages  
 Dotting the mountain side with points of light,  
 And here St. Julian's convent, like a nest  
 Of curlews, clinging to some windy cliff.  
 Beyond the broad, illimitable plain

Down sinks the sun, red as Apollo's quoit, 811  
 That, by the envious Zephyr blown aside,  
 Struck Hyacinthus dead, and stained the earth  
 With his young blood, that blossomed into flowers.  
 And now, instead of these fair deities,  
 Dread demons haunt the earth; hermits inhabit  
 The leafy homes of sylvan Hamadryads;  
 And jovial friars, rotund and rubicund,  
 Replace the old Silenus with his ass.  
 Here underneath these venerable oaks, 820  
 Wrinkled and brown and gnarled like them with age,  
 A brother of the monastery sits, Lost in his meditations. What may be  
 The questions that perplex, the hopes that cheer him?—  
 Good-evening, holy father.

MONK.

God be with you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Pardon a stranger if he interrupt  
 Your meditations.

MONK.

It was but a dream. —  
 The old, old dream, that never will come true;  
 The dream that all my life I have been dreaming,  
 And yet is still a dream.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

All men have dreams.  
 I have had mine; but none of them came true; 831  
 They were but vanity. Sometimes I think

The happiness of man lies in pursuing,  
 Not in possessing; for the things possessed  
 Lose half their value. Tell me of  
 your dream.

MUNK.

The yearning of my heart, my sole desire,  
 That like the sheaf of Joseph stands upright,  
 While all the others bend and bow to it;  
 The passion that torments me, and that breathes  
 New meaning into the dead forms of prayer, <sup>840</sup>  
 Is that with mortal eyes I may behold  
 The Eternal City.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rome?

MUNK.

There is but one;  
 The rest are merely names. I think of it  
 As the Celestial City, paved with gold,  
 And sentinelled with angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Would it were.  
 I have just fled from it. It is beleaguered  
 By Spanish troops, led by the Duke of Alva.

MUNK.

But still for me 't is the Celestial City,  
 And I would see it once before I die.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Each one must bear his cross.

MUNK.

Were it a cross

That had been laid upon me, I could bear it, <sup>851</sup>  
 Or fall with it. It is a crucifix;  
 I am nailed hand and foot, and I am dying!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What would you see in Rome?

MUNK.

His Holiness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Him that was once the Cardinal Caraffa?  
 You would but see a man of four-score years,  
 With sunken eyes, burning like carbuncles,  
 Who sits at table with his friends for hours,  
 Cursing the Spaniards as a race of Jews  
 And miscreant Moors. And with what soldiery <sup>860</sup>  
 Think you he now defends the Eternal City?

MUNK.

With legions of bright angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So he calls them;  
 And yet in fact these bright angelic legions  
 Are only German Lutherans.

MUNK, *crossing himself*.

Heaven protect us!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What further would you see?

MUNK.

The Cardinals,  
 Going in their gilt coaches to High Mass.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Men do not go to Paradise in coaches.

MONK.

The catacombs, the convents, and  
the churches ;  
The ceremonies of the Holy Week  
In all their pomp, or, at the  
Epiphany, 870  
The feast of the Santissimo Bam-  
bino  
At Ara Coeli. But I shall not see  
them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

These pompous ceremonies of the  
Church  
Are but an empty show to him who  
knows  
The actors in them. Stay here in  
your convent,  
For he who goes to Rome may see  
too much.  
What would you further ?

MONK.

I would see the painting  
Of the Last Judgment in the Sis-  
tine Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The smoke of incense and of altar  
candles  
Has blackened it already.

MONK.

Woe is me !

Then I would hear Allegrì's Mis-  
erere, 880  
Sung by the Papal choir.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A dismal dirge !

I am an old, old man, and I have  
lived  
In Rome for thirty years and more,  
and know  
The jarring of the wheels of that  
great world,  
Its jealousies, its discords, and its  
strife.  
Therefore I say to you, remain  
content  
Here in your convent, here among  
your woods,

Where only there is peace. Go not  
to Rome.

There was of old a monk of Wit-  
tenberg

Who went to Rome ; you may have  
heard of him ; 890

His name was Luther ; and you  
know what followed.

[*The convent bell rings.*

MONK, *rising*.

It is the convent bell ; it rings for  
vespers.

Let us go in ; we both will pray  
for peace.

## VIII

## THE DEAD CHRIST

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Studio*.  
MICHAEL ANGELO *with a light*,  
*working upon the Dead Christ*.  
*Midnight.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O Death, why is it I cannot por-  
tray

Thy form and features ? Do I  
stand too near thee ?

Or dost thou hold my hand, and  
draw me back,

As being thy disciple, not thy  
master ?

Let him who knows not what old  
age is like

Have patience till it comes, and  
he will know.

I once had skill to fashion Life and  
Death 900

And Sleep, which is the counter-  
feit of Death ;

And I remember what Giovanni  
Strozzi

Wrote underneath my statue of  
the Night

In San Lorenzo, ah, so long ago !  
Grateful to me is sleep ! More  
grateful now

Than it was then ; for all my friends  
are dead ;

And she is dead, the noblest of them all.

I saw her face, when the great sculptor Death,

Whom men should call Divine, had at a blow

Stricken her into marble; and I kissed 910

Her cold white hand. What was it held me back

From kissing her fair forehead, and those lips,

Those dead, dumb lips? Grateful to me is sleep!

*Enter* GIORGIO VASARI.

GIORGIO.

Good-evening, or good-morning, for I know not

Which of the two it is.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How came you in?

GIORGIO.

Why, by the door, as all men do.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ascanio  
Must have forgotten to bolt it.

GIORGIO.

Probably.

Am I a spirit, or so like a spirit, That I could slip through bolted door or window?

As I was passing down the street, I saw 920

A glimmer of light, and heard the well-known chink

Of chisel upon marble. So I entered,

To see what keeps you from your bed so late.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *coming forward with the lamp.*

You have been revelling with your boon companions,

Giorgio Vasari, and you come to me At an untimely hour.

GIORGIO.

The Pope hath sent me. His Holiness desires to see again The drawing you once showed him of the dome  
Of the Basilica.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

We will look for it.

GIORGIO.

What is the marble group that glimmers there 930  
Behind you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nothing, and yet everything, — As one may take it. It is my own tomb  
That I am building.

GIORGIO.

Do not hide it from me. By our long friendship and the love I bear you,  
Refuse me not!

MICHAEL ANGELO, *letting fall the lamp.*

Life hath become to me An empty theatre, — its lights extinguished,

The music silent, and the actors gone;

And I alone sit musing on the scenes

That once have been. I am so old that Death

Oft plucks me by the cloak, to come with him; 940

And some day, like this lamp, shall I fall down,

And my last spark of life will be extinguished.

Ah me! ah me! what darkness of despair!

So near to death, and yet so far from God.

# TRANSLATIONS

## PRELUDE

*As treasures that men seek,  
Deep buried in sea-sands,  
Vanish if they but speak,  
And elude their eager hands,—*

*So ye escape and slip,  
O songs, and fade away,  
When the word is on my lip  
To interpret what ye say.*

*Were it not better, then,  
To let the treasures rest  
Hid from the eyes of men  
Locked in their iron chest?*

*I have but marked the place,  
But half the secret told,  
That, following this slight trace,  
Others may find the gold.*

## FROM THE SPANISH

### COPLAS DE MANRIQUE

OH let the soul her slumbers  
break,  
Let thought be quickened, and  
awake;  
Awake to see  
How soon this life is past and  
gone,  
And death comes softly stealing  
on,  
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,  
Our hearts recall the distant day  
With many sighs;  
The moments that are speeding  
fast 10  
We heed not, but the past,—the  
past,  
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present  
keeps,  
Onward the constant current  
sweeps,  
Till life is done;  
And, did we judge of time aright,  
The past and future in their flight  
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,  
That Hope and all her shadowy  
train 20  
Will not decay;  
Fleeting as were the dreams of  
old,  
Remembered like a tale that's  
told,  
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free  
To that unfathomed, boundless  
sea,  
The silent grave!  
Thither all earthly pomp and  
boast  
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost  
In one dark wave. 30

Thither the mighty torrents stray,  
Thither the brook pursues its way,  
And tinkling rill.  
There all are equal; side by side  
The poor man and the son of pride  
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng  
Of orators and sons of song,  
The deathless few;  
Fiction entices and deceives, 40  
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant  
leaves,  
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,  
The Eternal Truth, the Good and  
Wise,



To Him I cry,  
Who shared on earth our common  
lot,  
But the world comprehended not  
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road  
Which leads us to the bright  
abode 50

Of peace above;  
So let us choose that narrow way,  
Which leads no traveller's foot  
astray

From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,  
Life is the running of the race,  
We reach the goal  
When, in the mansions of the blest,  
Death leaves to its eternal rest  
The weary soul. 60

Did we but use it as we ought,  
This world would school each wan-  
dering thought  
To its high state.  
Faith wings the soul beyond the  
sky,  
Up to that better world on high,  
For which we wait.

Yes, the glad messenger of love,  
To guide us to our home above,  
The Saviour came ;  
Born amid mortal cares and fears,  
He suffered in this vale of tears 71  
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth  
The bubbles we pursue on earth,  
The shapes we chase  
Amid a world of treachery!  
They vanish ere death shuts the  
eye,  
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, chances  
 strange,  
 Disastrous accident, and change,  
 That comes to all; 81  
 Even in the most exalted state,

Relentless sweeps the stroke of  
fate;  
The strongest fall.

Tell me, the charms that lovers  
seek

In the clear eye and blushing  
cheek.

The hues that play  
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,  
When hoary age approaches slow,  
Ah, where are they? go

The cunning skill, the curious arts,  
The glorious strength that youth  
imparts

In life's first stage ;  
These shall become a heavy  
weight.

When Time swings wide his out-  
ward gate

To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,  
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,  
In long array ;  
How, in the onward course of  
time.

The landmarks of that race sublime

Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,  
Prostrate and trampled in the  
dust.

Shall rise no more ;  
Others, by guilt and crime, main-  
tain

The scutcheon, that, without a stain.

Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of  
pride.

With what untimely speed they  
glide,

How soon depart!

Bid not the shadowy phantoms  
stay.

The vassals of a mistress they,  
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are  
found ;

Her swift revolving wheel turns  
round,

And they are gone !

No rest the inconstant goddess  
knows,

But changing, and without repose,  
Still hurries on. 120

Even could the hand of avarice  
save

Its gilded baubles, till the grave  
Reclaimed its prey,

Let none on such poor hopes rely ;  
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,  
And where are they ?

Earthly desires and sensual lust  
Are passions springing from the  
dust,

They fade and die ;

But, in the life beyond the tomb,  
They seal the immortal spirit's  
doom 131

Eternally !

The pleasures and delights, which  
mask

In treacherous smiles life's serious  
task,

What are they all

But the fleet coursers of the chase,  
And death an ambush in the race,  
Wherein we fall ?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we  
heed,

Brook no delay, but onward speed  
With loosened rein ; 141

And, when the fatal snare is near,  
We strive to check our mad ca-  
reer,

But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age im-  
part,

And fashion with a cunning art

The human face,

As we can clothe the soul with  
light,

And make the glorious spirit  
bright

With heavenly grace, 150

How busily each passing hour  
Should we exert that magic  
power !

What ardor show,

To deck the sensual slave of sin,  
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,  
In weeds of woe !

Monarchs, the powerful and the  
strong,

Famous in history and in song

Of olden time,

Saw, by the stern decrees of  
fate, 160

Their kingdoms lost, and desolate  
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion ? who the  
strong ?

Pontiff and priest, and sceptred  
throng ?

On these shall fall

As heavily the hand of Death,

As when it stays the shepherd's  
breath

Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,

Neither its glory nor its shame 170  
Has met our eyes ; \*

Nor of Rome's great and glorious  
dead,

Though we have heard so oft, and  
read,

Their histories.

Little avails it now to know

Of ages passed so long ago,

Nor how they rolled ;

Our theme shall be of yesterday,

Which to oblivion sweeps away,

Like days of old. 180

Where is the King, Don Juan ?  
Where

Each royal prince and noble heir  
Of Aragon ?

Where are the courtly gallantries?  
The deeds of love and high em-  
prise,  
In battle done?

Tourney and joust, that charmed  
the eye,  
And scarf, and gorgeous pano-  
ply,  
And nodding plume,  
What were they but a pageant  
scene? 190  
What but the garlands, gay and  
green,  
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames,  
and where  
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,  
And odors sweet?  
Where are the gentle knights, that  
came  
To kneel, and breathe love's ar-  
dent flame,  
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Trouba-  
dour?  
Where are the lute and gay tam-  
bour 200  
They loved of yore?  
Where is the mazy dance of old,  
The flowing robes, inwrought with  
gold,  
The dancers wore?

And he who next the sceptre  
swayed,  
Henry, whose royal court dis-  
played  
Such power and pride;  
Oh, in what winning smiles ar-  
rayed,  
The world its various pleasures  
laid  
His throne beside! 210

But oh, how false and full of guile  
That world, which wore so soft a  
smile  
But to betray!

She, that had been his friend be-  
fore,  
Now from the fated monarch tore  
Her charms away.

The countless gifts, the stately  
walls,  
The royal palaces, and halls,  
All filled with gold;  
Plate with armorial bearings  
wrought, 220  
Chambers with ample treasures  
fraught  
Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness  
bright,  
And gallant lord, and stalwart  
knight,  
In rich array,  
Where shall we seek them now?  
Alas!  
Like the bright dewdrops on the  
grass,  
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious  
zeal  
Usurped the sceptre of Castile, 230  
Unskilled to reign;  
What a gay, brilliant court had  
he,  
When all the flower of chivalry  
Was in his train!

But he was mortal; and the breath  
That flamed from the hot forge of  
Death  
Blasted his years;  
Judgment of God! that flame by  
thee,  
When raging fierce and fearfully,  
Was quenched in tears! 240

Spain's haughty Constable, the true  
And gallant Master, whom we  
knew

Most loved of all;  
Breathe not a whisper of his pride,  
He on the gloomy scaffold died,  
Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his  
care,  
His villages and villas fair,  
His mighty power,  
What were they all but grief and  
shame, 250  
Tears and a broken heart, when  
came  
The parting hour?

His other brothers, proud and high,  
Masters, who, in prosperity,  
Might rival kings;  
Who made the bravest and the  
best  
The bondsmen of their high be-  
hest,  
Their underlings;

What was their prosperous es-  
tate,  
When high exalted and elate 260  
With power and pride?  
What, but a transient gleam of  
light,  
A flame, which, glaring at its  
height,  
Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name,  
Marquis and count of spotless  
fame,  
And baron brave,  
That might the sword of empire  
wield,  
All these, O Death, hast thou con-  
cealed  
In the dark grave! 270

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,  
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,  
When thou dost show,  
O Death, thy stern and angry face,  
One stroke of thy all-powerful  
mace  
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten  
nigh,  
Pennon and standard flaunting  
high,

And flag displayed;  
High battlements intrenched  
around, 280  
Bastion, and moated wall, and  
mound,  
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and  
deep,  
All these cannot one victim keep,  
O Death, from thee,  
When thou dost battle in thy  
wrath,  
And thy strong shafts pursue their  
path  
Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we  
live,  
Would that the life which thou  
dost give 290  
Were life indeed!  
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,  
Our happiest hour is when at  
last  
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with  
grief,  
And sorrows neither few nor brief  
Veil all in gloom;  
Left desolate of real good,  
Within this cheerless solitude  
No pleasures bloom. 300

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,  
And ends in bitter doubts and  
fears,  
Or dark despair;  
Midway so many toils appear,  
That he who lingers longest here  
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many  
a groan,  
By the hot sweat of toil alone,  
And weary hearts;  
Fleet-footed is the approach of  
woe, 310  
But with a lingering step and slow  
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and  
 shade,  
 To whom all hearts their homage  
 paid,  
 As Virtue's son,  
 Roderic Manrique, he whose name  
 Is written on the scroll of Fame,  
 Spain's champion ;

His signal deeds and prowess high  
 Demand no pompous eulogy, 320  
 Ye saw his deeds !

Why should their praise in verse  
 be sung ?

The name, that dwells on every  
 tongue,  
 No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend ; how kind to  
 all

The vassals of this ancient hall  
 And feudal fief !

To foes how stern a foe was  
 he !

And to the valiant and the free  
 How brave a chief ! 330

What prudence with the old and  
 wise :

What grace in youthful gayeties ;  
 In all how sage !

Benignant to the serf and slave,  
 He showed the base and falsely  
 brave

A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous  
 star,

The rush of Cæsar's conquering  
 car

At battle's call ;

His, Scipio's virtue ; his, the skill  
 And the indomitable will 341  
 Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, his  
 A Titus' noble charities  
 And righteous laws ;  
 The arm of Hector, and the might  
 Of Tully, to maintain the right  
 In truth's just cause ;

The clemency of Antonine,  
 Aurelius' countenance divine, 350  
 Firm, gentle, still ;  
 The eloquence of Adrian,  
 And Theodosius' love to man,  
 And generous will ;

In tented field and bloody fray,  
 An Alexander's vigorous sway  
 And stern command ;  
 The faith of Constantine ; ay, more,  
 The fervent love Camillus bore  
 His native land. 360

He left no well-filled treasury,  
 He heaped no pile of riches high,  
 Nor massive plate ;  
 He fought the Moors, and, in their  
 fall,  
 City and tower and castled wall  
 Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-  
 ground,  
 Brave steeds and gallant riders  
 found

A common grave ;  
 And there the warrior's hand did  
 gain 370

The rents, and the long vassal  
 train,  
 That conquest gave.

And if of old his halls displayed  
 The honored and exalted grade  
 His worth had gained,  
 So, in the dark, disastrous hour,  
 Brothers and bondsmen of his  
 power  
 His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left un-  
 told,

In the stern warfare which of  
 old 380

'T was his to share,  
 Such noble leagues he made that  
 more

And fairer regions than before  
 His guerdon were.



These are the records, half effaced,  
Which, with the hand of youth, he  
traced

On history's page ;  
But with fresh victories he drew  
Each fading character anew  
In his old age. 390

By his unrivalled skill, by great  
And veteran service to the state,  
By worth adored,  
He stood, in his high dignity,  
The proudest knight of chivalry,  
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains  
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains  
And cruel power ;  
But, by fierce battle and block-  
ade, 400  
Soon his own banner was dis-  
played  
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,  
His monarch and his native land  
Were nobly served ;  
Let Portugal repeat the story,  
And proud Castile, who shared the  
glory  
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,  
His life upon the fatal throw 410  
Had been cast down ;  
When he had served, with patriot  
zeal,  
Beneath the banner of Castile,  
His sovereign's crown ;

And done such deeds of valor  
strong,  
That neither history nor song  
Can count them all ;  
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,  
Death at his portal came to knock,  
With sudden call, 420

Saying, ' Good Cavalier, prepare  
To leave this world of toil and  
care

With joyful mien ;  
Let thy strong heart of steel this  
day

Put on its armor for the fray,  
The closing scene.

' Since thou hast been, in battle-  
strife,  
So prodigal of health and life,  
For earthly fame,  
Let virtue nerve thy heart  
again ; 430  
Loud on the last stern battle-  
plain  
They call thy name.

' Think not the struggle that draws  
near  
Too terrible for man, nor fear  
To meet the foe ;  
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,  
Its life of glorious fame to leave  
On earth below.

' A life of honor and of worth  
Has no eternity on earth, 440  
'T is but a name ;  
And yet its glory far exceeds  
That base and sensual life, which  
leads  
To want and shame.

' The eternal life, beyond the sky,  
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the  
high  
And proud estate ;  
The soul in dalliance laid, the  
spirit  
Corrupt with sin, shall not inherit  
A joy so great. 450

' But the good monk, in cloistered  
cell,  
Shall gain it by his book and  
bell,  
His prayers and tears ;  
And the brave knight, whose arm  
endures  
Fierce battle, and against the  
Moors  
His standard rears.

' And thou, brave knight, whose  
 hand has poured  
 The life-blood of the Pagan horde  
 O'er all the land,  
 In heaven shalt thou receive, at  
 length, 460  
 The guerdon of thine earthly  
 strength  
 And dauntless hand.

' Cheered onward by this promise  
 sure,  
 Strong in the faith entire and pure  
 Thou dost profess,  
 Depart, thy hope is certainty,  
 The third, the better life on high  
 Shalt thou possess.'

' O Death, no more, no more delay;  
 My spirit longs to flee away, 470  
 And be at rest;  
 The will of Heaven my will shall be,  
 I bow to the divine decree,  
 To God's behest.

' My soul is ready to depart,  
 No thought rebels, the obedient  
 heart  
 Breathes forth no sigh;  
 The wish on earth to linger still  
 Were vain, when't is God's sov-  
 ereign will  
 That we shall die. 480

' O thou, that for our sins didst take  
 A human form, and humbly make  
 Thy home on earth;  
 Thou, that to thy divinity  
 A human nature didst ally  
 By mortal birth,

' And in that form didst suffer here  
 Torment, and agony, and fear,  
 So patiently;  
 By thy redeeming grace alone, 490  
 And not for merits of my own,  
 Oh, pardon me !'

As thus the dying warrior prayed,  
 Without one gathering mist or  
 shade

Upon his mind;  
 Encircled by his family,  
 Watched by affection's gentle eye  
 So soft and kind;

His soul to Him who gave it rose;  
 God lead it to its long repose, 500  
 Its glorious rest!  
 And, though the warrior's sun has  
 set,  
 Its light shall linger round us yet,  
 Bright, radiant, blest.

## SONNETS

### I

#### THE GOOD SHEPHERD

(EL BUEN PASTOR.)

BY LOPE DE VEGA

SHEPHERD ! who with thine amo-  
 rous, sylvan song  
 Hast broken the slumber that  
 encompassed me,  
 Who mad'st thy crook from the  
 accursed tree,  
 On which thy powerful arms  
 were stretched so long!  
 Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing  
 fountains;  
 For thou my shepherd, guard,  
 and guide shalt be;  
 I will obey thy voice, and wait  
 to see  
 Thy feet all beautiful upon the  
 mountains.  
 Hear, Shepherd ! thou who for thy  
 flock art dying,  
 Oh, wash away these scarlet  
 sins, for thou  
 Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's  
 vow.  
 Oh, wait ! to thee my weary soul  
 is crying,  
 Wait for me ! Yet why ask it,  
 when I see,  
 With feet nailed to the cross,  
 thou 'rt waiting still for me !

## II

## TO-MORROW

(MAÑANA.)

BY LOPE DE VEGA

LORD, what am I, that, with un-  
 ceasing care,  
 Thou didst seek after me, that  
 thou didst wait,  
 Wet with unhealthy dews, be-  
 fore my gate,  
 And pass the gloomy nights of  
 winter there?  
 Oh, strange delusion, that I did  
 not greet  
 Thy blest approach! and oh, to  
 Heaven how lost,  
 If my ingratitude's unkindly  
 frost  
 Has chilled the bleeding wounds  
 upon thy feet!  
 How oft my guardian angel gently  
 cried,  
 'Soul, from thy casement look,  
 and thou shalt see  
 How he persists to knock and  
 wait for thee!'  
 And, oh! how often to that voice  
 of sorrow,  
 'To-morrow we will open,' I re-  
 plied,  
 And when the morrow came  
 I answered still, 'To-mor-  
 row.'

## III

## THE NATIVE LAND

(EL PATRIO CIELO.)

BY FRANCISCO DE ALDANA

CLEAR fount of light! my native  
 land on high,  
 Bright with a glory that shall  
 never fade!

Mansion of truth! without a veil  
 or shade,  
 Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's  
 eye.  
 There dwells the soul in its ethe-  
 real essence,  
 Gasping no longer for life's fee-  
 ble breath;  
 But, sentinelled in heaven, its  
 glorious presence  
 With pitying eye beholds, yet  
 fears not, death.  
 Beloved country! banished from  
 thy shore,  
 A stranger in this prison-house  
 of clay,  
 The exiled spirit weeps and  
 sighs for thee!  
 Heavenward the bright perfec-  
 tions I adore  
 Direct, and the sure promise  
 cheers the way,  
 That, whither love aspires, there  
 shall my dwelling be.

## IV

## THE IMAGE OF GOD

(LA IMÁGEN DE DIOS.)

BY FRANCISCO DE ALDANA

O LORD! who seest, from yon  
 starry height,  
 Centred in one the future and  
 the past,  
 Fashioned in thine own image,  
 see how fast  
 The world obscures in me what  
 once was bright!  
 Eternal Sun! the warmth which  
 thou hast given,  
 To cheer life's flowery April, fast  
 decays;  
 Yet, in the hoary winter of my  
 days,  
 Forever green shall be my trust  
 in Heaven.

Celestial King! oh let thy presence  
 pass  
 Before my spirit, and an image  
 fair  
 Shall meet that look of mercy  
 from on high,  
 As the reflected image in a glass  
 Doth meet the look of him who  
 seeks it there,  
 And owes its being to the gazer's  
 eye.

## V

## THE BROOK

(Á UN ARROYUELO.)

ANONYMOUS

LAUGH of the mountain! — lyre of  
 bird and tree!  
 Pomp of the meadow! mirror of  
 the morn!  
 The soul of April, unto whom  
 are born  
 The rose and jessamine, leaps  
 wild in thee!  
 Although, where'er thy devious  
 current strays,  
 The lap of earth with gold and  
 silver teems,  
 To me thy clear proceeding  
 brighter seems  
 Than golden sands, that charm  
 each shepherd's gaze.  
 How without guile thy bosom, all  
 transparent  
 As the pure crystal, lets the cu-  
 rious eye  
 Thy secrets scan, thy smooth,  
 round pebbles count!  
 How, without malice murmuring,  
 glides thy current!  
 O sweet simplicity of days gone  
 by!  
 Thou shun'st the haunts of man,  
 to dwell in limpid fount!

ANCIENT SPANISH BAL-  
LADS

## I

RIO VERDE, Rio Verde!  
 Many a corpse is bathed in thee,  
 Both of Moors and eke of Chris-  
 tians,  
 Slain with swords most cruelly.

And thy pure and crystal waters  
 Dappled are with crimson gore;  
 For between the Moors and Chris-  
 tians  
 Long has been the fight and  
 sore.

Dukes and counts fell bleeding  
 near thee,  
 Lords of high renown were slain,  
 Perished many a brave hidalgo  
 Of the noblemen of Spain.

## II

'King Alfonso the Eighth, having ex-  
 hausted his treasury in war, wishes to  
 lay a tax of five farthings upon each  
 of the Castilian hidalgos, in order to  
 defray the expenses of a journey from  
 Burgos to Cuenca. This proposition of  
 the king was met with disdain by the  
 noblemen who had been assembled on  
 the occasion.'

DON NUNO, Count of Lara,  
 In anger and in pride,  
 Forgot all reverence for the king,  
 And thus in wrath replied:

'Our noble ancestors,' quoth he,  
 'Ne'er such a tribute paid;  
 Nor shall the king receive of us  
 What they have once gainsaid

'The base-born soul who deems it  
 just  
 May here with thee remain;  
 But follow me, ye cavaliers,  
 Ye noblemen of Spain.'

Forth followed they the noble  
Count,  
They marched to Glera's plain;  
Out of three thousand gallant  
knights  
Did only three remain.

They tied the tribute to their  
spears,  
They raised it in the air,  
And they sent to tell their lord  
the king  
That his tax was ready there.

'He may send and take by force,'  
said they,  
'This paltry sum of gold;  
But the goodly gift of liberty  
Cannot be bought and sold.'

III

'One of the finest of the historic ballads is that which describes Bernardo's march to Roncesvalles. He sallies forth "with three thousand Leonese and more," to protect the glory and freedom of his native land. From all sides, the peasantry of the land flock to the hero's standard.'

THE peasant leaves his plough  
afield,  
The reaper leaves his hook,  
And from his hand the shepherd-  
boy  
Lets fall the pastoral crook.

The young set up a shout of joy,  
The old forget their years,  
The feeble man grows stout of  
heart,  
No more the craven fears.

All rush to Bernard's standard,  
And on liberty they call;  
They cannot brook to wear the  
yoke,  
When threatened by the Gaul.

'Free were we born,' 't is thus they  
cry,  
'And willingly pay we  
The duty that we owe our king,  
By the divine decree.

'But God forbid that we obey  
The laws of foreign knaves,  
Tarnish the glory of our sires,  
And make our children slaves.

'Our hearts have not so craven  
grown,  
So bloodless all our veins,  
So vigorless our brawny arms,  
As to submit to chains.

'Has the audacious Frank, for-  
sooth,  
Subdued these seas and lands?  
Shall he a bloodless victory have?  
No, not while we have hands.

'He shall learn that the gallant  
Leonese  
Can bravely fight and fall,  
But that they know not how to  
yield;  
They are Castilians all.

'Was it for this the Roman pow-  
er  
Of old was made to yield  
Unto Numantia's valiant hosts  
On many a bloody field?

'Shall the bold lions that have  
bathed  
Their paws in Libyan gore,  
Crouch basely to a feebler foe,  
And dare the strife no more?

'Let the false king sell town and  
tower,  
But not his vassals free;  
For to subdue the free-born soul  
No royal power hath he!'



## VIDA DE SAN MILLAN

BY GONZALO DE BERCIO

AND when the kings were in the field, — their squadrons in array, —  
 With lance in rest they onward pressed to mingle in the fray;  
 But soon upon the Christians fell a terror of their foes, —  
 These were a numerous army, — a little handful those.

And while the Christian people stood in this uncertainty,  
 Upward to heaven they turned their eyes, and fixed their thoughts on  
 high;

And there two figures they beheld, all beautiful and bright,  
 Even than the pure new-fallen snow their garments were more white.

They rode upon two horses more white than crystal sheen,  
 And arms they bore such as before no mortal man had seen;  
 The one, he held a crosier, — a pontiff's mitre wore;  
 The other held a crucifix, — such man ne'er saw before.

Their faces were angelical, celestial forms had they, —  
 And downward through the fields of air they urged their rapid way;  
 They looked upon the Moorish host with fierce and angry look,  
 And in their hands, with dire portent, their naked sabres shook.

The Christian host, beholding this, straightway take heart again;  
 They fall upon their bended knees, all resting on the plain,  
 And each one with his clenched fist to smite his breast begins,  
 And promises to God on high he will forsake his sins.

And when the heavenly knights drew near unto the battle-ground,  
 They dashed among the Moors and dealt unerring blows around;  
 Such deadly havoc there they made the foremost ranks along,  
 A panic terror spread unto the hindmost of the throng.

Together with these two good knights, the champions of the sky,  
 The Christians rallied and began to smite full sore and high;  
 The Moors raised up their voices and by the Koran swore  
 That in their lives such deadly fray they ne'er had seen before.

Down went the misbelievers, — fast sped the bloody fight, —  
 Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and some half dead with fright:  
 Full sorely they repented that to the field they came,  
 For they saw that from the battle they should retreat with shame.

Another thing befell them, — they dreamed not of such woes, —  
 The very arrows that the Moors shot from their twanging bows  
 Turned back against them in their flight and wounded them full sore,  
 And every blow they dealt the foe was paid in drops of gore.

. . . . .

Now he that bore the crosier, and the papal crown had on,  
 Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of Saint John;  
 And he that held the crucifix, and wore the monkish hood,  
 Was the holy San Millan of Cogolla's neighborhood.

## SAN MIGUEL, THE CONVENT

(SAN MIGUEL DE LA TUMBA)

BY GONZALO DE BERCEO

SAN MIGUEL DE LA TUMBA is a convent vast and wide;  
 The sea encircles it around, and groans on every side:  
 It is a wild and dangerous place, and many woes betide  
 The monks who in that burial-place in penitence abide.

Within those dark monastic walls, amid the ocean flood,  
 Of pious, fasting monks there dwelt a holy brotherhood;  
 To the Madonna's glory there an altar high was placed,  
 And a rich and costly image the sacred altar graced.

Exalted high upon a throne, the Virgin Mother smiled,  
 And, as the custom is, she held within her arms the Child;  
 The kings and wise men of the East were kneeling by her side;  
 Attended was she like a queen whom God had sanctified.

Descending low before her face a screen of feathers hung, —  
 A *moscader*, or fan for flies, 't is called in vulgar tongue;  
 From the feathers of the peacock's wing 't was fashioned bright and  
 fair,  
 And glistened like the heaven above when all its stars are there.

It chanced that, for the people's sins, fell the lightning's blasting  
 stroke:  
 Forth from all four the sacred walls the flames consuming broke;  
 The sacred robes were all consumed, missal and holy book;  
 And hardly with their lives the monks their crumbling walls forsook.

But though the desolating flame raged fearfully and wild,  
 It did not reach the Virgin Queen, it did not reach the Child;  
 It did not reach the feathery screen before her face that shone,  
 Nor injure in a farthing's worth the image or the throne.

The image it did not consume, it did not burn the screen;  
 Even in the value of a hair they were not hurt, I ween;  
 Not even the smoke did reach them, nor injure more the shrine  
 Than the bishop hight Don Tello has been hurt by hand of mine.

## SONG

SHE is a maid of artless grace,  
Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,  
That sailest on the sea,  
If ship, or sail, or evening star  
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier,  
Whose shining arms I see,  
If steel, or sword, or battle-field  
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou swain, that guard'st  
thy flock  
Beneath the shadowy tree,  
If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge  
Be half so fair as she!

SANTA TERESA'S BOOK-  
MARK

(LETRILLA QUE LLEVABA POR REGISTRO  
EN SU BREVIARIO)

BY SANTA TERESA DE AVILA

LET nothing disturb thee,  
Nothing affright thee;  
All things are passing;  
God never changeth:  
Patient endurance  
Attaineth to all things;  
Who God possesseth  
In nothing is wanting;  
Alone God sufficeth.

## FROM THE CANCIONEROS

## I

EYES SO TRISTFUL, EYES SO  
TRISTFUL

(OJOS TRISTES, OJOS TRISTES)

BY DIEGO DE SALDAÑA

EYES so tristful, eyes so tristful,  
Heart so full of care and cumber,

I was lapped in rest and slumber,  
Ye have made me wakeful, wistful!  
In this life of labor endless  
Who shall comfort my distresses?  
Querulous my soul and friendless  
In its sorrow shuns caresses.  
Ye have made me, ye have made  
me

Querulous of you, that care not,  
Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not  
Say to what ye have betrayed me.

## II

## SOME DAY, SOME DAY

(ALGUNA VEZ)

BY CRISTÓBAL DE GASTILLEJO

SOME day, some day,  
O troubled breast,  
Shalt thou find rest.  
If Love in thee  
To grief give birth,  
Six feet of earth  
Can more than he;  
There calm and free  
And unoppressed  
Shalt thou find rest.

The unattained  
In life at last,  
When life is passed,  
Shall all be gained;  
And no more pained,  
No more distressed,  
Shalt thou find rest.

## III

COME, O DEATH, SO SILENT  
FLYING

(VEN, MUERTE TAN ESCONDIDA)

BY EL COMMENDADOR ESCRIBA

COME, O Death, so silent flying  
That unheard thy coming be,  
Lest the sweet delight of dying  
Bring life back again to me.  
For thy sure approach perceiving,

In my constancy and pain  
 I new life should win again,  
 Thinking that I am not living.  
 So to me, unconscious lying,  
 All unknown thy coming be,  
 Lest the sweet delight of dying  
 Bring life back again to me.  
 Unto him who finds thee hateful,  
 Death, thou art inhuman pain;  
 But to me, who dying gain,  
 Life is but a task ungrateful.  
 Come, then, with my wish comply-  
     ing,  
 All unheard thy coming be,  
 Lest the sweet delight of dying  
 Bring life back again to me.

## IV

GLOVE OF BLACK IN WHITE  
HAND BARE

GLOVE of black in white hand  
     bare,  
 And about her forehead pale  
 Wound a thin, transparent veil,  
 That doth not conceal her hair;  
 Sovereign attitude and air,  
 Cheek and neck alike displayed,  
 With coquettish charms arrayed,  
 Laughing eyes and fugitive; —  
 This is killing men that live,  
 'T is not mourning for the dead.

## FROM THE SWEDISH AND DANISH

## PASSAGES FROM FRITHIOF'S SAGA

BY ESAIAS TEGNÉR

## I

## FRITHIOF'S HOMESTEAD

THREE miles extended around the fields of the homestead, on three  
     sides

Valleys and mountains and hills, but on the fourth side was the ocean.  
 Birch woods crowned the summits, but down the slope of the hillsides  
 Flourished the golden corn, and man-high was waving the rye-field.  
 Lakes, full many in number, their mirror held up for the mountains,  
 Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-horned reindeers  
 Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets.

But in the valleys widely around, there fed on the greensward  
 Herds with shining hides and udders that longed for the milk-pail. 9  
 'Mid these scattered, now here and now there, were numberless flocks of  
 Sheep with fleeces white, as thou seest the white-looking stray clouds,  
 Flock-wise spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in spring-  
     time.

Courasers two times twelve, all mettlesome, fast fettered storm-winds,  
 Stamping stood in the line of stalls, and tugged at their fodder.  
 Knotted with red were their manes, and their hoofs all white with steel  
     shoes.

Th' banquet-hall, a house by itself, was timbered of hard fir.  
 Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hundred)  
 Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking, at Yule-tide.  
 Thorough the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm-oak,

Polished and white, as of steel; the columns twain of the High-seat 20  
 Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree;  
 Odin with lordly look, and Frey with the sun on his frontlet.  
 Lately between the two, on a bear-skin (the skin it was coal-black,  
 Scarlet-red was the throat, but the paws were shodden with silver),  
 Thorsten sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness.  
 Oft, when the moon through the cloud-rack flew, related the old man  
 Wonders from distant lands he had seen, and cruises of Vikings  
 Far away on the Baltic, and Sea of the West, and the White Sea.  
 Hushed sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on the gray-  
 beard's

Lips, as a bee on the rose; but the Scald was thinking of Brage, 30  
 Where, with his silver beard, and runes on his tongue, he is seated  
 Under the leafy beech, and tells a tradition by Mimer's  
 Ever-murmuring wave, himself a living tradition.  
 Midway the floor (with thatch was it strewn) burned ever the fire-  
 flame

Glad on its stone-built hearth; and thorough the wide-mouthed  
 smoke-flue

Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the great hall.  
 Round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in order  
 Breastplate and helmet together, and here and there among them  
 Downward lightened a sword, as in winter evening a star shoots.  
 More than helmets and swords the shields in the hall were resplen-  
 dent, 40

White as the orb of the sun, or white as the moon's disk of silver.  
 Ever and anon went a maid round the board, and filled up the drink-  
 horns,

Ever she cast down her eyes and blushed; in the shield her reflection  
 Blushed, too, even as she; this gladdened the drinking champions.

## II

### A SLEDGE-RIDE ON THE ICE

KING RING with his queen to the banquet did fare,  
 On the lake stood the ice so mirror-clear.

'Fare not o'er the ice,' the stranger cries;  
 'It will burst, and full deep the cold bath lies.'

'The king drowns not easily,' Ring outspake;  
 'He who 's afraid may go round the lake.' 50

Threatening and dark looked the stranger round,  
 His steel shoes with haste on his feet he bound.

The sledge-horse starts forth strong and free;  
 He snorteth flames, so glad is he.

'Strike out,' screamed the king, 'my trotter good,  
 Let us see if thou art of Sleipner's blood.'



They go as a storm goes over the lake,  
No heed to his queen doth the old man take.

But the steel-shod champion standeth not still,  
He passeth them by as swift as he will.

60

He carves many runes in the frozen tide,  
Fair Ingeborg o'er her own name doth glide.

## III

## FRITHIOF'S TEMPTATION

SPRING is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles the sun,  
And the loosened torrents downward, singing, to the ocean run;  
Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rosebuds 'gin to ope,  
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope.

Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and the queen shall join the sport:  
Swarming in its gorgeous splendor, is assembled all the court;  
Bows ring loud, and quivers rattle, stallions paw the ground alway,  
And, with hoods upon their eyelids, scream the falcons for their prey. 70

See, the Queen of the chase advances! Frithiof, gaze not at the sight!  
Like a star upon a spring-cloud sits she on her palfrey white.  
Half of Freya, half of Rota, yet more beauteous than these two,  
And from her light hat of purple wave aloft the feathers blue.

Gaze not at her eyes' blue heaven, gaze not at her golden hair!  
Oh beware! her waist is slender, full her bosom is, beware!  
Look not at the rose and lily on her cheek that shifting play,  
List not to the voice beloved, whispering like the wind of May.

Now the huntsman's band is ready. Hurrah! over hill and dale!  
Horns ring, and the hawks right upward to the hall of Odin sail. 80  
All the dwellers in the forest seek in fear their cavern homes,  
But, with spear outstretched before her, after them the Valkyr comes.

. . . . .

Then threw Frithiof down his mantle, and upon the greensward spread,  
And the ancient king so trustful laid on Frithiof's knee his head,  
Slept as calmly as the hero sleepeth, after war's alarm,  
On his shield, or as an infant sleeps upon its mother's arm.

As he slumbers, hark! there sings a coal-black bird upon the bough;  
'Hasten, Frithiof, slay the old man, end your quarrel at a blow:  
Take his queen, for she is thine, and once the bridal kiss she gave,  
Now no human eye beholds thee, deep and silent is the grave.' 90

Frithiof listens; hark! there sings a snow-white bird upon the bough:  
'Though no human eye beholds thee, Odin's eye beholds thee now.  
Coward! wilt thou murder sleep, and a defenceless old man slay!  
Whatsoever thou winn'st, thou canst not win a hero's fame this way.'

Thus the two wood-birds did warble: Frithiof took his war-sword good,  
 With a shudder hurled it from him, far into the gloomy wood.  
 Coal-black bird flies down to Nastrand, but on light, unfolded wings,  
 Like the tone of harps, the other, sounding towards the sun, upsprings.

Straight the ancient king awakens. 'Sweet has been my sleep,' he  
 said;

'Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow, guarded by a brave man's  
 blade. 100

But where is thy sword, O stranger? Lightning's brother, where is he?  
 Who thus parts you, who should never from each other parted be!'

'It avails not,' Frithiof answered; 'in the North are other swords:  
 Sharp, O monarch! is the sword's tongue, and it speaks not peaceful  
 words;

Murky spirits dwell in steel blades, spirits from the Niffelhem;  
 Slumber is not safe before them, silver locks but anger them.'

## IV

## FRITHIOF'S FAREWELL

No more shall I see  
 In its upward motion  
 The smoke of the Northland. Man is a slave:  
 The fates decree.  
 On the waste of the ocean 110  
 There is my fatherland, there is my grave.

Go not to the strand,  
 Ring, with thy bride,  
 After the stars spread their light through the sky.  
 Perhaps in the sand,  
 Washed up by the tide,  
 The bones of the outlawed Viking may lie.

Then, quoth the king,  
 'Tis mournful to hear 120  
 A man like a whimpering maiden cry.  
 The death-song they sing  
 Even now in mine ear.  
 What avails it? He who is born must die.'

## THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

BY ESAIAS TEGNÉR

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village  
 Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry,  
 Decked with a brazen cock, the friendly flames of the Spring-sun  
 Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles aforetime.

Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned with  
roses,  
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brook-  
let

Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace ! with lips rosy-tinted  
Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches  
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.  
Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven  
arbor 10

Stood its old-fashioned gate ; and within upon each cross of iron  
Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of affection.  
Even the dial, that stood on a mound among the departed,  
(There full a hundred years had it stood,) was embellished with  
blossoms.

Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet,  
Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children,  
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron  
Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its changes,  
While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet.  
Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season 20  
When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones of heaven,  
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.  
Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust  
was

Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches.  
There stood the church like a garden ; the Feast of the Leafy Pavil-  
ions

Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall  
Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood  
Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron.  
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed  
with silver,

Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of wind-flowers. 30  
But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Horberg,  
Crept a garland gigantic ; and bright-curling tresses of angels  
Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of the shadowy leaf-work.  
Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceiling,  
And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already ; the thronging crowd was assembled  
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.  
Hark ! then roll forth at once the mighty tones of the organ,  
Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.  
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast from off him his mantle, 40  
So cast off the soul its garments of earth ; and with one voice  
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal  
Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the North-land  
Tuned to the choral of Luther ; the song on its mighty pinions  
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,  
And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.  
Lo ! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.

Father he hight and he was in the parish ; a Christianly plainness  
 Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.  
 Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel 50  
 Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur  
 Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sun-  
 beam.

As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly  
 Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)  
 Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,  
 Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man ;  
 Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.  
 All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered.  
 But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man  
 Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel. 60

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,  
 Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.  
 Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,  
 Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.  
 Then, when all was finished, the Teacher reëntered the chancel,  
 Followed therein by the young. The boys on the right had their  
 places,

Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming.  
 But on the left of these there stood the tremulous lilies,  
 Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn, the diffident maidens, —  
 Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pave-  
 ment. 70

Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the begin-  
 ning

Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old  
 man's

Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal  
 Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolled.  
 Each time the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Re-  
 deemer,

Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.  
 Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,  
 And to the children explained the holy, the highest, in few words,  
 Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple,  
 Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning. 80  
 E'en as the green-growing bud unfolds when Springtide approaches,  
 Leaf by leaf puts forth, and, warmed by the radiant sunshine,  
 Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom  
 Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,  
 So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,  
 Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers  
 Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at the well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar ;— and straightway trans-  
 figured  
 (So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.

Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment 90

Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earthward descending.

Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts that to him were transparent  
Shot he; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off.  
So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he questioned.

'This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered,  
This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while still ye  
Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven,  
Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom;  
Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant splendor  
Downward rains from the heaven;—to-day on the threshold of childhood 100

Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election,  
For she knows naught of compulsion, and only conviction desireth.  
This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence,  
Seed for the coming days; without revocation departeth  
Now from your lips the confession. Bethink ye, before ye make answer!

Think not, oh think not with guile to deceive the questioning Teacher.  
Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood.  
Enter not with a lie on Life's journey; the multitude hears you,  
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy  
Standeth before your sight as a witness; the Judge everlasting 110  
Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting beside him  
Grave your confession in letters of fire upon tablets eternal.  
Thus, then,—believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created?  
Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are united?  
Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise!) to cherish  
God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother?  
Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living,  
Th' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to forgive, and to suffer,  
Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness?  
Will ye promise me this before God and man?'—With a clear voice 120

Answered the young men Yes! and Yes! with lips softly-breathing  
Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the Teacher

Clouds with the lightnings therein, and he spake in accents more gentle,

Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

'Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome!

Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters!  
Yet,—for what reason not children? Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father,



Ruling them all as his household, — forgiving in turn and chastising,  
That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us. 130  
Blest are the pure before God! Upon purity and upon virtue  
Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on high is descended.  
Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the doctrine,  
Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died on the cross for.  
Oh, as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum  
Downward, and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,  
Oh, how soon will ye come, — too soon! — and long to turn back-  
ward

Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illuminèd, where Judgment  
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,  
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven, 140  
Life was a play and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven!  
Seventy years have I lived already; the Father eternal  
Gave me gladness and care; but the loveliest hours of existence,  
When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly known  
them,

Known them all again; — they were my childhood's acquaintance.  
Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence,  
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's  
childhood.

Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,  
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roaring billows  
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleep-  
ing. 150

Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men; in the desert  
Angels descend and minister unto her; she herself knoweth  
Naught of her glorious attendance; but follows faithful and humble,  
Follows so long as she may her friend; oh do not reject her,  
For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the heavens.  
Prayer is Innocence' friend; and willingly flieth incessant  
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.  
Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the Spirit  
Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flame ever upward.  
Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions, 160  
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the  
flowerets,

Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the wingèd angels.  
Then grows the earth too narrow, too close; and homesick for heaven  
Longs the wanderer again; and the Spirit's longings are worship;  
Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty  
Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,  
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the graveyard,  
Then it is good to pray unto God; for his sorrowing children  
Turns He ne'er from his door, but He heals and helps and consoles  
them.

Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us, 170  
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune  
Kneels before the Eternal's throne; and with hands interfolded,  
Raises thankful and moved the only giver of blessings.

Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from Heaven?  
 What has mankind forsooth, the poor! that it has not received?  
 Therefore, fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs adoring  
 Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of Him who  
 Hung his masonry pendent on naught, when the world He created.  
 Earth declareth his might, and the firmament utters his glory.  
 Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven, 180  
 Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of midnight, millen-  
 niums

Lay themselves down at his feet, and He sees them, but counts them  
 as nothing.

Who shall stand in his presence? The wrath of the Judge is terrific,  
 Casting the insolent down at a glance. When He speaks in his anger  
 Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roebuck.  
 Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children? This awful avenger,  
 Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not in the earthquake,  
 Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering breezes.  
 Love is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds without number  
 Lie in his bosom like children; He made them for this purpose  
 only. 190

Only to love and to be loved again, He breathed forth his spirit  
 Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its  
 Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven.  
 Quench, oh quench not that flame! It is the breath of your being.  
 Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father nor mother  
 Loved you, as God has loved you; for 't was that you may be happy  
 Gave He his only Son. When He bowed down his head in the death-  
 hour

Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice then was completed.  
 Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple, dividing  
 Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising 200  
 Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other  
 Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma,—Atonement!

Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement.  
 Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father;  
 Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection;  
 Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing;  
 Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.  
 Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy  
 brethren;

One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.  
 Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead? 210  
 Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing  
 Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided  
 By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldst thou hate then thy  
 brother?

Hateth he thee, forgive! For 't is sweet to stammer one letter  
 Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is called Forgiveness!  
 Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of thorns on his tem-  
 ples?

Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers? Say, dost thou know Him?

Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example,  
Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings,  
Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavenly shepherd 220  
Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother.  
This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.  
Love is the creature's welfare, with God; but Love among mortals  
Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting,  
Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.  
Hope, — so is called upon earth his recompense, — Hope, the befriend-  
ing,

Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful  
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it  
Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows! 230  
Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,  
Having naught else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,  
Him, who has given us more; for to us has Hope been transfigured,  
Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is living assurance.  
Faith is enlightened Hope; she is light, is the eye of affection,  
Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble.  
Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines like the Hebrew's,  
For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation  
Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh  
Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors descending.  
There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic, 240  
Fears not the winged crowd, in the midst of them all is her home-  
stead.

Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous  
Even as day does the sun: the Right from the Good is an offspring,  
Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than  
Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate Springtide.  
Works do follow us all unto God; there stand and bear witness  
Not what they seemed, — but what they were only. Blessed is he  
who

Hears their confession secure; they are mute upon earth until death's  
hand

Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death e'er alarm  
you?

Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only 250  
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading  
Takes he the soul and departs, and, rocked in the arms of affection,  
Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of its father.  
Sounds of his coming already I hear, — see dimly his pinions,  
Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them! I fear not be-  
fore him.

Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom  
Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and face to face standing  
Look I on God as He is, a sun unpolluted by vapors;  
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic,  
Nobler, better than I; they stand by the throne all transfigured, 260

Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem,  
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels.  
You, in like manner, ye children beloved, He one day shall gather,  
Never forgets He the weary;— then welcome, ye loved ones here-  
after!

Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise,  
Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth shall ye heed not;  
Earth is but dust and heaven is light; I have pledged you to heaven.  
God of the universe, hear me! thou fountain of Love everlasting,  
Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up my prayer to thy hea-  
ven!

Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these, 270  
Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved them all like a father.  
May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salva-  
tion,

Faithful, so far as I knew, of thy word; again may they know me,  
Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them,  
Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with glad-  
ness,

Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me!'

Weeping he spake in these words; and now at the beck of the old  
man

Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure.  
Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly  
With him the children read; at the close, with tremulous accents, 280  
Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction upon them.

Now should have ended his task for the day; the following Sunday  
Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.  
Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent and laid  
his

Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward; while thoughts  
high and holy  
Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonder-  
ful brightness.

'On the next Sunday, who knows! perhaps I shall rest in the grave-  
yard!

Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,  
Bow down his head to the earth; why delay I? the hour is accom-  
plished.

Warm is the heart;— I will! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven.  
What I began accomplish I now; what failing therein is 291  
I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.

Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven,  
Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement?  
What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often.

Of the new covenant symbol it is, of Atonement a token,  
Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and transgres-  
sions

Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'T was in the begin-  
ning

Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the  
Fall to this day; in the Thought is the Fall; in the Heart the Atonement.

300

Infinite is the fall, — the Atonement infinite likewise.

See! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward,  
Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions,  
Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals.  
Sin is brought forth full-grown; but Atonement sleeps in our bosoms  
Still as the cradled babe; and dreams of heaven and of angels,  
Cannot awake to sensation; is like the tones in the harp's strings,  
Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.  
Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement,  
Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all re-  
splendent,

310

Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes her.  
Downward to earth He came and, transfigured, thence reascended,  
Not from the heart in like wise, for there He still lives in the Spirit,  
Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement.  
Therefore with reverence take this day her visible token.

Tokens are dead if the things live not. The light everlasting  
Unto the blind is not, but is born of the eye that has vision.  
Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed  
Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone of amendment  
Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all  
Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended,  
Penitence weeping and praying; the Will that is tried, and whose  
gold flows

320

Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind by Atonement  
Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.  
But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom,  
Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body,  
And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh  
Death and doom! And from this, preserve us, thou heavenly Father!  
Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?  
Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children,  
'Yes!' with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplica-  
tions,

330

Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem:  
'O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions,  
Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have mercy upon us!'  
Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids,  
Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols.  
Oh, then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of midday,  
Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard  
Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan  
to shiver.

But in the children (I noted it well; I knew it) there ran a  
Tremor of holy rapture along through their ice-cold members.  
Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and  
above it

340

Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; they saw there



Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.  
Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from gold  
clouds

Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and  
their faces,

Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely,  
Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed he  
Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of blessings.  
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

35a

## KING CHRISTIAN

(KONG CHRISTIAN STOD VED HØIEN MAST)

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the  
lofty mast

In mist and smoke ;

His sword was hammering so fast,  
Through Gothic helm and brain it  
passed ;

Then sank each hostile hulk and  
mast,

In mist and smoke.

'Fly !' shouted they, 'fly, he who  
can !

Who braves of Denmark's Chris-  
tian

The stroke ?'

Nils Juel gave heed to the tem-  
pest's roar,

Now is the hour !

He hoisted his blood-red flag once  
more,

And smote upon the foe full sore,

And shouted loud, through the  
tempest's roar,

'Now is the hour !'

'Fly !' shouted they, 'for shelter  
fly !

Of Denmark's Juel who can defy  
The power ?'

North Sea ! a glimpse of Wessel  
rent

Thy murky sky !

Then champions to thine arms  
were sent ;

Terror and Death glared where he  
went ;

From the waves was heard a wail,  
that rent

Thy murky sky !

From Denmark thunders Torden-  
skiol',

Let each to Heaven commend his  
soul,

And fly !

Path of the Dane to fame and  
might !

Dark-rolling wave !

Receive thy friend, who, scorning  
flight,

Goes to meet danger with despite,  
Proudly as thou the tempest's

might,

Dark-rolling wave !

And amid pleasures and alarms,

And war and victory, be thine  
arms

My grave !

## THE ELECTED KNIGHT

(DEN UDKAARNE RIDDER)

This strange and somewhat mystical  
ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's  
*Danske Viser fra Middelalderen*. It  
seems to refer to the first preaching of  
Christianity in the North, and to the  
institution of Knight-Errantry. The  
three maidens I suppose to be Faith,

Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation. H. W. L.

SIR OLUF he rideth over the plain,  
Full seven miles broad and seven  
miles wide,  
But never, ah never can meet with  
the man  
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hillside  
A Knight full well equipped;  
His steed was black, his helm was  
barred;  
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs  
Twelve little golden birds;  
Anon he spurred his steed with a  
clang,  
And there sat all the birds and  
sang.

He wore upon his mail  
Twelve little golden wheels;  
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,  
And round and round the wheels  
they flew.

He wore before his breast  
A lance that was poised in rest;  
And it was sharper than diamond-  
stone,  
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm  
A wreath of ruddy gold;  
And that gave him the Maidens  
Three,  
The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight  
eftsoon

If he were come from heaven  
down;  
'Art thou Christ of Heaven,' quoth  
he,  
'So will I yield me unto thee.'

I am not Christ the Great,  
Thou shalt not yield thee yet;

I am an Unknown Knight,  
Three modest Maidens have me  
bedight.'

'Art thou a Knight elected,  
And have three maidens thee  
bedight;  
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,  
For all the Maidens' honor!'

The first tilt they together rode  
They put their steeds to the  
test;  
The second tilt they together rode  
They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode  
Neither of them would yield;  
The fourth tilt they together rode  
They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,  
And their blood runs unto death;  
Now sit the Maidens in the high  
tower,  
The youngest sorrows till death.

## CHILDHOOD

(DA JEG VAR LILLE)

BY JENS IMMANUEL BAGGESEN

THERE was a time when I was  
very small,  
When my whole frame was but  
an ell in height;  
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do  
fall,  
And therefore I recall it with de-  
light.

I sported in my tender mother's  
arms,  
And rode a-horseback on best  
father's knee;  
Alike were sorrows, passions and  
alarms,  
And gold, and Greek, and love,  
unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far  
 less in size,  
 Likewise it seemed to me less  
 wicked far;  
 Like points in heaven, I saw the  
 stars arise,  
 And longed for wings that I  
 might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island  
 fade,  
 And thought, 'Oh, were I on  
 that island there,  
 I could find out of what the moon  
 is made,  
 Find out how large it is, how  
 round, how fair!'

Wondering, I saw God's sun,  
 through western skies,  
 Sink in the ocean's golden lap at  
 night,  
 And yet upon the morrow early rise,  
 And paint the eastern heaven  
 with crimson light;

And thought of God, the gracious  
 Heavenly Father,  
 Who made me, and that lovely  
 sun on high,  
 And all those pearls of heaven  
 thick-strung together,  
 Dropped, clustering, from his  
 hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young  
 lips did say  
 The prayer my pious mother  
 taught to me:  
 O gentle God! oh, let me strive  
 always  
 Still to be wise, and good, and  
 follow thee!

So prayed I for my father and my  
 mother,  
 And for my sister, and for all the  
 town;  
 The king I knew not, and the beg-  
 gar-brother,  
 Who, bent with age, went, sigh-  
 ing, up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of  
 boyhood perished,  
 And all the gladness, all the  
 peace I knew!  
 Now have I but their memory,  
 fondly cherished;—  
 God! may I never lose that too!

### FROM THE GERMAN THE HAPPIEST LAND

THERE sat one day in quiet,  
 By an alehouse on the Rhine,  
 Four hale and hearty fellows,  
 And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled  
 their cups,  
 Around the rustic board;  
 Then sat they all so calm and still,  
 And spake not one rude word.

But when the maid departed,  
 A Swabian raised his hand,  
 And cried, all hot and flushed with  
 wine,  
 'Long live the Swabian land!

'The greatest kingdom upon earth  
 Cannot with that compare;  
 With all the stout and hardy men  
 And the nut-brown maidens  
 there.'

'Ha!' cried a Saxon, laughing,  
 And dashed his beard with  
 wine;

'I had rather live in Lapland,  
 Than that Swabian land of  
 thine!

'The goodliest land on all this  
 earth,  
 It is the Saxon land!  
 There have I as many maidens  
 As fingers on this hand!'

'Hold your tongues! both Swabian  
 and Saxon!'  
 A bold Bohemian cries;

'If there's a heaven upon this  
earth,  
In Bohemia it lies.

'There the tailor blows the flute,  
And the cobbler blows the horn,  
And the miner blows the bugle,  
Over mountain gorge and bourn.'

And then the landlord's daughter  
Up to heaven raised her hand,  
And said, 'Ye may no more con-  
tend,—  
There lies the happiest land!'

### THE WAVE

(DIE WELLE)

BY CHRISTOPH AUGUST TIEDGE

'WHITHER, thou turbid wave?  
Whither, with so much haste,  
As if a thief wert thou?'

'I am the Wave of Life,  
Stained with my margin's dust;  
From the struggle and the strife  
Of the narrow stream I fly  
To the Sea's immensity,  
To wash from me the slime  
Of the muddy banks of Time.'

### THE DEAD

BY ERNST STOCKMANN

How they so softly rest,  
All they the holy ones,  
Unto whose dwelling-place  
Now doth my soul draw near!  
How they so softly rest,  
All in their silent graves,  
Deep to corruption  
Slowly down-sinking!

And they no longer weep,  
Here, where complaint is still!  
And they no longer feel,  
Here, where all gladness flies!

And by the cypresses  
Softly o'ershadowed,  
Until the Angel  
Calls them, they slumber!

### THE BIRD AND THE SHIP

(SCHIFF UND VOGEL)

BY WILHELM MÜLLER

'THE rivers rush into the sea,  
By castle and town they go;  
The winds behind them merrily  
Their noisy trumpets blow.

'The clouds are passing far and  
high,  
We little birds in them play;  
And everything, that can sing and  
fly,  
Goes with us, and far away.

'I greet thee, bonny boat!  
Whither, or whence,  
With thy fluttering golden  
band?'—

'I greet thee, little bird! To the  
wide sea  
I haste from the narrow land.

'Full and swollen is every sail;  
I see no longer a hill,  
I have trusted all to the sounding  
gale,  
And it will not let me stand still.

'And wilt thou, little bird, go with  
us?  
Thou mayest stand on the main-  
mast tall,  
For full to sinking is my house  
With merry companions all.'—

'I need not and seek not company,  
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;  
For the mainmast tall too heavy  
am I,  
Bonny boat, I have wings of my  
own.

'High over the sails, high over the  
mast,  
Who shall gainsay these joys?  
When thy merry companions are  
still, at last,  
Thou shalt hear the sound of my  
voice.

'Who neither may rest, nor listen  
may,  
God bless them every one!  
I dart away, in the bright blue  
day,  
And the golden fields of the sun.

'Thus do I sing my weary song,  
Wherever the four winds blow;  
And this same song, my whole life  
long,  
Neither Poet nor Printer may  
know.'

## WHITHER?

(WOHIN ?)

BY WILHELM MÜLLER

I HEARD a brooklet gushing  
From its rocky fountain near,  
Down into the valley rushing,  
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,  
Nor who the counsel gave;  
But I must hasten downward,  
All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,  
And ever the brook beside;  
And ever fresher murmured,  
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?  
Whither, O brooklet, say!  
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,  
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?  
That can no murmur be;

'Tis the water-nymphs, that are  
singing  
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them  
murmur,  
And wander merrily near;  
The wheels of a mill are going  
In every brooklet clear.

## BEWARE!

(HÜT DU DICH !)

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,  
Take care!  
She can both false and friendly  
be,  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and  
brown,  
Take care!  
She gives a side-glance and looks  
down,  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden  
hue,  
Take care!  
And what she says, it is not true,  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,  
Take care!  
She knows how much it is best to  
show,  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven  
fair,  
Take care!



It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,  
 Beware! Beware!  
 Trust her not,  
 She is fooling thee!

### SONG OF THE BELL

BELL! thou soundest merrily,  
 When the bridal party  
 To the church doth hie!  
 Bell! thou soundest solemnly,  
 When, on Sabbath morning,  
 Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily;  
 Tellest thou at evening,  
 Bed-time draweth nigh!  
 Bell! thou soundest mournfully,  
 Tellest thou the bitter  
 Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?  
 How canst thou rejoice?  
 Thou art but metal dull!  
 And yet all our sorrowings,  
 And all our rejoicings,  
 Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many,  
 Which we cannot fathom,  
 Placed within thy form!  
 When the heart is sinking,  
 Thou alone canst raise it,  
 Trembling in the storm!

### THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

(DAS SCHLOSS AM MEERE)

BY JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND

HAST thou seen that lordly castle,  
 That Castle by the Sea?  
 Golden and red above it  
 The clouds float gorgeously.

'And fain it would stoop down-  
 ward  
 To the mirrored wave below;

And fain it would soar upward  
 In the evening's crimson glow.'

'Well have I seen that castle,  
 That Castle by the Sea,  
 And the moon above it standing,  
 And the mist rise solemnly.'

'The winds and the waves of  
 ocean,  
 Had they a merry chime?  
 Didst thou hear, from those lofty  
 chambers  
 The harp and the minstrel's  
 rhyme?'

'The winds and the waves of ocean,  
 They rested quietly,  
 But I heard on the gale a sound of  
 wail,  
 And tears came to mine eye.'

'And sawest thou on the turrets  
 The King and his royal bride?  
 And the wave of their crimson  
 mantles?  
 And the golden crown of pride?

'Led they not forth, in rapture,  
 A beauteous maiden there?  
 Resplendent as the morning sun,  
 Beaming with golden hair?'

'Well saw I the ancient parents,  
 Without the crown of pride;  
 They were moving slow, in weeds  
 of woe,  
 No maiden was by their side!'

### THE BLACK KNIGHT

(DER SCHWARZE RITTER)

BY JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND

'T WAS Pentecost, the Feast of  
 Gladness,  
 When woods and fields put off all  
 sadness,  
 Thus began the King and spake:

'So from the halls  
Of ancient Hofburg's walls,  
A luxuriant Spring shall break.'

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,  
Wave the crimson banners proudly,  
From balcony the King looked  
on;

In the play of spears,  
Fell all the cavaliers,  
Before the monarch's stalwart  
son.

To the barrier of the fight  
Rode at last a sable Knight.  
'Sir Knight! your name and  
scutcheon, say!'

'Should I speak it here,  
Ye would stand aghast with fear;  
I am a Prince of mighty sway!'

When he rode into the lists,  
The arch of heaven grew black  
with mists,

And the castle 'gan to rock;  
At the first blow,  
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,  
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,  
Torch-light through the high halls  
glances;

Waves a mighty shadow in;  
With manner bland  
Doth ask the maiden's hand,  
Doth with her the dance begin.

Danced in sable iron sark,  
Danced a measure weird and dark,  
Coldly clasped her limbs around;  
From breast and hair  
Down fall from her the fair  
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came  
Every Knight and every Dame;  
'Twixt son and daughter all dis-  
traught,  
With mournful mind  
The ancient King reclined,  
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,  
But the guest a beaker took:  
'Golden wine will make you  
whole!'

The children drank,  
Gave many a courteous thank:  
'Oh, that draught was very  
cool!'

Each the father's breast embraces,  
Son and daughter; and their faces  
Colorless grow utterly;  
Whichever way  
Looks the fear-struck father gray.  
He beholds his children die.

'Woe! the blessed children both  
Takest thou in the joy of youth;  
Take me, too, the joyless father!'  
Spake the grim Guest,  
From his hollow, cavernous breast.  
'Roses in the spring I gather!'

## SONG OF THE SILENT LAND

(LIED: INS STILLE LAND)

BY JOHANN GAUDENZ VON  
SALIS-SEEWIS

INTO the Silent Land!  
Ah! who shall lead us thither?  
Clouds in the evening sky more  
darkly gather,  
And shattered wrecks lie thicker  
on the strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand  
Thither, oh, thither,  
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!  
To you, ye boundless regions  
Of all perfection! Tender morn-  
ing-visions  
Of beauteous souls! The Future's  
pledge and band!  
Who in Life's battle firm doth  
stand,  
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!  
 For all the broken-hearted  
 The mildest herald by our fate allotted,  
 Beckons, and with inverted torch  
 doth stand  
 To lead us with a gentle hand  
 To the land of the great Departed,  
 Into the Silent Land!

### THE LUCK OF EDENHALL

(DAS GLÜCK VON EDENHALL)

BY JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord  
 Bids sound the festal trumpet's  
 call;  
 He rises at the banquet board,  
 And cries, 'mid the drunken re-  
 vellers all,  
 'Now bring me the Luck of Eden-  
 hall!'

The butler hears the words with  
 pain,  
 The house's oldest seneschal,  
 Takes slow from its silken cloth  
 again  
 The drinking-glass of crystal tall;  
 They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: 'This glass  
 to praise,  
 Fill with red wine from Portugal!'  
 The graybeard with trembling  
 hand obeys;  
 A purple light shines over all,  
 It beams from the Luck of Eden-  
 hall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves  
 it light:  
 'This glass of flashing crystal tall  
 Gave to my sires the Fountain-  
 Sprite;  
 She wrote in it, *If this glass doth  
 fall,*  
*Farewell then, O Luck of Eden-*  
*hall!*

'T was right a goblet the Fate  
 should be  
 Of the joyous race of Edenhall!  
 Deep draughts drink we right  
 willingly;  
 And willingly ring, with merry  
 call,  
 Kling! klang! to the Luck of  
 Edenhall!'

First rings it deep, and full, and  
 mild,  
 Like to the song of a nightingale;  
 Then like the roar of a torrent  
 wild;  
 Then mutters at last like the  
 thunder's fall,  
 The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

'For its keeper takes a race of  
 night,  
 The fragile goblet of crystal tall;  
 It has lasted longer than is right;  
 Kling! klang! — with a harder  
 blow than all  
 Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!'

As the goblet ringing flies apart,  
 Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;  
 And through the rift, the wild  
 flames start;  
 The guests in dust are scattered  
 all,  
 With the breaking Luck of Eden-  
 hall!

In storms the foe, with fire and  
 sword;  
 He in the night had scaled the  
 wall,  
 Slain by the sword lies the youth-  
 ful Lord,  
 But holds in his hand the crystal  
 tall,  
 The shattered Luck of Edenhall

On the morrow the butler grope  
 alone,  
 The graybeard in the desert hall,  
 He seeks his Lord's burnt skele-  
 ton,

He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall  
The shards of the Luck of Eden-  
hall.

'The stone wall,' saith he, 'doth  
fall aside,  
Down must the stately columns  
fall;  
Glass is this earth's Luck and  
Pride;  
In atoms shall fall this earthly  
ball  
One day like the Luck of Eden-  
hall!'

### THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR

(DER JUNGGESELL)

BY GUSTAV PFIZER

A YOUTH, light-hearted and con-  
tent,

I wander through the world;  
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent  
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife  
Close in my heart was locked,  
And in the sweet repose of life  
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away that dream,—  
away!  
Too long did it remain!  
So long, that both by night and day  
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;  
To a grave so cold and deep  
The mother beautiful was brought;  
Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,  
I bathe mine eyes and see;  
And wander through the world  
once more,  
A youth so light and free.

Two locks—and they are won-  
drous fair—  
Left me that vision mild;

The brown is from the mother's  
hair,  
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,  
Pale grows the evening-red;  
And when the dark lock I behold,  
I wish that I were dead.

### THE HEMLOCK TREE

O HEMLOCK tree! O hemlock  
tree! how faithful are thy  
branches!

Green not alone in summer  
time,

But in the winter's frost and  
rime!

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree!  
how faithful are thy  
branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how  
faithless is thy bosom!  
To love me in prosperity,  
And leave me in adversity!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how  
faithless is thy bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale,  
thou tak'st for thine exam-  
ple!

So long as summer laughs she  
sings,

But in the autumn spreads her  
wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale,  
thou tak'st for thine exam-  
ple!

The meadow brook, the meadow  
brook, is mirror of thy false-  
hood!

It flows so long as falls the  
rain,

In drought its springs soon dry  
again.

The meadow brook, the meadow  
brook, is mirror of thy false-  
hood!

## ANNIE OF THARAW

(ANKE VON THARAU)

BY SIMON DACH

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love  
of old,  
She is my life, and my goods, and  
my gold.

Annie of Tharaw her heart once  
again  
To me has surrendered in joy and  
in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my  
good,  
Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my  
blood!

Then come the wild weather, come  
sleet or come snow,  
We will stand by each other, how-  
ever it blow.

Oppression and sickness, and sor-  
row, and pain  
Shall be to our true love as links  
to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so  
straight and so tall,  
The more the hail beats, and the  
more the rains fall,—

So love in our hearts shall grow  
mighty and strong,  
Through crosses, through sorrows,  
through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to  
wander alone  
In a desolate land where the sun  
is scarce known,—

Through forests I'll follow, and  
where the sea flows.  
Through ice, and through iron,  
through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my  
sun,  
The threads of our two lives are  
woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou  
hast obeyed,  
Whatever forbidden thou hast not  
gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love  
stand,  
Where there is not one heart, and  
one mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and  
trouble, and strife;  
Like a dog and a cat live such man  
and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our  
love;  
Thou art my lambkin, my chick,  
and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine  
may be seen;  
I am king of the household, and  
thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's  
sweetest rest,  
That makes of us twain but one  
soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut  
where we dwell;  
While wrangling soon changes a  
home to a hell.

THE STATUE OVER THE  
CATHEDRAL DOOR

(DAS STEINBILD AM DOME)

BY JULIUS MOSEN

FORMS of saints and kings are  
standing  
The cathedral door above;



Yet I saw but one among them  
Who hath soothed my soul with  
love.

In his mantle,—wound about him,  
As their robes the sowers  
wind,—  
Bore he swallows and their fledg-  
lings,  
Flowers and weeds of every  
kind.

And so stands he calm and child-  
like,  
High in wind and tempest wild;  
Oh, were I like him exalted,  
I would be like him a child!

And my songs,—green leaves and  
blossoms,—  
To the doors of heaven would  
bear,  
Calling even in storm and tempest,  
Round me still these birds of  
air.

#### THE LEGEND OF THE CROSS- BILL

(DER KREUZSCHNABEL, No. 3)

BY JULIUS MOSEN

ON the cross the dying Saviour  
Heavenward lifts his eyelids  
calm,  
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trem-  
bling  
In his pierced and bleeding  
palm.

And by all the world forsaken,  
Sees He how with zealous care  
At the ruthless nail of iron  
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tir-  
ing,  
With its beak it doth not cease,

From the cross 't would free the  
Saviour,  
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mild-  
ness:

'Blest be thou of all the good!  
Bear, as token of this moment,  
Marks of blood and holy rood!'

And that bird is called the cross-  
bill;

Covered all with blood so clear  
In the groves of pine it singeth  
Songs, like legends, strange to  
hear.

#### THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS

BY HEINRICH HEINE

THE sea hath its pearls,  
The heaven hath its stars;  
But my heart, my heart,  
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the hea-  
ven,

Yet greater is my heart;  
And fairer than pearls and stars  
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,  
Come unto my great heart;  
My heart, and the sea, and the  
heaven  
Are melting away with love!

#### POETIC APHORISMS

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF  
FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU

MONEY

WHEREUNTO is money good?  
Who has it not wants hardihood,

Who has it has much trouble and  
care,  
Who once has had it has despair.

#### THE BEST MEDICINES

Joy and Temperance and Repose  
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

#### SIN

Man-like is it to fall into sin,  
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,  
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,  
God-like is it all sin to leave.

#### POVERTY AND BLINDNESS

A blind man is a poor man, and  
blind a poor man is;  
For the former seeth no man, and  
the latter no man sees.

#### LAW OF LIFE

Live I, so live I,  
To my Lord heartily,  
To my Prince faithfully,  
To my Neighbor honestly,  
Die I, so die I.

#### CREEDS

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all  
these creeds and doctrines  
three  
Extant are; but still the doubt  
is, where Christianity may  
be.

#### THE RESTLESS HEART

A mill-stone and the human heart  
are driven ever round;  
If they have nothing else to grind,  
they must themselves be  
ground.

#### CHRISTIAN LOVE

Whilom Love was like a fire, and  
warmth and comfort it be-  
spoke;  
But, alas! it now is quenched, and  
only bites us, like the smoke.

#### ART AND TACT

Intelligence and courtesy not al-  
ways are combined;  
Often in a wooden house a golden  
room we find.

#### RETRIBUTION

Though the mills of God grind  
slowly, yet they grind ex-  
ceeding small;  
Though with patience he stands  
waiting, with exactness  
grinds he all.

#### TRUTH

When by night the frogs are croak-  
ing, kindle but a torch's fire,  
Ha! how soon they all are si-  
lent! Thus Truth silences  
the liar.

#### RHYMES

If perhaps these rhymes of mine  
should sound not well in  
strangers' ears,  
They have only to bethink them  
that it happens so with  
theirs;  
For so long as words, like mor-  
tals, call a fatherland their  
own,  
They will be most highly valued  
where they are best and long-  
est known.

#### SILENT LOVE

Who love would seek,  
Let him love evermore  
And seldom speak;  
For in love's domain  
Silence must reign;  
Or it brings the heart  
Smart  
And pain.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD

(SELIG SIND, DIE IN DEM HERRN  
STERBEN)

BY SIMON DACH

OH, how blest are ye whose toils  
are ended!

Who, through death, have unto  
God ascended!

Ye have arisen  
From the cares which keep us still  
in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,  
Still oppressed with sorrow and  
misgiving;

Our undertakings  
Are but toils, and troubles, and  
heart-breakings.

Ye, meanwhile, are in your cham-  
bers sleeping,

Quiet, and set free from all our  
weeping;

No cross nor trial  
Hinders your enjoyments with  
denial.

Christ has wiped away your tears  
for ever;

Ye have that for which we still  
endeavor.

To you are chanted  
Songs which yet no mortal ear  
have haunted.

Ah! who would not, then, depart  
with gladness,

To inherit heaven for earthly sad-  
ness?

Who here would languish  
Longer in bewailing and in an-  
guish?

Come, O Christ, and loose the  
chains that bind us!

Lead us forth, and cast this world  
behind us!

With thee, the Anointed,  
Finds the soul its joy and rest ap-  
pointed.

WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONGS

(WANDRERS NACHTLIED AND EIN  
GLEICHES)

BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON  
GOETHE

I

THOU that from the heavens art,  
Every pain and sorrow stillest,  
And the doubly wretched heart  
Doubly with refreshment fillest,  
I am weary with contending!  
Why this rapture and unrest?  
Peace descending  
Come, ah, come into my breast!

II

O'er all the hill-tops  
Is quiet now,  
In all the tree-tops  
Hearest thou  
Hardly a breath;  
The birds are asleep in the trees:  
Wait; soon like these  
Thou too shalt rest.

REMORSE

(MUT AND UNMUT)

BY AUGUST VON PLATEN

How I started up in the night, in  
the night,

Drawn on without rest or re-  
prieval!

The streets, with their watchmen,  
were lost to my sight,

As I wandered so light

In the night, in the night,  
Through the gate with the arch  
mediæval.

The mill-brook rushed from the  
rocky height,

I leaned o'er the bridge in my  
yearning;

Deep under me watched I the  
waves in their flight,

As they glided so light  
 In the night, in the night,  
 Yet backward not one was return-  
 ing.

O'erhead were revolving, so count-  
 less and bright,  
 The stars in melodious exist-  
 ence;  
 And with them the moon, more  
 serenely bedight;  
 They sparkled so light  
 In the night, in the night,  
 Through the magical, measureless  
 distance.

And upward I gazed in the night,  
 in the night,  
 And again on the waves in their  
 fleeting;  
 Ah woe! thou hast wasted thy  
 days in delight,  
 Now silence thou light,  
 In the night, in the night,  
 The remorse in thy heart that is  
 beating.

### FORSAKEN

SOMETHING the heart must have  
 to cherish,  
 Must love and joy and sorrow  
 learn,  
 Something with passion clasp, or  
 perish,  
 And in itself to ashes burn.

So to this child my heart is clinging,  
 And its frank eyes, with look  
 intense,  
 Me from a world of sin are bring-  
 ing  
 Back to a world of innocence.

Disdain must thou endure forever;  
 Strong may thy heart in danger  
 be!

Thou shalt not fail! but ah, be  
 never  
 False as thy father was to me.

Never will I forsake thee, faithless,  
 And thou thy mother ne'er for-  
 sake,  
 Until her lips are white and breath-  
 less,  
 Until in death her eyes shall  
 break.

### ALLAH

BY SIEGFRIED AUGUST MAHL-  
 MANN

ALLAH gives light in darkness,  
 Allah gives rest in pain,  
 Cheeks that are white with weep-  
 ing  
 Allah paints red again.

The flowers and the blossoms  
 wither,  
 Years vanish with flying feet;  
 But my heart will live on forever,  
 That here in sadness beat.

Gladly to Allah's dwelling  
 Yonder would I take flight;  
 There will the darkness vanish,  
 There will my eyes have sight.

### FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON

#### THE GRAVE

FOR thee was a house built  
 Ere thou wast born,  
 For thee was a mould meant  
 Ere thou of mother camest.  
 But it is not made ready,  
 Nor its depth measured,  
 Nor is it seen  
 How long it shall be.  
 Now I bring thee  
 Where thou shalt be;  
 Now I shall measure thee,  
 And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not  
 Highly timbered,

It is unhigh and low;  
When thou art therein,  
The heel-ways are low,  
The side-ways unhigh.  
The roof is built  
Thy breast full nigh,  
So thou shalt in mould  
Dwell full cold,  
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,  
And dark it is within;  
There thou art fast detained  
And Death hath the key.  
Loathsome is that earth-house,  
And grim within to dwell.  
There thou shalt dwell,  
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,  
And leavest thy friends;  
Thou hast no friend,  
Who will come to thee,  
Who will ever see  
How that house pleaseth thee;  
Who will ever open  
The door for thee,  
And descend after thee;  
For soon thou art loathsome  
And hateful to see.

BEOWULF'S EXPEDITION TO  
HEORT

THUS then, much care-worn,  
The son of Healfden  
Sorrowed evermore,  
Nor might the prudent hero  
His woes avert.  
The war was too hard,  
Too loath and longsome,  
That on the people came,  
Dire wrath and grim,  
Of night-woes the worst.  
This from home heard  
Higelac's Thane,  
Good among the Goths,  
Grendel's deeds.  
He was of mankind  
In might the strongest,

10

At that day  
Of this life,  
Noble and stalwart.  
He bade him a sea-ship, 20  
A goodly one, prepare.  
Quoth he, the war-king,  
Over the swan's road,  
Seek he would  
The mighty monarch,  
Since he wanted men.  
For him that journey  
His prudent fellows  
Straight made ready,  
Those that loved him. 30  
They excited their souls,  
The omen they beheld.  
Had the good-man  
Of the Gothic people  
Champions chosen,  
Of those that keenest  
He might find,  
Some fifteen men.  
The sea-wood sought he.  
The warrior showed, 40  
Sea-crafty man!  
The land-marks,  
And first went forth.  
The ship was on the waves,  
Boat under the cliffs.  
The barons ready  
To the prow mounted.  
The streams they whirled  
The sea against the sands.  
The chieftains bore 50  
On the naked breast  
Bright ornaments,  
War-gear, Goth-like.  
The men shoved off,  
Men on their willing way,  
The bounden wood.  
Then went over the sea-waves,  
Hurried by the wind,  
The ship with foamy neck,  
Most like a sea-fowl, 60  
Till about one hour  
Of the second day  
The curved prow  
Had passed onward  
So that the sailors  
The land saw,  
The shore-cliffs shining,



Mountains steep,  
And broad sea-noses.  
Then was the sea-sailing 70  
Of the Earl at an end.

Then up speedily  
The Weather people  
On the land went,  
The sea-bark moored,  
Their mail-sarks shook,  
Their war-weeds.  
God thanked they,  
That to them the sea-journey  
Easy had been. 80

Then from the wall beheld  
The warden of the Scyldings,  
He who the sea-cliffs  
Had in his keeping,  
Bear o'er the balks  
The bright shields,  
The war-weapons speedily.  
Him the doubt disturbed  
In his mind's thought,  
What these men might be. 90

Went then to the shore,  
On his steed riding  
The Thane of Hrothgar.  
Before the host he shook  
His warden's-staff in hand,  
In measured words demanded:

'What men are ye  
War-gear wearing,  
Host in harness,  
Who thus the brown keel 100  
Over the water-street  
Leading come  
Hither over the sea?  
I these boundaries  
As shore-warden hold,  
That in the Land of the Danes  
Nothing loathsome  
With a ship-crew  
Scathe us might. . . .  
Ne'er saw I mightier 110  
Earl upon earth  
Than is your own,  
Hero in harness.  
Not seldom this warrior  
Is in weapons distinguished;  
Never his beauty belies him,  
His peerless countenance!  
Now would I fain

Your origin know,  
Ere ye forth 120  
As false spies  
Into the Land of the Danes  
Farther fare.  
Now, ye dwellers afar-off!  
Ye sailors of the sea!  
Listen to my  
One-fold thought.  
Quickest is best  
To make known  
Whence your coming may be.'

### THE SOUL'S COMPLAINT AGAINST THE BODY

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON

MUCH it behoveth  
Each one of mortals,  
That he his soul's journey  
In himself ponder,  
How deep it may be.  
When Death cometh,  
The bonds he breaketh  
By which were united  
The soul and the body.

Long it is thenceforth  
Ere the soul taketh  
From God himself  
Its woe or its weal;  
As in the world erst,  
Even in its earth-vessel,  
It wrought before.

The soul shall come  
Wailing with loud voice,  
After a sennight,  
The soul, to find  
The body  
That it erst dwelt in;—  
Three hundred winters,  
Unless ere that worketh  
The Eternal Lord,  
The Almighty God,  
The end of the world.

Crieth then, so care-worn,  
With cold utterance,

And speaketh grimly,  
The ghost to the dust:  
'Dry dust! thou dreary one!  
How little didst thou labor for me!  
In the foulness of earth  
Thou all wearest away  
Like to the loam!  
Little didst thou think  
How thy soul's journey  
Would be thereafter,  
When from the body  
It should be led forth.'

## FROM THE FRENCH

## SONG

## FROM THE PARADISE OF LOVE

HARK! hark!  
Pretty lark!  
Little heedest thou my pain!  
But if to these longing arms  
Pitying Love would yield the  
    charms  
    Of the fair  
    With smiling air,  
Blithe would beat my heart again.

Hark! hark!  
Pretty lark!  
Little heedest thou my pain!  
Love may force me still to bear,  
While he lists, consuming care;  
    But in anguish  
    Though I languish,  
Faithful shall my heart remain.

Hark! hark!  
Pretty lark!  
Little heedest thou my pain!  
Then cease, Love, to torment me so;  
But rather than all thoughts fore-  
    go  
    Of the fair  
    With flaxen hair,  
Give me back her frowns again.  
    Hark! hark!  
    Pretty lark!  
Little heedest thou my pain!

## SONG

AND whither goest thou, gentle  
    sigh,  
    Breathed so softly in my ear?  
    Say, dost thou bear his fate se-  
    vere  
To Love's poor martyr doomed to  
    die?  
Come, tell me quickly, — do not lie;  
    What secret message bring'st  
    thou here?  
And whither goest thou, gentle  
    sigh,  
    Breathed so softly in my ear?  
May Heaven conduct thee to thy  
    will,  
And safely speed thee on thy  
    way;  
    This only I would humbly  
    pray, —  
Pierce deep, — but oh! forbear to  
    kill.  
And whither goest thou, gentle  
    sigh,  
    Breathed so softly in my ear?

## THE RETURN OF SPRING

(RENOUVEAU)

BY CHARLES D'ORLEANS

Now Time throws off his cloak  
    again  
Of ermined frost, and wind, and  
    rain,  
And clothes him in the embroidery  
Of glittering sun and clear blue  
    sky.  
With beast and bird the forest  
    rings,  
Each in his jargon cries or sings;  
And Time throws off his cloak  
    again  
Of ermined frost, and wind, and  
    rain.  
River, and fount, and tinkling  
    brook  
Wear in their dainty livery

Drops of silver jewelry ;  
 In new-made suit they merry look ;  
 And Time throws off his cloak  
 again  
 Of ermined frost, and wind, and  
 rain.

### SPRING

BY CHARLES D'ORLEANS

GENTLE Spring! in sunshine clad,  
 Well dost thou thy power display!

For Winter maketh the light heart  
 sad,

And thou, thou makest the sad  
 heart gay.

He sees thee, and calls to his  
 gloomy train,

The sleet, and the snow, and the  
 wind, and the rain ;

And they shrink away, and they  
 flee in fear,

When thy merry step draws  
 near.

Winter giveth the fields and the  
 trees, so old,

Their beards of icicles and  
 snow ;

And the rain, it raineth so fast and  
 cold,

We must cower over the embers  
 low ;

And, snugly housed from the wind  
 and weather,

Mope like birds that are changing  
 feather.

But the storm retires, and the sky  
 grows clear,

When thy merry step draws  
 near.

Winter maketh the sun in the  
 gloomy sky

Wrap him round with a mantle  
 of cloud ;

But, Heaven be praised, thy step  
 is high ;

Thou tearest away the mournful  
 shroud,

And the earth looks bright, and  
 Winter surly,

Who has toiled for naught both  
 late and early,

Is banished afar by the new-born  
 year,

When thy merry step draws near.

### THE CHILD ASLEEP

(VERSLETS À MON PREMIER NÉ)

BY CLOTILDE DE SURVILLE

SWEET babe! true portrait of  
 thy father's face,

Sleep on the bosom that thy lips  
 have pressed!

Sleep, little one; and closely,  
 gently place

Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mo-  
 ther's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little  
 friend,

Soft sleep shall come, that com-  
 eth not to me!

I watch to see thee, nourish thee,  
 defend;

'Tis sweet to watch for thee,  
 alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits  
 upon his brow;

His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor  
 dreams of harm.

Wore not his cheek the apple's  
 ruddy glow,

Would you not say he slept on  
 Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy! I tremble with  
 affright!

Awake, and chase this fatal  
 thought! Unclose

Thine eye but for one moment on  
 the light!

Even at the price of thine, give  
 me repose!

Sweet error! he but slept, I  
 breathe again;  
 Come, gentle dreams, the hour  
 of sleep beguile!  
 Oh, when shall he, for whom I sigh  
 in vain,  
 Beside me watch to see thy wak-  
 ing smile?

### DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP TURPIN

FROM THE CHANSON DE RO-  
 LAND

THE Archbishop, whom God loved  
 in high degree,  
 Beheld his wounds all bleeding  
 fresh and free;  
 And then his cheek more ghastly  
 grew and wan,  
 And a faint shudder through his  
 members ran.  
 Upon the battle-field his knee was  
 bent;  
 Brave Roland saw, and to his suc-  
 cor went,  
 Straightway his helmet from his  
 brow unlaced,  
 And tore the shining hauberk from  
 his breast.  
 Then raising in his arms the man  
 of God,  
 Gently he laid him on the verdant  
 sod.  
 'Rest, Sire,' he cried, — for rest thy  
 suffering needs.'  
 The priest replied, 'Think but of  
 warlike deeds!  
 The field is ours; well may we  
 boast this strife!  
 But death steals on, — there is no  
 hope of life;  
 In paradise, where Almoners live  
 again,  
 There are our couches spread,  
 there shall we rest from pain.'  
 Sore Roland grieved; nor marvel  
 I, alas!

That thrice he swooned upon the  
 thick green grass.  
 When he revived, with a loud  
 voice cried he,  
 'O Heavenly Father! Holy Saint  
 Marie!  
 Why lingers death to lay me in my  
 grave!  
 Beloved France! how have the  
 good and brave  
 Been torn from thee, and left thee  
 weak and poor!'  
 Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-  
 love, came o'er  
 His spirit, and he whispered soft  
 and slow,  
 'My gentle friend! — what parting  
 full of woe!  
 Never so true a liegeman shalt  
 thou see; —  
 Whate'er my fate, Christ's benison  
 on thee!  
 Christ, who did save from realms  
 of woe beneath,  
 The Hebrew Prophets from the  
 second death.'

Then to the Paladins, whom well  
 he knew,  
 He went, and one by one unaided  
 drew  
 To Turpin's side, well skilled in  
 ghostly lore; —  
 No heart had he to smile, but,  
 weeping sore,  
 He blessed them in God's name,  
 with faith that he  
 Would soon vouchsafe to them a  
 glad eternity.

The Archbishop, then, on whom  
 God's benison rest,  
 Exhausted, bowed his head upon  
 his breast;  
 His mouth was full of dust and  
 clotted gore,  
 And many a wound his swollen  
 visage bore.  
 Slow beats his heart, his panting  
 bosom heaves.

Death comes apace, — no hope of  
cure relieves.  
Towards heaven he raised his dy-  
ing hands and prayed  
That God, who for our sins was  
mortal made,  
Born of the Virgin, scorned and  
crucified,  
In paradise would place him by  
his side.

Then Turpin died in service of  
Charlon,  
In battle great and eke great ori-  
son; —  
'Gainst Pagan host alway strong  
champion;  
God grant to him his holy benison.

### THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL CUILLE

BY JACQUES JASMIN

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland  
might  
Rehearse this little tragedy aright;  
Let me attempt it with an English quill;  
And take, O Reader, for the deed the  
will.

#### I

At the foot of the mountain  
height  
Where is perched Castèl  
Cuillè,  
When the apple, the plum, and the  
almond tree  
In the plain below were grow-  
ing white,  
This is the song one might  
perceive  
On a Wednesday morn of St. Jo-  
seph's Eve:

*The roads should blossom, the  
roads should bloom,  
So fair a bride shall leave her  
home!  
Should blossom and bloom with  
garlands gay,  
So fair a bride shall pass to-  
day!*

10

This old Te Deum, rustic rites at-  
tending,  
Seemed from the clouds de-  
scending;  
When lo! a merry company  
Of rosy village girls, clean as the  
eye,  
Each one with her attendant  
swain,  
Came to the cliff, all singing the  
same strain;  
Resembling there, so near unto the  
sky,  
Rejoicing angels, that kind heaven  
had sent  
For their delight and our encour-  
agement.

Together blending, 20  
And soon descending  
The narrow sweep  
Of the hillside steep,  
They wind aslant  
Towards Saint Amant,  
Through leafy alleys  
Of verdurous valleys  
With merry sallies,  
Singing their chant:

*The roads should blossom, the  
roads should bloom, 30  
So fair a bride shall leave her  
home!  
Should blossom and bloom with  
garlands gay,  
So fair a bride shall pass to-  
day!*

It is Baptiste, and his affianced  
maiden,  
With garlands for the bridal  
laden!

The sky was blue; without one  
cloud of gloom,  
The sun of March was shining  
brightly,  
And to the air the freshening  
wind gave lightly  
Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky  
hedges blossom, 40



A rustic bridal, ah! how sweet  
it is!

To sounds of joyous melodies,  
That touch with tenderness the  
trembling bosom,

A band of maidens  
Gayly frolicking,  
A band of youngsters  
Wildly rollicking!

Kissing,

Caressing,

With fingers pressing, 50

Till in the veriest

Madness of mirth, as they  
dance,

They retreat and advance,

Trying whose laugh shall be  
loudest and merriest;

While the bride, with roguish  
eyes,

Sporting with them, now es-  
capes and cries:

'Those who catch me

Married verily

This year shall be!' 59

And all pursue with eager haste,  
And all attain what they pursue,  
And touch her pretty apron fresh  
and new,

And the linen kirtle round her  
waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that  
among

These youthful maidens fresh and  
fair,

So joyous, with such laughing air,  
Baptiste stands sighing, with si-  
lent tongue?

And yet the bride is fair and  
young!

Is it Saint Joseph would say to us  
all,

That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a  
fall? 70

Oh no! for a maiden frail, I  
trow,

Never bore so lofty a brow!

What lovers! they give not a sin-  
gle caress!

To see them so careless and cold  
to-day,

These are grand people, one  
would say.

What ails Baptiste? what grief  
doth him oppress?

It is, that, half-way up the  
hill,

In yon cottage, by whose walls  
Stand the cart-house and the  
stalls,

Dwelleth the blind orphan  
still, 80

Daughter of a veteran old;

And you must know, one year  
ago,

That Margaret, the young and  
tender,

Was the village pride and  
splendor,

And Baptiste her lover bold.

Love, the deceiver, them en-  
snared;

For them the altar was pre-  
pared;

But alas! the summer's blight,  
The dread disease that none  
can stay,

The pestilence that walks by  
night, 90

Took the young bride's sight  
away.

All at the father's stern command  
was changed;

Their peace was gone, but not  
their love estranged.

Wearied at home, ere long the  
lover fled;

Returned but three short days  
ago,

The golden chain they round  
him throw,

He is enticed, and onward led  
To marry Angela, and yet

Is thinking ever of Marga-  
ret. 99

Then suddenly a maiden cried,  
'Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate!

Here comes the cripple Jane !  
 And by a fountain's side  
 A woman, bent and gray with  
 years,  
 Under the mulberry trees ap-  
 pears,  
 And all towards her run, as  
 fleet  
 As had they wings upon their  
 feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple  
 Jane,  
 Is a soothsayer, wary and  
 kind.  
 She telleth fortunes, and none  
 complain.  
 She promises one a village  
 swain, 110  
 Another a happy wedding-day,  
 And the bride a lovely boy  
 straightway.  
 All comes to pass as she  
 avers;  
 She never deceives, she never  
 errs.

But for this once the village  
 seer  
 Wears a countenance severe,  
 And from beneath her eyebrows  
 thin and white  
 Her two eyes flash like can-  
 nons bright  
 Aimed at the bridegroom in  
 waistcoat blue,  
 Who, like a statue, stands in  
 view ; 120  
 Changing color, as well he  
 might,  
 When the beldame wrinkled  
 and gray  
 Takes the young bride by the  
 hand,  
 And, with the tip of her reedy  
 wand  
 Making the sign of the cross,  
 doth say : —  
 'Thoughtless Angela, beware !  
 Lest, when thou weddest this  
 false bridegroom,

Thou diggest for thyself a  
 tomb !'  
 And she was silent ; and the maid-  
 ens fair  
 Saw from each eye escape a  
 swollen tear ; 130  
 But on a little streamlet silver-  
 clear,  
 What are two drops of turbid  
 rain ?  
 Saddened a moment, the bridal  
 train  
 Resumed the dance and song  
 again ;  
 The bridegroom only was pale  
 with fear ; —  
 And down green alleys  
 Of verdurous valleys,  
 With merry sallies,  
 They sang the refrain : —

*The roads should blossom, the  
 roads should bloom, 140  
 So fair a bride shall leave her  
 home !  
 Should blossom and bloom with  
 garlands gay,  
 So fair a bride shall pass to-  
 day !*

## II

And by suffering worn and weary,  
 But beautiful as some fair angel  
 yet,  
 Thus lamented Margaret,  
 In her cottage lone and dreary : —

'He has arrived! arrived at  
 last!  
 Yet Jane has named him not these  
 three days past;  
 Arrived! yet keeps aloof so  
 far! 150  
 And knows that of my night he is  
 the star!  
 Knows that long months I wait  
 alone, benighted,  
 And count the moments since he  
 went away!

Come! keep the promise of that  
 happier day,  
 That I may keep the faith to thee  
 I plighted!  
 What joy have I without thee?  
 what delight?  
 Grief wastes my life, and makes it  
 misery;  
 Day for the others ever, but for  
 me  
 Forever night! forever night!  
 When he is gone 't is dark! my  
 soul is sad! 160  
 I suffer! O my God! come, make  
 me glad.  
 When he is near, no thoughts of  
 day intrude;  
 Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste  
 has blue eyes!  
 Within them shines for me a  
 heaven of love,  
 A heaven all happiness, like that  
 above,  
 No more of grief! no more of  
 lassitude!  
 Earth I forget, — and heaven, and  
 all distresses,  
 When seated by my side my hand  
 he presses;  
 But when alone, remember  
 all!  
 Where is Baptiste? he hears not  
 when I call! 170  
 A branch of ivy, dying on the  
 ground,  
 I need some bough to twine  
 around!  
 In pity come! be to my suffering  
 kind!  
 True love, they say, in grief doth  
 more abound!  
 What then — when one is  
 blind?  
 'Who knows? perhaps I am  
 forsaken!  
 Ah! woe is me! then bear me to  
 my grave!  
 O God! what thoughts within  
 me waken!

Away! he will return! I do but  
 rave!  
 He will return! I need not  
 fear! 180  
 He swore it by our Saviour  
 dear;  
 He could not come at his own  
 will;  
 Is weary, or perhaps is ill!  
 Perhaps his heart, in this dis-  
 guise,  
 Prepares for me some sweet  
 surprise!  
 But some one comes! Though  
 blind, my heart can see!  
 And that deceives me not! 't is he!  
 't is he!  
 And the door ajar it set,  
 And poor, confiding Margaret  
 Rises, with outstretched arms, but  
 sightless eyes; 190  
 'T is only Paul, her brother, who  
 thus cries: —  
 'Angela the bride has passed!  
 I saw the wedding guests go  
 by;  
 Tell me, my sister, why were  
 we not asked?  
 For all are there but you and  
 I!  
 'Angela married! and not  
 sent  
 To tell her secret unto me!  
 Oh, speak! who may the  
 bridegroom be?  
 'My sister, 't is Baptiste, thy  
 friend!  
 A cry the blind girl gave, but no-  
 thing said; 200  
 A milky whiteness spreads upon  
 her cheeks;  
 An icy hand, as heavy as lead,  
 Descending, as her brother  
 speaks,  
 Upon her heart, that has  
 ceased to beat,  
 Suspends awhile its life and  
 heat.

She stands beside the boy, now  
sore distressed,  
A wax Madonna as a peasant  
dressed.

At length, the bridal song  
again

Brings her back to her sorrow  
and pain.

'Hark! the joyous airs are  
ringing! 210

Sister, dost thou hear them  
singing?

How merrily they laugh and  
jest!

Would we were bidden with  
the rest!

I would don my hose of home-  
spun gray,

And my doublet of linen striped  
and gay;

Perhaps they will come; for  
they do not wed

Till to-morrow at seven o'clock,  
it is said!

'I know it!' answered Mar-  
garet;

Whom the vision, with aspect  
black as jet,

Mastered again; and its hand  
of ice 220

Held her heart crushed, as in a vice!

'Paul, be not sad! 'T is a holi-  
day;

To-morrow put on thy dou-  
blet gay!

But leave me now for awhile  
alone.'

Away, with a hop and a jump,  
went Paul,

And, as he whistled along the  
hall,

Entered Jane, the crippled  
crone.

'Holy Virgin! what dreadful  
heat!

I am faint, and weary, and out  
of breath!

But thou art cold, — art chill  
as death; 230

My little friend! what ails  
thee, sweet?'

'Nothing! I heard them singing  
home the bride;

And, as I listened to the song,  
I thought my turn would come

erelong,  
Thou knowest it is at Whit-

suntide.

Thy cards forsooth can never  
lie,

To me such joy they prophesy,  
Thy skill shall be vaunted far

and wide  
When they behold him at my

side.  
And poor Baptiste, what say-  
est thou? 240

It must seem long to him; — me-  
thinks I see him now!'

Jane, shuddering, her hand  
doth press:

'Thy love I cannot all ap-  
prove;

We must not trust too much to  
happiness; —

Go, pray to God, that thou mayest  
love him less!'

'The more I pray, the more I  
love!

It is no sin, for God is on my  
side!'

It was enough; and Jane no more  
replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred  
and cold;

But to deceive the beldame  
old 250

She takes a sweet, contented  
air;

Speak of foul weather or of  
fair,

At every word the maiden  
smiles!

Thus the beguiler she be-  
guiles;

So that, departing at the evening's  
close,

She says, 'She may be saved!  
she nothing knows!'

Poor Jane, the cunning sor-  
ceress !

Now that thou wouldst, thou art  
no prophetess !

This morning, in the fulness of thy  
heart,

Thou wast so, far beyond thine  
art ! 260

### III

Now rings the bell, nine times re-  
verberating,

And the white daybreak, stealing  
up the sky,

Sees in two cottages two maidens  
waiting,

How differently !

Queen of a day, by flatterers ca-  
ressed,

The one puts on her cross and  
crown,

Decks with a huge bouquet  
her breast,

And flaunting, fluttering up  
and down,

Looks at herself, and cannot  
rest.

The other, blind, within her  
little room, 270

Has neither crown nor flow-  
er's perfume ;

But in their stead for something  
gropes apart,

That in a drawer's recess doth  
lie,

And, 'neath her bodice of bright  
scarlet dye,

Convulsive clasps it to her  
heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,  
'Mid kisses ringing,

And joyous singing,

Forgets to say her morning  
prayer !

The other, with cold drops upon  
her brow, 280

Joins her two hands, and kneels  
upon the floor,

And whispers, as her brother opes  
the door,

' O God ! forgive me now ! '

And then the orphan, young  
and blind,

Conducted by her brother's  
hand,

Towards the church, through  
paths unscanned,

With tranquil air, her way  
doth wind.

Odors of laurel, making her faint  
and pale,

Round her at times exhale, 289

And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,  
But brumal vapors gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,  
Crowded with sculptures old, in  
every part,

Marvels of nature and of art,  
And proud of its name of high  
degree,

A little chapel, almost bare  
At the base of the rock, is  
bullded there ;

All glorious that it lifts aloof,  
Above each jealous cottage  
roof,

Its sacred summit, swept by au-  
tumn gales, 300

And its blackened steeple high  
in air,

Round which the osprey screams  
and sails.

' Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by ! '  
Thus Margaret said. ' Where are  
we ? we ascend ! '

' Yes ; seest thou not our journey's  
end ?

Hearest not the osprey from the  
belfry cry ?

The hideous bird, that brings ill  
luck, we know !

Dost thou remember when our fa-  
ther said,



The night we watched beside his  
 bed,  
 "O, daughter, I am weak and  
 low; <sup>310</sup>  
 Take care of Paul; I feel that I  
 am dying!"  
 And thou, and he, and I, all fell to  
 crying?  
 Then on the roof the osprey  
 screamed aloud;  
 And here they brought our father  
 in his shroud.  
 There is his grave; there stands  
 the cross we set;  
 Why dost thou clasp me so, dear  
 Margaret?  
 Come in! the bride will be here  
 soon:  
 Thou tremblest! O my God! thou  
 art going to swoon!"

She could no more, — the blind  
 girl, weak and weary!  
 A voice seemed crying from that  
 grave so dreary, <sup>320</sup>  
 'What wouldst thou do, my daugh-  
 ter?' — and she started,  
 And quick recoiled, aghast,  
 faint-hearted;  
 But Paul, impatient, urges ever-  
 more  
 Her steps towards the open  
 door;  
 And when, beneath her feet, the  
 unhappy maid  
 Crushes the laurel near the house  
 immortal,  
 And with her head, as Paul talks  
 on again,  
 Touches the crown of filigrane  
 Suspended from the low-arched  
 portal, <sup>330</sup>  
 No more restrained, no more  
 afraid,  
 She walks, as for a feast ar-  
 rayed,  
 And in the ancient chapel's som-  
 bre night  
 They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,  
 With booming sound,  
 Sends forth, resounding round,  
 Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and  
 down the dell.  
 It is broad day, with sunshine  
 and with rain;  
 And yet the guests delay not  
 long,  
 For soon arrives the bridal  
 train, <sup>340</sup>  
 And with it brings the village  
 throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal  
 gay,  
 For lo! Baptiste on this trium-  
 phant day,  
 Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-  
 morning,  
 Thinks only of the beldame's  
 words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I  
 wis;  
 To be a bride is all! the pretty  
 lisper  
 Feels her heart swell to hear all  
 round her whisper,  
 'How beautiful! how beautiful  
 she is!'

But she must calm that giddy  
 head, <sup>350</sup>  
 For already the Mass is said;  
 At the holy table stands the  
 priest;  
 The wedding ring is blessed:  
 Baptiste receives it;  
 Ere on the finger of the bride he  
 leaves it,  
 He must pronounce one word  
 at least!  
 'Tis spoken; and sudden at the  
 groomsmen's side  
 'Tis he!' a well-known voice has  
 cried.  
 And while the wedding guests all  
 hold their breath,

Opes the confessional, and the  
blind girl, see!

'Baptiste,' she said, 'since thou  
hast wished my death, 360  
As holy water be my blood for  
thee!'

And calmly in the air a knife sus-  
pended!

Doubtless her guardian angel near  
attended,

For anguish did its work so  
well,

That, ere the fatal stroke de-  
scended,

Lifeless she fell!

At eve, instead of bridal verse,  
The De Profundis filled the  
air;

Decked with flowers a simple  
hearse

To the churchyard forth they  
bear; 370

Village girls in robes of snow  
Follow, weeping as they go;

Nowhere was a smile that day,  
No, ah no! for each one seemed to

say:—

*The road should mourn and be  
veiled in gloom,*

*So fair a corpse shall leave its  
home!*

*Should mourn and should weep,  
ah, well-away!*

*So fair a corpse shall pass to-  
day!*

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

FROM THE NOËL BOURGIGNON  
DE GUI BARÔZAI

I HEAR along our street  
Pass the minstrel throngs;  
Hark! they play so sweet,  
On their hautboys, Christmas  
songs!

Let us by the fire

Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!

In December ring  
Every day the chimes;  
Loud the gleemen sing  
In the streets their merry rhymes.

Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire.

Shepherds at the grange,  
Where the Babe was born,  
Sang, with many a change,  
Christmas carols until morn.

Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!

These good people sang  
Songs devout and sweet;  
While the rafters rang,  
There they stood with freezing  
feet.

Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in frigid cells  
At this holy tide,  
For want of something else,  
Christmas songs at times have  
tried.

Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!

Washerwomen old,  
To the sound they beat,  
Sing by rivers cold,  
With uncovered heads and feet.

Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire.

Who by the fireside stands  
Stamps his feet and sings;  
But he who blows his hands  
Not so gay a carol brings.

Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!

## CONSOLATION

TO M. DUPERRIER, GENTLEMAN  
OF AIX IN PROVENCE, ON THE  
DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER

By FRANÇOIS DE MALHERBE

WILL then, Duperrier, thy sorrow  
be eternal?

And shall the sad discourse  
Whispered within thy heart, by  
tenderness paternal,  
Only augment its force?

Thy daughter's mournful fate, into  
the tomb descending  
By death's frequented ways,  
Has it become to thee a labyrinth  
never ending,  
Where thy lost reason strays?

I know the charms that made her  
youth a benediction:  
Nor should I be content,  
As a censorious friend, to solace  
thine affliction  
By her disparagement.

But she was of the world, which  
fairest things exposes  
To fates the most forlorn;  
A rose, she too hath lived as long  
as live the roses,  
The space of one brief morn.

. . . . .

Death has his rigorous laws, un-  
paralleled, unfeeling;  
All prayers to him are vain;  
Cruel, he stops his ears, and, deaf  
to our appealing,  
He leaves us to complain.

The poor man in his hut, with only  
thatch for cover,  
Unto these laws must bend;  
The sentinel that guards the bar-  
riers of the Louvre  
Cannot our kings defend.

To murmur against death, in petu-  
lant defiance,  
Is never for the best;  
To will what God doth will, that  
is the only science  
That gives us any rest.

## TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU

By FRANÇOIS DE MALHERBE

THOU mighty Prince of Church  
and State,  
Richelieu! until the hour of death,  
Whatever road man chooses, Fate  
Still holds him subject to her  
breath.

Spun of all silks, our days and  
nights

Have sorrows woven with de-  
lights;

And of this intermingled shade  
Our various destiny appears,  
Even as one sees the course of  
years

Of summers and of winters made.

Sometimes the soft, deceitful hours  
Let us enjoy the halcyon wave;  
Sometimes impending peril lowers  
Beyond the seaman's skill to save.  
The Wisdom, infinitely wise,  
That gives to human destinies  
Their foreordained necessity,  
Has made no law more fixed be-  
low,

Than the alternate ebb and flow  
Of Fortune and Adversity.

## THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD

(L'ANGE ET L'ENFANT; ELÉGIE À UNE  
MÈRE)

By JEAN REBOUL, THE BAKER  
OF NISMES

AN angel with a radiant face,  
Above a cradle bent to look,

Seemed his own image there to  
trace,  
As in the waters of a brook.

'Dear child! who me resemblest  
so,'  
It whispered, 'come, oh come  
with me!  
Happy together let us go,  
The earth unworthy is of thee!

'Here none to perfect bliss attain;  
The soul in pleasure suffering  
lies;  
Joy hath an undertone of pain,  
And even the happiest hours  
their sighs.

'Fear doth at every portal knock;  
Never a day serene and pure  
From the o'ershadowing tempest's  
shock  
Hath made the morrow's dawn  
secure.

'What, then, shall sorrows and  
shall fears  
Come to disturb so pure a brow?  
And with the bitterness of tears  
These eyes of azure troubled  
grow?

'Ah no! into the fields of space,  
Away shalt thou escape with  
me;  
And Providence will grant thee  
grace  
Of all the days that were to be.

'Let no one in thy dwelling cower,  
In sombre vestments draped and  
veiled;  
But let them welcome thy last  
hour,  
As thy first moments once they  
hailed.

'Without a cloud be there each  
brow;  
There let the grave no shadow  
cast;

When one is pure as thou art  
now,  
The fairest day is still the last.'

And waving wide his wings of  
white,  
The angel, at these words, had  
sped  
Towards the eternal realms of  
light!—  
Poor mother! see, thy son is  
dead!

# ON THE TERRACE OF THE AIGALADES

BY JOSEPH MÉRY

FROM this high portal, where up  
springs  
The rose to touch our hands in  
play,  
We at a glance behold three  
things,—  
The Sea, the Town, and the High-  
way.

And the Sea says: My shipwrecks  
fear;  
I drown my best friends in the  
deep;  
And those who braved my tem-  
pests, here  
Among my sea-weeds lie asleep!

The Town says: I am filled and  
fraught  
With tumult and with smoke and  
care;  
My days with toil are over-  
wrought,  
And in my nights I gasp for air.

The Highway says: My wheel-  
tracks guide  
To the pale climates of the North;  
Where my last milestone stands  
abide  
The people to their death gone  
forth.

Here in the shade this life of ours,  
Full of delicious air, glides by  
Amid a multitude of flowers  
As countless as the stars on high ;

These red-tiled roofs, this fruitful  
soil,  
Bathed with an azure all divine,  
Where springs the tree that gives  
us oil,  
The grape that giveth us the wine ;

Beneath these mountains stripped  
of trees,  
Whose tops with flowers are covered o'er,  
Where springtime of the Hesperides  
Begins, but endeth nevermore ;

Under these leafy vaults and  
walls,  
That unto gentle sleep persuade ;  
This rainbow of the waterfalls,  
Of mingled mist and sunshine  
made ;

Upon these shores, where all invites,  
We live our languid life apart ;  
This air is that of life's delights,  
The festival of sense and heart ;

This limpid space of time prolong,  
Forget to-morrow in to-day,  
And leave unto the passing throng  
The Sea, the Town, and the Highway.

### TO MY BROOKLET

(À MON RUISSEAU)

BY JEAN FRANÇOIS DUCIS

THOU brooklet, all unknown to  
song,  
Hid in the covert of the wood !  
Ah, yes, like thee I fear the throng,  
Like thee I love the solitude.

O brooklet, let my sorrows past  
Lie all forgotten in their graves,  
Till in my thoughts remain at last  
Only thy peace, thy flowers, thy  
waves.

The lily by thy margin waits ; —  
The nightingale, the marguerite ;  
In shadow here he meditates  
His nest, his love, his music  
sweet.

Near thee the self-collected soul  
Knows naught of error or of  
crime ;  
Thy waters, murmuring as they  
roll,  
Transform his musings into  
rhyme.

Ah, when, on bright autumnal  
eves,  
Pursuing still thy course, shall I  
List the soft shudder of the leaves,  
And hear the lapwing's plaintive  
cry ?

### BARRÉGES

BY LEFRANC DE POMPIGNAN

I LEAVE you, ye cold mountain  
chains,  
Dwelling of warriors stark and  
frore !  
You, may these eyes behold no  
more,  
Save on the horizon of our plains.

Vanish, ye frightful, gloomy views !  
Ye rocks that mount up to the  
clouds !  
Of skies, enwrapped in misty  
shrouds,  
Impracticable avenues !

Ye torrents, that with might and  
main  
Break pathways through the  
rocky walls,



With your terrific waterfalls  
Fatigue no more my weary brain!

Arise, ye landscapes full of charms,  
Arise, ye pictures of delight!  
Ye brooks, that water in your flight  
The flowers and harvests of our farms!

You I perceive, ye meadows green,  
Where the Garonne the lowland fills,  
Not far from that long chain of hills,  
With intermingled vales between.

Yon wreath of smoke, that mounts  
so high,  
Methinks from my own hearth  
must come;  
With speed, to that beloved  
home,  
Fly, ye too lazy coursers, fly!

And bear me thither, where the  
soul  
In quiet may itself possess,  
Where all things soothe the  
mind's distress,  
Where all things teach me and  
console.

WILL EVER THE DEAR DAYS  
COME BACK AGAIN?

WILL ever the dear days come  
back again,  
Those days of June, when lilacs  
were in bloom,  
And bluebirds sang their sonnets  
in the gloom  
Of leaves that roofed them in  
from sun or rain?  
I know not; but a presence will  
remain  
Forever and forever in this room,  
Formless, diffused in air; like a  
perfume,—  
A phantom of the heart, and not  
the brain.

Delicious days! when every spoken  
word

Was like a footfall nearer and  
more near,  
And a mysterious knocking at  
the gate  
Of the heart's secret places, and we  
heard  
In the sweet tumult of delight  
and fear  
A voice that whispered, 'Open, I  
cannot wait!'

## AT LA CHAUDEAU

BY XAVIER MARMIER

At La Chaudeau, — 't is long since  
then:  
I was young,—my years twice  
ten;  
All things smiled on the happy  
boy,  
Dreams of love and songs of joy,  
Azure of heaven and wave below,  
At La Chaudeau.

To La Chaudeau I come back  
old:  
My head is gray, my blood is cold;  
Seeking along the meadow ooze,  
Seeking beside the river Seymouse,  
The days of my spring-time of long  
ago  
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau nor heart nor  
brain  
Ever grows old with grief and  
pain;  
A sweet remembrance keeps off  
age;  
A tender friendship doth still as-  
suage  
The burden of sorrow that one  
may know  
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, had fate decreed  
To limit the wandering life I lead,

Peradventure I still, forsooth,  
Should have preserved my fresh  
green youth  
Under the shadows the hill-tops  
throw  
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, live on, my  
friends,  
Happy to be where God intends ;  
And sometimes, by the evening  
fire,  
Think of him whose sole desire  
Is again to sit in the old châ-  
teau  
At La Chaudeau.

### A QUIET LIFE

LET him who will, by force or  
fraud innate,  
Of courtly grandeurs gain the  
slippery height ;  
I, leaving not the home of my  
delight,  
Far from the world and noise  
will meditate.  
Then, without pomps or perils of  
the great,  
I shall behold the day succeed  
the night ;  
Behold the alternate seasons  
take their flight,  
And in serene repose old age  
await.  
And so, whenever Death shall  
come to close  
The happy moments that my  
days compose,  
I, full of years, shall die, obscure,  
alone !  
How wretched is the man, with  
honors crowned,  
Who, having not the one thing  
needful found,  
Dies, known to all, but to him-  
self unknown.

### THE WINE OF JURANÇON

BY CHARLES CORAN

LITTLE sweet wine of Jurançon,  
You are dear to my memory still !  
With mine host and his merry  
song,  
Under the rose-tree I drank my  
fill.

Twenty years after, passing that  
way,  
Under the trellis I found again  
Mine host, still sitting there *au*  
*frâis*,  
And singing still the same re-  
frain.

The Jurançon, so fresh and bold,  
Treats me as one it used to  
know ;  
Souvenirs of the days of old  
Already from the bottle flow.

With glass in hand our glances  
met ;  
We pledge, we drink. How sour  
it is !

Never Argenteuil piquette  
Was to my palate sour as this !

And yet the vintage was good, in  
sooth ;  
The self-same juice, the self-same  
cask !

It was you, O gayety of my youth,  
That failed in the autumnal  
flask !

### FRIAR LUBIN

(LE FRÈRE LUBIN)

BY CLEMENT MAROT

To gallop off to town post-haste,  
So oft, the times I cannot tell ;  
To do vile deed, nor feel dis-  
graced, —

Friar Lubin will do it well.  
But a sober life to lead,  
To honor virtue, and pursue it,  
That's a pious, Christian deed, —  
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

To mingle, with a knowing smile,  
The goods of others with his  
own,  
And leave you without cross or  
pile,  
Friar Lubin stands alone.  
To say 't is yours is all in vain,  
If once he lays his finger to it;  
For as to giving back again,  
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle  
tone,  
To woo and win some guileless  
maid,  
Cunning pander need you none, —  
Friar Lubin knows the trade.  
Loud preacheth he sobriety,  
But as for water, doth eschew it;  
Your dog may drink it, — but not  
he;  
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

## ENVOY

When an evil deed's to do  
Friar Lubin is stout and true;  
Glimmers a ray of goodness  
through it,  
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

## RONDEL

BY JEAN FROISSART

LOVE, love, what wilt thou with  
this heart of mine?  
Naught see I fixed or sure in  
thee!  
I do not know thee, — nor what  
deeds are thine:  
Love, love, what wilt thou with  
this heart of mine?  
Naught see I fixed or sure in  
thee!

Shall I be mute, or vows with  
prayers combine?  
Ye who are blessed in loving, tell  
it me:

Love, love, what wilt thou with  
this heart of mine?

Naught see I permanent or sure  
in thee!

## MY SECRET

BY FÉLIX ARVERS

MY soul its secret has, my life too  
has its mystery,  
A love eternal in a moment's space  
conceived;  
Hopeless the evil is, I have not  
told its history,  
And she who was the cause nor  
knew it nor believed.  
Alas! I shall have passed close by  
her unperceived,  
Forever at her side, and yet for-  
ever lonely,  
I shall unto the end have made  
life's journey, only  
Daring to ask for naught, and hav-  
ing naught received.  
For her, though God has made her  
gentle and endearing,  
She will go on her way distraught  
and without hearing  
These murmurings of love that  
round her steps ascend,  
Piously faithful still unto her aus-  
tere duty,  
Will say, when she shall read these  
lines full of her beauty,  
'Who can this woman be?' and  
will not comprehend.

## FROM THE ITALIAN

## THE CELESTIAL PILOT

PURGATORIO II. 13-51.

AND now, behold! as at the ap-  
proach of morning,

Through the gross vapors, Mars  
grows fiery red  
Down in the west upon the ocean  
floor,  
Appeared to me, — may I again be-  
hold it!  
A light along the sea, so swiftly  
coming,  
Its motion by no flight of wing is  
equalled.  
And when therefrom I had with-  
drawn a little  
Mine eyes, that I might question  
my conductor,  
Again I saw it brighter grown  
and larger.  
Thereafter, on all sides of it, ap-  
peared  
I knew not what of white, and  
underneath,  
Little by little, there came forth  
another.  
My master yet had uttered not a  
word,  
While the first whiteness into  
wings unfolded;  
But, when he clearly recognized  
the pilot,  
He cried aloud: 'Quick, quick, and  
bow the knee!  
Behold the Angel of God! fold  
up thy hands!  
Henceforward shalt thou see  
such officers!  
See, how he scorns all human argu-  
ments,  
So that no oar he wants, nor  
other sail  
Than his own wings, between so  
distant shores!  
See, how he holds them, pointed  
straight to heaven,  
Fanning the air with the eternal  
pinions,  
That do not moult themselves  
like mortal hair!'  
And then, as nearer and more near  
us came  
The Bird of Heaven, more glori-  
ous he appeared,

So that the eye could not sustain  
his presence,  
But down I cast it; and he came  
to shore  
With a small vessel, gliding  
swift and light,  
So that the water swallowed  
naught thereof.  
Upon the stern stood the Celestial  
Pilot!  
Beatitude seemed written in his  
face!  
And more than a hundred spirits  
sat within.  
'*In exitu Israel de Ægypto!*'  
Thus sang they all together in  
one voice,  
With whatso in that Psalm is  
after written.  
Then made he sign of holy rood  
upon them,  
Whereat all cast themselves  
upon the shore,  
And he departed swiftly as he  
came.

## THE TERRESTRIAL PARA- DISE

PURGATORIO XXVIII.  
1-33.

LONGING already to search in and  
round  
The heavenly forest, dense and  
living-green,  
Which tempered to the eyes the  
new-born day,  
Withouten more delay I left the  
bank,  
Crossing the level country  
slowly, slowly,  
Over the soil, that everywhere  
breathed fragrance.  
A gently-breathing air, that no  
mutation  
Had in itself, smote me upon the  
forehead

No heavier blow than of a pleasant breeze,  
 Whereat the tremulous branches readily  
 Did all of them bow downward towards that side  
 Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain;  
 Yet not from their upright direction bent  
 So that the little birds upon their tops  
 Should cease the practice of their tuneful art:  
 But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime  
 Singing received they in the midst of foliage  
 That made monotonous burden to their rhymes,  
 Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells,  
 Through the pine forests on the shore of Chiassi,  
 When Æolus unlooses the Si-rocco.  
 Already my slow steps had led me on  
 Into the ancient wood so far, that I  
 Could see no more the place where I had entered.  
 And lo! my further course cut off a river,  
 Which, tow'ards the left hand, with its little waves,  
 Bent down the grass, that on its margin sprang.  
 All waters that on earth most limpid are,  
 Would seem to have within themselves some mixture,  
 Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal,  
 Although it moves on with a brown, brown current,  
 Under the shade perpetual, that never  
 Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

## BEATRICE

PURGATORIO XXX. 13-33, 85-99,  
 XXXI. 13-21.

EVEN as the Blessed, at the final summons,  
 Shall rise up quickened, each one from his grave,  
 Wearing again the garments of the flesh,  
 So, upon that celestial chariot,  
 A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,  
 Ministers and messengers of life eternal.  
 They all were saying, '*Benedictus qui venis*,'  
 And scattering flowers above and round about,  
 '*Manibus o date lilia plenis*.'  
 Oft have I seen, at the approach of day,  
 The orient sky all stained with roseate hues,  
 And the other heaven with light serene adorned,  
 And the sun's face uprising, overshadowed,  
 So that, by temperate influence of vapors,  
 The eye sustained his aspect for long while;  
 Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,  
 Which from those hands angelic were thrown up,  
 And down descended inside and without,  
 With crown of olive o'er a snow-white veil,  
 Appeared a lady, under a green mantle,  
 Vested in colors of the living flame.  
 . . . . .  
 Even as the snow, among the living rafters  
 Upon the back of Italy, congeals,  
 Blown on and beaten by Sclavonian winds,



And then, dissolving, filters  
 through itself,  
 When'er the land, that loses  
 shadow, breathes,  
 Like as a taper melts before a  
 fire,  
 Even such I was, without a sigh or  
 tear,  
 Before the song of those who  
 chime forever  
 After the chiming of the eternal  
 spheres;  
 But, when I heard in those sweet  
 melodies  
 Compassion for me, more than  
 had they said,  
 'Oh wherefore, lady, dost thou  
 thus consume him?'  
 The ice, that was about my heart  
 congealed,  
 To air and water changed, and,  
 in my anguish,  
 Through lips and eyes came  
 gushing from my breast.  
 . . . . .  
 Confusion and dismay, together  
 mingled,  
 Forced such a feeble 'Yes!' out  
 of my mouth,  
 To understand it one had need  
 of sight.  
 Even as a cross-bow breaks, when  
 't is discharged,  
 Too tensely drawn the bow-  
 string and the bow,  
 And with less force the arrow  
 hits the mark;  
 So I gave way beneath this heavy  
 burden,  
 Gushing forth into bitter tears  
 and sighs,  
 And the voice, fainting, flagged  
 upon its passage.

### TO ITALY

BY VINCENZO DA FILICAJA

ITALY! Italy! thou who 'rt  
 doomed to wear

The fatal gift of beauty, and  
 possess  
 The dower funest of infinite  
 wretchedness  
 Written upon thy forehead by  
 despair;  
 Ah! would that thou wert stronger,  
 or less fair,  
 That they might fear thee more,  
 or love thee less,  
 Who in the splendor of thy love-  
 liness  
 Seem wasting, yet to mortal com-  
 bat dare!  
 Then from the Alps I should not  
 see descending  
 Such torrents of armed men, nor  
 Gallic horde  
 Drinking the wave of Po, dis-  
 tained with gore,  
 Nor should I see thee girded with  
 a sword  
 Not thine, and with the stran-  
 ger's arm contending,  
 Victor or vanquished, slave for-  
 evermore.

### SEVEN SONNETS AND A CANZONE

The following translations are from  
 the poems of Michael Angelo as revised  
 by his nephew, Michael Angelo the  
 Younger, and were made before the  
 publication of the original text by  
 Guasti.

#### I

#### THE ARTIST

NOTHING the greatest artist can  
 conceive  
 That every marble block doth  
 not confine  
 Within itself; and only its de-  
 sign  
 The hand that follows intellect  
 can achieve.  
 The ill I flee, the good that I be-  
 lieve,  
 In thee, fair lady, lofty and di-  
 vine,

Thus hidden lie; and so that  
death be mine,

Art, of desired success, doth me  
bereave.

Love is not guilty, then, nor thy  
fair face,

Nor fortune, cruelty, nor great  
disdain,

Of my disgrace, nor chance nor  
destiny,

If in thy heart both death and  
love find place

At the same time, and if my  
humble brain,

Burning, can nothing draw but  
death from thee.

## II

## FIRE

NOT without fire can any work-  
man mould

The iron to his preconceived de-  
sign,

Nor can the artist without fire  
refine

And purify from all its dross the  
gold;

Nor can revive the phoenix, we are  
told,

Except by fire. Hence, if such  
death be mine,

I hope to rise again with the  
divine,

Whom death augments, and time  
cannot make old.

O sweet, sweet death! O fortu-  
nate fire that burns

Within me still to renovate my  
days,

Though I am almost numbered  
with the dead!

If by its nature unto heaven re-  
turns

This element, me, kindled in its  
blaze,

Will it bear upward when my  
life is fled.

## III

## YOUTH AND AGE

OH give me back the days when  
loose and free

To my blind passion were the  
curb and rein,

Oh give me back the angelic  
face again,

With which all virtue buried  
seems to be!

Oh give my panting footsteps back  
to me,

That are in age so slow and  
fraught with pain,

And fire and moisture in the  
heart and brain,

If thou wouldst have me burn  
and weep for thee!

If it be true thou livest alone,  
Amor,

On the sweet-bitter tears of hu-  
man hearts,

In an old man thou canst not  
wake desire;

Souls that have almost reached  
the other shore

Of a diviner love should feel the  
darts,

And be as tinder to a holier  
fire.

## IV

## OLD AGE

THE course of my long life hath  
reached at last,

In fragile bark o'er a tempestu-  
ous sea,

The common harbor, where  
must rendered be

Account of all the actions of the  
past.

The impassioned phantasy, that,  
vague and vast,

Made art an idol and a king to  
me,

Was an illusion, and but vanity  
 Were the desires that lured me  
 and harassed.  
**The** dreams of love, that were so  
 sweet of yore,  
 What are they now, when two  
 deaths may be mine,—  
 One sure, and one forecasting its  
 alarms?  
**Painting** and sculpture satisfy no  
 more  
**The** soul now turning to the  
 Love Divine,  
**That** oped, to embrace us, on  
 the cross its arms.

## V

## TO VITTORIA COLONNA

**LADY**, how can it chance — yet  
 this we see  
 In long experience — that will  
 longer last  
**A** living image carved from  
 quarries vast  
**Than** its own maker, who dies  
 presently?  
**Cause** yieldeth to effect if this so  
 be,  
 And even Nature is by Art sur-  
 passed;  
**This** know I, who to Art have  
 given the past,  
**But** see that Time is breaking  
 faith with me.  
**Perhaps** on both of us long life  
 can I  
 Either in color or in stone be-  
 stow,  
**By** now portraying each in look  
 and mien;  
**So** that a thousand years after we  
 die,  
**How** fair thou wast, and I how  
 full of woe,  
**And** wherefore I so loved thee,  
 may be seen.

## VI

## TO VITTORIA COLONNA

**WHEN** the prime mover of my  
 many sighs  
 Heaven took through death from  
 out her earthly place,  
 Nature, that never made so fair  
 a face,  
 Remained ashamed, and tears  
 were in all eyes.  
**O** fate, unheeding my impassioned  
 cries!  
**O** hopes fallacious! **O** thou spirit  
 of grace,  
 Where art thou now? Earth  
 holds in its embrace  
 Thy lovely limbs, thy holy  
 thoughts the skies.  
**Vainly** did cruel death attempt to  
 stay  
 The rumor of thy virtuous re-  
 nown,  
 That Lethe's waters could not  
 wash away!  
**A** thousand leaves, since he hath  
 stricken thee down,  
 Speak of thee, nor to thee could  
 Heaven convey,  
 Except through death, a refuge  
 and a crown.

## VII

## DANTE

**WHAT** should be said of him can-  
 not be said;  
 By too great splendor i  
 name attended;  
 To blame is easier those  
 him offended,  
 Than reach the faintest g.  
 round him shed.  
**This** man descended to the doomed  
 and dead  
 For our instruction; then to God  
 ascended;  
 Heaven opened wide to him its  
 portals splendid,

Who from his country's, closed  
against him, fled.

Ungrateful land! To its own preju-  
dice

Nurse of his fortunes; and this  
showeth well

That the most perfect most of  
grief shall see.

Among a thousand proofs let one  
suffice,

That as his exile hath no paral-  
lel,

Ne'er walked the earth a greater  
man than he.

## VIII

## CANZONE

AH me! ah me! when thinking of  
the years,

The vanished years, alas, I do  
not find

Among them all one day that  
was my own!

Fallacious hopes, desires of the  
unknown,

Lamenting, loving, burning, and  
in tears,

(For human passions all have  
stirred my mind,)

Have held me, now I feel and  
know, confined

Both from the true and good still  
far away.

I perish day by day;

The sunshine fails, the shadows  
grow more dreary,

And I am near to fall, infirm and  
weary.

## THE NATURE OF LOVE

BY GUIDO GUINIZELLI

To noble heart Love doth for shel-  
ter fly,

As seeks the bird the forest's leafy  
shade;

Love was not felt till noble heart  
beat high,

Nor before love the noble heart  
was made.

Soon as the sun's broad flame  
Was formed, so soon the clear  
light filled the air:

Yet was not till he came:  
So love springs up in noble breasts,  
and there

Has its appointed space,  
As heat in the bright flames finds  
its allotted place.

Kindles in noble heart the fire of  
love,

As hidden virtue in the precious  
stone:

This virtue comes not from the  
stars above,

Till round it the ennobling sun  
has shone;

But when his powerful blaze  
Has drawn forth what was vile,  
the stars impart

Strange virtue in their rays;  
And thus when Nature doth create  
the heart

Noble and pure and high,  
Like virtue from the star, love  
comes from woman's eye.

## FROM THE PORTUGUESE

## SONG

BY GIL VICENTE

If thou art sleeping, maiden,

Awake, and open thy door.

'Tis the break of day, and we  
must away,

O'er meadow, and mount, and  
moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,

But come with thy naked feet:

We shall have to pass through the  
dewy grass,

And waters wide and fleet.

## FROM EASTERN SOURCES

## THE FUGITIVE

## A TARTAR SONG

## I

'HE is gone to the desert land!  
I can see the shining mane  
Of his horse on the distant plain,  
As he rides with his Kossak band!

'Come back, rebellious one!  
Let thy proud heart relent;  
Come back to my tall, white tent,  
Come back, my only son!

'Thy hand in freedom shall  
Cast thy hawks, when morning  
breaks,

On the swans of the Seven Lakes,  
On the lakes of Karajal.

'I will give thee leave to stray  
And pasture thy hunting steeds  
In the long grass and the reeds  
Of the meadows of Karaday.

'I will give thee my coat of mail,  
Of softest leather made,  
With choicest steel inlaid;  
Will not all this prevail?'

## II

'This hand no longer shall  
Cast my hawks, when morning  
breaks,

On the swans of the Seven Lakes,  
On the lakes of Karajal.

'I will no longer stray  
And pasture my hunting steeds  
In the long grass and the reeds  
Of the meadows of Karaday.

'Though thou give me thy coat of  
mail,  
Of softest leather made,  
With choicest steel inlaid,  
All this cannot prevail.

'What right hast thou, O Khan,  
To me, who am mine own,  
Who am slave to God alone,  
And not to any man?

'God will appoint the day  
When I again shall be  
By the blue, shallow sea,  
Where the steel-bright sturgeons  
play.

'God, who doth care for me,  
In the barren wilderness,  
On unknown hills, no less  
Will my companion be.

'When I wander lonely and lost  
In the wind; when I watch at  
night  
Like a hungry wolf, and am white  
And covered with hoar-frost;

'Yea, wheresoever I be,  
In the yellow desert sands,  
In mountains or unknown lands,  
Allah will care for me!'

## III

Then Sobra, the old, old man,—  
Three hundred and sixty years  
Had he lived in this land of tears,  
Bowed down and said, 'O Khan!

'If you bid me, I will speak.  
There's no sap in dry grass,  
No marrow in dry bones! Alas,  
The mind of old men is weak!

'I am old, I am very old:  
I have seen the primeval man,  
I have seen the great Genghis  
Khan,  
Arrayed in his robes of gold.

'What I say to you is the truth;  
And I say to you, O Khan,  
Pursue not the star-white man,  
Pursue not the beautiful youth.

'Him the Almighty made,  
And brought him forth of the  
light



At the verge and end of the night,  
When men on the mountain  
prayed.

'He was born at the break of day,  
When abroad the angels walk;  
He hath listened to their talk,  
And he knoweth what they say.

'Gifted with Allah's grace,  
Like the moon of Ramazan  
When it shines in the skies, O  
Khan,  
Is the light of his beautiful face.

'When first on earth he trod,  
The first words that he said  
Were these, as he stood and  
prayed,  
"There is no God but God!"

'And he shall be king of men,  
For Allah hath heard his prayer,  
And the Archangel in the air,  
Gabriel, hath said, Amen!'

### THE SIEGE OF KAZAN

BLACK are the moors before Ka-  
zan,  
And their stagnant waters smell  
of blood:  
I said in my heart, with horse and  
man,  
I will swim across this shallow  
flood.

Under the feet of Argamack,  
Like new moons were the shoes  
he bare,  
Silken trappings hung on his back,  
In a talisman on his neck, a  
prayer.

My warriors, thought I, are follow-  
ing me;  
But when I looked behind, alas!  
Not one of all the band could I see,  
All had sunk in the black mo-  
rass!

Where are our shallow fords? and  
where

The power of Kazan with its  
fourfold gates?

From the prison windows our  
maidens fair

Talk of us still through the iron  
grates.

We cannot hear them; for horse  
and man

Lie buried deep in the dark  
abyss!

Ah! the black day hath come down  
on Kazan!

Ah! was ever a grief like this?

### THE BOY AND THE BROOK

DOWN from yon distant mountain  
height

The brooklet flows through the  
village street;

A boy comes forth to wash his  
hands,

Washing, yes, washing, there he  
stands,

In the water cool and sweet.

Brook, from what mountain dost  
thou come?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!

I come from yon mountain high  
and cold

Where lieth the new snow on the  
old,

And melts in the summer heat.

Brook, to what river dost thou  
go?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!

I go to the river there below  
Where in bunches the violets  
grow,

And sun and shadow meet.

Brook, to what garden dost thou  
go?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!

I go to the garden in the vale  
Where all night long the nightin-  
gale

Her love-song doth repeat.

Brook, to what fountain dost thou  
go?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!

I go to the fountain at whose  
brink

The maid that loves thee comes to  
drink,

And whenever she looks therein,

I rise to meet her, and kiss her  
chin,

And my joy is then complete.

### TO THE STORK

WELCOME, O Stork! that dost  
wing

Thy flight from the far-away!

Thou hast brought us the signs of  
Spring,

Thou hast made our sad hearts  
gay.

Descend, O Stork! descend

Upon our roof to rest;

In our ash-tree, O my friend,  
My darling, make thy nest.

To thee, O Stork, I complain,  
O Stork, to thee I impart  
The thousand sorrows, the pain  
And aching of my heart.

When thou away didst go,  
Away from this tree of ours,  
The withering winds did blow,  
And dried up all the flowers.

Dark grew the brilliant sky,  
Cloudy and dark and drear;  
They were breaking the snow on  
high,  
And winter was drawing near.

From Varaca's rocky wall,  
From the rock of Varaca un-  
rolled,  
The snow came and covered all,  
And the green meadow was cold.

O Stork, our garden with snow  
Was hidden away and lost,  
And the rose-trees that in it grow  
Were withered by snow and  
frost.

## FROM THE LATIN

### VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE

#### MELIBŒUS.

TITYRUS, thou in the shade of a spreading beech tree reclining  
Meditatest, with slender pipe, the Muse of the woodlands.  
We our country's bounds and pleasant pastures relinquish,  
We our country fly; thou, Tityrus, stretched in the shadow,  
Teachest the woods to resound with the name of the fair Amaryllis.

#### TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, a god for us this leisure created,  
For he will be unto me a god forever; his altar  
Often times shall imbue a tender lamb from our sheepfolds.  
He, my heifers to wander at large, and myself, as thou seest,  
On my rustic reed to play what I will, hath permitted.

## MELIBŒUS.

Truly I envy not, I marvel rather ; on all sides  
In all the fields is such trouble. Behold, my goats I am driving,  
Heartsick, further away ; this one scarce, Tityrus, lead I ;  
For having here yeaned twins just now among the dense hazels,  
Hope of the flock, ah me ! on the naked flint she hath left them.  
Often this evil to me, if my mind had not been insensate,  
Oak trees stricken by heaven predicted, as now I remember ;  
Often the sinister crow from the hollow ilex predicted.  
Nevertheless, who this god may be, O Tityrus, tell me.

## TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, the city that they call Rome, I imagined, 20  
Foolish I ! to be like this of ours, where often we shepherds  
Wonted are to drive down of our ewes the delicate offspring.  
Thus whelps like unto dogs had I known, and kids to their mothers,  
Thus to compare great things with small had I been accustomed.  
But this among other cities its head as far hath exalted  
As the cypresses do among the lissome viburnums.

## MELIBŒUS.

And what so great occasion of seeing Rome hath possessed thee ?

## TITYRUS.

Liberty, which, though late, looked upon me in my inertness,  
After the time when my beard fell whiter from me in shaving,  
Yet she looked upon me, and came to me after a long while, 30  
Since Amaryllis possesses and Galatea hath left me.  
For I will even confess that while Galatea possessed me  
Neither care of my flock nor hope of liberty was there.  
Though from my wattled folds there went forth many a victim,  
And the unctuous cheese was pressed for the city ungrateful,  
Never did my right hand return home heavy with money.

## MELIBŒUS.

I have wondered why sad thou invokedst the gods, Amaryllis,  
And for whom thou didst suffer the apples to hang on the branches !  
Tityrus hence was absent ! Thee, Tityrus, even the pine trees,  
Thee the very fountains, the very copses were calling. 40

## TITYRUS.

What could I do ? No power had I to escape from my bondage,  
Nor had I power elsewhere to recognize gods so propitious.  
Here I beheld that youth, to whom each year, Melibœus,  
During twice six days ascends the smoke of our altars.  
Here first gave he response to me soliciting favor :  
' Feed as before your heifers, ye boys, and yoke up your bullocks.'

## MELIBŒUS.

Fortunate old man ! So then thy fields will be left thee,  
And large enough for thee, though naked stone and the marish

All thy pasture-lands with the dreggy rush may encompass.  
 No unaccustomed food thy gravid ewes shall endanger,  
 Nor of the neighboring flock the dire contagion infect them.  
 Fortunate old man! Here among familiar rivers,  
 And these sacred founts, shalt thou take the shadowy coolness.  
 On this side, a hedge along the neighboring cross-road,  
 Where Hyblæan bees ever feed on the flower of the willow,  
 Often with gentle susurrus to fall asleep shall persuade thee.  
 Yonder, beneath the high rock, the pruner shall sing to the breezes,  
 Nor meanwhile shall thy heart's delight, the hoarse wood-pigeons,  
 Nor the turtle-dove cease to mourn from aerial elm trees.

50

## TITYRUS.

Therefore the agile stags shall sooner feed in the ether,  
 And the billows leave the fishes bare on the sea-shore,  
 Sooner, the border-lands of both overpassed, shall the exiled  
 Parthian drink of the Soane, or the German drink of the Tigris,  
 Than the face of him shall glide away from my bosom!

60

## MELIBŒUS.

But we hence shall go, a part to the thirsty Africs,  
 Part to Scythia come, and the rapid Cretan Oaxes,  
 And to the Britons from all the universe utterly sundered.  
 Ah, shall I ever, a long time hence, the bounds of my country  
 And the roof of my lowly cottage covered with greensward  
 Seeing, with wonder behold, — my kingdoms, a handful of wheat-ears!  
 Shall an impious soldier possess these lands newly cultured,  
 And these fields of corn a barbarian? Lo, whither discord  
 Us wretched people hath brought! for whom our fields we have planted!  
 Graft, Melibœus, thy pear trees now, put in order thy vineyards.  
 Go, my goats, go hence, my flocks so happy aforeside.  
 Never again henceforth outstretched in my verdurous cavern  
 Shall I behold you afar from the bushy precipice hanging.  
 Songs no more shall I sing; not with me, ye goats, as your shepherd,  
 Shall ye browse on the bitter willow or blooming laburnum.

69

## TITYRUS.

Nevertheless, this night together with me canst thou rest thee  
 Here on the verdant leaves; for us there are mellowing apples,  
 Chestnuts soft to the touch, and clouted cream in abundance;  
 And the high roofs now of the villages smoke in the distance,  
 And from the lofty mountains are falling larger the shadows.

80

## OVID IN EXILE

AT TOMIS, IN BESSARABIA, NEAR THE MOUTHS OF THE DANUBE

TRISTIA, BOOK III., ELEGY X.

SHOULD any one there in Rome remember Ovid the exile,  
 And, without me, my name still in the city survive;

Tell him that under stars which never set in the ocean  
I am existing still, here in a barbarous land.

Fierce Sarmatians encompass me round, and the Bessi and Getæ;  
Names how unworthy to be sung by a genius like mine!

Yet when the air is warm, intervening Ister defends us:  
He, as he flows, repels inroads of war with his waves.

But when the dismal winter reveals its hideous aspect,  
When all the earth becomes white with a marble-like frost; 10

And when Boreas is loosed, and the snow hurled under Arcturus,  
Then these nations, in sooth, shudder and shiver with cold.

Deep lies the snow, and neither the sun nor the rain can dissolve it;  
Boreas hardens it still, makes it forever remain.

Hence, ere the first has melted away, another succeeds it.  
And two years it is wont, in many places, to lie.

And so great is the power of the Northwind awakened, it levels  
Lofty towers with the ground, roofs uplifted bears off.

Wrapped in skins, and with trousers sewed, they contend with the  
weather,  
And their faces alone of the whole body are seen. 20

Often their tresses, when shaken, with pendent icicles tinkle,  
And their whitened beards shine with the gathering frost.

Wines consolidate stand, preserving the form of the vessels;  
No more draughts of wine, — pieces presented they drink.

Why should I tell you how all the rivers are frozen and solid,  
And from out of the lake frangible water is dug?

Ister, — no narrower stream than the river that bears the papyrus, —  
Which through its many mouths mingles its waves with the deep;

Ister, with hardening winds, congeals its cerulean waters,  
Under a roof of ice winding its way to the sea. 30

There where ships have sailed, men go on foot; and the billows,  
Solid made by the frost, hoof-beats of horses indent.

Over unwonted bridges, with water gliding beneath them,  
The Sarmatian steers drag their barbarian carts.

Scarcely shall I be believed; yet when naught is gained by a falsehood,  
Absolute credence then should to a witness be given.

I have beheld the vast Black Sea of ice all compacted,  
And a slippery crust pressing its motionless tides.

'Tis not enough to have seen, I have trodden this indurate ocean;  
Dry shod passed my foot over its uppermost wave.

40

If thou hadst had of old such a sea as this is, Leander!  
Then thy death had not been charged as a crime to the Strait.

Nor can the curvèd dolphins uplift themselves from the water;  
All their struggles to rise merciless winter prevents;

And though Boreas sound with roar of wings in commotion,  
In the blockaded gulf never a wave will there be;

And the ships will stand hemmed in by the frost, as in marble,  
Nor will the oar have power through the stiff waters to cleave.

Fast-bound in the ice have I seen the fishes adhering,  
Yet notwithstanding this some of them still were alive.

50

Hence, if the savage strength of omnipotent Boreas freezes  
Whether the salt-sea wave, whether the reflux stream, —

Straightway, — the Ister made level by arid blasts of the North-wind, —  
Comes the barbaric foe borne on his swift-footed steed;

Foe, that powerful made by his steed and his far-flying arrows,  
All the neighboring land void of inhabitants makes.

Some take flight, and none being left to defend their possessions,  
Unprotected, their goods pillage and plunder become;

Cattle and creaking carts, the little wealth of the country,  
And what riches beside indigent peasants possess.

60

Some as captives are driven along, their hands bound behind them,  
Looking backward in vain toward their Lares and lands.

Others, transfixed with barbèd arrows, in agony perish.  
For the swift arrow-heads all have in poison been dipped.

What they cannot carry or lead away they demolish,  
And the hostile flames burn up the innocent cots.

Even when there is peace, the fear of war is impending;  
None, with the ploughshare pressed, furrows the soil any more.

Either this region sees, or fears a foe that it sees not,  
And the sluggish land slumbers in utter neglect.

70



No sweet grape lies hidden here in the shade of its vine-leaves,  
No fermenting must fills and o'erflows the deep vats.

Apples the region denies; nor would Acontius have found here  
Aught upon which to write words for his mistress to read.

Naked and barren plains without leaves or trees we behold here,—  
Places, alas! unto which no happy man would repair.

Since then this mighty orb lies open so wide upon all sides,  
Has this region been found only my prison to be?

TRISTIA, BOOK III., ELEGY XII.

Now the zephyrs diminish the cold, and the year being ended,  
Winter Mæotian seems longer than ever before; 8c

And the Ram that bore unsafely the burden of Helle,  
Now makes the hours of the day equal with those of the night.

Now the boys and the laughing girls the violet gather,  
Which the fields bring forth, nobody sowing the seed.

Now the meadows are blooming with flowers of various colors,  
And with untaught throats carol the garrulous birds.

Now the swallow, to shun the crime of her merciless mother,  
Under the rafters builds cradles and dear little homes;

And the blade that lay hid, covered up in the furrows of Ceres,  
Now from the tepid ground raises its delicate head. 9c

Where there is ever a vine, the bud shoots forth from the tendrils,  
But from the Getic shore distant afar is the vine!

Where there is ever a tree, on the tree the branches are swelling,  
But from the Getic land distant afar is the tree!

Now it is holiday there in Rome, and to games in due order  
Give place the windy wars of the vociferous bar.

Now they are riding the horses; with light arms now they are playing,  
Now with the ball, and now round rolls the swift-flying hoop:

Now, when the young athlete with flowing oil is anointed,  
He in the Virgin's Fount bathes, overwearied, his limbs. 10c

Thrives the stage; and applause, with voices at variance, thunders,  
And the Theatres three for the three Forums resound.

Four times happy is he, and times without number is happy,  
Who the city of Rome, uninterdicted, enjoys.

But all I see is the snow in the vernal sunshine dissolving,  
And the waters no more delved from the indurate lake.

Nor is the sea now frozen, nor as before o'er the Ister  
Comes the Sarmatian boor driving his stridulous cart.

Hitherward, nevertheless, some keels already are steering,  
And on this Pontic shore alien vessels will be.

110

Eagerly shall I run to the sailor, and, having saluted,  
Who he may be, I shall ask; wherefore and whence he hath come.

Strange indeed will it be, if he come not from regions adjacent,  
And incautious unless ploughing the neighboring sea.

Rarely a mariner over the deep from Italy passes,  
Rarely he comes to these shores, wholly of harbors devoid.

Whether he knoweth Greek, or whether in Latin he speaketh,  
Surely on this account he the more welcome will be.

Also perchance from the mouth of the Strait and the waters Propon-  
tic,  
Unto the steady South-wind, some one is spreading his sails.

120

Whosoever he is, the news he can faithfully tell me,  
Which may become a part and an approach to the truth.

He, I pray, may be able to tell me the triumphs of Cæsar,  
Which he has heard of, and vows paid to the Latian Jove;

And that thy sorrowful head, Germania, thou, the rebellious,  
Under the feet, at last, of the Great Captain hast laid.

Whoso shall tell me these things, that not to have seen will afflict me,  
Forthwith unto my house welcomed as guest shall he be.

Woe is me! Is the house of Ovid in Scythian lands now?  
And doth punishment now give me its place for a home?

130

Grant, ye gods, that Cæsar make this not my house and my homestead,  
But decree it to be only the inn of my pain.

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